

THE WORKS
OF THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;
WITH
PREFACES
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SECOND;

CONTAINING

COWLEY,
DENHAM,
MILTON,
BUTLER,
ROCHESTER,

ROSCOMMON,
OTWAY,
WALLER,
POMFRET,
DORSET,

STEPNEY,
J. PHILIPS,
AND
WALSH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR ANDREW MILLER, STRAND.

1800.



THE
ENGLISH POETS.

POEMS OF ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ELEGIA DEDICATORIA,

AD

ILLUSTRISSIMAM ACADEMIAM CANTABRIGIENSEM.

HOC tibi de nato, ditissima mater, egeno
Exiguum immensi pignus amoris habe.
Heu, meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Alstringit gratas parcior arca manus.
Tunc tui poteris vocem hic agnoscere nati
Tam male formatam, dissimilemque tuæ?
Tunc hic materni vestigia sacra decoris,
Tu speculum poteris hic reperire tuum?
Post longum, dices, Coulei, sic mihi tempus?
Sic mihi speranti, perfide, multa redis?
Quæ, dices, Sagæ Lemurisque Dæque, nocentes,
Hunc mihi in infantis supposuere loco?
At tu, sancta parens, crudelis tu quoque, nati
Ne trahes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi, quid fato genitrix accedis iniquo?
Sit fors, sed non sis, ipsa, noverca mihi.
Si mihi natali Musarumadolescere in arvo,
Si bene dilecto luxuriare solo,
Si mihi de docta licuisset plenius undâ
Haurire, ingentem si fatiare sitim,
Non ego degeneri dubitabilis ore redirem,
Nec legeres nomen fusa rubore meum.
Scis bene, scis quæ me tempestas publica mundi
Raptatrix vestro sustulit e gremio,
Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
Poscentem querulo murmure lactis opem.
Sic quondam, ærium vento bellante per æquor,
Cum gravidum autumnum sæva flagellat hyems,
Immatura suâ velluntur ab arbore poma,
Et vi victa cadunt; arbor & ipsa gemit.
Nondum succus inest terræ generosus avitæ,
Nondum sol roseo redditur ore pater.
O mihi jucundum Grantæ super omnia nomen!
O penitus toto corde receptus amor!
O pulchræ sine luxu ædes, vitæque beatæ,
Splendida paupertas, ingenuusque decor!

O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine regum
 Digna domus! Trini nomine digna Dei!
 O nimum Cereris cumulati munere campi,
 Posthabitis Eunnæ quos colit illa jugis!
 O sacri fontes! & sacræ vatibus umbræ,
 Quas recreant avium Pieridumque chori!
 O Camus! Phœbo nullus quo gratior amnis!
 Amnibus auriferis invidiosus inops!
 Ah mihi si vestræ reddat bona gaudia sedis,
 Detque Deus doctâ posse quiete frui!
 Qualis eram, cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem
 Vidiſti in ripâ, Came ferene, tuâ;
 Mulcentem audiſti puerili flumina cantu;
 Ille quidem immerito, sed tibi gratus erat.
 Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque,
 Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.
 Tunc liquidis tacitisque simul mea vita diebus,
 Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ.
 At nunc cœnosæ lucēs, atque obice multo
 Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
 Quid mihi Sequanâ opus, Tameſiſve aut Thybridis unda?
 Tu potis es noſtram tollere, Came, ſitim.
 Felix, qui nunquam plus uno viderit amne!
 Quique eadem Salicis littora more colit!
 Felix, qui non tentatus ſordescere mundus,
 Et cui pauperies nota nitere poteſt!
 Tempore cui nullo miſera experientia conſtat,
 Ut res humanas ſentiat eſſe nihil!
 At nos exemplis fortuna inſtruxit opimis,
 Et documentorum ſatque ſupérque dedit.
 Cum capite avulſum diadema, infraſtaque ſceptra,
 Contuſâſque hominum forte minante minas,
 Parcarum ludos, & non tractabile fatum,
 Et verſas fundo vidimus orbis opes.
 Quis poterit fragilem poſt talia credere puppim
 Infami ſcopulis naufragiſque mari?
 Tu quoque in hoc terræ tremuiſti, Academia, motu,
 (Nec fruſtrâ) atque ædes contremuère tuæ:
 Contremuère ipſæ pacatæ Palladis arces;
 Et timuit fulmen laurea ſancta novum.
 Ah quanquam iratum, peſtem hanc avertere numen,
 Nec ſaltem bellis iſta licere, velit!
 Nos, tua progenies, pereamus; & ecce, perimus!
 In nos jus habeat: jus habet omne malum.
 Tu ſtabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
 Fundes; nec tibi mors ipſa ſuperſtes erit:
 Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
 Formoſas mittes ad mare mortis aquas.
 Sic Venus humanâ quondam, Dea faucia dextrâ,
 (Namque ſolent ipſis bella nocere Deis)
 Imploravit opem ſuperûm, queſtûſque cievit,
 Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.
 Quid quereris? contemne breves ſecura dolores:
 Nam tibi ferre necem vulnera nulla valent.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO

HIS EDITION IN FOLIO, 1656.

AT my return lately into England *, I met by great accident (for such I account it to be, that any copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a book intituled, "The Iron Age," and published under my name, during the time of my absence. I wondered very much how one who could be so foolish to write so ill verses, should yet be so wise to set them forth as another man's rather than his own; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the bastard upon such a person, whose stock of reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous legitimate offspring of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the author to put forth some of my writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine: he had been in that a more pardonable plagiarist, and had done less wrong by robbery, than he does by such a bounty; for nobody can be justified by the imputation even of another's merit; and our own coarse cloaths are like to become us better than those of another man, though never so rich: but these, to say the truth, were so beggarly, that I myself was ashamed to wear them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus executed *in effigie*; and impossible it is for any good name to be in safety, if the malice of witches have the power to consume and destroy it in an image of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so unlike, that I hope the charm took no effect. So that I esteem myself less prejudiced by it, than by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kind; which is, the publication of some things of mine without my consent or knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them.

Of which sort, was a comedy called "The Guardian," printed in the year 1650; but made and acted before the Prince, in his passage through Cambridge towards York, at the beginning of the late unhappy war; or rather neither made nor acted, but rough-drawn only, and repeated; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised or perfected by the author, nor learned without book by the actors, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the officers of the college. After the representation (which, I confess, was somewhat of the latest) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the poet and the soldier; but I have lost the copy, and dare not think it deserves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in human conversation when I made it. But, as it is, it is only the hasty first-fitting of a picture, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly.

From this which has happened to myself, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all writers, and especially poets, whose works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find stuffed out, either with counterfeit pieces, like false money put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the sum; or with such, which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the alloy: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their friends, who think a vast heap of stones or rubbish a better monument than a little tomb of marble; or by the unworthy avarice of some stationers, who are content to diminish the value of the author, so they may increase the price of the book; and, like vintners, with sophisticated mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine,

* In 1656.

to make it yield more profit. This has been the case with Shakespeare, Fletcher, Jonson, and many others; part of whose poems I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me: neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vast volume, than in a gigantic body; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous, the less space it animates. And, as Statius says of little Tydeus*,

“ — Totos infusa per artus
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.”

I am not ignorant, that, by saying this of others, I expose myself to some raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer: but though I publish here more than in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppressed and cast away more than I publish; and, for the ease of myself and others, have lost, I believe too, more than both. And upon these considerations I have been persuaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own modesty, and to produce these poems to the light and view of the world; not as a thing that I approved of in itself, but as a less evil, which I chose rather than to stay till it were done for me by somebody else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after, my death: and this will be the more excusable, when the reader shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a dead, or at least a dying person, and upon my Muse in this action, as appearing, like the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and assisting at her own funeral.

For, to make myself absolutely dead in a poetical capacity, my resolution at present is, never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for, when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life. But as the marriages of infants do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to poetry; to which I had contracted myself so much under age, and so much to my own prejudice in regard of those more profitable matches, which I might have made among the richer sciences. As for the portion which this brings of fame, it is an estate (if it be any, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes of widows, than in their opinion of, “*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*—”) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are living to enjoy it, but is a fantastical kind of reversion to our own selves: neither ought any man to envy poets this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them, which St. Paul speaks of the first Christians, “*If their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable.*”

And, if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If wit be such a plant, that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the summer of our cold climate, how can it choose but wither in a long and a sharp winter? A warlike, various, and a tragical age is best to write of, but worst to write in. And I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to myself, which was spoken by Tully to a much better person, upon occasion of the civil wars and revolutions in his time: “*Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo: cujus in adolescentiam, per medias laudes, quadrigis vehementem, trans versa incurrit misera fortuna reipublicæ†.*”

Neither is the present constitution of my mind more proper than that of the times for this exercise, or rather divertisement. There is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of spirit; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed by the storms of injurious fortune; it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others; which is the main end of poetry. One may see through

* Stat. Theb. lib. i. 416.

† Cic. de Clar. Orator. § 231.

the style of Ovid de Trist. the humbled and dejected condition of spirit with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footstep of that genius,

“—quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes*, &c.”

The cold of the country had stricken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his verses. He is himself, methinks, like one of the stories of his own *Metamorphosis*; and, though there remain some weak resemblances of Ovid at Rome, it is but, as he says of Niobe †,

“In vultu color est sine sanguine: lumina mœstis

“Stant immota genis: nihil est in imagine vivi.—

“Flet tamen—”

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humour; neither is wit less eclipsed with the unquietness of mind, than beauty with the indisposition of body. So that it is almost as hard a thing to be a poet in despite of fortune, as it is in despite of nature. For my own part, neither my obligations to the Muses, nor expectations from them, are so great, as that I should suffer myself on no considerations to be divorced, or that I should say like Horace ‡,

“Quisquis erat vitæ, scribam, color.”

I shall rather use his words in another place ||

“Vixi Camenis nuper idoneus,

“Et militavi non sine gloriâ:

“Nunc arma, defunctûmque bello

“Barbiton hic paries habebit.”

And this resolution of mine does the more besit me, because my desire has been for some years past (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffic of those parts (which is the end of most men that travel thither; so that of these Indies it is truer than it was of the former,

“Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos,

“Per mare pauperiem fugiens—§)”

but to forsake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat (but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy)

“Oblitûsque meorum, obliviscendus & illis—¶”

as my former author speaks too, who has enticed me here, I know not how, into the pedantry of this heap of Latin sentences. And I think Dr. Donne's *Sundyal in a grave* is not more usefess and ridiculous, than poetry would be in that retirement. As this therefore is in a true sense a kind of death to the Muses, and a real literal quitting of this world; so, methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted privilege of deceased poets, which is, to be read with more favour than the living;

“Tanti est ut placeam tibi, perire **.”

Having been forced, for my own necessary justification, to trouble the reader with this long discourse of the reasons why I trouble him also with all the rest of the book; I shall only add somewhat concerning the several parts of it, and some other pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this publication: as, first, all those which I wrote at school, from the age of ten years, till after fifteen; for even so far backward there remain yet some traces of me in the little footsteps of a child; which, though they were then looked upon as commendable extravagancies in a boy (men setting a value upon any kind of fruit before the usual season of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over myself; and therefore should do ill to expect that patience from others. Besides, they have already past through several editions, which is a

* *Metam.* l. xv. 871. † *Metam.* l. vi. 304. ‡ *Hor.* 2 *Sat.* i. 60. || 3 *Carm.* Ode xvi. “*Vixi puellis*,” &c. § *Hor.* 1 *Ep.* i. 45. ¶ *Hor.* 1 *Ep.* xi. 9. ** *Martial.* lib. viii. ep. 69.

longer life than uses to be enjoyed by infants that are born before the ordinary terms. They had the good fortune then to find the world so indulgent (for, considering the time of their production, who could be so hard-hearted to be severe?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for them, as for not having made advances afterwards proportionable to the speed of my setting out; and am obliged too in a manner by discretion to conceal and suppress them, as promises and instruments under my own hand, whereby I stood engaged for more than I have been able to perform; in which truly if I have failed, I have the real excuse of the honestest sort of bankrupts, which is, to have been made unsolvable not so much by their own negligence and ill-husbandry, as by some notorious accidents and public disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that caused them; as, among others, three books of the civil war itself, reaching as far as the first battle of Newbury, where the succeeding misfortunes of the party stopt the work.

As for the ensuing book, it consists of four * parts. The first is a Miscellany of several subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps superfluous to tell the reader: I know not by what chance I have kept copies of them; for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost; and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deserve more care in preservation, than was bestowed upon their brethren; for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the arrogance of the word, when I said I had lost them.

The second, is called, "The Mistress," or "Love-Verbes;" for so it is, that poets are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love. Sooner or later they must all pass through that trial, like some Mahometan monks, that are bound by their order, once at least in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca:

"In furias ignemque ruunt: amor omnibus idem †."

But we must not always make a judgment of their manners from their writings of this kind; as the Romanists uncharitably do of Beza, for a few lascivious sonnets composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that poetry is said to be a kind of painting; it is not the picture of the poet, but of things and persons imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a philosopher, nay, a Stoic, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous Sappho,

"——ferat & rubus asper amomum. ‡"

He professes too much the use of fables (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity as to be ashamed to be thought really in love. On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man, who is not at least capable of being so. But I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious readers: for much excess is to be allowed in love, and even more in poetry; so we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are obscenity and profaneness, of which, I am sure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill represented my thoughts and intentions. And if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing arguments.

For, as for the "Pindaric Odes" (which is the third part), I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracts of poetry. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of style which Dion. Halicarnassensis calls *Misamphros* καὶ ἡδὺ μετὰ δεινότητος, and which he attributes to Alceus. The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of

* In the present collection, there are five parts; the first of which contains the juvenile Poems mentioned in p. vii. Their history may be seen in the prefaces prefixed to them.

† Virg. Georg. iii. 241.

‡ Virg. Ecl. iii. 89.

all lyriques, and of Pindar above all men living: the figures are unusual and bold, even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry: the numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation. So that almost all their sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader. I have briefly described the nature of these verses, in the Ode intituled, "The Resurrection:" and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them easy to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise—

—*Ut tibi quivis*

"*Speret idem; fudet multum, frustra que laboret*

"*Aufus idem *.*"

I come now to the last part, which is "Davideis," or an heroical poem of the troubles of David: which I designed into twelve books; not for the tribes' sake, but after the pattern of our master Virgil; and intended to close all with that most poetical and excellent elegy of David on the death of Saul and Jonathan: for I had no mind to carry him quite on to his anointing at Hebron, because it is the custom of heroic poets (as we see by the examples of Homer and Virgil, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their story: but only so near, that every one may see it; as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their cards, and take up what they have won. This, I say, was the whole design: in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind; as the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the priests at Nob; the several flights and escapes of David, with the manner of his living in the Wilderness; the funeral of Samuel; the love of Abigail; the sucking of Ziglax; the loss and recovery of David's wives from the Amalekites; the witch of Endor; the war with the Philistines; and the battle of Gilboa: all which I meant to interweave, upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious stories of the Old Testament, and to embellish with the most remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and other nations before or at that age.

But I have had neither leisure hitherto, nor have appetite at present, to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done, with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the dignity of the matter well deserves. For what worthier subject could have been chosen, among all the treasures of past times, than the life of this young prince; who, from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest monarch that ever sat on the most famous throne of the whole earth? Whom should a poet more justly seek to honour, than the highest person who ever honoured his profession? whom a Christian poet, rather than the man after God's own heart, and the man who had that sacred pre eminence above all other princes, to be the best and mightiest of that royal race from whence Christ himself, according to the flesh, disdained not to descend?

When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature the holy Scripture affords and proffers, as it were, to poetry; in the wise managing and illustrating whereof the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the singular utility and noblest delight of mankind; it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great persons, or the unmanly idolizing of foolish women, or the wretched affectation of scurril laughter, or at best on the confused antiquated dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things, which the devil ever stole and alienated from the service of the Deity; as altars, temples, sacrifices, prayers, and the like; there is none that he so universally, and so long, usurpt, as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to restore it to the kingdom of God who is the Father of it. It is time to

baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the water of Damascus. There wants methinks, but the conversion of that, and the Jews, for the accomplishment of the kingdom of Christ. And as men, before their receiving of the faith, do not without some carnal reluctancies apprehend the bonds and fetters of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest liberty: it will fare no otherwise with this art, after the regeneration of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful objects; neither will it want room, by being confined to heaven.

There is not so great a lye to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is essential to good poetry. Were there never so wholesome nourishment to be had (but alas! it breeds nothing but diseases) out of these boasted feasts of love and fables; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the diet should make us nauseate it: for it is almost impossible to serve up any new dish of that kind. They are all but the cold-meats of the ancients, new-heated, and new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old poets made some rich crops out of these grounds; the heart of the soil was not then wrought out with continual tillage: but what can we expect now, who come a gleaming, not after the first reapers, but after the very beggars? Besides, though those mad stories of the gods and heroes seem in themselves so ridiculous; yet they were then the whole body (or rather chaos) of the theology of those times. They were believed by all, but a few philosophers, and perhaps some atheists; and served to good purpose among the vulgar (as pitiful things as they are), in strengthening the authority of law with the terrors of conscience, and expectation of certain rewards and unavoidable punishments. There was no other religion; and therefore that was better than none at all. But to us, who have no need of them; to us, who deride their folly, and are wearied with their impertinencies; they ought to appear no better arguments for verse, than those of their worthy successors, the knights-errant. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of wit or learning in the story of Deucalion than in that of Noah? Why will not the actions of Sampson afford as plentiful matter as the labours of Hercules? Why is not Jephtha's daughter as good a woman as Iphigenia? and the friendship of David and Jonathan more worthy celebration than that of Theseus and Pirithous? Does not the passage of Moses and the Israelites into the Holy Land yield incomparably more poetical variety than the voyages of Ulysses or Æneas? Are the obsolete thread-bare tales of Thebes and Troy half so stored with great, heroical, and supernatural actions (since verse will needs find or make such), as the wars of Joshua, of the Judges, of David, and divers others? Can all the transformations of the gods give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true miracles of Christ, or of his prophets and apostles? What do I instance in these few particulars? All the books of the Bible are either already most admirable and exalted pieces of poetry, or are the best materials in the world for it.

Yet, though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose; none but a good artist will know how to do it: neither must we think to cut and polish diamonds with so little pains and skill as we do marble. For, if any man design to compose a sacred poem, by only turning a story of the Scripture, like Mr. Quarles's, or some other godly matter, like Mr. Heywood of angels, into rhyme; he is so far from elevating of poetry, that he only abases divinity. In brief, he who can write a prophane poem well, may write a divine one better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of invention; the same wisdom of disposition; the same judgment in observance of decencies; the same lustre and vigour of elocution; the same modesty and majesty of number; briefly, the same kind of habit, is required to both: only this latter allows better stuff; and therefore would look more deformedly, ill drest in it. I am far from assuming to myself to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking: but sure I am, there is nothing yet in our language (nor perhaps in any) that is in any degree answerable to the idea that I conceive of it. And I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and successfully.

JUVENILE POEMS.

THE BOOKSELLERS ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE EDITION OF 1674.

THE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much enquired after, and very scarce (the Town hardly affording one Book, though it hath been four times printed) we thought this fifth edition could not fail of being well received by the world. We presume one reason why they were omitted in the last collection, was, because the propriety of this copy belonged not to the same person that published those: but the reception they had found appears by the several impressions through which they had passed. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the Author in his riper years, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in obscurity; We presume the Author's judgment of them is most reasonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing grains of modesty) give them no small character. His words are in his Preface before his former published Poems*.

You find our excellent Author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these Poems in his "Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose, in the 11th Discourse "treating of himself." These we suppose a sufficient authority for our reviving them; and sure there is no ingenuous Reader to whom the smallest remains of Mr. Cowley, will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the copy of his mind; so that by this supplement to his other volume you have the picture of that so deservedly eminent man from almost his childhood to his latest years, the bud and bloom of his Spring; the warmth of his Summer; the richness and perfection of his Autumn. But, for the Reader's further curiosity, we refer him to the Author's following Preface to them, published by himself.

* See Author's Preface above, p. vii.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD,

J O H N

LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN, AND DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

MY LORD,

I MIGHT well fear, lest these my rude and unpolished lines should offend your honourable survey; but that I hope your Nobleness will rather smile at the faults committed by a Child, than censure them. Howsoever I desire your Lordship's pardon, for presenting things so unworthy to your view; and to accept the good-will of him, who in all duty is bound to be

Your Lordship's

most humble servant,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

J. M.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO HIS

JUVENILE POEMS.

READER (I know not yet whether gentle or no) some, I know, have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their envy) at my poetical boldness, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earliness: others, who are either of a weak faith, or strong malice, have thought me like a pipe, which never sounds but when it is blowed in, and read me, not as Abraham Cowley, but Authorem Anonymum. To the first I answer, that it is an envious frost which nips the blossoms, because they appear quickly: to the latter that he is the worst homicide who strives to murder another's fame: to both, that it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the stars, because the moon and sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this wind. For the itch of Poesy, by being angered, increaseth; by rubbing, spreads farther; which appears in that I have ventured upon this Third Edition. What though it be neglected? It is not, I am sure, the first book which hath lighted tobacco, or been employed by cooks and grocers. If in all men's judgment it suffer shipwreck, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased myself and the Bookseller. In it you shall find one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers: which is, that as mine age, and consequently experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my Poesy flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my Píramus and Thisbe, nay, I would do it myself, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of ten years age. My Constantius and Philetus confesseth me two years older when I writ it. The rest were made since, upon several occasions, and perhaps do not belye the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me: but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you can effect, that neither the Bookseller repent himself of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them. Farewel.

A. COWLEY.

THE
ENGLISH POETS.

THE
POEMS OF ABRAHAM COWLEY.

TO THE READER.

I CALL'd the buskin'd muse Melpomene,
And told her what sad story I would write:
She wept at hearing such a tragedy,
Though wont in mournful ditties to delight.
If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, then know
My Muse with tears, not with conceits did
flow:

And as she my unabler quill did guide,
Her briny tears did on the paper fall;
If then unequal numbers be espied,
Oh, Reader! do not that my error call;
But think her tears defac'd it, and blame then
My Muse's grief, and not my missing pen.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

I SING two constant lovers' various fate,
The hopes and fears that equally attend
Their loves; their rivals' envy, parents' hate:
I sing their woeful life and tragic end.

Aid me, ye gods, this story to rehearse,
This mournful tale, and favour every verse!

In Florence, for her stately buildings fam'd,
And lofty roofs that emulate the sky,
There dwelt a lovely maid, Constantia nam'd,
Fam'd for the beauty of all Italy.

Her, lavish Nature did at first adorn,
With Pallas' soul in Cytherea's form:

And, framing her attractive eyes so bright,
Spent all her wit in study, that they might
Keep earth from chaos and eternal night;
But envious death destroy'd their glorious light.
Expect not beauty then, since she did part;
For in her nature wasted all her art.

VOL. II.

Her hair was brighter than the beams which are
A crown to Phœbus; and her breath so sweet,
It did transcend Arabian odours far,
Or smelling flowers, wherewith the spring doth
greet

Approaching summer; teeth, like falling snow
For white, were placed in a double row.

Her wit, excelling praise, even all admire;
Her speech was so attractive it might be
A cause to raise the mighty Pallas' ire,
And stir up envy from that deity.
The maiden lilies at her sight
Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew
white.

She was in birth and parentage as high
As in her fortune great or beauty rare;
And to her virtuous mind's nobility
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
That in her spotless soul and lovely face
You might have seen each deity and grace.

The scornful boy Adonis, viewing her,
Would Venus still despise, yet her desire;
Each who but saw, was a competitor
And rival, scorch'd alike with Cupid's fire.
The glorious beams of her fair eyes did move;
And light beholders on their way to love.

Among her many suitors, a young knight,
'Bove others wounded with the majesty
Of her fair presence, presseth most in sight;
Yet seldom his desire can satisfy
With that blest object, or her rareness see;
For beauty's guard is watchful jealousy.

Oft times, that he might see his dearest fair,
Upon his stately jennet he in th' way
Rides by her house; who neighs, as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright Constantia.

But his poor master, though to see her move
His joy, dares shew no look betraying love.

B

Soon as the morning left her rosy bed,
And all heaven's smaller lights were driven away,
She, by her friends and near acquaintance led,
Like other maids, would walk at break of day :
Aurora blush'd to see a sight unknown,
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

Th' obsequious lover follows still her train,
And where they go, that way his journey feigns :
Should they turn back, he would turn back again ;
For with his love, his business does remain.

Nor is it strange he should be loth to part
From her, whose eyes had stole away his heart.

Philetus he was call'd, sprung from a race
Of noble ancestors ; but greedy Time
And envious Fate had labour'd to deface
The glory which in his great stock did shine :
Small his estate, unfitting her degree ;
But blinded Love could no such difference see.

Yet he by chance had hit his heart aright,
And dipt his arrow in Constantia's eyes,
Blowing a fire that would destroy him quite,
Unless such flames within her heart should rise.
But yet he fears, because he blinded is,
Though he have shot him right, her heart he'll miss.

Unto Love's altar therefore he repairs,
And offers up a pleasing sacrifice ;
Intreating Cupid, with inducing prayers,
To look upon and ease his miseries :
Where having wept, recovering breath again,
Thus to immortal Love he did complain :

" Oh, mighty Cupid ! whose unbounded sway
Hath often rul'd th' Olympian thunderer ;
Whom all celestial deities obey ;
Whom men and gods both reverence and fear !
" Oh force Constantia's heart to yield to love !
" Of all thy works the master-piece 'twill prove.

" And let me not affection vainly spend,
" But kindle flames in her like those in me ;
" Yet if that gift my fortune doth transcend,
" Grant that her charming beauty I may see !
" For ever view those eyes, whose charming
light,
" More than the world besides, does please my
sight.

" Those who condemn thy sacred deity,
" Laugh at thy power, make them thine anger
know :
" I faultless am ; what honour can it be,
" Only to wound your slave, and spare your foe ?"
Here tears and sighs speak his imperfect moan,
In language far more moving than his own.

Home he retir'd, his soul he brought not home ;
Just like a ship, while every mounting wave
Took'd by enraged Boreas up and down,
Threatens the mariner with a gaping grave ;
Such did his case, such did his state appear,
Alike distracted between hope and fear.

Thinking her love he never shall obtain,
One morn he haunts the woods, and doth complain

Of his unhappy fate, but all in vain ;
And thus fond Echo answers him again :
It mov'd Aurora, and she wept to hear,
Dewy the verdant grafs with many a tear.

THE ECHO.

I.

" OH ! what hath caus'd my killing miseries ?"
" EYES," Echo said. " What hath detain'd
my ease ?"

" EASE," straight the reasonable nymph replies.
" That nothing can my troubled mind appease ?"
" PEACE," Echo answers, " What, is any
nigh ?"

Philetus said. She quickly utters, " I."

II.

" Is 't Echo answers ? tell me then thy will :"

" I WILL," she said. " What shall I get," says
he,

" By loving still ?" To which she answers, " ILL."

" III ! Shall I void of wish'd-for pleasures die ?"

" I." " Shall not I, who toil in ceaseless pain,
" Some pleasure know ?" " No," she replies
again.

III.

" False and inconstant nymph, thou lyest !" said
he ;

" THOU LYEST," she said ; " And I deserv'd her
hate,"

" If I should thee believe." " BELIEVE," faith
she.

" For why ? thy idle words are of no weight."

" WEIGHT," she answers. " Therefore I'll
depart."

To which resounding Echo answers, " PART."

THEN from the woods with wounded heart he
goes,

Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his mind.

He quarrels with himself, because his woes

Spring from himself, yet can no medicine find :

He weeps to quench the fires that burn in him,
But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are with-
in.

No morning banish'd darkness, nor black night

By her alternate course expell'd the day,

In which Philetus by a constant rite

At Cupid's altars did not weep and pray ;

And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain,

But care and sorrow was his only gain.

But now at last the pitying God, o'ercome

By constant votes and tears, fix'd in her heart

A golden shaft, and she is now become

A suppliant to Love, that with like dart

He'd wound Philetus ; does with tears implore
Aid from that power she so much scorn'd be-
fore.

Little she thinks she kept Philetus' heart

In her scorch'd breast, because her own she gave

To him. Since either suffers equal smart,
And a like measure in their torments have:
His foul, his griefs, his fires, now her's are
grown:
Her heart, her mind, her love, is his alone.
Whilst thoughts 'gainst thoughts rise up in nu-
tury,
She took a lute (being far from any ears)
And tun'd this song, posing that harmony
Which poets attribute to heavenly spheres.
Thus had she sung when her dear love was
lain,
She'd surely call'd him back from Styx again.

THE SONG.

I.
TO whom shall I my sorrows show?
Not to Love, for he is blind:
And my Philetus doth not know
The inward torment of my mind,
And all the senseless walls, which are
Now round about me, cannot hear;

II.
For, if they could, they sure would weep,
And with my griefs relent:
Unless their willing tears they keep,
Till I from earth am sent.
Then I believe they'll all deplore
My fate, since I taught them before.

III.
I willingly would weep my store,
If th' flood would land thy love,
My dear Philetus, on the shore
Of my heart; but, should'st thou prove
Afraid of flames, know the fires are
But bonfires for thy coming there.

THEN tears in envy of her speech did flow
From her fair eyes, as if it seem'd that there
Her burning flame had melted hills of snow,
And so dissolv'd them into many a tear;
Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,
And quickly caus'd new serpent griefs to grow.

Here stay, my Muse; for if I should recite
Her mournful language, I should make you weep,
Like her, a flood, and so not see to write
Such lines as I, and th' age requires, to keep
Me from stern death, or with victorious rhyme
Revenge their master's death, and conquer
Time.

By this time, chance and his own industry
Had help'd Philetus forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her brother, so that he
Might, by this means, his bright Constantia view;
And, as time serv'd, shew'd her his misery:
This was the first act in his tragedy.

Thus to himself, sooth'd by his flattering state,
He said; "How shall I thank thee for this gain

"O Cupid! or reward my helping fate,
"Which sweetens all my sorrows, all my pain?
"What husbandman would any pains refuse,
"To reap at last such fruit, his labour's use?"

But, when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful state,
Seeing his griefs link'd like an endless chain
To following woes, he would when 'twas too late
Quench his hot flames, and idle love disdain.
But Cupid, when his heart was set on fire,
Had burnt his wings, who could not then re-
tire.

The wounded youth and kind Philocrates
(So was her brother call'd) grew soon so dear,
So true and constant in their amities,
And in that league so strictly joined were,
That death itself could not their friendship se-
ver,
But, as they liv'd in love, they died together.

If one be melancholy, th' other's sad;
If one be sick, the other's surely ill;
And if Philetus any sorrow had,
Philocrates was partner in it still:
Pylades' soul, and mad Orestes', was
In these, if we believe Pythagoras.

Of in the woods Philetus walks, and there
Exclaims against his fate, fate too unkind:
With speaking tears his griefs he doth declare,
And with sad sighs instructs the angry wind
To sigh; and did ev'n upon that prevail;
It groan'd to hear Philetus' mournful tale.

The crystal brooks, which gently run between
The shadowing trees, and, as they through them
pass,
Water the earth, and keep the meadows green,
Giving a colour to the verdant grass,
Hearing Philetus tell his woeful state,
In shew of grief run murmuring at his fate.

Philomel answers him again, and shews,
In her best language, her sad history,
And in a mournful sweetness tells her woes,
Denying to be pos'd in misery:
Constantia he, she Tereus, Tereus, cries;
With him both grief, and grief's expression,
vies.

Philocrates must needs his sadness know,
Willing in ills, as well as joys, to share,
Nor will on them the name of friends bestow,
Who in light sport, not sorrow, partners are.
Who leaves to guide the ship when storms arise
Is guilty both of sin and cowardice.

But when his noble friend perceiv'd that he
Yielded to tyrant passion more and more,
Desirous to partake his malady,
He watches him, in hope to cure his sore
By counsel, and recall the poisonous dart,
When it, alas! was fixed in his heart.

When in the woods, places best fit for care,
He to himself did his past griefs recite,
Th' obsequious friend strait follows him, and
there
Doth hide himself from sad Philetus' sight;

Who thus exclaims (for a swollen heart would break,
If it for vent of sorrow might not speak):

"Oh! I am lost, not in this desert wood,
But in Love's pathless labyrinth; there I
My health, each joy and pleasure counted good,
Have lost, and, which is more, my liberty;
And now am forc'd to let him sacrifice
My heart, for rash believing of my eyes.

"Long have I staid, but yet have no relief;
Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour shown;
Because she knows not of my killing grief,
And I have fear'd to make my sorrows known.
For why, alas! if she should once but dart
Disdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.

"But how should she, ere I impart my love,
Reward my ardent flame with like desire?
But when I speak, if she should angry prove,
Laugh at my flowing tears, and scorn my fire;
Why, he who hath all sorrows borne before,
Needeth not fear to be oppress'd with more."

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
Runs to his friend, and sighing, "Oh!" said he,
My dear Philetus! be thyself, and swear
To rule that passion which now masters thee,
And all thy reason; but, if it can't be,
Give to thy love but eyes, that it may see."

Amazement strikes him dumb; what shall he do?

Should he reveal his love, he fears 'twould prove
A hindrance; and, should he deny to show,
It might perhaps his dear friend's anger move:
These doubts, like Scylla and Charybdis, stand,
Whilst Cupid, a blind pilot, doth command.

At last resolv'd: "How shall I seek," said he,
"To excuse myself, dearest Philocrates!
That I from thee have hid this secrecy?
Yet censure not; give me first leave to ease
My case with words: my grief you should have known
Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.

"I am all love; my heart was burnt with fire
From two bright suns, which do all light disclose;
First kindling in my breast the flame Desire:
But, like the rare Arabian bird, there rose
From my heart's ashes never-quenched Love,
Which now this torment in my soul doth move.

"Oh! let not then my passion cause your hate,
Nor let my choice offend you, or detain
Your ancient friendship; 'tis, alas! too late
To call my firm affection back again:
No physick can re-cure my weaken'd state,
The wound is grown too great, too desperate."

"But counsel," said his friend, "a remedy
Which never fails the patient, may at least,
If not quite heal your mind's infirmity,
Assuage your torment, and procure some rest.

"But there is no physician can apply
A medicine ere he know the malady."

"Then hear me," said Philetus; "but why?
Stay,

"I will not toil thee with my history;

"For to remember sorrows past away,

"Is to renew an old calamity.

"He who acquainteth others with his moan,
Adds to his friend's grief, but not cures his own."

"But," said Philocrates, "'tis best, in woe,
To have a faithful partner of their care;
That burthen may be undergone by two,
Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
I should mistrust your love, to hide from me
Your thoughts, and tax you of inconsistency."

What shall he do? or with what language frame
Excuse? He must resolve not to deny,
But open his close thoughts and inward flame:
With that, as prologue to his tragedy,
He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his torments' ire
When they, alas! did blow the raging fire.

"When years first styl'd me twenty, I began
To sport with catching snares that Love had set:

"Like birds that flutter round the gin, till ta'en,
Or the poor fly caught in Arachne's net,
Even so I sported with her beauty's light,
Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

"First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought
'Twas easy to repel it; but as fire,
Though but a spark, soon into flames is brought,
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;
Which so have scorch'd my love-struck soul,
that I

"Still live in torment, yet each minute die."

"Who is it," said Philocrates, "can move
With charming eyes such deep affection?
I may perhaps assist you in your love;
Two can effect more than yourself alone.
My counsel this thy error may reclaim,
Or my salt tears quench thy destructive flame."

"Nay," said Philetus, "oft my eyes do flow
Like Nilus when it scorns th' oppos'd shore;
Yet all the watery plenty I bestow,
Is to my flame an oil that feeds it more.
So fame reports o' th' Dodonéan spring,
That lightens all those which are put therein.

"But, being your desire to know her, she
Is call'd" (with that his eyes let fall a shower,
As if they fain would drown the memory
Of his life-keeper's name) "Constantia—" More
Grief would not let him utter; tears, the best
Expressers of true sorrow, spoke the rest.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:

"And was this all? Whate'er your grief would ease,

"Though a far greater task, believe 't for thee
It should be soon done by Philocrates:

"Think all you wish perform'd; but see, the
day,
"Tir'd with its heat, is hasting now away!"

Home from the silent woods night bids them go:
But sad Philetus can no comfort find;
What in the day he fears of future woe,
At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.
Why dost thou vex him, Love? Could'st thou
but see,
Thou would'st thyself Philetus' rival be.

Philocrates, pitying his doleful morn,
And wounded with the sorrows of his friend,
Brings him to fair Constantia; where alone
He might impart his love, and either end
His fruitless hopes, nipt by her coy disdain,
Or, by her liking, his wisht joys attain.

"Fairest," said he, "whom the bright heavens
do cover,
"Do not these tears, these speaking tears, despise!
"These heaving sighs of a submissive lover,
"Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazzling
eyes!
"And do you not condemn that ardent flame,
"Which from yourself, your own fair beauty,
came!
"Trust me, I long have hid my love; but now
"Am forc'd to show 't, such is my inward smart!
"And you alone, fair Saint! the means do know
"To heal the wound of my consuming heart.
"Then, since it only in your power doth lie
"To kill or save, Oh! help, or else I die."

His gently cruel love did thus reply;
"I for your pain am griev'd, and would do,
"Without impeachment of my chastity
"And honour, any thing might pleasure you.
"But, if beyond those limits you demand,
"I must not answer, Sir, nor understand."

"Believe me, virtuous maiden! my desire
"Is chaste and pious as thy virgin thought;
"No flash of lust, 'tis no dishonest fire,
"Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought;
"But as thy beauty pure; which let not be
"Eclipsed by disdain and cruelty!

"Oh! how shall I reply?" she cry'd, "thou 'st
won
"My soul, and therefore take thy victory:
"Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o'ercome,
"And if I should deny thee love, then I
"Should be a tyrant to myself: that fire
"Which is kept close burns with the greatest
ire.

"Yet do not count my yielding lightness, now;
"Impute it rather to my ardent love;
"Thy pleasing carriage won me long ago,
"And pleading beauty did my liking move;
"Thy eyes, which draw like loadstones with
their might
"The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me
quite."

"Oh! I am rapt above the reach," said he,
"Of thought; my soul already feels the bliss

"Of heaven: when, Sweet, my thoughts once
tax but thee

"With any crime, may I lose all happiness
"Is wish'd for: both your favour here, and
dead,
"May the just gods pour vengeance on my
head!"

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their fate!)
Constantia's father enter'd in the room,
When glad Philetus, ignorant of his state,
Kisses her cheeks, more red than setting sun,
Or else the morn, blushing through clouds of
water,
To see ascending Sol congratulate her.

Just as the guilty prisoner fearful stands,
Reading his fatal Theta in the brows
Of him who both his life and death commands,
Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knows:
Such was his state to see her father come,
Nor wish'd-for, nor expected, in the room.

Th' enrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be
At any time with his lov'd daughter there,
Till he had given him such authority:
But to depart, since she her love did shew him,
Was living death, with lingering torments to
him.

This being known to kind Philocrates,
He cheers his friend, bidding him banish fear,
And by some letter his griev'd mind appease,
And shew her that which to her friendly ear
Time gave no leave to tell: and thus his quill
Declares to her the absent lover's will.

THE LETTER.

PHILETUS TO CONSTANTIA.

I TRUST, dear soul, my absence cannot move
You to forget or doubt my ardent love;
For, were there any means to see you, I
Would run through death, and all the misery
Fate could inflict; that so the world might say,
In life and death I lov'd Constantia.
Then let not, dearest Sweet, our absence part
Our loves, but each breast keep the other's heart;
Give warmth to one another, till there rise
From all our labours and our industries
The long-expected fruits: have patience, Sweet,
There's no man whom the summer pleasures greet
Before he taste the winter; none can say,
Ere night was gone, he saw the rising day.
So, when we once have waded sorrow's night,
The sun of comfort then shall give us light.

PHILETUS.

This, when Constantia read, she thought her state
Most happy, by Philetus' constancy
And perfect love: she thanks her flattering fate,
Kisses the paper, till with kissing she
The welcome characters doth dull and stain:
Then thus with ink and tears writes back again.

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

YOUR absence, Sir, though it be long, yet I
Neither forget nor doubt your constancy.
Nor need you fear that I should yield unto
Another, what to your true love is due.
My heart is yours; it is not in my claim,
Nor have I power to take it back again.
There 's naught but death can part our souls; no
time,
Or angry friends, shall make my love decline:
But for the harvest of our hopes I'll stay,
Unless death cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away.

CONSTANTIA.

Oh! how this letter seem'd to raise his pride!
Prouder was he of this than Phaeton,
When he did Phœbus' flaming chariot guide,
Unknowning of the danger was to come:
Prouder than Jason, when from Colchos he
Returned with the fleece's victory.

But ere the autumn, which fair Ceres crown'd,
Had paid the sweating plowman's greediest prayer,
And by the fall disrob'd the gaudy ground
Of all those ornaments it us'd to wear;
Them kind Philocrates t' each other brought,
Where they this means t' enjoy their freedom
wrought.

"Sweet fair-one," said Philetus, "since the time
"Favours our wish, and does afford us leave
"I'll enjoy our loves; oh, let us not resign
"This long'd-for favour, nor ourselves bereave
"Of what we wish'd for, Opportunity,
"That may too soon the wings of love out-
fly!

"For when your father, as his custom is,
"For pleasure doth pursue the timorous hare,
"If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss
"To be in those woods ready for you, where
"We may depart in safety, and no more
"With dreams of pleasure only, heal our sore."

To this the happy lovers soon agree;
But, ere they part, Philetus begs to hear,
From her enchanting voice's melody,
One song to satisfy his longing ear:
She yields; and, singing added to desire,
The listening youth increas'd his amorous fire.

THE SONG.

I.

TIME! fly with greater speed away,
Add feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haste in flying brings
That wish'd-for and expedient day.

II.

Comfort's sun we then shall see,
Though at first it darken'd be.
With dangers; yet, those clouds but gone,
Our day will put his lustre on.

III.

Then, though death's sad night appear,
And we in lonely silence rest;
Our ravish'd souls no more shall fear,
But with lasting day be blest.

IV.

And then no friends can part us more,
For no new death extend its power;
Thus there 's nothing can dis sever
Hearts which love hath join'd together.

FEAR of being seen, Philetus homeward drove,
But ere they part she willingly doth give
(As faithful pledges of her constant love)
Many a soft kiss; then they each other leave,
Rapt up with secret joy that they have found
A way to heal the torment of their wound.

But, ere the sun through many days had run,
Constantia's charming beauty had o'ercome
Guifardo's heart, and scorn'd affection won;
Her eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,
Shot through his wounded heart such hot de-
fire,

As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

In roofs which gold and Parian stone adorn
(Proud as the owner's mind) he did abound;
In fields so fertile for their yearly corn,
As might contend with scorch'd Calabria's ground;
But in his soul, that should contain the store
Of surest riches, he was base and poor.

Him was Constantia urg'd continually,
By her friends, to love: sometimes they did in-
treat

With gentle speeches and mild courtesy;
Which when they see despis'd by her, they threat.
But love too deep was seated in her heart,
To be worn-out by thought of any smart.

Soon did her father to the woods repair,
To seek for sport, and hunt the started game;
Guifardo and Philocrates were there,
With many friends too tedious here to name:
With them Constantia went, but not to find
The bear or wolf, but Love all mild and kind.

Being enter'd in the pathless woods, while they
Pursue their game, Philetus, who was late
Hid in a thicket, carries straight away
His love, and hastens his own hasty fate;
That came too soon upon him; and his sun
Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

Constantia mis'd, the hunters in amaze
Take each a several course, and by curs'd fate
Guifardo runs, with a love-carried pace,
Tow'rd's them, who little knew their woeful
state:

Philetus, like bold Icarus, soaring high
To honours, found the depth of misery.

For when Guifardo sees his rival there,
Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who such fortune did not fear,
And with his sword a way to 's heart does find.
But, ere his spirits were possess'd of death,
In these few words he spent his latest breath:

" O see, Constantia ! my short race is run ;
 " See how my blood the thirsty ground doth dye ;
 " But live thou happier than thy love hath done,
 " And when I'm dead, think sometime upon me !
 " More my short time permits me not to tell,
 " For now death seizeth me ; my dear, farewell !"

As soon as he had spoke these words, life fled
 From his pierc'd body, whilst Constantia, she
 Kisses his cheeks, that lose their lively red,
 And become pale and wan ; and now each eye,
 Which was so bright, is like, when life was
 done,
 A star that 's fall'n, or an eclipsed sun.

Thither Philocrates was driven by fate,
 And saw his friend lie bleeding on the earth ;
 Near his pale corpse his weeping sister fate,
 Her eyes shed tears, her heart to sighs gave birth.
 " Philocrates when he saw this, did cry,
 " Friend, I'll revenge, or bear thee company !

" Just Jove hath sent me to revenge his fate ;
 " Nay, stay, Guisardo, think not Heaven in jest :
 " 'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy state."
 Then thrust his sword into the villain's breast.
 " Here," said Philocrates, " thy life I send
 " A sacrifice, t' appease my slaughter'd friend."

But, as he fell, " Take this reward," said he,
 " For thy new victory." With that he flung
 His darted rapier at his enemy,
 Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
 With that he falls, but, lifting up his eyes,
 " Farewell, Constantia !" that word said, he
 dies.

What shall she do ? She to her brother runs,
 His cold and lifeless body does embrace ;
 She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,
 And with her kisses warms his clammy face.
 " My dear Philocrates !" she, weeping, cries,
 " Speak to thy sister !" but no voice replies.

Then running to her Love, with many a tear,
 Thus her mind's fervent passion she express ;
 " O stay, blest soul, stay but a little here,
 " And take me with you to a lasting rest.
 " Then to Elysium's mansions both shall fly,
 " Be married there, and never more to die."

But, seeing them both dead, she cry'd, " Ah me !
 " Ah, my Philetus ! for thy sake will I
 " Make up a full and perfect tragedy :
 " Since 'twas for me, dear Love, that thou didst
 die,
 " I'll follow thee, and not thy loss deplore ;
 " These eyes, that saw thee kill'd, shall see no
 more.

" It shall not sure be said that thou didst die,
 " And thy Constantia live when thou wast slain :
 " No, no, dear soul ! I will not stay from thee ;
 " That will reflect upon my valued fame."
 Then piercing her sad breast, " I come !" she
 cries,
 And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

Her soul being fled to its eternal rest,
 Her father comes, and, seeing this, he falls
 To th' earth, with grief too great to be express :
 Whose doleful words my tir'd Muse me calls
 T' o'erpass ; which I most gladly do, for fear
 That I should toil too much the reader's ear.

THE
 TRAGICAL HISTORY
 OF
 PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,
 MY VERY LOVING MASTER,
 MR. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,
 Chief School-master of Westminster School.

SIR,
 MY childish Muse is in her spring, and yet
 Can only shew some budding of her wit.
 One frown upon her work, learn'd Sir, from you,
 Like some unkindler storm shot from your brow,
 Would turn her spring to withering autumn's
 time,
 And make her blossoms perish ere their prime.
 But if you smile, if in your gracious eye
 She an auspicious alpha can descry,
 How soon will they grow fruit ! how fresh appear !
 That had such beams their infancy to cheer !
 Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then
 The earliest offering of her grateful pen.

Your most dutiful Scholar,

A.B.R. COWLEY.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

WHEN Babylon's high walls erected were
 By mighty Ninus' wife, two houses join'd.
 One Thisbe liv'd in, Pyramus the fair
 In th' other : earth ne'er boasted such a pair !
 The very senseless walls themselves combin'd,
 And grew in one, just like their master's mind.

Thisbe all other women did excel,
 The Queen of Love less lovely was than she :
 And Pyramus more sweet than tongue can tell ;
 Nature grew proud in framing them so well.
 But Venus, envying they so fair should be,
 Bids her son Cupid shew his cruelty.

The all-subduing God his bow doth bend,
 Whets and prepares his most remorseless dart,
 Which he unseen unto their hearts did send,
 And so was Love the cause of Beauty's end.
 But could he see, he had not wrought their
 smart ;
 For pity sure would have o'ercome his heart.

Like as a bird, which in a net is ta'en,
By struggling more entangles in the gin;
So they, who in Love's labyrinth remain,
With striving never can a freedom gain.
The way to enter 's broad; but, being in,
No art, no labour, can an exit win.

These lovers, though their parents did reprove
Their fires, and watch'd their deeds with jealousy;
Though in these storms no comfort could remove
The various doubts and fears that cool hot love;
Though he nor her's, nor she his face could see,
Yet this could not abolish Love's decree;

For age had crack'd the wall which did them part;
This the unanimate couple soon did spy,
And here their inward sorrows did impart,
Unlading the sad burthen of their heart.
Though Love be blind, this shews he can descry
A way to lessen his own misery.

Oft to the friendly cranny they resort,
And feed themselves with the celestial air
Of odiferous breath; no other sport
They could enjoy; yet think the time but short,
And wish that it again renewed were,
To suck each other's breath for ever there.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their fate,
And sometimes they accus'd imperial Jove;
Sometimes repent their flames; but all too late;
The arrows could not be recall'd: their state
Was first ordain'd by Jupiter above,
And Cupid had appointed they should love.

They curs'd the wall that did their kisses part,
And to the stones their mournful words they sent,
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
And by their tears could understand their smart:
But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their sighs, alas! would it relent.

This in effect they said; "Curs'd wall; O why
"Wilt thou our bodies fever, whose true love
"Breaks thorough all thy flinty cruelty!
"For both our souls so closely joined lie,
"That nought but angry death can them remove;
"And though he part them, yet they'll meet above."

Abortive tears from their fair eyes out-flow'd,
And damm'd the lovely splendor of their sight,
Which seem'd like Titan, whilst some watery cloud
O'erspreads his face, and his bright beams doth shroud;
Till Vesper chas'd away the conquer'd light,
And forceth them (though loth) to bid good-night.
Put ere Aurora, usher to the day,
Began with welcome lustre to appear,

The lovers rise, and at that cranny they
Thus to each other their thoughts open lay,
With many a sigh and many a speaking tear;
Whose grief the pitying morning blusht to hear.

"Dear Love!" said Pyramus, "how long shall we,
"Like fairest flowers not gather'd in their prime,
"Waste precious youth, and let advantage flee,
"Till we bewail (at last) our cruelty
"Upon ourselves? for beauty, though it shine
"Like day, will quickly find an evening-time.
"Therefore, sweet Thisbe, let us meet this night
"At Ninus' tomb, without the city wall,
"Under the mulberry-tree, with berries white
"Abounding, there t' enjoy our wish'd delight.
"For mounting love, slopt in its course, doth fall,
"And long'd-for, yet untasted, joy kills all.
"What though our cruel parents angry be?
"What though our friends, alas! are too unkind?
"Time, that now offers, quickly may deny,
"And soon hold back fit opportunity.
"Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find;
"Occasion, once pass'd by, is bald behind."

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd,
For little wooing needs, where both consent;
What he so long had pleaded, she desir'd:
Which Venus seeing, with blind Chance conspir'd,
And many a charming accent to her sent,
That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

Thus Beauty is by Beauty's means undone,
Striving to close those eyes that make her bright;
Just like the moon, which seeks t' eclipse the sun,
Whence all her splendor, all her beams, do come:
So she, who fetcheth lustre from their sight,
Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

Unto the mulberry-tree fair Thisbe came;
Where having rested long, at last she 'gan
Against her Pyramus for to exclaim,
While various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain:
And, imitating thus the silver swan,
A little while before her death, she sang:

THE SONG.

I.

COME, Love! why stayest thou? the night
Will vanish ere we taste delight:
The moon obscures herself from sight,
Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

II.

Come quickly, dear! be brief as time,
Or we by morn shall be o'erta'en;
Love's joy's thine own as well as mine;
Spend not therefore the time in vain.

HERE doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant
song,

And for her lover's stay sent many a sigh;
Her Pyramus, she thought, did tarry long,
And that his absence did her too much wrong.
Then, betwixt longing hope and jealousy,
She fears, yet 's loth to tax, his loyalty.

Sometimes she thinks that he hath her forsaken;
Sometimes, that danger hath befallen him:
She fears that he another Love hath taken;
Which, being but imagin'd, soon doth waken
Numberless thoughts, which on her heart did
fling

Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

WHILE she thus musing fate, ran from the wood
An angry lion to the crystal springs,
Near to that place; who coming from his food,
His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood:
Swifter than thought, sweet Thisbe strait begins
To fly from him; fear gave her swallows' wings.

As she avoids the lion, her desire
Bids her to stay, lest Pyramus should come,
And be devour'd by the stern lion's ire,
So she for ever burn in unquench'd fire:
But fear expels all reasons; she doth run
Into a darksome cave, ne'er seen by sun.

With haste she let her looser mantle fall:
Which, when th' enraged lion did espy,
With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small;
While Thisbe ran, and look'd not back at all;
For, could the senseless beast her face descry,
It had not done her such an injury.

The night half wasted, Pyramus did come;
Who, seeing printed in the yielding sand
The lion's paw, and by the fountain some
Of Thisbe's garment, forrow struck him dumb:
Just like a marble statue did he stand,
Cut by some skilful graver's artful hand.

Recovering breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
Washing with tears the torn and bloody weed:
"I may," said he, "myself for her death blame;
Therefore my blood shall wash away that shame:
"Since she is dead, whose beauty doth exceed
"All that frail man can either hear or read."

This spoke, he drew his fatal sword, and said,
"Receive my crimson blood, as a due debt
"Unto thy constant love, to which 'tis paid:
"I strait will meet thee in the pleasant shade
"Of cool Elysium; where we, being met,
"Shall taste those joys that here we could not
"get."

Then through his breast thrusting his sword, life hies
From him, and he makes haste to seek his Fair:
And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,
His blood had dropt upon the mulberries;
With which th' unpotted berries stained were,
And ever since with red they colour'd are.

At last fair Thisbe left the den, for fear
Of disappointing Pyramus, since she
Was bound by promise for to meet him there;
But when she saw the berries changed were

VOL. II.

From white to black, she knew not certainly
It was the place where they agreed to be.

With what delight from the dark cave she came,
Thinking to tell how she escap'd the beast!
But, when she saw her Pyramus lie slain,
Ah! how perplex'd did her sad soul remain!
She tears her golden hair, and beats her breast,
And every sign of raging grief express.

She blames all powerful Jove; and strives to take
His bleeding body from the nois'n'd ground.
She kisses his pale face, till she doth make
It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake
His parting soul with mournful words; his
wound

Washes with tears, that her sweet speech con-
found.

But afterwards, recovering breath, said she,
"Alas! what chance hath parted thee and I?
"O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,
"That of thy death I may a partner be;
"Tell Thisbe what hath caus'd this tragedy!"
He, hearing Thisbe's name, lifts up his eye;

And on his Love he rais'd his dying head;
Where, striving long for breath, at last, said he,
"O Thisbe, I am hasting to the dead,
"And cannot heal that wound my fear hath bred;
"Farewell, sweet Thisbe! we must parted be,
"For angry Death will force me soon from
"thee."

Life did from him, he from his mistress, part,
Leaving his Love to languish here in woe.
What shall she do? How shall she ease her heart?
Or with what language speak her inward smart?
Usurping Passion Reason doth o'erflow,
She vows that with her Pyramus she'll go;

Then takes the sword wherewith her Love was
slain,
With Pyramus's crimson blood warm still;
And said, "Oh stay, blest soul, awhile refrain,
"That we may go together, and remain
"In endless joys, and never fear the ill
"Of grudging friends!"—Then she herself did
kill.

To tell what grief their parents did sustain,
Were more than my rude quill can overcome;
Much did they weep and grieve, but all in vain,
For weeping calls not back the dead again.
Both in one grave were laid, when life was
done;

And these few words were writ upon the tomb.

E P I T A P H.

I.

UNDERNEATH this marble stone,
Lie two beauties join'd in one.

II.

Two, whose loves death could not sever;
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

C

III.

Two, whose souls, being too divine
For earth, in their own sphere now shine.

IV.

Who have left their loves to fame,
And their earth to earth again.

S Y L V A:

OR,

DIVERS COPIES OF VERSES,

MADE UPON SUNDRY OCCASIONS.

DE FELICI PARTU REGINÆ MARIE.*

DUM more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,
Et populum pascit religiosa fames,
Quinta beat nostram soboles formosa Mariam;
Penè iterum nobis, late December, ades,
Ite, quibus lufum Bacchusque Ceresque ministrant,
Et risum vitis lacryma rubra movet.
Nos sine lætitiæ strepitu, sine murmure læti;
Ipsa dies novit vix sibi verba dari.
Cum corda arcanâ saltant festiva chorâ,
Cur pede vel tellustrita frequente sonet?
Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdi turba, salutem?
Sint mea pro tanto sobria vota viro.
Crede mihi, non sunt, non sunt ea gaudia vera,
Quæ sunt pompâ gaudia vera sua.
Viciisti tandem, viciisti, casta Maria;
Cedit de sexu Carolus ipse fuo.

* From the "ΣΥΝΩΔΙΑ, sive Musarum
" Cantabrigiensium Conventus et Congratula-
" tio, ad serenissimum Britanniarum Regem
" Carolum, de quinta sua sobole [Princeps
" Anne], clarissima Principe, sibi nuper felicissimè
" nata. Cantabrigiæ, 1637." I doubt not but
it will prove a pleasing amusement to the curious
reader, to trace the first dawnings of genius in
some of our first-rate poetic characters; and to
compare them with the eminence they afterwards
attained to, and the rank they at last held among
their brethren of the laurel. Some early speci-
mens of Dryden's genius may be seen in the first
volume of his poems. Those of Cowley, here
printed, abound with strokes of wit, some true,
but the far greater part false; which thoroughly
characterise the writer, and may be justly pro-
nounced to point out his genius and manner, in
miniature. K.—This species of entertainment the
kind attention of Mr. Kynaston (the friend to
whom I owe these remarks) enables me consider-
ably to extend, by furnishing the earliest poetical
productions of some writers who are now univer-
sally looked up to as excellent; none of which are
to be found in any edition of their respective
works. In such juvenile performances, it is well
observed by an admirable critic, "the absurd con-
" ceits, and extravagant fancies are the true seeds
" and germs, which afterwards ripen, by proper
" culture, into the most luxuriant harvests." See
Annual Register, 1779, p. 180. J. N.

A te sic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille!
Vix hostes tanti vel superâsse fuit.
Jam tua plus vivit pictura; at proxima fiet
Regis, et in methodo te peperisse juvat.
O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri!
O sancta hæc inter jurgia vetus amor!
Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro
Tam populo (et notum est quàm placet ille)
placet.
Da veniam, hic omnes nimium quòd finis avari;
Da veniam, hic animos quòd fatiare nequis.
Cùmque (sed ô nostris fiat lux serior annis),
In curram ascendas læta per astra tuum,
Natorum in facie tua viva et mollis imago
Non minus in terris, quàm tua sculpta, regat.

ABRAHAMUS COWLEY, T [rin]. C [oll].

IN FELICISSIMAM REGINÆ MARIE,
FERTILITATEM*.

NATURÆ facies renovatur quolibet anno,
Et scle mirum fertilis ipsa parit.
Sic quoque Naturæ exemplar Regina, decusque,
In sætu toties se videt ipsa novam,
Penè omnem signas tam sæpè puerpera mensem,
Et cupit à partu nomen habere tuo.
Quæque tuos toties audit Lucina labores,
Vix ipsa in proprio sæpius Orbe tumet.
Fecundam semper spectabis Janæ, Mariam,
Sive hæc sive illâ fronte videre voles.
Discite, subiecti, officium; Regina Marito
Annua jam toties ipsa tributa dedit.

DUM redit à sanctis non cessus Carolus aris,
Principis occurrit nuntia fama novi.
Non mirum, existat cùm proximus ipse Tonanti,
Vicinum attingunt quòd citò vota Deum.
Non mirum, cùm sit tam sanctâ mente precatus,
Quòd precibus merces tam properata venit.
Faciura ô longum nobis jejunia festum!
O magnas epulas exhibitura fames!
En fundunt gemitum et lacrymarum flumina;
turbant
Cum Reginâ ipsam parturiisse putes.
Credibile est puerum populi sensisse dolores;
Edidit hinc mæstos flebilis ipse sonos.

A. COWLEY, A. B. T [rin]. C [oll].

UPON THE HAPPIE BIRTH OF THE
DUKE†.

WHILST the rude North Charles his slow
wrath doth call,
Whilst warre is fear'd, and conquest hop'd by all,

* From the "Voces Votivæ ab Academicis
" Cantabrigiensibus pro novissimo Caroli et Ma-
" riæ Principe Viro, emissæ Cantabrigiæ, 1640."
† Henry, who was declared by his father Duke
of Gloucester in 1641, but not so created till May
13, 1659. He died September 13, 1660.—The
verses are taken from the "Voces Votivæ," &c.
1640. J. N.

The severall shires their various forces lend,
 And some do men, some gallant horses lend,
 Some steel, and some (the stronger weapon) gold:
 These warlike contributions are but old.
 That countrey learn'd a new and better way,
 Which did this royall Prince for tribute pay.
 Who shall henceforth be with such rage posselt,
 To rouse our English Lion from his rest?
 When a new sonne doth his blest flock adorn,
 Then to great Charles is a new armie born.
 In private births hopes challenge the first place;
 There's certaintie at first in the King's race;
 And we may say, Such will his glories be,
 Such his great acts, and, yet not prophesie.
 I see in him his father's boundlesse sprite,
 Powerfull as flame, yet gentle as the light.
 I see him through an adverse battle thrust,
 Bedeck'd with noble sweat and comely dust.
 I see the pietie of the day appeare,
 Joynd with the heate and valour of the yeare,
 Which happie Fate did to this birth allow;
 I see all this; for sure 'tis present now.
 Leave off then, London, to accuse the starres
 For adding a worse terrour to the warres;
 Nor quarrel with the heavens, 'cause they begiune
 To send the worst effect and scourge of sinne,
 That dreadful plague, which, wherefoe're 't abide,
 Devours both man and each disease beside.
 For every life which from great Charles does flow,
 And 's female self weighs down a crowd of low
 And vulgar souls: Fate rids of them the earth,
 To make more room for a great Prince's birth.
 So when the Sunne, after his watriest rest,
 Comes dancing from his chamber of the east,
 A thousand pettie lamps spread ore the skie,
 Shrink in their doubtfull beams; then wink, and die;
 Yet no man grieves; the very birds arise,
 And sing glad notes in stead of elegies:
 The leaves and painted flowers, which did ere-
 while
 Tremble with mournfull drops, beginne to smile.
 The losse of many why should they bemoane,
 Who for them more than many have in one?
 How blest must thou thy self, bright Mary, be,
 Who by thy wombe canst blesse our miserie?
 May 't still be fruitfull! May your offspring too
 Spread largely, as your fame and virtues do!
 Fill every season thus: Time, which devours
 It's own sonnes, will be glad and proud of yours.
 So will the year (though sure it wear'd be
 With often revolutions) when 't shall see
 The honour by such births it doth attain,
 Joy to return into itself again.

A. COWLEY, A. B. T[rin]. C[oll].

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON.

DUDLEY LORD CARLETON, VISCOUNT
DORCHESTER,

Late Principal Secretary of State.

THE infernal sisters did a council call
 Of all the fiends, to the black Stygian hall;
 The dire Tartarian monsters, hating light,
 Begot by dismal Erebus and Night,

Where'er dispers'd abroad, hearing the fame
 Of their accursed meeting, thither came.
 Revenge, whose greedy mind no blood can fill,
 And Envy, never satisfy'd with ill:
 Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage,
 Retorted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age.
 These, to oppress the earth, the Furies sent;
 The council thus dissolv'd an angry Fever,
 Whose quenchless thirst by blood was fated never,
 Envyng the riches, honour, greatness, love,
 And virtue load-stone, that all these did move,
 Of noble Carleton, him she took away,
 And, like a greedy vulture, seiz'd her prey.
 Weep with me, each who either reads or hears,
 And know his loss deserves his country's tears!
 The Muses lost a patron by his fate,
 Virtue a husband, and a prop the State.
 Sol's chorus weeps, and, to adorn his hearse,
 Calliope would sing a tragic verse.
 And, had there been before no spring of theirs,
 They would have made a Helicon with tears.

A. B. COWLEY.

AN ELEGY

On the Death of my loving Friend and Cousin
MR. RICHARD CLARKE, GENT.

Late of Lincoln's-Inn.

IT was decreed by steadfast destiny
 (The world from chaos turn'd) that all should
 die.

He who durst fearless pass black Acheron,
 And dangers of the infernal region,
 Leading hell's triple porter captive,
 Was overcome himself by conquering Fate.
 The Roman Tully's pleasing eloquence,
 Which in the ears did lock up every sense
 Of the rapt hearer; his mellifluous breath
 Could not at all charm unremorseful Death;
 Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could save
 Himself with all his wisdom from the grave,
 Stern Fate brought Maro to his funeral flame,
 And would have ended in that fire his fame;
 Burning those lofty lines which now shall be
 Time's conquerors, and out-last eternity.
 Even so lov'd Clarke from death no 'scape could
 find,

Though arm'd with great Alcides' valiant mind.
 He was adorn'd in years, though far more young,
 With learn'd Cicero's or a sweeter tongue.
 And, could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,
 He would condemn his own to fire again.
 His youth a Solon's wisdom did preface,
 Had envious Time but giv'n him Solon's age.
 Who would not therefore now, if Learning's
 friend,
 Bewail his fatal and untimely end?
 Who hath such hard, such unrelenting eyes,
 As not to weep when so much virtue dies?

* Something is here wanting, as appears from
 the want both of rhyme and connexion. J. N.

The God of poets doth in darkness shroud
His glorious face, and weeps behind a cloud.
The doleful Muses thinking now to write
Sad elegies, their tears confound their sight;
But him t' Elysium's lasting joys they bring,
Where winged angels his sad requiems sing.

A DREAM OF ELYSIUM.

PHŒBUS, expell'd by the approaching night,
Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashful
light,

While I, with leaden Morpheus overcome,
The Muse whom I adore enter'd the room;
Her hair with looser curiosity
D d on her comely back dishevel'd lie:
Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone,
As might have wak'd sleeping Endymion.
She bade me rise, and promis'd I should see
Those fields, those mansions of felicity,
We mortals so admire at: speaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegasus,
On whom I rid; knowing, wherever she
Did go, that place must needs a Tempe be.

No sooner was my flying courser come
To the blest dwellings of Elysium,
When strait a thousand unknown joys resort,
And hemm'd me round; chaste Love's innocuous
sport!

A thousand sweets bought with no following gall,
Joys, not like ours, short, but perpetual.
How many objects charm my wandering eye,
And bid my soul gaze there eternally!
Here in full streams, Bacchus, thy liquor flows,
Nor knows to ebb; here Jove's broad tree bestows
Distilling honey; here doth nectar pass,
With copious current, through the verdant grass;
Here Hyacinth, his fate writ in his looks,
And thou, Narcissus, loving still the brooks,
Once lovely boys! and Acis, now a flower,
Are nourish'd with that rarer herb, whose power
Created thee, War's potent God! here grows
The spotless lily and the blushing rose;
And all those divers ornaments abound,
That variously may paint the gaudy ground.
No willow, sorrow's garland, there hath room,
Nor cypress, sad attendant of a tomb.
None but Apollo's tree, and th' ivy twine
Embracing the stout oak, the fruitful vine,
And trees with golden apples loaded down,
On whose fair tops sweet Philomel alone,
Unmindful of her former misery,
Tunes with her voice a ravishing harmony;
Whilst all the murmuring brooks that glide
along,

Make up a burthen to her pleasing song.
No screech-owl, sad companion of the night;
No hideous raven with prodigious flight,
Presaging future ill; nor, Progne, thee,
Yet spotted with young Itis' tragedy,
Those sacred bowers receive. There's nothing
there

That is not pure; all innocent and rare.

Turning my greedy sight another way,
Under a row of storm-contemning bay,
I saw the Thracian singer with his lyre
Teach the deaf stones to hear him and admire.
Him the whole Poets' chorus compass'd round,
All whom the oak, all whom the laurel crown'd.
There banish'd Ovid had a lasting home,
Better than thou could'st give, ungrateful Rome!
And Lucan (spite of Nero) in each vein
Had every drop of his spilt blood again:
Homer, Sol's first-born, was not poor or blind,
But saw as well in body as in mind.

Tully, grave Cato, Solon, and the rest
Of Greece's admir'd wife-men, here possess
A large reward for their past deeds, and gain
A life as everlasting as their fame.

By these the valiant heroes take their place;
All who stern death and perils did embrace
For virtue's cause. Great Alexander there
Laughs at the earth's small empire, and did wear
A nobler crown than the whole world could give;
There did Horatius Cocles, Sceva, live,
And valiant Decius; who now freely cease
From war, and purchase an eternal peace.

Next them, beneath a myrtle bower, where
doves

And gall-less pigeons build their nests, all Love's
True faithful servants, with an amorous kiss
And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest wish.
Leander with his beauteous Hero plays,
Nor are they parted with dividing seas;
Portia enjoys her Brutus; death no more
Can now divorce their wedding, as before;
Thisbe her Pyramus kiss'd, his Thisbe he
Embrac'd, each blest'd with t' other's company:
And every couple, always dancing, sing
Eternal pleasures to Elysium's king.
But see how soon these pleasures fade away!
How near to evening is delight's short day!
The watching bird, true Nuncius of the light,
Strait crowd; and all these vanish'd from my
sight;

My very Muse herself forsook me too.
Me grief and wonder wak'd; what should I do?
Oh! let me follow thee (said I) and go
From life, that I may dream for ever so.
With that my flying Muse I thought to clasp
Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.
Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest stream,
And all our greatest pleasure's but a dream.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S

RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

GREAT Charles!—there stop, ye trumpeters
of fame!
(For he who speaks his titles, his great name,
Must have a breathing-time) our king:—stay
there;
Speak by degrees; let the inquisitive ear
Be held in doubt, and, ere you say "is come,"
Let every heart prepare a spacious room

For ample joys; then lo sing, as loud
As thunder shot from the divided cloud!

Let Cygnus pluck from the Arabian waves
The ruby of the rock, the pearl that paves
Great Neptune's court; let every sparrow bear
From the Three Sisters' weeping bark a tear:
Let spotted lynxes their sharp talons fill
With crystal fetch'd from the Promethean hill:
Let Cytherea's birds fresh wreaths compose,
Knitting the pale-fac'd lily with the rose;
Let the self-gotten phoenix rob his nest,
Spoil his own funeral pile, and all his best
Of myrrh, of frankincense, of cassia, bring,
To strew the way for our returned king!

Let every post a panegyric wear,
Each wall, each pillar, gratulations bear:
And yet, let no man invoke a Muse;
The very matter will itself infuse
A sacred fury; let the merry bells
(For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
Ring without help of sexton, and preface
A new-made holy-day for future age!

And, if the ancients u'd to dedicate
A golden temple to propitious Fate,
At the return of any noble men,
Of heroes, or of emperors, we must then
Raise up a double trophy; for their fame
Was but the shadow of our Charles's name,
Who is there where all virtues mingled flow,
Where no defects or imperfections grow?
Whose head is always crown'd with victory,
Snatch'd from Bellona's hand; him luxury
In peace debilitates: whose tongue can win
Truly's own garland, pride to him creeps in.
On whom (like Atlas' shoulders) the propt state
(As he were *primum mobile* of Fate)
Solely relies; him blind ambition moves;
His tyranny the bridled subject proves.
But all those virtues, which they all possess
Divided, are collected in thy breast,
Great Charles! Let Caesar boast Pharsalia's fight,
Honorius praise the Parthian's unfeign'd flight;
Let Alexander call himself Jove's peer,
And place his image near the thunderer;
Yet while our Charles with equal balance reigns
'Twixt Mercy and Atræa, and maintains
A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he,
Who is most near, most like, the Deity.

SONG, ON THE SAME.

HENCE, clouded looks; hence, briny tears,
Hence, eye that sorrow's livery wears!
What though awhile Apollo please
To visit the Antipodes?
Yet he returns, and with his light
Expels what he hath caus'd—the night,
What though the spring vanish away,
And with it the earth's form decay?
Yet his new-birth will soon restore
What its departure took before.
What though we miss'd our absent king
Awhile? Great Charles is come again;

And with his presence makes us know
The gratitude to Heaven we owe.
So doth a cruel storm impart
And teach us Palinurus' art;
So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful Venus doth arise.

A VOTE.

LEST the mis-judging world should chance
to say

I durst not but in secret murmurs pray;

To whisper in Jove's ear
How much I wish that funeral,
Or gape at such a great-one's fall;

This let all ages hear,
And future times in my soul's picture see
What I abhor, what I desire to be.

I would not be a Puritan, though he
Can preach two hours, and yet his sermon be
But half a quarter long:

Though, from his old mechanic trade,
By vision he's a pastor made,

His faith was grown so strong;
Nay, though he think to gain salvation
By calling th' Pope the Whore of Babylon.

I would not be a School-master, though he
His rods no less than Fates deem to be;

Though he in many a place
Turns Lilly oftener than his gowns,
Till at the last he make the nouns

Fight with the verbs apace;
Nay, though he can, in a poetic heat,
Figures, born since, out of poor Virgil beat.

I would not be Justice of Peace, though he
Can with equality divide the fee,

And stakes with his clerk draw;
Nay, though he sits upon the place
Of judgment with a learned face

Intricate as the law;
And, whilst he multiplies enormities demurely,
Breaks Priscian's head with sentences securely.

I would not be a Courtier, though he
Makes his whole life the truest comedy

Although he be a man
In whom the taylor's forming art,
And nimble barber, claim more part

Than Nature herself can;
Though, as he uses men, 'tis his intent
To put off death too with a compliment.

From Lawyer's tongues though they can spin
with ease

The shortest cause into a paraphrase;
From Usurers' conscience
(For swallowing up young heirs so fast,
Without all doubt, they'll choak at last)

Make me all innocence,
Good Heaven! and from thy eyes, O Justice!
keep;

For though they be not blind, they're oft asleep.

From Singing-mens' religion, who are
Always at church, just like the crows, 'cause there

They build themselves a nest:

From too much Poetry which shines

With gold in nothing but its lines,

Free, O you Powers! my breast.

And from Astronomy, which in the skies
Finds fish and bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

From your Court-madams' beauty, which doth
carry

At morning May, at night a January:

From the grave city brow

(For though it want an R, it has
The letter of Pythagoras)

Keep me, O fortune, now!

And chins of beef innumerable fend me,

Or from the stomach of the guard defend me.

This only grant me, that my means may lie

Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,

Not from great deeds, but good alone;

Th' unknown are better than ill-known;

Rumour can ope the grave!

Acquaintance I would have; but when 't depends
Not from the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light;

And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more

Than palace; and should fitting be

For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er

With Nature's hand, not Art's; that pleasures
yield

Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;

For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,

These unbought sports, and happy state,

I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;

But boldly say, each night,

To-morrow let my sun his beams display,

Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day *.

A POETICAL REVENGE.

WESTMINSTER-hall a friend and I agreed
To meet in; he (some business 'twas did
breed

His absence) came not there; I up did go

To the next court; for though I could not know

Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear

(As most spectators do at theatre)

Things very strange: Fortune did seem to grace

My coming there, and help me to a place.

But, being newly settled at the sport,

A semi-gentleman of the Inns of Court,

* The three concluding stanzas of this poem
are introduced by Mr. Cowley in his "Essays in
Verse and Prose." N.

In a fatin suit, redeem'd but yesterday;

One who is ravish'd with a cock-pit play;

Who prays God to deliver him from no evil

Besides a taylor's bill; and fears no devil

Besides a serjeant, thrust me from my seat:

At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat

Man in a ruff (whom therefore I did take

For barrister) open'd his mouth and spake;

"Boy, get you gone, this is no school." "Oh no;

"For, if it were, all you gown'd men would go

"Up for false Latin." They grew straight to be
Incens'd; I fear'd they would have brought
on me

An action of trespass; till the young man

Afore said, in the fatin suit, began

To strike me: doubtless there had been a fray,

Had not I providently skip'd away

Without replying: for to scold is ill,

Where every tongue 's the clapper of a mill,

And can out-found Homer's Gradivus; so

Away got I: but ere I far did go,

I flung (the darts of wounding poetry)

These two or three sharp curses back: May he

Be by his father in his study took

At Shakespeare's plays, instead of my Lord Coke!

May he (though all his writings grow as soon

As Butter's out of estimation)

Get him a poet's name, and so ne'er come

Into a serjeant's or dead judge's room!

May he become some poor physician's prey,

Who keeps men with that conscience in delay

As he his client doth, till his health be

As far-fetcht as a Greek noun's pedigree!

Nay, for all that, may the disease be gone

Never but in the long vacation!

May neighbours use all quarrels to decide;

But if for law any to London ride,

Of all those clients let not one be his,

Unless he come in *Forma Pauperis*!

Grant this, ye Gods that favour poetry!

That all these never-ceasing tongues may be

Brought into reformation, and not dare

To quarrel with a thread-bare black: but spare

Them who bear scholars' names, lest some one
take

Spleen, and another Ignoramus make.

TO THE DUTCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

IF I should say, that in your face were seen

Nature's best picture of the Cyprian Queen;

If I should swear, under Minerva's name,

Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame;

The future age would think it flattery;

But to the present, which can witness be,

'T would seem beneath your high deserts, as far

As you above the rest of women are.

When Manners' name with Villiers' join'd
I see,

How do I reverence your nobility!

But when the virtues of your stock I view,

(Envy'd in your dead lord, admir'd in you)

I half adore them; for what woman can,
Besides yourself (nay, I might say what man)
But sex, and birth, and fate, and years excel
In mind, in fame, in worth, in living well?

Oh, how had this beget idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the world's infancy,
When man's too much religion made the best
Or deities, or semi-gods at least!
But we, forbidden this by piety,
Or, if we were not, by your modesty,
Will make our hearts an altar, and there pray
Not to, but for, you; nor that England may
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
But, what's more possible, t'enjoy you long.

TO HIS VERY MUCH HONOURED GODFATHER,
MR. A. B.

I Love (for that upon the wings of fame
Shall perhaps mock Death or Time's darts)
my Name.

I love it more, because 'twas given by you;
I love it most, because 'twas your name too;
For if I chance to slip, a conscious shame
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm glad that city, t' whom I ow'd before
(But, ah me! Fate hath crost that willing score)
A father, gave me a godfather too;
And I'm more glad, because it gave me you:
Whom I may rightly think, and term, to be
Of the whole city an epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not licens'd my tongue
Farther than cries) who should my office do;
I thank her more, because she found out you:
In whose each look I may a sentence see;
In whose each deed, a teaching homily.

How shall I pay this debt to you? My fate
Denies me Indian pearl or Persian plate;
Which though it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to send apples to Alcinous,
And sell the cunning'st way — No! when I can,
In every leaf, in every verse, write Man;

When my quill relisheth a school no more;
When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learnt to soar,
And gotten wings as well as feet; look then
For equal thanks from my unwearied pen:
Till future ages say, 'twas you did give
A name to me, and I made yours to live.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN LITTLETON, ESQ.
SON AND HEIR TO SIR THOMAS LITTLETON,
WHO WAS DROWNED LEAPING INTO THE WATER
TO SAVE HIS YOUNGER BROTHER.

AND must these waters smile again and play
About the shore, as they did yesterday?
Will the sun court them still? and shall they show
No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,

That to the thirsty traveller may say,
I am accurst; go turn some other way?

It is unjust: black flood! thy guilt is more,
Sprung from his loss, than all thy watery store
Can give thee tears to mourn for: birds shall be,
And beasts, henceforth afraid to drink of thee.

What have I said? my pious rage hath been
Too hot, and acts, whilst it accuseth, sin.
Thou'rt innocent, I know, still clear and bright,
Fit whence so pure a soul should take its flight.
How is angry zeal confin'd! for he
Must quarrel with his love and piety,
That would revenge his death. Oh, I shall sin,
And wish anon he had less virtuous been.
For when his brother (tears for him I'd spill,
But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
Struggled for life with the rude waves, he too
Leapt in, and when hope no faint beam could
show,

His charity shone most: "Thou shalt," said he,
"Live with me, brother, or I'll die with thee;"
And so he did! Had he been thine, O Rome!
Thou would'st have call'd this death a martyrdom,
And sainted him. My conscience give me leave,
I'll do so to: if Fate will us bereave
Of him we honour'd living, there must be
A kind of reverence to his memory,
After his death; and where more just than here,
Where life and end were both so singular?
He that had only talk'd with him, might find
A little academy in his mind;
Where Wisdom master was, and fellows all
Which we can good, which we can virtuous, call;
Reason, and Holy Fear the preceptors were,
To apprehend those words, those thoughts, that err.
His learning had out-run the rest of heirs,
Stol'n beard from Time, and leapt to twenty
years.

And, as the sun, though in full glory bright,
Shines upon all men with impartial light,
And a good-morrow to the beggar brings
With as full rays as to the mightiest kings:
So he, although his worth just state might claim,
And give to pride an honourable name,
With courtesy to all, cloth'd virtue so,
That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were
low.

In's body too no critique eye could find
The smallest blemish, to belye his mind;
He was all pureness, and his outward part
But represents the picture of his heart.
When waters swallow'd mankind, and did
cheat

The hungry worm of its expected meat;
When gems, pluckt from the shore by ruder
hands,

Return'd again unto their native sands;
'Mongst all those speils, there was not any prey
Could equal what this brook hath stol'n away.
Weep then, sad flood; and, though thou'rt in-
nocent,

Weep because Fate made thee her instru-
ment;

And, when long grief hath drunk up all thy store,
Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

A TRANSLATION OF VERSES

UPON THE BLESSED VIRGIN,

WRITTEN IN LATIN BY THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

DR. A.

Ave Maria.

ONCE thou rejoic'd'st and rejoice for ever,
 Whose time of joy shall be expired never;
 Who in her womb the hive of comfort bears,
 Let her drink comfort's honey with her ears.
 You brought the word of joy in, which was
 born

An hail to all! let us an hail return!
 From you "God save" into the world there
 came;
 Our echo hail is but an empty name.

Gratia Plena.

HOW loaded hives are with their honey fill'd,
 From divers flowers by chemic bees distill'd!
 How full the collet with his jewel is,
 Which, that it cannot take by love, doth kiss:
 How full the moon is with her brother's ray,
 When she drinks up with thirsty orb the day!
 How full of grace the Graces' dances are!
 So full doth Mary of God's light appear.
 It is no wonder if with Graces she
 Be full, who was full with the Deity.

Dominus Tecum.

THE fall of mankind under death's extent
 The quire of blessed angels did lament,
 And wish'd a reparation to see
 By him, who Manhood join'd with Deity.
 How grateful should man's safety then appear
 T' himself, whose safety can the angels cheer!

Benedicta tu in Mulieribus.

DEATH came, and troops of sad diseases led
 To th' earth, by woman's hand solicited;
 Life came so too, and troops of Graces led
 To th' earth, by woman's faith solicited.
 As our life's springs came from thy blessed womb,
 So from our mouths springs of thy praise shall
 come;
 Who did life's blessing give, 'tis fit that she,
 Above all women, should thrice blessed be.

Et Benedictus fructus ventris tui.

WITH mouth divine the Father doth protest,
 He a good word sent from his stored breast;
 'Twas Christ: which Mary, without carnal
 thought,
 From the unfathom'd depth of goodness brought;
 The word of blessing a just cause affords
 To be oft blessed with redoubled words!

Spiritus Sanctus superveniet in te.

AS when soft west-winds strook the garden-
 rose,
 A shower of sweeter air salutes the nose;
 The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with power
 Unlocks the virgin-bosom of the flower;
 So the Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,
 And from her sacred box whole rivers flow'd;

Yet loos'd not thine eternal chastity:
 Thy rose's folds do still entangled lie.
 Believe Christ born from an unbruised womb,
 So from unbruised bark the odours come.

Et virtus Altissimi obumbrabit tibi.

GOD his great Son begot ere time begun:
 Mary in time brought forth her little son,
 Of double substance One; life he began,
 God without Mother, without Father, Man.
 Great is the birth; and 'tis a stranger deed
 That She no man, than God no wife, should need.
 A Shade delighted the child-bearing maid,
 And God himself became to her a Shade.
 O strange descent! who is Light's author, he
 Will to his creature thus a Shadow be.
 As unseen Light did from the Father flow,
 So did seen Light from Virgin Mary grow.
 When Moses fought God in a shade to see,
 The father's shade was Christ the Deity.
 Let's seek for day, we darkness, whilst our sight
 In light finds darkness, and in darkness light.

O D E I.

ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

'TIS not a pyramid of marble stone,
 Though high as our ambition:
 'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
 Give life to th' ashes of a man:
 But verses only; they shall fresh appear,
 Whilst there are men to read or hear.
 When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
 And eat the pyramid away;
 Turning that monument wherein men trust
 Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust;
 Then shall the Epitaph remain, and be
 New-graven in eternity.
 Poets by death are conquer'd; but the wit
 Of poets triumphs over it.
 What cannot verse? When Thracian Orpheus
 took
 His lyre, and gently on it strook,
 The learned stones came dancing along,
 And kept time to the charming song.
 With artificial pace the warlike pine,
 The elm, and his wife the ivy, twine:
 With all the better trees, which erst had stood
 Unmov'd, forsook their native wood.
 The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
 Craving the honour of his brow;
 And every loving arm embrac'd, and made
 With their officious leaves a shade.
 The beasts too strove his auditors to be,
 Forgetting their old tyranny.
 The fearful hart next to the lion came,
 And wolf was shepherd to the lamb.
 Nightingales, harmless syrens of the air,
 And Muses of the place, were there;
 Who, when their little windpipes they had found
 Unequal to so strange a sound,
 O'ercome by art and grief they did expire,
 And fell upon the conquering lyre.

Happy, O happy they, whose tomb might be,
Mausolus! envied by thee!

O D E II.

THAT A PLEASANT POVERTY IS TO BE PREFERRED
BEFORE DISCONTENTED RICHES.

WHY, O! doth gaudy Tagus ravish thee,
Though Neptune's treasure-house it be?
Why doth Pactolus thee bewitch,
Infected yet with Midas' glorious itch?

Their dull and sleepy streams are not at all,
Like other floods, poetical;
They have no dance, no wanton sport,
No gentle murmur, the lov'd shore to court.

No fish inhabit the adulterate flood,
Nor can it feed the neighbouring wood:
No flower or herb is near it found,
But a perpetual winter starves the ground.

Give me a river which doth scorn to show
An added beauty; whose clear brow
May be my looking-glass, to see
What my face is, and what my mind should be!

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
And prattle to the smiling bank;
Here sad king-fishers tell their tales,
And fish enrich the brook with silver scales.

Daisies, the first-born of the teeming spring,
On each side their embroidery bring;
Here lilies wash, and grow more white,
And daffodils, to see themselves, delight.

Here a fresh arbour gives her amorous shade,
Which Nature, the best gardener, made.
Here I would sit and sing rude lays,
Such as the nymphs and me myself should please.
Thus I would waste, thus end, my careless days;
And robin-red-breasts, whom men praise
For pious birds, should, when I die,
Make both my monument and elegy.

O D E III.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

TYRIAN dye why do you wear,
I You whose cheeks best scarlet are?
Why do you fondly pin
Pure linen o'er your skin.
(Your skin that's whiter far)
Casting a dusky cloud before a star?

Why bears your neck a golden chain?
Did Nature make your hair in vain,
Of gold most pure and fine?
With gems why do you shine?
They, neighbours to your eyes,
Shew but like Phosphor when the sun doth rise.
Vol. II.

I would have all my mistress' parts
Owe more to nature than to arts;
I would not woo the dress,
Or one whose nights give less
Contentment than the day.
She's fair, whose beauty only makes her gay.

For 'tis not buildings make a court,
Or pomp, but 'tis the king's resort:
If Jupiter down pour
Himself, and in a shower
Hide such bright majesty,
Less than a golden one it cannot be.

O D E IV.

ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF FORTUNE.

A Translation.

LEAVE off unfit complaints, and clear
From sighs your breast, and from black clouds
your brow,
When the sun shines not with his wonted cheer,
And fortune throws an adverse cast for you!
That sea which vext with Notus is,
The merry East winds will to-morrow kiss.

The sun to-day rides drowsily,
To-morrow 'twill put on a look more fair:
Laughter and groaning do alternately
Return, and tears' sports nearest neighbours are.
'Tis by the gods appointed so,
That good fare should with mingled dangers flow.

Who drove his oxen yesterday,
Doth now over the noblest Romans reign,
And on the Gabii and the Cures lay
The yoke which from his oxen he had ta'en:
Whom Hesperus saw poor and low,
The morning's eye beholds him greatest now.

If Fortune knit amongst her play
But seriousness, he shall again go home
To his old country-farm of yesterday,
To scoffing people no mean jest become;
And with the crowned axe, which he
Had rul'd the world, go back and prune some
tree;

Nay, if he want the fuel cold requires,
With his own fæces he shall make him
fires.

O D E V.

IN COMMENDATION OF THE TIME WE LIVE
UNDER, THE REIGN OF OUR GRACIOUS
KING CHARLES.

CURST be that wretch (death's factor sure)
who brought
Dire swords into the peaceful world, and taught

D

Smiths (who before could only make
The spade, the plow-share, and the rake)
Arts, in most cruel wise
Man's life t' epitomize!

Then men (fond men, alas!) ride post to th' grave,
And cut those threads which yet the Fates would
save;

Then Charon sweated at his trade,
And had a larger ferry made;
Then, then the silver hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

Then Revenge, married to Ambition,
Begot black War; then Avarice crept on;
Then limits to each field were strain'd,
And 'Ferminus a god-head gain'd,
To men, before, was found,
Besides the sea, no bound.

In what plain, or what river, hath not been
War's story writ in blood (sad story!) seen?
This truth too well our England knows:
'Twas civil slaughter dy'd her rose;
Nay, then her lily too
With blood's lols paler grew.

Such griefs, nay worse than these, we now should
feel,
Did not just Charles silence the rage of steel;
He to our land blest Peace doth bring,
All neighbour countries envying.
Happy who did remain
Unborn till Charles's reign!

Where, dreaming chemicks! is your pain and
cost?
How is your oil, how is your labour lost!
Our Charles, blest alchemist! (though strange,
Believe it, future times!) did change
The iron-age of old
Into an age of gold.

O D E VI.

UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow! how it cuts the air,
How it out-runs thy following eye!
Use all persuasions now and try
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
That way it went; but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.
Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.
Of all the time thou'st shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind?
Our life is carried with too strong a tide;
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years.
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

But his past life who without grief can see;
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to fame, 'Thou art mine heir;
That man extends life's natural brevity—
This is, this is the only way
To out-live Nestor in a day.

AN ANSWER

TO AN INVITATION TO CAMBRIDGE.

NICHOLS, my better self! forbear;
For, if thou tell'st what Cambridge pleasures are,
'The school-boys' sin will light on me,
I shall, in mind at least, a truant be.
Tell me not how you feed your mind
With dainties of philosophy;
In Ovid's nut I shall not find
The taste once pleased me.
O tell me not of logic's diverse cheer!
I shall begin to loathe our crambo here.

'Tell me not how the waves appear
Of Cam, or how it cuts the learned shire;
I shall contemn the troubled Thames
On her chief holiday: even when her streams
Are with rich folly gilded; when
The quondam dung-boat is made gay,
Just like the bravery of the men,
And graces with fresh paint that day;
When th' city shines with flags and pageants there,
And satin doublets, seen not twice a year.

Why do I stay then? I would meet
Thee there, but plummetts hang upon my feet;
'Tis my chief wish to live with thee,
But not till I deserve thy company;
Till then we'll scorn to let that toy,
Some forty miles, divide our hearts;
Write to me, and I shall enjoy
Friendship and wit, thy better parts.
Though envious Fortune larger hindrance brings,
We'll easily see each other; Love hath wings.

MISCELLANIES.

THE MOTTO.

"*Tentanda via est, &c.*"

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I shall, like beasts or common people, die,
Unless you write my elegy;
Whilst others great, by being born, are grown;
'Their mothers' labour, not their own.
In this scale gold, in th' other fame does lie,
'The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light:
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.
Yet I must on; What sound is 't strikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear;

It sounds like the last trumpet; for it can
 Raise up the buried man.
 Unpast Alps stop me; but I'll cut them all,
 And march, the Muses' Hannibal.
 Hence, all the flattering vanities that lay
 Nets of roses in the way!
 Hence, the desire of honours or estate,
 And all that is not above Fate!
 Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days!
 Which intercepts my coming praise.
 Come, my best friends, my books! and lead
 me on;
 'Tis time that I were gone.
 Welcome, great Stagyrite! and teach me now
 All I was born to know:
 Thy scholar's victories thou dost far out-do;
 He conquer'd th' earth, the whole world
 you.
 Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose blest tongue
 and wit
 Preserves Rome's greatness yet:
 Thoa art the first of Orators; only he
 Who best can praise thee, next must be.
 Welcome the Mantuan Swan, Virgil the wise!
 Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;
 Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,
 And made that Art which was a Rage.
 Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do
 To be like one of you?
 But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there sit
 On the calm flourishing head of it,
 And, whilst with wearied steps we upward go,
 See us, and clouds, below.

O D E.
 O F W I T.

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is Wit,
 Thou who master art of it?
 For the first matter loves variety less;
 Less women love 't, either in love or dress.
 A thousand different shapes it bears,
 Comely in thousand shapes appears.
 Yonder we saw it plain; and here 'tis now,
 Like spirits, in a place we know not how.
 London, that vents of false ware so much store,
 In no ware deceives us more;
 For men, led by the colour and the shape,
 Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
 Some things do through our judgment pass
 As through a multiplying-glass;
 And sometimes, if the object be too far,
 We take a falling meteor for a star.
 Hence 'tis a Wit, that greatest word of fame,
 Grows such a common name;
 And Wits by our creation they become,
 Just so as titular bishops made at Rome.
 'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest
 Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
 Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
 The proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

I

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet
 With their five gouty feet.
 All, every where, like man's, must be the soul,
 And Reason the inferior powers control.
 Such were the numbers which could call
 The stones into the Theban wall.
 Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we see
 No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.
 Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part;
 That shows more cost than art.
 Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
 Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.
 Several lights will not be seen,
 If there be nothing else between.
 Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th'
 sky,
 If those be stars which paint the Galaxy.
 'Tis not when two like words make up one noise
 (Jests for Dutch men and English boys);
 In which who finds out Wit, the fame may see
 In anagrams and acrostic poetry;
 Much less can that have any place
 At which a virgin hides her face;
 Such dress the fire must purge away: 'tis just
 The author blush there, where the reader must.
 'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage
 When Bajazet begins to rage;
 Nor a tall metaphor in the bombast way;
 Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca;
 Nor upon all things to obtrude
 And force some odd similitude.
 What is it then, which, like the Power Divine,
 We only can by negatives define?
 In a true piece of Wit all things must be,
 Yet all things there agree;
 As in the ark, join'd without force or strife,
 All creatures dwell; all creatures that had life;
 Or, as the primitive forms of all
 (if we compare great things with small)
 Which, without discord or confusion, lie
 In that strange mirror of the Deity.
 But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,
 Makes me forget, and injure you:
 I took you for myself, sure, when I thought
 That you in any thing were to be taught.
 Correct my error with thy pen;
 And, if any ask me then
 What thing right Wit and height of Genius is,
 I'll only show your lines, and say, 'Tis this.

TO THE LORD FALKLAND,

FOR HIS SAFE RETURN FROM THE NORTHERN
 EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SCOTS.

GR EAT is thy charge, O North! be wise and
 just,
 England commits her Falkland to thy trust;
 Return him safe; Learning would rather choose
 Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose:

D 2

All things that are but writ or printed there,
In his unbounded breast engraven are.
There all the sciences together meet,
And every art does all her kindred greet,
Yet juggle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in some common principle.
So, in an army govern'd right, we see
(Though out of several countries rais'd it be)
That all their order and their place maintain,
The English, Dutch, the Frenchman, and the
Dane;

So thousand divers species fill the air,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there;
Beasts, houses, trees, and men, together lie,
Yet enter undisturb'd into the eye.

And this great prince of knowledge is by Fate
Thrust into th' noise and business of a state.
All virtues, and some customs of the court,
Other men's labour, are at least his sport;
Whilst we, who can no action undertake,
Whom idleness itself might learn'd make;
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know,
Whether the Scots in England be or no;
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often stay,
Yet see his nimble Pegasus fly away.
'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her estate of wit on one bestow;
Whilst we, like younger brothers, get at best
But a small stock, and must work out the rest.
How could he answer 't, should the state think fit
To question a monopoly of wit?

Such is the man whom we require the same
We lent the North; untouch'd, as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger, as from fear he's free,
Those men alone (and those are useful too)
Whose valour is the only art they know,
Were for sad war and bloody battle born;
Let them the state defend, and he adorn.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

WHAT shall we say, since silent now is he
Who when he spoke, all things would
silent be?

Who had so many languages in store,
That only fame shall speak of him in more;
Whom England now no more return'd must see;
He's gone to heaven on his fourth embassy.
On earth he travel'd often; not to say
If had been abroad, or pass'd loose time away.
In whatsoever land he chanc'd to come,
He read the men and manners, bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to see.
So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues, that Babel sent into the West;
Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)
Not only liv'd, but been born every where.
Justly each nation's speech to him was known,
Who for the world was made, not us alone;

Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express.
We say that learning's endless, and blame Fate
For not allowing life a longer date:
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
He found them not so large as was his mind;
But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan
Because that art had no more worlds than one;
And, when he saw that he through all had pass'd,
He dy'd, lest he should idle grow at last.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JORDAN.

SECOND MASTER AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

HENCE, and make room for me, all you who
come
Only to read the epitaph on this tomb!
Here lies the master of my tender years,
The guardian of my parents' hope and fears;
Whose government ne'er stood me in a tear;
All weeping was reserv'd to spend it here.
Come hither, all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with me: he was your tutor too.
Let's join our sighs, till they fly far and shew
His native Belgia what she's now to do.
The league of grief bids her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth and hither sent
In payment of all men we there had lost,
And all the English blood those wars have cost.
Wisely did Nature this learn'd man divide;
His birth was theirs, his death the mournful pride
Of England; and, 't' avoid the envious strife
Of other lands, all Europe had his life,
But we in chief; our country soon was grown
A debtor more to him, than he to's own.
He pluck'd from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up men against the future times;
For deeds of age are in their causes then,
And though he taught but boys, he made the men.
Hence 'twas a master, in those ancient days
When men sought knowledge first, and by it praise,
Was a thing full of reverence, profit, fame;
Father itself was but a second name.
He scorn'd the profit; his instructions all
Were, like the science, free and liberal.
He deserv'd honours, but despis'd them too,
As much as those who have them others do.
He knew not that which compliment they call;
Could flatter none, but himself least of all.
So true, so faithful, and so just, as he
Was nought on earth but his own memory;
His memory, where all things written were,
As sure and fix'd as in Fate's books they are.
Thus he in arts so vast a treasure gain'd,
Whilst still the use came in, and stock remain'd;
And, having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labour'd with't to enrich others now;
Did thus a new and harder task sustain,
Like those that work in mines for others' gain:
He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
To search the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too.
Though my excuse would be, I must confess,
Much better had his diligence been less;

But, if a Muse hereafter smile on me,
And say, "Be thou a poet!" men shall see
That none could a more grateful scholar have;
For what I owe'd his life I'll pay his grave.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

WElcome, great Sir! with all the joy that's
due

To the return of peace and you;
Two greatest blessings which this age can know!
For that to Thee, for thee to Heaven we owe.

Others by war their conquests gain,
You like a God your ends obtain;
Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,
Spoke but the word, and sweetly order'd all.

This happy concord in no blood is writ,
None can grudge Heaven full thanks for it:
No mothers here lament their children's fate,
And like the peace, but think it comes too late.

No widows hear the jocund bells,
And take them for their husbands' knells:
No drop of blood is spilt, which might be said
To mark our joyful holiday with red.

'Twas only Heaven could work this wondrous
thing,

And only work't by such a king.
Again the northern hinds may sing and plough,
And fear no harm but from the weather now;
Again may tradesmen love their pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain,
The armour now may be hung up to sight,
And only in their halls the children fright.

The gain of civil wars will not allow

Bay to the conqueror's brow:
At such a game what fool would venture in,
Where one must lose, yet neither side can win?
How justly would our neighbours smile
At these mad quarrels of our life;

Swell'd with proud hopes to snatch the whole
away,

Whilst we bett all, and yet for nothing play!

How was the silver Tine frighted before,

And durst not kiss the armed shore!

His waters ran more swiftly than they use,
And hasted to the sea to tell the news:

The sea itself, how rough so'er,
Could scarce believe such fury here.

How could the Scots and we be enemies grown?
That, and its master Charles, had made us one.

No blood so loud as that of civil war:

It calls for dangers from afar.
Let's rather go and seek out them and fame;

Thus our fore-fathers got, thus left, a name:

All their rich blood was spent with gains,
But that which swells their children's veins.

Why fit we still, our spirits wrapt in lead?

Not like them whilst they liv'd, but now they're
dead.

The noise at home was but Fate's policy,

To raise our spirits more high:

So a bold lion, ere he seeks his prey,
Laines his sides and roars, and then away.

How would the German Eagle fear,
'To see a new Gustavus there!

How would it shake, though as 't was wont to do
For Jove of old, it now bore thunder too!

Sure there are actions of this height and praise

Destin'd to Charles's days!

What will the triumphs of his battles be,

Whose very peace itself is victory!

When Heaven bestows the best of kings,

It bids us think of mighty things:

His valour, wisdom, offspring, speak no less;

And we, the prophets' sons, write not by guess.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE,

THE FAMOUS PAINTER.

VANDYKE is dead; but what bold Muse
shall dare

(Though poets in that word with painters share)

T'express her sadness? Poesy must become

An art like Painting here, an art that's dumb.

Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,

Like some sad picture which he made to weep,

Or those who saw't; for none his works could
view

Unmov'd with the same passions which he drew.

His pieces so with their live objects strive,

That both or pictures seem, or both alive.

Nature herself, amaz'd, does doubting stand,

Which is her own, and which the painter's hand;

And does attempt the like with less success,

When her own work in twins she would express.

His all-resembling pencil did out-pass

The mimic imagery of looking-glass.

Nor was his life less perfect than his art,

Nor was his hand less erring than his heart.

There was no false or fading colour there,

The figures sweet and well-proportion'd were.

Most other men, set next to him in view,

Appear'd more shadows than the men he drew.

Thus still he liv'd, till Heav'n did for him call;

Where reverend Luke salutes him first of all;

Where he beholds new sights, divinely fair,

And could almost wish for his pencil there;

Did he not gladly see how all things shine,

Wondrously painted in the Mind Divine,

Whilst he, for ever ravish'd with the show,

Scorns his own art, which we admire below.

Only his beauteous lady still he loves

(The love of heavenly objects Heaven improves);

He sees bright angels in pure beams appear,

And thinks on her he left so like them here.

And you, fair widow! who stay here alive,

Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve:

Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be;

Begin not now, blest pair! to disagree.

No wonder death mov'd not his generous mind;
You, and a new-born You, he left behind:
Ev'n Fate express'd his love to his dear wife,
And let him end your picture with his life.

PROMETHEUS ILL-PAINTED.

HOW wretched does Prometheus' state
appear,
Whilst he his second misery suffers here!
Draw him no more; left, as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.
It would the Vulture's cruelty outgo,
If once again his liver thus should grow.
Pity him, Jove! and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once stole from thee grant him now!

O D E.

HERE's to thee, Dick; this whining love
despise;
Pledge me, my friend; and drink till thou be'st
wife.

It sparkles brighter far than she:
'Tis pure and right, without deceit;
And such no woman ere will be:
No; they are all sophisticate.

With all thy servile pains what canst thou win,
But an ill-flavour'd and uncleanly sin?

A thing so vile, and so short-liv'd,
That Venus' joys, as well as she,
With reason may be said to be
From the neglected foam deriv'd.

Whom would that painted toy a beauty move;
Whom would it e'er persuade to court and love;
Could he a woman's heart have seen
(But oh! no light does thither come),
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay shut up in her womb?

Follies they have so numberless in store,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their sighs nor tears are true;
Those idly blow, these idly fall,
Nothing like to ours at all:
But sighs and tears have sexes too.

Here's to thee again; thy senseless sorrows
drown;

Let the glass walk till all things too go round!
Again, till these two lights be four;
No error here can dangerous prove;
Thy passion, man, deceiv'd thee more;
None double see like men in love.

FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

WHEN chance or cruel business parts us two,
What do our souls, I wonder, do?

Whilst sleep does our dull bodies tie,
Methinks at home they should not stay,
Content with dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix, I know not how nor where!
Their friendly lights together twine,
Though we perceive 't not to be so!
Like loving stars, which oft combine,
Yet not themselves their own conjunctions know.

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for every friend,
If distance could their union end;
But Love itself does far advance
Above the power of time and space;
It scorns such outward circumstance,
His time's for ever, every where his place.

I'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,
Lodg'd in each other's heart;
Miracles cease not yet in love.
When he his mighty power will try,
Absence itself does bounteous prove,
And strangely ev'n our presence multiply.

Pure is the flame of Friendship, and divine,
Like that which in Heaven's sun does shine;
He in the upper air and sky
Does no effects of heat bestow;
But, as his beams the farther fly,
He begets warmth, life, beauty, here below.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
Like objects if they touch the eye.
Less meritorious then is love;
For when we friends together see
So much, so much both one do prove,
That their love then seems but self-love to be.

Each day think on me, and each day I shall
For thee make hours canonical.
By every wind that comes this way,
Send me, at least a sigh or two;
Such and so many I'll repay,
As shall themselves make winds to get to you.

A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon,
To mock our separation.
Alas! ten thousand will not do:
My heart will thus no longer stay;
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks against the breast to get away.

And, when no art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs to appease;
Just as a bird, that flies about
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings, and so o'ercome its rage.

TO THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

UPON HIS ENLARGEMENT OUT OF THE TOWER.

PARDON, my lord, that I am come so late
T'express my joy for your return of fate!
So, when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of liberty, at first I could not grieve;

My thoughts awhile, like you, imprison'd lay;
Great joys, as well as sorrows, make a stay;
They hinder one another in the crowd,
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud.
Should every man's officious gladness haste,
And be afraid to shew itself the last,
The throng of gratulations now would be
Another loss to you of liberty.
When of your freedom men the news did hear,
Where it was wish'd-for, that is every where,
'Twas like the speech which from your lips does fall;

As soon as it was heard, it ravish'd all.
So eloquent Tully did from exile come;
Thus long'd for he return'd, and cherish'd Rome;
Which could no more his tongue and counsels miss;
Rome, the world's head, was nothing without his.

Wrong to those sacred ashes I should do,
Should I compare any to him but you;
You, to whom Art and Nature did dispense
The consularship of wit and eloquence.
Nor did your fate differ from his at all,
Because the doom of exile was his fall;
For the whole world, without a native home,
Is nothing but a prison of larger room.
But like a melting woman suffer'd he,
He who before out-did humanity;
Nor could his spirit constant and steadfast prove,
Whose art 't had been, and greatest end, to move.
You put ill-fortune in so good a dress,
That it out-shone other men's happiness;
Had your prosperity always clearly gone,
As your high merits would have led it on,
You 'ad half been lost, and an example then
But for the happy—the least part of men.
Your very sufferings did so graceful shew,
That some strait envy'd your affliction too;
For a clear conscience and heroic mind
In ill their business and their glory find.
So, though less worthy stones are crown'd in night,
The faithful diamond keeps his native light,
And is oblig'd to darkness for a ray,
That would be more oppress'd than help'd by day.
Your soul then most shew'd her unconquer'd power,

Was stronger and more armed than the Tower.
Sure unkind Fate will tempt your spirit no more;
Sh' has try'd her weakness and your strength before.

'T' oppose him still, who once has conquer'd so,
Were now to be your rebel, not your foe;
Fortune henceforth will more of providence have,
And rather be your friend than be your foe.

TO A LADY

WHO MADE POSIES FOR RINGS.

I LITTLE thought the time would ever be,
That I should wit in dwarfish posies see.
As all words in few letters live,
Thou to few words all sense dost give.

'Twas Nature taught you this rare art,
In such a little much to shew;
Who, all the good she did impart
To womankind, epitomiz'd in you.

If, as the ancients did not doubt to sing,
The turning years be well compar'd to a ring,
We'll write what'er from you we hear;
For that's the posy of the year.
This difference only will remain—
That Time his fairer face does shew,
Winding into himself again;
But your unwearied wit is always new.

'Tis said that conjurers have an art found out
To carry spirits confin'd in rings about;
The wonder now will less appear,
When we behold your magic here.
You, by your rings, do prisoners take,
And chain them with your mystic spells,
And, the strong witchcraft full to make,
Love, the great devil, charm'd to those circles,
dwells.

They who above do various circles find,
Say, like a ring th' Equator heaven does bind.
When heaven shall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be),

'Tis thou must write the posy there;
For it wanteth one as yet,
'Tho' the sun pass thro' 't twice a year;
The sun, who is esteem'd the god of wit.

Happy the hands which wear thy sacred rings,
They'll teach those hands to write mysterious things.

Let other rings, with jewels bright,
Cast around their costly light;
Let them want no noble stone,
By nature rich and art refin'd;
Yet shall thy rings give place to none,
But only that which must thy marriage bind.

PROLOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN:

BEFORE THE PRINCE.

WHO says the times do learning disallow?
'Tis false; 'twas never honour'd so as now.
When you appear, great Prince! our night is done;
You are our morning-star, and shall be our sun.
But our scene's London now; and by the rout
We perish, if the Round heads be about;
For now no ornament the head must wear,
No bays, no mitre, not so much as hair.
How can a play pass safely, when ye know
Cheapside-crofs falls for making but a show?
Our only hope is this, that it may be
A play may pass too, made extempore.
Though other arts poor and neglected grow,
They'll admit Poesy, which was always so.
But we condemn the fury of these days,
And scorn no less their censure than their praise;
Our Muse, blest Prince! does only on you rely;
Would gladly live, but not refuse to die.

Accept our hasty zeal! a thing that's play'd
Ere 'tis a play, and acted ere 'tis made.
Our ignorance, but our duty too, we show;
I would all ignorant people would do so!
At other times expect our wit or art;
This comedy is acted by the heart.

THE EPILOGUE.

THE play, great Sir! is done; yet needs must
fear,
Though you brought all your father's mercies here,
It may offend your Highness; and we've now
Three hours done treason here, for aught we know.
But power your grace can above Nature give,
It can give power to make abortives live;
In which, if our bold wishes should be crost,
'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has lost;
Though it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,
Scarce could it die more quickly than 'twas born.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. WILLIAM HERVEY.

"*Immodicus brevis est ætas, & parva senectus.*"—MART.

IT was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwilling
light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possess'd.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? ah me! too much I know.
My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
O, thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when Death's agony
Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend! do part from thee.
My dearest friend, would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this world, henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As fallen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas! my treasure's gone! why do I stay?
He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth;
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to fame.
None but his brethren he and sisters knew,
Whom the kind youth prefer'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myself I lov'd them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledaean stars, so fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above!
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep Philosophy,
Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid!

Henceforth, no learned youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful birds to' your boughs they
being;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted chear,
And call the learned youths to hear;
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly;
But all with sad solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

To him my Muse made haste with every strain,
Whilst it was new and warm yet from the brain;
He lov'd my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,
Would find out something to commend.
Hence now, my Muse! thou canst not me de-
light;
Be this my latest verse,
With which I now adorn his hearse;
And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I should contemn that flourishing honour now;
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;
Cypress, which tombs does beautify;
Not Phœbus griev'd, so much as I,
For him who first was made that mournful tree.

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 'twas shortly' in heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave;
So high, that all the Virtues there did come,
As to their chiefest seat
Conspicuous and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals! pleasure call;
Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.
Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought;
Ner did more Learning ever crowded lie
In such a short mortality.

Where'er the skilful youth discours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.
So strong a wit did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below.
Oh! had he liv'd in Learning's world, what
bound
Would have been able to control
His over-powering soul!
We 'ave lost in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retir'd, and gave to them their due:
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er
As if wife Nature had made that her book.
So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history;
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach;
As much as they could ever teach.
These did Religion, Queen of virtues! sway;
And all their sacred motions steer,
Just like the first and highest sphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all heaven one
way.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept;
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unfurl'd with his journey of the day.
Wondrous young man! why wert thou made so
good,
To be snatch'd hence ere better understood?
Snatch'd before half of thee enough was seen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell;
But danger and infectious death
Maliciously seiz'd on that breath
Where life, spirit, pleasure, always us'd to dwell.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!
A fitter time for heaven no soul ere chose,
The place now only free from those.
There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever shine,
And, wherefoe'er thou casts thy view,
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'st not a soul cloath'd with more light than
thine.
And, if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life
below,
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarefy'd.

VOL. II.

There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly poetry,
Where grief and misery can be join'd with verse.

O D E.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE,

"*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa*
"*Perfusus,*" &c. LIB. I. OD. 5.

TO whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
To what heart-ravish'd lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?
Ah, simple youth! how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain!
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so cancellon-like an hue,
That still their colour changes with it too!
How oft, alas! will he admire
The blackness of the skies!
Trembling to hear the wind found higher,
And see the billows rise?
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er, alas! before had been at sea!
He enjoys thy calm sun-shine now,
And no breath stirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.
Unhappy, thrice unhappy, he,
To whom thou untry'd dost shine!
But there's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
In witness of the shipwreck past,
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

IN IMITATION OF
MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM,

"*Si tecum mihi, chare Martialis,*" &c. L. 5. Ep. 21.

IF, dearest friend, it my good fate might be
I 't enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happiness could leisure find,
And wandering time into a method bind;
We should not sure the great-men's favour need,
Nor on long hopes the court's thin diet, feed;
We should not patience find daily to hear
The calumnies and flatteries spoken there;
We should not the lords' tables humbly use,
Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news;

E

But books, and wife discourse, gardens and fields,
 And all the joys that unmixt Nature yields;
 Thick summer shades, where winter still does lie,
 Bright winter fires, that summer's part supply;
 Sleep, not controul'd by cares, confin'd to night,
 Or bound in any rule but appetite;
 Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth,
 Rich wines, to give it quick and easy birth;
 A few companions, which ourselves should chuse,
 A gentle mistress, and a gentler Muse.
 Such, dearest friend! such, without doubt,
 Should be

Our place, our business, and our company.
 Now to himself, alas! does neither live,
 But sees good funs, of which we are to give
 A strict account, set and march thick away;
 Knows a man how to live, and does he stay?

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

MMARGARITA first possess'd,
 If I remember well, my breast,
 Margarita first of all;
 But when awhile the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had play'd,
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
 To the beauteous Catharine.
 Beauteous Catharine gave place
 (Though loth and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
 Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
 Fundamental laws she broke,
 And still new favourites she chose,
 Till up in arms my passions rose,
 And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
 Both to reign at once began;
 Alternately they sway'd;
 And sometimes Mary was the fair,
 And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
 And did rigorous laws impose;
 A mighty tyrant she!
 Long, alas! should I have been
 Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
 'Twas then a golden time with me:
 But soon those pleasures fled;
 For the gracious princess dy'd,
 In her youth and beauty's pride,
 And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
 Judith held the sovereign power;

Wondrous beautiful her face!
 But so weak and small her wit,
 That she to govern was unfit,
 And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
 Arm'd with a restless flame,
 And th' artillery of her eye;
 Whilst she proudly march'd about,
 Greater conquests to find out,
 She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
 Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroyn-maid;
 To whom ensued a vacancy:
 Thousand worse passions then possess'd
 The interregnum of my breast;
 Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
 And a third Mary, next began;
 Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
 And then a pretty Thomaline,
 And then another Katharine,
 And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate,
 The strength and riches of their state;
 The powder, patches and the pins,
 The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
 The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
 That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
 To take and keep men's hearts;
 The letters, embassies, and spies,
 The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
 The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
 (Numberless, nameless, mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
 By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
 I more voluminous should grow
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell
 All change of weather that befall)
 Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with me.
 An higher and a nobler strain
 My present Emperess does claim,
 Helconora, first o' th' name;
 Whom God grant long to reign!

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT,
 FINISHED BEFORE HIS VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

MMETHINKS heroic poetry till now,
 Like some fantastic fairy-land did show;
 Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
 And all but man, in man's chief work had place.
 Thou, like some worthy knight with sacred
 arms,
 Dost drive the monsters thence, and end the
 charms;

Instead of those doft men and manners plant,
The things which that rich foil did chiefly want.
Yet ev'n thy Mortals do theif Gods excel,
Taught by thy Mufe to fight and love fo well.

By fatal hands whilst prefent empires fall,
Thine from the grave paff monarchies recall;
So much more thanks from human-kind does
merit

The Poet's fury than the Zealot's fpirit;
And from the grave thou mak'ft this empire rife,
Not like fome dreadful ghof, t' affright our eyes,
But with more luftre and triumphant ftate,
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona fate.
So will our God rebuild man's perift'd frame,
And raife him up much better, yet the fame;
So God-like poets do paff things rehearfe,
Not change, but heighten, Nature by their verfe.

With fhame, methinks, great Italy muft fee
Her conquerors rais'd to life again by thee;
Rais'd by fuch powerful verfe, that ancient Rome
May blufh no lefs to fee her wit o'ercome.
Some men their fancies, like their faith, derive,
And think all ill but that which Rome does give;
The marks of Old and Catholic would find;
To the fame chair would truth and fiction bind.
Thou in thofe beaten paths difdain'ft to tread,
And fcorn'ft to live by robbing of the dead.
Since time does all things change, thou think'ft
not fit

This latter age fhould fee all new but wit;
Thy fancy, like a flame, its way does make,
And leave bright tracks for following pens to
take.

Sure 'twas this noble boldnefs of the Mufe
Did thy defire to feek new worlds infufe;
And ne'er did Heaven fo much a voyage blefs,
If thou canft plant but there with like fuccefs.

AN ANSWER TO
A COPY OF VERSES

SENT ME TO JERSEY.

AS to a northern people (whom the fun
Ufes juft as the Romifh church has done
Her prophane laity, and does affign
Bread only both to ferve for bread and wine)
A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives;
Such comfort to us here your letter gives,
Fraught with brisk racy verfes; in which we
The foil from whence they came tafte, fmell,
and fee;

Such is your prefent to us; for you muft know,
Sir, that verfe does not in this ifland grow,
No more than fack; one lately did not fear
(Without the Mufes' leave) to plant it here;
But it produc'd fuch bafe, rough, crabbed,
hedge,

Rhymes, as ev'n fet the hearers' ears on edge;
Written by ———, Efquire, the
Year of our Lord fix hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jerfey Mufe! and he's for this high ftyle
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Ifle.

3

Alas! to men here no words lefs hard be
To rhyme with, than * Mount Orgueil is to me;
Mount Orgueil! which, in fcorn o' th' Mufes'
law,

With no yoke-fellow word will deign to draw.
Stubborn Mount Orgueil! 'tis a work to make it
Come into rhyme, more hard than 'twere to
take it.

Alas! to bring your tropes and figures here,
Strange as to bring camels and elephants were:
And metaphor is fo unknown a thing,
'I would need the preface of "God fave the
King."

Yet this I'll fay, for th' honour of the place,
That, by God's extraordinary grace
(Which fhows the people have judgment, if not
wit)

The land is undefil'd with Clinches yet;
Which, in my poor opinion, I confefs,
Is a moft fingular bleffing, and no lefs
Than Ireland's wanting fpiders. And, fo far
From th' actual fin of bombaft too they are,
(That other crying fin o' th' Englifh Mufe)
That even Satan himfelf can accufe:
None here (no not fo much as the divines)
For th' *motus primò primò* to ftrong lines.
Well, fince the foil then does not naturally bear
Verfe, who (a devil) fhould import it here?
For that to me would feem as ftrange a thing
As who did firft wild beafts into' iflands bring
Unlefs you think that it might taken be
As Green did Gondibert, in a prize at fea:
But that's a fortune falls not every day;
'Tis true Green was made by it; for they fay
The parliament did a noble bounty do,
And gave him the whole prize, their tenths an
fifteens too.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THAT THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE.

AGAINST THE DOGMATISTS.

THE facred tree 'midft the fair orchard grew;
The Phoenix truth did on it reft,
And built his perfum'd neft:
That right Porphyrian tree which did true Logic
fhew.

Each leaf did learned notions give,
And th' apples were demonftrative;
So clear their colour and divine,
The very fhade they caft did other lights out-fine.

"Tafte not," laid God; "tis mine and angels'
meat;

"A certain death doth fit,
"Like an ill worm, i' th' core of it.

"Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know and
eat"

Thus fpoke God, yet man did go
Ignorantly on to know;

* The name of one of the caftles in Jerfey.

Grew so more blind, and she
Who tempted him to this, grew yet more blind
than he.

The only science man by this did get,
Was but to know he nothing knew:
He strait his nakedness did view,
His ignorant poor estate, and was ashamed of it.
Yet searches probabilities,
And rhetoric, and fallacies,
And seeks by useless pride,
With slight and withering leaves that nakedness
to hide.

"Henceforth," said God, "the wretched sons of
"earth
"shall sweat for food in vain,
"That will not long sustain;
"And bring with labour forth each fond abortive
birth.
"That serpent too, their pride,
"Which aims at things deny'd;
"That learn'd and eloquent lust;
"Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the
dust."

R E A S O N,

THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

SOME blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on sands, which if unmov'd they
find,
'Tis but because there was no wind.
Less hard 'tis, not to err ourselves, than know
If our forefathers err'd or no.
When we trust men concerning God, we then
Trust not God concerning men.
Visions and inspirations some expect
Their course here to direct;
Like senseless chemists their own wealth destroy,
Imaginary gold to enjoy;
So stars appear to drop to us from sky,
And gild the passage as they fly;
But when they fall, and meet th' opposing ground,
What but a ferid slime is found?
Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reason set,
And fast, that they may dream of meat;
Sometimes ill spirits their sickly souls delude,
And bastard forms obtrude;
So Endor's wretched forceress, although
She Saul through his disguise did know,
Yet, when the devil comes up disguis'd, she cries,
"Behold! the Gods arise."
In vain, alas! these outward hopes are try'd;
Reason within's our only guide;
Reason, which (God be prais'd!) still walks, for all
Its old original fall;
And, since itself the boundless Godhead join'd
With a reasonable mind,
It plainly shows that mysteries divine
May with our reason join.

The holy book, like the eighth sphere, does shine
With thousand lights of truth divine;
So numberless the stars, that to the eye
It makes but all one galaxy.
Yet Reason must assist too; for, in seas
So vast and dangerous as these,
Our course by stars above we cannot know,
Without the compass too below.

Though Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries
see,
It sees that there and such they be;
Leads to heaven's door, and there does humbly
keep,
And there through chinks and key-holes peep;
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command,
Must not come into th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all deserv'd.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

POET and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of Earth and
Heaven;

The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses' banish'd slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (though spells and charms
withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their holy
land.

Ah wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now;
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine.
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old;
And they (kind spirits!) shall all rejoice to see
How little less than they exalted man may be.
Still the old Heathen gods in Numbers dwell;
The heavenliest thing on earth still keeps up hell!
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Christian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, stand.
And, though Pan's death long since all oracles
broke,

Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke;
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage, we
(Vain men!) the monster Woman deify;
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless Godhead; she did well disclaim
That her eternal verse employ'd should be
On a less subject than eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take,
But her whom God himself scorn'd not his spouse
to make.
It (in a kind) her miracle did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

* How well (blest swan!) did Fate contrive
thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.
Angels (they say) brought the fam'd chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through
the air:

'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my mother-church! if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error sure no danger is,
When join'd with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak 't, and
grief,

Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it!
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right;
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far at least, great Saint! to pray to thee.
Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the poets militant below!
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverse Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance;
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by Desires,
Expos'd by Tyrant-Love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
Lo! here I beg (I, whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love)
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me:
And, when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee,
to sing.

A P O E M

ON THE LATE

CIVIL W A R †.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER. 1679.

MEETING accidentally with this poem in manuscript, and being informed that it was a piece of the incomparable Mr. A. C's, I thought it unjust to hide such a treasure from the world. I remembered that our author, in his preface to his works, makes mention of some poems writ-

* Mr. Crashaw died of a fever at Loretto, being newly chosen canon of that church.

† This and the two following Poems are not given with certainty as Cowley's. They have been ascribed to him; are possibly genuine; and therefore are preserved in this collection.

ten by him on the late civil war, of which the following copy is unquestionably a part. In his most imperfect and unfinished pieces, you will discover the hand of so great a master. And (whatever his own modesty might have advised to the contrary) there is not one careless stroke of his but what should be kept sacred to posterity. He could write nothing that was not worth the preserving, being habitually a poet, and always inspired. In this piece the judicious reader will find the turn of the verse to be his; the same copious and lively imagery of fancy, the same warmth of passion and delicacy of wit, that sparkles in all his writings. And certainly no labours of a genius so rich in itself, and so cultivated with learning and manners, can prove an unwelcome present to the world.

WHAT rage does England from itself divide,
More than the seas from all the world
beside?

From every part the roaring cannons play,
From every part blood roars as loud as they.
What English ground but still some moisture bears
Of young men's blood, and more of mothers' tears?
What air 's unthicken'd with the sighs of wives,
Though more of maids for their dear lovers' lives?
Alas! what triumphs can this victory shew,
That dyes us red in blood and blushes too!
How can we wish that conquest, which bestows
Cypress, not bays, upon the conquering brows?
It was not so when Henry's dreadful name,
Not sword, nor cause, whole nations overcame.
To farthest West did his swift conquests run,
Nor did his glory set but with the sun.
In vain did Roderic to his hold retreat,
In vain had wretched Ireland call'd him great;
Ireland! which now most basely we begin
To labour more to lose than he to win.
It was not so when in the happy East,
Richard, our Mars, Venus's life possess:
'Gainst the proud Moon he th' English cross display'd,

Eclips'd one horn, and th' other paler made;
When our dear lives we ventur'd bravely there,
And digg'd our own to gain Christ's sepulchre.
That sacred tomb, which, should we now enjoy,
We should wish with as much zeal fight to destroy!
The precious signs of our dead Lord we scorn,
And see his cross worse than his body torn;
We hate it now both for the Greek and Jew,
To us 'tis foolishness and scandal too.

To what with worship the fond Papist falls,
That the fond zealot a curs'd idol calls;
So, 'twixt their double madness, here's the odds,
One makes false devils, t' other makes false gods.

It was not so when Edward prov'd his cause,
By a sword stronger than the Salique laws,
Tho' fetch'd from Pharamond; when the French
did fight,

With women's hearts, against the women's right.
Th' afflicted ocean his first conquest bore,
And drove red waves to the sad Gallic shore;
As if he 'ad angry with that element been,
Which his wide soul bound with an island in.

Where's now that spirit with which at Creffy we,
And Poitiers, forc'd from Fate a victory?
Two kings at once we brought sad captives home,
A triumph scarcely known to ancient Rome!
Two foreign kings: but now, alas! we strive,
Our own, our own good sovereign to captive!

It was not so when Agincourt was won;
Under great Henry serv'd the rain and sun;
A nobler fight the sun himself ne'er knew,
Not when he stop't his course a fight to view!
Then Death's old archer did more skilful grow,
And learn'd to shoot more sure from th' English bow;

Then France was her own story sadly taught,
And felt how Caesar and how Edward fought.

It was not so when that vast fleet of Spain
Lay torn and scatter'd on the English main;
Through the proud world a virgin terror strook;
The Austrian crowns, and Rome's seven hills, she
shook!

To her great Neptune homag'd all his streams,
And all the wide stretch'd ocean was her Thames.
Thus our forefathers fought, thus bravely bled,
Thus still they live, whilst we alive are dead;
Such acts they did, that Rome, and Caesar too,
Might envy those whom once they did subdue.
We're not their offspring: sure our heralds lye;
But born we know not how, as now we die;
Their precious blood we could not venture thus:
Some Cadmus, sure, sow'd serpents' teeth for us;
We could not else by mutual fury fall,
Whilst Rhine and Sequan for our armies call:
Chuse war or peace, you have a prince, you know,
As fit for both, as both are fit for you;
Furious as lightning, when war's tempest came,
But calm in peace, calm as a lambent flame.

Have you forgot those happy years of late,
That saw nought ill, but us that were ingrate;
Such years, as if earth's youth return'd had been,
And that old serpent, Time, had cast his skin?
As gloriously and gently did they move,
As the bright sun that measures them above;
Then only in books the learn'd could misery see,
And the unlearn'd ne'er heard of misery.
Then happy James with as deep quiet reign'd
As in his heavenly throne, by death, he gain'd;
And, lest this blessing with his life should cease,
He left us Charles, the pledge of future peace;
Charles, under whom, with much ado, no less
Than sixteen years we endur'd our happiness;
Till in a moment, in the North, we find
A tempest conjur'd up without a wind.
As soon the North her kindness did repent;
First the peace-maker, and next war, she sent.
Just Tweed, that now had with long peace forgot
On which side dwelt the English, which the
Scot,

Saw glittering arms shine sadly on his face,
Whilst all th' affrighted fish sank down apace.
No blood did then from this dark quarrel grow,
It gave blunt wounds, that bled not out till now!
For Jove, who might have us'd his thundering
power,
Chose to fall calmly in a golden shower!
A way we found to conquer, which by none
Of all our thrifty ancestors was known:

So strangely prodigal of late we are,
We there buy peace, and here at home buy war.

How could a war so sad and barbarous please,
But first by slandering those blest days of peace?
Through all the excrements of state they pry,
Like emp'rics to find out a malady;
And then with desperate boldness they endeavour,
Th'ague to cure by bringing-in a fever;
The way is sure to expel some ill, no doubt;
The plague, we know, drives all diseases out.
What strange wild fears did every morning breed,
Till a strange fancy made us sick indeed!
And cowardice did valour's place supply,
Like those that kill themselves for fear to die!
What frantic diligence in these men appears,
That fear all ills, and act o'er all their fears!
Thus into war we fear'd ourselves; and who
But Aaron's sons, that the first trumpet blew?
Fond men! who knew not that they were to
keep

For God, and not for sacrifice, their sheep!
The churches first this murderous doctrine sow,
And learn to kill, as well as bury, now;
The marble tombs where our forefathers lie,
Sweated with dread of too much company;
And all their sleeping ashes shook for fear,
Lest thousand ghosts should come and shroud them
there.

Petitions next from every town they frame,
To be restor'd to them from whom they came:
The same style all, and the same sense, does pen,
Alas! they' allow set forms of prayer to men.
Oh happy we, if men would neither hear
Their studied form, nor God their sudden prayer.
They will be heard, and, in unjust wife,
The many-headed rout for justice cries;
They call for blood, which now I fear does call
For blood again, much louder than they all.
In senseless clamours, and confused noise,
We lost that rare, and yet unconquer'd voice;
So, when the sacred Thracian lyre was drown'd
In the Bithonian women's mixed sound,
The wondering stones, that came before to hear,
Forgot themselves, and turn'd his murderers there;
The same loud storm blew the grave mitre down;
It blew down that, and with it shook the crown.
Then first a state, without a church, begun;
Comfort thyself, dear church! for then 'twas done.
The same great storm to sea great Mary drove;
The sea could not such dangerous tempests move:
The same drove Charles into the North, and then
Would readlier far have driven him back again.
To fly from noise of tumult is no shame;
Ne'er will their armies force them to the same;
They all his castles, all his towns, invade,
He's a large prisoner in all England made!
He must not pass to Ireland's weeping shore;
The wounds these surgeons make must yield them
more;

He must not conquer his lewd rebels there,
Lest he should learn by that to do it here.
The sea they subject next to their command;
The sea, that crowns our kings and all their land,
Thus poor they leave him, their base pride and
scorn,

As poor as these, now mighty men, were born:

When strait whole armies meet in Charles's right;
How no man knows, but here they are, and fight.
A man would swear, that saw this alter'd state,
Kings were call'd gods because they could create
Vain men; 'tis Heaven this first assistance brings,
The same is Lord of Hosts that's King of Kings.
Had men forsook him, angels from above
(Th' Assyrian did less their justice move)
Would all have muster'd in his righteous aid,
And thunder gainst your cannon would have play'd.
It needs not so, for man desires to right
Abus'd mankind, and wretches you must fight.

Worster first saw 't, and trembled at the view;
Too well the ills of civil war she knew.
Twice did the flames of old her towers invade,
Twice call'd she in vain for her own Severn's aid,
Here first the rebel winds began to roar,
Brake loose from the just fetters which they bore;
Here mutinous waves above their shore did swell,
And the first storm of that dire winter fell.
But when the two great brethren once appear'd,
And their bright heads, like Leda's offspring,
rear'd;

When those sea-calming sons from Jove were
spied,
The winds all fled, the waves all sunk and died!
How fought great Rupert, with what rage and
skill!

Enough to have conquer'd had his cause been ill!
Comely young man! and yet his dreadful fight
The rebels' blood to their faint hearts does fright.
In vain, alas! it seeks so weak defence;
For his keen sword brings it again from thence.
Yet grieves he at th' laurels thence he bore;
Alas, poor Prince! they'll fight with him no more;
His virtue 'll be eclips'd with too much fame,
Henceforth He will not conquer, but his Name.
Here — with tainted blood the field did stain,
By his own sacrilege, and 's country's curses, slain.
The first commander did Heaven's vengeance shew,
And led the rebels' van to shades below.

On the fair hills both armies next are seen,
Th' affrighted valley sighs and sweats between;
Here Angels did with fair expectance stay,
And wish'd good things to a king as mild as they;
There Fiends with hunger waiting did abide,
And curs'd both, but spurr'd-on th' guilty side.
Here flood Religion, her looks gently sage,
Aged, but much more comely for her age!
There Schism, old hag, tho' seeming young,
appears,

As snakes by casting skins renew their years;
Undecent rags of several dyes she wore,
And in her hand torn liturgies she bore.
Here Loyalty an humble cross display'd,
And still, as Charles pass'd by, she bow'd and
pray'd.

Sedition there her crimson banner spreads,
Shakes all her hands, and roars with all her heads:
Her knotty hairs were with dire serpents twist,
And every serpent at each other hiss'd.
Here flood white Truth, and her own host does
bless,

Clad with those arms of proof, her nakedness;
There perjuries like cannons roar aloud,
And lyes flew thick, like cannons' smoky cloud,

Here Learning and th' Arts met; as much they
fear'd

As when the Hunns of old and Goths appear'd.
What should they do? Unapt themselves to fight,
They promis'd noble pens the acts to write.
There Ignorance advanc'd, and joy'd to spy
So many that durst fight they know not why;
From those who most the slow-soul'd monks
disdain,

From those she hopes the monks' dull age again.
Here Mercy waits, with sad but gentle look,
Never, alas! had she her Charles forsook!
For mercy on her friends to Heaven she cries,
Whilst Justice pulls down vengeance from the skies.
Oppression there, Rapine, and Murder, flood,
Ready, as was the field, to drink their blood:
A thousand wronged spirits amongst them moan'd,
And thrice the ghost of mighty Strafford groan'd.

Now flew their cannon thick through wounded
air,

Sent to defend, and kill, their sovereign there.
More than he them, the bullets fear'd his head,
And at his feet lay innocently dead;
They knew not what those men that sent them
meant,

And acted their pretence, not their intent.

This was the day, this the first day, that shew'd
How much to Charles for our long peace we ow'd;
By this skill here, and spirit, we understood,
From war nought kept him but his country's good.
In his great looks what cheerful anger shone!
Sad war, and joyful triumphs mix'd in one.
In the same beams of his majestic eye,
His own men life, his foes did death, espy.
Great Rupert this, that wing great Wilmot leads,
White-feather'd Conquest flies o'er both their
heads.

They charge, as if alone they'd beat the foe,
Whether their troops follow'd them up or no.
They follow close, and haste into the fight,
As swift as strait the rebels make their flight.
So swift the miscreants fly, as if each fear
And jealousy they fram'd had met them there.
They heard war's music, and away they flew,
The trumpets fright worse than the organs do.
Their souls, which still new bye-ways do invent,
Out at their wounded backs perversely went.
Pursue no more; ye noble victors, stay,
Lest too much conquest lose so brave a day!
For still the battle sounds behind, and Fate
Will not give all; but sets us here a rate.
Too dear a rate she sets; and we must pay
One honest man for ten such knaves as they.
Streams of black, tainted blood the field besmear,
But pure, well-colour'd drops shine here and there:
They learn to mix with floods of baser veins,
Just as the nobler moisture oil disdains.
Thus fearless Lindsey, thus bold Aubigny,
Amidst the corpse of slaughter'd rebels lie:
More honourably than — e'er was found,
With troops of living traitors circled round.
Rest, valiant souls, in peace! ye sacred pair,
And all whose deaths attended on you there,
You're kindly welcom'd to heaven's peaceful
coast,

By all the reverend martyrs' noble host;

Your foaming souls they meet with triumph, all
Led by great Stephen their old general.
Go, —, now prefer thy flourishing state
Above those murder'd heroes' doleful fate;
Enjoy that life which thou durst basely save,
And thought'st a saw-pit nobler than a grave,
'Thus many sav'd themselves, and night the rest,
Night, that agrees with their dark actions best.
A dismal shade did heaven's sad face o'erflow,
Dark as the night slain rebels found below;
No gentle stars their cheerful glories rear'd,
Asham'd they were at what was done, and fear'd
Left wicked men their bold excuse should frame
From some strange influence, and so veil their
shame.

To Duty thus, Order and Law incline,
They who ne'er err from one eternal line;
As just the ruin of these men they thought,
As Sifera's was, 'gainst whom themselves had
fought,

Still they rebellion's ends remember well,
Since Lucifer the great, their shining captain fell.
For this the bells they ring, and not in vain;
Well might they all ring out for thousands slain:
For this the bonfires their glad lightness spread,
When funeral flames might more besit their dead;
For this with solemn thanks they tire their God,
And, whilst they feel it, mock th' Almighty's rod;
They proudly now abuse his justice more,
Than his long mercies they abus'd before,
Yet these the men that true religion boast,
The pure and holy, holy, holy, host!
What great reward for so much zeal is given?
Why, Heaven has thank'd them since as they
thank'd Heaven.

Witness thou Brentford, say, thou ancient town,
How many in thy streets fell groveling down;
Witness the red-coats weltering in their gore,
And dy'd anew into the name they bore:
Witness their men blow'd up into the air
(All elements their ruins joy'd to share);
In the wide air quick flames their bodies tore,
Then, drown'd in waves, they're tost by waves
to shore:

Witness thou Thames, thou vast amaz'd to see
Men madly run to save themselves in thee:
In vain, for rebels' lives thou would'st not save,
And down they sunk beneath thy conquering wave.
Good, reverend Thames! the best-belov'd of all
Those noble floods that meet at Neptune's hall;
London's proud towers, which do thy head adorn,
Are not thy glory now, but grief and scorn.
Thou griev'st to see the white-nam'd palace shine,
Without the beams of its own lord and thine:
Thy lord, which is to all as good and free,
As thou, kind flood! to thine own banks canst be.
How does thy peaceful back disdain to bear
The rebels' busy pride at Westminster!
Thou, who thyself dost without murmuring pay
Eternal tribute to thy prince the sea.

To Oxford next great Charles in triumph came,
Oxford, the British Muses' second fame.
Here learning with some state and reverence looks,
And dwells in buildings lasting as her books;
Both now eternal, but they'd ashes been,
Had these religious Vandals once got in.

Not Bodley's noble work their rage would spare,
For books they know the chief malignants are.
In vain they silence every age before;
For pens of time to come will wound them more!
The temple's decent wealth, and modest state,
Had suffer'd; this their avarice, that their hate;
Beggary and scorn into the church they'd bring,
And made God glorious, as they made the king;
O happy town, that to lov'd Charles's fight,
In those sad times, gav'st safety and delight,
The fate which civil war itself doth blest!
Scarce would'st thou change for peace this happiness,
'Midst all the joys which Heaven allows thee here,
Think on thy sister, and then shed a tear.

What fights did this sad winter see each day,
Her winds and storms came not so thick as they!
Yet nought these far-lost rebels could recall,
Not Marlborough's nor Cirencester's fall.
Yet still for peace the gentle conqueror sues;
By his wrath they perish, yet his love refuse.
Nor yet is the plain lesson understood,
Writ by kind Heaven in B— and H—'s blood.
Chad and his church saw where their enemy lay,
And with just red new-mark'd their holy day.
Fond men! this blow the injur'd Crozier strook;
Nought was more fit to perish, but thy book.
Such fatal vengeance did wrong'd Charlegrove
shew,

Where — both begun and ended too
His curs'd rebellion; where his soul's repaid
With separation, great as that he made.
—, whose spirit mov'd o'er this mighty frame.
O' th' British isle, and out this chaos came.
—, the man that taught confusion's art;
His treasons restless, and yet noiseless heart.
His active brain like Aetna's top appear'd,
Where treason's forg'd, yet no noise outward
heard.

'Twas he contriv'd whate'er bold M— said,
And all the popular noise that P— has made;
'Twas he that taught the zealous rout to rise,
And be his slaves for some feign'd liberties;
Him for this black design, hell thought most fit;
Ah! wretched man, curs'd by too good a wit!

If not all this your stubborn hearts can fright,
Think on the West, think on the Cornish might;
The Saxon fury, to that far-stretch'd place,
Drove the torn relics of great Brutus' race;
Here they of old did in long safety lie,
Compas'd with seas, and a worse enemy;
Ne'er till this time, ne'er did they meet with foes
More cruel and more barbarous than those.
Ye noble Britons, who so oft with blood
Of Pagan hosts have dy'd old Tamar's flood;
If any drop of mighty Uther still,
Or Uther's nightier son, your veins does fill;
Shew then that spirit, till all men think by you
The doubtful tales of your great Arthur true;
You've shewn it, Britons, and have often done
Things that have cheer'd the weary, setting fun.
Again did Tamar your dread arms behold,
As just and as successful as the old;
It kiss'd the Cornish banks, and vow'd to bring
His richest waves to feed th' ensuing spring;
But murmur'd sadly, and almost deny'd
All fruitful moisture to the Devon side.

Ye sons of war, by whose bold acts we see
 How great a thing exalted man may be;
 The world remains your debtor, that as yet
 Ye have not all gone forth and conquer'd it.
 I knew that Fate some wonders for you meant,
 When matchless Hopton to your coasts she sent;
 Hopton! so wise, he needs not Fortune's aid,
 So fortunate, his wisdom's usefess made:
 Should his so-often-try'd companions fail,
 His spirit alone, and courage, would prevail.
 Miraculous man! how would I sing thy praise,
 Had any Muse crown'd me with half the bays
 Conquest hath given to thee: and next thy name
 Should Berkeley, Stanning, Digby, press to fame.
 Godolphin! thee, thee Grenville! I'd rehearse,
 But tears break off my verse!—
 How oft has vanquish'd Stamford backward fled;
 Swift as the parted souls of those he led!
 How few did his huge multitudes defeat,
 For most are cyphers when the number's great!
 Numbers, alas! of men, that made no more
 Than he himself, ten thousand times told o'er.
 Who hears of Stratton-fight, but must confess
 All that he heard or read before was less;
 Sad Germany can no such trophy boast,
 For all the blood these twenty years she 'as lost.
 Vast was their army, and their arms were more
 Than th' host of hundred-handed giants bore.
 So strong their arms, it did almost appear
 Secure, had neither arms nor men been there.
 In Hopton breaks, in break the Cornish powers,
 Few, and scarce arm'd, yet was th' advantage ours:
 What doubts could be, their outward strength to
 win,

When we bore arms and magazine within?
 The violent sword's outdid the musket's ire;
 It strook the bones, and there gave dreadful fire:
 We scorn'd their thunder; and the reeking blade
 A thicker smoke than all their cannon made;
 Death and loud tumults fill'd the place around
 With fruitless rage; fall'n rebels bite the ground!
 The arms we gain'd were wealth, bodies o' th' foe,
 All that a full-fraught victory can bestow!
 Yet stays not Hopton thus, but still proceeds;
 Pursues himself through all his glorious deeds;
 With Hertford and the Prince he joins his fate
 (The Belgian trophies on their journey wait);
 The Prince, who oft had check'd proud W—'s
 fame,

And fool'd that flying conqueror's empty name:
 Till by his loss that fertile monster thriv'd;
 This serpent cut in parts rejoin'd and liv'd:
 It liv'd, and would have stung us deeper yet,
 But that bold Grenville its whole fury met;
 He sold, like Decius, his devoted breath,
 And left the commonwealth heir to his death.
 Hail, mighty ghost! look from on high, and see
 How much our hands and swords remember thee!
 At Roundway Heath, our rage at thy great fall
 Whet all our spirits, and made us Grenvilles all.
 One thousand horse beat all their numerous
 power;

Bless me! and where was then their conqueror?
 Coward of fame, he flies in haste away;
 Men, arms, and name, leaves us, the victors' prey.

VOL. II.

What meant those iron regiments which he
 brought,

That moving statues seem'd, and so they fought?
 No way for death but by disease appear'd,
 Cannon, and mines, and siege, they scarcely fear'd:
 Till, 'gainst all hopes, they prov'd in this sad
 fight

Too weak to stand, and yet too slow for flight.
 The Furies howl'd aloud through trembling air;
 Th' astonish'd snakes fell sadly from their hair:
 To Lud's proud town their hasty flight they took,
 The towers and temples at their entrance shook.
 In vain their loss they attempted to disguise,
 And muster'd up new troops of fruitless lies:
 God fought himself, nor could th' event be less;
 Bright Conquest walks the fields in all her dress.
 Could this white day a gift more grateful bring?
 Oh yes! it brought bless'd Mary to the King!
 In Keynton field they met; at once they view
 Their former victory, and enjoy a new;
 Keynton, the place that Fortune did approve,
 To be the noblest scene of war and love.

Through the glad vale ten thousand Cupids fled,
 And chac'd the wandering spirits of rebels dead;
 Still the lewd scent of powder did they fear,
 And scatter'd eastern smells through all the air.
 Look, happy mount! look well! for this is she,
 That toil'd and travel'd for thy victory:
 Thy flourishing head to her with reverence bow;
 To her thou ow'st that fame which crowns thee
 now.

From far-stretch'd shores they felt her spirit and
 might;

Princes and God at any distance fight.
 At her return well might she a conquest have!
 Whose very absence such a conquest gave.—
 This in the West; nor did the North bestow
 Less cause their usual gratitude to show:
 With much of state brave Cavendish led them
 forth,

As swift and fierce as tempest from the north;
 Cavendish! whom every Grace, and every Muse,
 Kiss'd at his birth, and for their own did chuse:
 So good a wit they meant not should excel
 In arms; but now they see 't, and like it well;
 So large is that rich empire of his heart,
 Well may they rest contented with a part.
 How soon he forc'd the northern clouds to flight,
 And struck confusion into form and light!
 Scarce did the Power Divine in fewer days
 A peaceful world out of a chaos raise.
 Bradford and Leeds prop'd up their sinking fame;
 They bragg'd of hosts, and Fairfax was a name.
 Leeds, Bradford, Fairfax' powers are strait their
 own,

As quickly as they vote men overthrown;
 Bootes from his wain look'd down below,
 And saw our victory move not half so slow.
 I see the gallant Earl break through the foes;
 In dust and sweat how gloriously he shows!
 I see him lead the pikes; what will he do?
 Defend him, Heaven! oh, whither will he go?
 Up to the cannons' mouth he leads! in vain
 They speak loud death, and threaten, till they're
 slain.

P

So Capaneus two armies fill'd with wonder
 When he charg'd Jove, and grappled with his
 thunder;
 Both hosts with silence and with terror shook,
 As if not he, but they, were thunder-strook:
 The courage here, and boldness, was no less;
 Only the cause was better, and success.
 Heaven will let nought be by their cannon done,
 Since at Edgehill they sinn'd, and Burlington.
 Go now, your silly calumnies repeat,
 And make all Papists whom you cannot beat!
 Let the world know some way, with whom
 you're vext,
 And vote them Turks when they o'erthrow you
 next!
 Why will you die, fond men! why will you buy
 At this fond rate your country's slavery?
 Is 't liberty? What are those threats we hear? *
 Why do you thus th' old and new prison fill?
 When that 's the only why; because you will?
 Fain would you make God too thus tyrannous be,
 And damn poor men by such a stiff decree.
 Is 't property? Why do such numbers, then,
 From God beg vengeance, and relief from men?
 Why are th' estates and goods seiz'd-on, of all
 Whom covetous or malicious men miscall?
 What 's more our own than our own lives?
 But oh
 Could Yeomans or could Bouchier find it so?
 The barbarous coward, always us'd to fly,
 Did know no other way to see men die.
 Or is 't religion? What then mean your lyes,
 Your sacrileges, and pulpit-blasphemies?
 Why are all sects let loose that ere had birth,
 Since Luther's noise wak'd the lethargic earth?
 The Author went no further.

THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST.

A SATIRE.

SO two rude waves, by storms together thrown,
 Roar at each other, fight, and then grow one.
 Religion is a circle; men contend,
 And run the round in dispute, without end:
 Now, in a circle, who go contrary,
 Must, at the last, meet of necessity.
 The Roman Catholic, to advance the cause,
 Allows a lye, and calls it *Pia Fraus*;
 The Puritan approves and does the same,
 Dislikes nought in it but the Latin name:
 He flows with his devices, and dares lye
 In very deed, in truth, and verity.
 He whines, and sighs-out lyes with so much ruth,
 As if he griev'd 'cause he could ne'er speak truth.
 Lyes have posses'd the press so, as their due,
 'Twill scarce, I fear, henceforth print Bibles true.
 Lyes for their next strong fort ha' th' pulpit chose;
 There they throng out at th' preacher's mouth
 and nose,

* A line is here evidently wanting; but the defect is in all the copies hitherto known.

And, howe'er gross, are certain to beguile
 The poor book-turners of the middle isle:
 Nay, to th' Almighty's self they have been bold
 To lye; and their blasphemous minister told,
 They might say false to God; for if they were
 Beaten, he knew 't not, for he was not there.
 But God, who their great thankfulness did see,
 Rewards them straight with another victory,
 Just such an one as Brentford; and, sans doubt,
 Will weary, ere 't be long, their gratitude out.
 Not all the legends of the saints of old,
 Not vast Baronius, nor fly Surius, hold
 Such plenty of apparent lyes as are
 In your own author, Jo. Browne, Cleric, Par.
 Besides what your small poets said or writ,
 Brookes, Strode, and the baron of the saw-pit:
 With many a mental reservation,
 You 'll maintain liberty:—Reserv'd "your own."
 For th' public good the sums rais'd you 'll disburse;
 —Reserv'd "the greater part, for your own purse."
 You 'll root the Cavaliers out, every man;
 —Faith, let it be reserv'd here "if ye can."
 You 'll make our gracious Charles a glorious king;
 —Reserv'd "in heaven"—for thither ye would
 bring

His royal head; the only secure room
 For kings; where such as you will never come.
 To keep th' estates o' th' subjects you pretend;
 —Reserv'd "in your own trunks." You will
 defend

The church of England, 'tis your protestation;
 But that 's "New"-England by a small Refer-
 vation.

Power of dispensing oaths the Papists claim;
 Case hath got leave of God to do the same:
 For you do hate all swearing so, that when
 You 've sworn an oath, ye break it straight again.
 A curse upon you! which hurts most these nations,
 Cavaliers' swearing, or your protestations?
 Nay, though oaths be by you so much abhor'd,
 Y' allow "God damn me" in the Puritan Lord.

They keep the Bible from laymen; but ye
 Avoid this, for you have no laity.
 They in a foreign and unknown tongue pray,
 You in an unknown sense your prayers say;
 So that this difference 'twixt you does ensue—
 Fools understand not them, not wise men you.

They an unprofitable zeal have got
 Of invoking saints, that hear them not;
 'Twere well you did so; nought may more be
 feard,
 In your fond prayers, than that they should be
 heard.

To them your nonsense well enough might pass,
 They'd ne'er see that i' th' divine looking-glass.
 Nay, whether you'd worship saints is not known,
 For ye 'ave as yet, of your religion, none.

They by good-works think to be justify'd:
 You into the same error deeper slide;
 You think by works too justify'd to be,
 And those ill-works—lyes, treason, perjury.
 But, oh! your faith is mighty; that hath been,
 As true faith ought to be, of things unseen:
 At Wor'ter, Brentford, and Edgehill, we see,
 Only by faith, ye 'ave got the victory.

Such is your faith, and some such unseen way,
The public faith at last your debts will pay.

They hold free-will (that nought their souls
may bind)

As the great privilege of all mankind;
You're here more moderate; for 'tis your intent
To make 't a privilege but of parliament.
They forbid priests to marry; you worse do;
Their marriage you allow, yet punish too;
For you'd make priests so poor, that upon all
Who marry scorn and beggary must fall.

They a bold power o'er sacred scriptures take,
Blot out some clauses, and some new ones make;
Your great lord Jesuit Brookes publicly said
(Brookes, whom too little learning hath made
mad),

That to correct the Creed ye should do well,
And blot-out Christ's descending into hell.
Repent, wild man! or you 'll ne'er change, I
fear,

The sentence of your own descending there.

Yet modestly they use the Creed; for they
Would take the Lord's-Prayer root and branch
away:

And wisely said a Levite of our nation,
The Lord's Prayer was a Popish innovation.
Take heed, you'll grant ere long it should be said,
An 't be but to desire your daily bread.

They keep the people ignorant: and you
Keep both the people and yourselves so too.
They blind obedience and blind duty teach:
You blind rebellion and blind faction preach;
Nor can I blame you much, that ye advance
That which can only save you, Ignorance;
Though, Heaven be prais'd! ' has oft been proved
well,

Your ignorance is not invincible;
Nay, such bold lyes to God himself ye vaunt,
As if you 'd fain keep him too ignorant.

Limbus and Purgatory they believe,
For lesser sinners; that is, I conceive,
Malignants only: you this trick does please;
For the same cause ye 'ave made new Limbus'es,
Where we may lie imprison'd long, ere we
A day of judgment in your courts shall see
But Pym can, like the Pope, with this dispense,
And for a bribe deliver souls from thence.

Their councils claim infallibility:
Such must your Conventicle-synod be;
And teachers from all parts of th' earth ye call,
To make 't a Council Oecumenical.

They several times appoint from meats 't
abstain:

You now for th' Irish wars a fast ordain;
And, that that kingdom might be sure to fast,
Ye take a course to starve them all at last:
Nay, though ye keep no eves, Fridays, nor Lent,
Not to dress meat on Sundays you're content;
Then you repeat, repeat, and pray, and pray,
Your teeth keep sabbath, and tongues work-
ing-day.

They preserve relics: you have few or none,
Unless the clout sent to John Pym be one;
Or Holles's rich widow, she who carry'd
A relic in her womb before she marry'd.

They in succeeding Peter take a pride:
So do you; for your master ye 'ave deny'd.
But chiefly Peter's privilege ye choose,
At your own wills to bind and to unloose.
He was a fisherman; you 'll be so too,
When nothing but your ships are left to you:
He went to Rome; to Rome you backward ride
(Though both your goings are by some deny'd)
Nor is 't a contradiction, if we say,
You go to Rome the quite contrary way.
He dy'd o' th' cross; that death's unusual now;
The gallows is most like 't, and that 's for you.

They love church-music; it offends your sense,
And therefore ye have sung it out from thence;
Which shews, if right your mind be understood,
You hate it not as music, but as good:
Your madness makes you sing as much as they
Dance who are bit with a Tarantula.
But do not to yourselves, alas! appear
The most religious traitors that e'er were,
Because your troops singing of psalms do go;
There 's many a traitor has march'd Holborn fo.
Nor was 't your wit this holy project bore;
Tweed and the Tyne have seen those tricks
before.

They of strange miracles and wonders tell:
You are yourselves a kind of miracle;
Ev'n such a miracle as in writ divine
We read o'—th' devil hurrying down the swine.
They have made images to speak: 'tis said,
You a dull image have your Speaker made;
And, that your bounty in offerings might abound,
Ye 'ave to that idol giv'n six thousand pound.
They drive-out devils, they say: here ye begin
To differ, I confess—you let them in.

They maintain transubstantiation;
You, by a contrary philosophers'-stone,
To transubstantiate metals have the skill,
And turn the kingdom's gold to it'n and steel.
I' th' sacrament ye differ; but 'tis noted,
Bread must be flesh, wine blood, if e'er 't be vored.

They make the Pope their head; y' exalt for
him,

Primate and metropolitan, master Pym;
Nay, White, who sits i' th' infallible chair,
And most infallibly speaks nonsense there;
Nay, Cromwell, Pury, Whistler, Sir John Wray,
He who does say, and say, and say, and say;
Nay, Lowry, who does new church-government
with,

And prophecies, like Jonas, 'midst the fish;
Who can such various business wisely sway,
Handling both herrings and bishops in one day:
Nay, all your preachers, women, boys, and men,
From master Calamy to mistress Ven,
Are perfect Popes, in their own parish, grown;
For, to out-do the story of pope Joan,
Your women preach too, and are like to be
The whore of Babylon as much as she.

They depose kings by force: by force you 'd
do it,

But first use fair means to persuade them to it.
They dare kill kings: and 'twixt ye here 's the
strife,

That you dare shoot-at kings to save their life:

And what 's the difference, pray, whether he fall
By the Pope's Bull or your Ox general?
Three kingdoms thus you ye strive to make your
own,

And, like the Pope, usurp a triple crown.

Such is your faith, such your religion;

Let's view your manners now, and then I've
done.

Your covetousness let gasping Ireland tell,

Where first the Irish lands, and next ye sell

The English blood, and raise rebellion here

With that which should suppress and quench it
there.

What mighty fums have ye squeez'd out o' th'
city!

Enough to make them poor, and something
witty.

Excise, loans, contributions, poll-monies,

Bribes, plunder, and such parliament privileges,

Are words which you ne'er learnt in holy writ,

Till th' Spirit, and your Synod, mended it.

Where 's all the twentieth part now, which hath
been

Paid you by some, to forfeit the nineteen?

Where 's all the goods distrain'd, and plunders past?

For you 're grown wretched pilfering knaves at
last;

Descend to brass and pewter, till of late,
Like Midas, all ye touch'd must needs be plate.

By what vast hopes is your ambition fed?

'Tis writ in blood, and may be plainly read:

You must have places, and the kingdom sway;

The king must be a ward to your lord Say.

Your innocent Speaker to the Rolls must rise;

Six thousand pound hath made him proud and
a wife.

Kimbolton for his father's place doth call,

Would be like him;—would he were, face and all!

Isaac would always be lord mayor; and so

May always be, as much as he is now.

For the Five members, they so richly thrive,

That they would always be but Members five.

Only Pym doth his natural right enforce,

By th' mother's side he 's Master of the horse.

Most shall have places by these popular tricks,

The rest must be content with bishoprics.

For 'tis gainst superstition you 're intent;

First to root out that great church-ornament,

Money and lands: your swords, alas! are drawn

Against the Bishop, not his cap, or lawn.

O let not such lewd sacrilege begin,

Tempted by Henry's rich successful sin!

Henry! the monster-king of all that age;

Wild in his lust, but wilder in his rage.

Expect not you his fate, though Hotham thrives

In imitating Henry's tricks for wives;

Nor fewer churches hopes, than wives, to see

Buried, and then their lands his own to be.

Ye boundless tyrants! how do you outvy

Th' Athenians' Thirty, Rome's Decemvirs!

In rage, injustice, cruelty, as far

Above those men, as you in number are.

What mysteries of iniquity do we see!

New prisons made to defend liberty!

Our goods forc'd from us for property's sake;

And all the real nonsense which ye make!

Ship-money was unjustly ta'en, ye say;

Unjustlier far, you take the ships away.

The High Commission you call'd tyranny:

Ye did! good God! what is the High Com-
mittee?

Ye said that gifts and bribes preferments bought:

By money and blood too they now are sought.

To the king's will, the laws men strove to draw:

The subjects' will is now become the law.

'Twas fear'd a new religion would begin:

All new religions, now, are enter'd in.

The king delinquents to protect did strive:

What clubs, pikes, halberts, lighters, fav'd the Five!

You think th' parliament like your state of grace;

Whatever sins men do, they keep their place.

Invasions then were fear'd against the state;

And Strode swore last year * would be eighty-
eight.

You bring in foreign aid to your designs;

First those great foreign forces of Divines,

With which ships from America were fraught;

Rather may stinking tobacco still be brought

From thence, I say: next, ye the Scots invite,

Which you term brotherly-assistance, right;

For England you intend with them to share:

They, who, alas! but younger brothers are,

Must have the monies for their portion;

The houses and the lands will be your own.

We thank you for the wounds which we endure,

Whilst scratches and slight pricks ye seek to
cure;

We thank you for true real fears, at last,

Which free us from so many false ones past;

We thank you for the blood which fats our coast,

As a just debt paid to great Strafford's ghost;

We thank you for the ills receiv'd, and all

Which yet by your good care in time we shall;

We thank you, and our gratitude's as great.

As yours, when you thank'd God for being beat.

THE CHARACTER

OF AN HOLY SISTER.

SHE that can fit three sermons in a day,
And of those three scarce bear three words away;

She that can rob her husband, to repair

A budget-priest, that noses a long prayer;

She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,

And with half-eyes and Bible softly goes;

She that her pockets with lay-gospel stuffs,

And edifies her looks with little ruffs;

She that loves sermons as she does the rest,

Still standing stiff that longest are the best;

She that will lye, yet swear she hates a liar,

Except it be the man that will lie by her;

She that at christenings thirsteth for more sack,

And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake;

She that sings psalms devoutly next the street,

And beats her maid i' th' kitchen, where none
see 't;

She that will sit in shop for five hours space,

And register the sins of all that pass,

Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say,

That none can possibly be fav'd but they

* viz. 1642.

That hang religion in a naked ear,
And judge men's hearts according to their hair;
That could afford to doubt, who wrote best
sense,

Moses, or Dod on the commandements;
She that can sigh, and cry "Queen Elizabeth,"
Rail at the Pope, and scratch-out "sudden
death:"

And for all this can give no reason why:
This is an holy-sister, verily.

ANACREONTIQUES:

OR,

SOME COPIES OF VERSES,

TRANSLATED PARAPHRASTICALLY

OUT OF ANACREON.

I.

LOVE.

I'LL sing of heroes and of kings,
In mighty numbers, mighty things.
Begin, my Muse! but lo! the strings
To my great song rebellious prove;
The strings will sound of nought but love.
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
These sure (said I) will me obey;
These, sure, heroic notes will play.
Strait I began with thundering Jove,
And all th' immortal powers; but Love,
Love smil'd, and from my' enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs, such as inspire
Melting love and soft desire.
Farewell then, heroes! farewell, kings!
And mighty numbers, mighty things!
Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

II.

DRINKING.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck-in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober sound,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why

Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

III.

BEAUTY.

LIBERAL Nature did dispense
To all things arms for their defence;
And some she arms with sinewy force,
And some with swiftness in the course;
Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,
And some with horns or tusked jaws:
And some with scales, and some with wings,
And some with teeth, and some with stings.
Wisdom to man she did afford,
Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.
What to beauteous womankind,
What arms, what armour, has she assign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the fair
What arms, what armour, can compare?
What steel, what gold, or diamond,
More impassible is found?
And yet what flame, what lightning, e'er
So great an active force did bear?
They are all weapon, and they dart
Like porcupines from every part.
Who can, alas! their strength express,
Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
Cap-a-pie with nakedness?

IV.

THE DUEL.

YES, I will love then, I will love;
I will not now Love's rebel prove.
Though I was once his enemy;
Though ill-advis'd and stubborn I,
Did to the combat him defy.
An helmet, spear, and mighty shield,
Like some new Ajax, I did wield.
Love in one hand his bow did take,
In th' other hand a dart did shake;
But yet in vain the dart did throw,
In vain he often drew the bow;
So well my armour did resist,
So oft by flight the blow I mist:
But, when I thought all danger past,
His quiver empty'd quite at last,
Instead of arrow or of dart
He shot himself into my heart.
The living and the killing arrow
Ran through the skin, the flesh, the blood,
And broke the bones, and scorch'd the marrow,
No trench or work of life withstood.
In vain I now the walls maintain;
I set out guards and scouts in vain;
Since th' enemy does within remain.
In vain a breast-plate now I wear,
Since in my breast the foe I bear;
In vain my feet their swiftness try;
For from the body can they fly?

V.

A G E.

OFT am I by the women told,
 Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old:
 Look how thy hairs are falling all;
 Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By th' effects I do not know;
 This I know, without being told,
 'Tis time to live, if I grow old;
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
 Of little life the best to make,
 And manage wisely the last stake.

VI.

THE ACCOUNT.

WHEN all the stars are by thee told,
 (The endless sums of heavenly gold);
 Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,
 From sickly autumn's head that fall;
 Or when the drops that make the sea,
 Whilst all her sands thy counters be;
 Thou then, and thou alone, may'st prove
 Th' arithmetician of my love.
 An hundred loves at Athens score,
 At Corinth write an hundred more:
 Fair Corinth does such beauties bear,
 So few, is an escaping there.
 Write then at Chios seventy-three;
 Write then at Lesbos (let me see)
 Write me at Lesbos ninety down,
 Full ninety loves, and half a one.
 And, next to these, let me present
 The fair Ionian regiment;
 And next the Carian company;
 Five hundred both effectively.
 Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
 Three hundred 'tis, I'm sure, complete;
 For arms at Crete each face does bear,
 And every eye 's an archer there.
 Go on: this stop why dost thou make?
 Thou think'st, perhaps, that I mistake.
 Seems this to thee too great a sum?
 Why many thousands are to come;
 The mighty Xerxes could not boast
 Such different nations in his host.
 On; for my love, if thou be'st weary,
 Must find some better secretary.
 I have not yet my Persian told,
 Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,
 Nor Indian, nor Arabian;
 Nor Cyprian loves, nor African;
 Nor Scythian nor Italian flames;
 There's a whole map behind of names
 Of gentle loves i' th' temperate zone,
 And cold ones in the frigid one,
 Cold frozen loves, with which I pine,
 And perched loves beneath the Line.

VII.

G O L D.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
 And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
 But, of all pains, the greatest pain
 It is to love, but love in vain.
 Virtue now, nor noble blood,
 Nor wit, by Love is understood;
 Gold alone does passion move,
 Gold monopolizes love;
 A curse on her, and on the man
 Who this traffic first began!
 A curse on him who found the ore!
 A curse on him who digg'd the store!
 A curse on him who did refine it!
 A curse on him who first did coin it!
 A curse, all curses else above,
 On him who us'd it first in love!
 Gold begets in brethren hate;
 Gold in families debate;
 Gold does friendships separate;
 Gold does civil wars create.
 These the smallest harms of it!
 Gold, alas! does love begot.

VIII.

THE EPICURE.

FILL the bowl with rosy wine!
 Around our temples roses twine!
 And let us cheerfully awhile,
 Like the wine and roses, smile.
 Crown'd with roses, we condemn
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.
 To-day is ours; what do we fear?
 To-day is ours; we have it here:
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wist, at least, with us to stay.
 Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
 To the Gods belongs to-morrow.

IX.

A N O T H E R.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,
 On flowery beds supinely laid,
 With odorous oils my head o'er-flowing,
 And around it roses growing.
 What should I do but drink away
 The heat and troubles of the day?
 In this more than kingly state
 Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, Love, nay, fill it up;
 And mingled cast into the cup
 Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
 Vigorous health and gay desires.
 The wheel of life no less will stay
 In a smooth than rugged way:

Since it equally doth flee,
 Let the motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious ointments shower?
 Nobler wines why do we pour?
 Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
 Upon the monuments of the dead?
 Nothing they but dust can show,
 Or bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with roses whilst I live,
 Now your wines and ointments give;
 After death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my pleasures have,
 All are Stoics in the grave.

X.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
 In happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self's thy Ganyমেদে.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants, belong to thee:
 All that summer-hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plow;
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!
 Thou dost innocently joy;
 Nor does thy luxury destroy;
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thine country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd year!
 Thine Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
 Phœbus is himself thy fire.
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect, happy thou!
 Dost neither age nor winter know;
 But, when thou 'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
 (Voluptuous, and wife withal,
 Epicurean animal!)
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

XI.

THE SWALLOW.

FOOLISH prater, what dost thou
 So early at my window do,
 With thy tuncful serenade?
 Well 't had been had Tereus made
 Thee as dumb as Philomel;
 There his knife had done but well.

In thy undiscover'd nest
 Thou dost all the winter rest,
 And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
 Free from the stormy seasons' noise:
 Free from th' ill thou 'st done to me;
 Who disturbs or seeks-out thee?
 Hadst thou all the charming notes
 Of the wood's poetic throats,
 All thy art could never pay
 What thou 'st ta'en from me away.
 Cruel bird! thou 'st ta'en away
 A dream out of my arms to-day;
 A dream, that ne'er must equal'd be
 By all that waking eyes may see.
 Thou, this damage to repair,
 Nothing half so sweet or fair,
 Nothing half so good, canst bring,
 Though men say thou bring'st the spring.

ELEGY UPON ANACREON,

WHO WAS CHOAKED BY A GRAPE-STONE.

SPOKEN BY THE GOD OF LOVE.

HOW shall I lament thine end,
 My best servant, and my friend?
 Nay, and, if from a Deity
 So much deified as I,
 It sound not too profane and odd,
 Oh, my master and my god!
 For 'tis true, most mighty poet!
 (Though I like not men should know it)
 I am in naked nature less,
 Less by much, than in thy dress.
 All thy verse is softer far
 Than the downy feathers are
 Of my wings, or of my arrows,
 Of my mother's doves or sparrows.
 Sweet as lovers' freshest kisses,
 Or their riper following blisses,
 Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
 All with Venus girdle bound;
 And thy life was all the while
 Kind and gentle as thy style.
 The smooth-pac'd hours of every day
 Glided numcrously away.
 Like thy verse each hour did pass;
 Sweet and short, like that, it was.
 Some do but their youth allow me,
 Just what they by nature owe me,
 The time that 's mine, and not their own,
 The certain tribute of my crown:
 When they grow old, they grow to be
 Too busy, or too wise, for me.
 Thou wert wiser, and didst know
 None too wise for Love can grow;
 Love was with thy life entwined,
 Close as heat with fire is join'd;
 A powerful brand preferib'd the date
 Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
 Th' antiperifall of age
 More enflam'd thy amorous rage;
 Thy silver hairs yielded me more
 Than even golden curls before.

Had I the power of creation,
 As I have of generation,
 Where I the matter must obey,
 And cannot work plate out of clay,
 My creatures should be all like thee,
 'Tis thou shouldst their idea be:
 They, like thee, should thoroughly hate
 Business, honour, title, state;
 Other wealth they should not know,
 But what my living mines bestow;
 The pomp of Kings, they should confess,
 At their crownings, to be less
 Than a lover's humblest guise,
 When at his mistress's feet he lies.
 Rumour they no more should mind
 Than men safe-landed do the wind;
 Wisdom itself they should not hear,
 When it presumes to be severe:
 Beauty alone they should admire,
 Nor look at Fortune's vain attire,
 Nor ask what parents it can shew;
 With dead or old 't has nought to do.
 They should not love yet all or any,
 But very much and very many:
 All their life should gild be
 With mirth, and wit, and gaiety;
 Well remembering and applying
 The necessity of dying.
 Their cheerful heads should always wear
 All that crowns the flowery year:
 They should always laugh, and sing,
 And dance, and strike th' harmonious string;
 Verse should from their tongue so flow,
 As if it in the mouth did grow,
 As swiftly answering their command,
 As tunes obey the artful hand.
 And whilst I do thus discover
 Th' ingredients of a happy lover,
 'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy sake
 I of the grape no mention make.
 'Till my Anacreon by thee fell,
 Cursed plant! I lov'd thee well;
 And 'twas oft my wanton use
 To dip my arrows in thy juice.
 Cursed plant! 'tis true, I see,
 Th' old report that goes of thee—
 That, with giants' blood the earth
 Stain'd and poison'd, gave thee birth;
 And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite
 On men in whom the gods delight.
 Thy patron Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,
 Was brought forth in flames and thunder;
 In rage, in quarrels and in fights,
 Worse than his tigers, he delights;
 In all our heaven I think there be
 No such ill-natur'd God as he.
 Thou pretendest, traitorous Wine!
 'To be the Muses' friend and mine:
 With love and wit thou dost begin,
 False fires, alas! to draw us in;
 Which, if our course we by them keep,
 Misguide to madness or to sleep:
 Sleep were well; thou 'ast learnt a way
 To death itself now to betray.
 It grieves me when I see what fate
 Does on the best of mankind wait.

Poets or lovers let them be,
 'Tis neither love nor poetry
 Can arm, against death's smallest dart,
 The poet's head or lover's heart;
 But when their life, in its decline,
 Touches th' inevitable line,
 All the world 's mortal to them then,
 And wine is aconite to men;
 Nay, in death's hand, the grape-stone proves
 As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS*.

CHRIST'S PASSION,

TAKEN OUT OF A GREEK ODE, WRITTEN BY
 MR. MASTERS, OF NEW-COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

ENOUGH, my Muse! of earthly things,
 And inspirations but of wind;
 Take up thy lute, and to it bind
 Loud and everlasting strings;
 And on them play, and to them sing,
 The happy mournful stories,
 The lamentable glories,
 Of the great crucified King.
 Mountainous heap of wonders! which dost rise
 Till earth thou joimest with the skies!
 Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
 To be half seen by mortal eye!
 How shall I grasp this boundless thing?
 What shall I play? what shall I sing?
 I'll sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,
 Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed
 spirits above,
 With all their comments can explain;
 How all the whole world's life to die did not
 disdain!
 I'll sing the searchless depths of the compassion
 Divine,
 The depths unfathom'd yet
 By reason's plummet and the line of wit;
 Too light the plummet, and too short the line!
 How the eternal Father did bestow
 His own eternal Son as ransom for his foe,
 I'll sing aloud, that all the world may hear
 The triumph of the buried Conqueror.
 How hell was by its prisoner captive led,
 And the great slayer, Death, slain by the dead.
 Methinks I hear of murdered men the voice,
 Mixt with the murderers' confused noise,

* These verses were not included among those which Mr. Cowley himself styled "Miscellanies;" but were classed by Bishop Sprat under the title by which they are here distinguished. N.

Sound from the top of Calvary;
 My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see
 Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three;
 Oh, how unlike the others he!
 Look, how he bends his gentle head with blessings
 from the tree!
 His gracious hands, ne'er stretch'd but to do good,
 Are nail'd to the infamous wood!
 And sinful man does fondly bind
 The arms which he extends t' embrace all human-kind.
 Unhappy man! canst thou stand by and see
 All this as patient as he?
 Since he thy sins does bear,
 Make thou his sufferings thine own
 And weep, and sigh, and groan,
 And beat thy breast, and tear
 Thy garments and thy hair,
 And let thy grief, and let thy love,
 Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
 Dost thou not see thy prince in purple clad all o'er,
 Not purple brought from the Sidonian shore,
 But made at home with richer gore?
 Dost thou not see the roses which adorn
 The thorny garland by him worn?
 Dost thou not see the livid traces
 Of the sharp scourges' rude embraces?
 If yet thou seekest not the smart
 Of thorns and scourges in thy heart;
 If that be yet not crucify'd;
 Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his side!

Open, oh! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,
 And let them call
 Their flock of moisture forth where'er it lies!
 For this will ask it all.
 'Twould all, alas! too little be,
 Though thy salt tears come from a sea.
 Canst thou deny him this, when he
 Has open'd all his vital springs for thee?
 Take heed; for by his side's mysterious flood
 May well be understood,
 That he will still require some water to his blood.

O D E

ON ORINDA'S POEMS.

WE allow'd you beauty, and we did submit
 To all the tyrannies of it;
 Ah! cruel sex, will you depose us too in wit?
 Orinda * does in that too reign;
 Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
 And cancel great Apollo's Salique law.
 We our old title plead in vain,
 Man may be head, but woman's now the brain.
 Verse was Lov's fire-arms heretofore,
 In Beauty's camp it was not known;
 Too many arms besides that conqueror bore:
 'Twas the great cannon we brought down
 T' assault a stubborn town:

* Mrs. Catharine Philips.

Ver. II.

Orinda first did a bold folly make,
 Our strongest quarter take,
 And so successful prov'd, that she
 Turn'd upon Love himself his own artillery.

Women, as if the body were their whole,
 Did that, and not the soul,
 Transmit to their posterity;
 If in it sometime they conceiv'd,
 Th' abortive issue never liv'd.
 'Twere shame and pity, Orinda, if in thee
 A spirit so rich, so noble, and so high,
 Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
 But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
 The fair and fruitful field;
 And 'tis a strange increase that it does yield,
 As, when the happy Gods above
 Meet all together at a feast,
 A secret joy unspeakable does move
 In their great mother Cybele's contented breast:
 With no less pleasure thou, methinks, should see,
 This, thy no less immortal progeny;
 And in their birth thou no one touch dost find,
 Of th' ancient curse to woman-kind:
 Thou bring'st not forth with pain;
 It neither travail is nor labour of the brain:
 So easily they from thee come,
 And there is so much room
 In th' unexhausted and unfathom'd womb,
 That, like the Holland Countess, thou may'st
 bear
 A child for every day of all the fertile year.

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my envy, raise
 If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise:
 Where'er I see an excellence,
 I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,
 Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high;
 Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as
 thine eye.
 'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all,
 Or rather 'tis angelical;
 For, as in angels, we
 Do in thy verses see
 Both improv'd sexes eminently meet;
 They are than man more strong, and more than
 woman sweet.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
 Female chimeras that o'er poets reign;
 I ne'er could find that fancy true,
 But have invoc'd them oft, I'm sure, in vain:
 They talk of Sappho; but, alas! the shame!
 Ill-manners foil the lustre of her fame;
 Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,
 That, like a lantern's fair inclosed light,
 It through the paper shines where she does write.
 Honour and friendship, and the generous scorn
 Of things for which we were not born
 (Things that can only by a fond disease,
 Like that of girls, our vicious stomachs please)
 Are the instructive subjects of her pen;
 And, as the Roman victory
 Taught our rude land arts and civility,
 At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters, men

But Rome with all her arts could ne'er inspire
 A female breast with such a fire:
 The warlike Amazonian train,
 Who in Elysium now do peaceful reign,
 And Wit's mild empire before arms prefer,
 Hope 'twill be settled in their sex by her.
 Merlin the seer (and sure he would not lye,
 In such a sacred company)
 Does prophecies of learn'd Orinda show,
 Which he had darkly spoke so long ago;
 Ev'n Boadicia's angry ghost
 Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,
 And to her injur'd daughters now does boast,
 That Rome's o'ercome at last, by a woman of
 her race.

O D E

FOR OCCASION OF A COPY OF VERSES OF MY
 LORD BROGHILL'S.

BE gone (said I) ingrateful Muse! and see
 What others thou canst fool, as well as me.
 Since I grew man, and wiser ought to be,
 My business and my hopes I left for thee:
 For thee (which was more hardly given away)
 I left, even when a boy, my play.
 But say, ingrateful mistress! say,
 What for all this, what didst thou ever pay?
 Thou'lt say, perhaps, that riches are
 Not of the growth of lands where thou dost trade,
 And I as well my country might upbraid
 Because I have no vineyard there.
 Well: but in love thou dost pretend to reign;
 There thine the power and lordship is;
 Thou bad'st me write, and write, and write again;
 'Twas such a way as could not miss.
 I, like a fool, did thee obey:
 I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain;
 For, after all my expence of wit and pain,
 A rich, unwriting hand, carried the prize away.
 Thus I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd,
 That she hath given me fame.
 Bounty immense! and that too must be try'd
 When I myself am nothing but a name.
 Who now, what reader does not strive
 T' invalidate the gift whilst we're alive?
 For, when a poet now himself doth show,
 As if he were a common foe,
 All draw upon him, all around,
 And every part of him they wound,
 Happy the man that gives the deepest blow:
 And this is all, kind Muse! to thee we owe.
 Then in rage I took,
 And out at window threw,
 Ovid and Horace, all the chiming crew;
 Homer himself went with them too;
 Hardly escap'd the sacred Mantuan book:
 I my own offspring, like Agave, tore,
 And I resolv'd, nay, and I think I swore,
 That I no more the ground would till and sow,
 Where only flowery weeds instead of corn did
 grow.

When (see the subtle ways which Fate does find,
 Rebellious man to bind!
 Just to the work for which he is assign'd)
 The Muse came in more cheerful than before,
 And bade me quarrel with her now no more:
 "Lo! thy reward! look here, and see
 "What I have made" (said she)
 "My lover and belov'd, my Broghill, do for thee!
 "Though thy own verse no lasting fame can give,
 "Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.
 "What critics, the great Hectors now in wit,
 "Who rant and challenge all men that have writ,
 "Will dare t' oppose thee, when
 "Broghill in thy defence has drawn his con-
 "quering pen?"
 I rose, and bow'd my head,
 And pardon ask'd for all that I had said:
 Well satisfy'd and proud,
 I straight resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,
 That from her service now I ne'er would part;
 So strongly large rewards work on a grateful
 heart!

Nothing so soon the drooping spirits can raise
 As praises from the men whom all men praise:
 'Tis the best cordial, and which only those
 Who have at home th' ingredients can compose;
 A cordial that restores our fainting breath,
 And keeps up life e'en after death!
 The only danger is, lest it should be
 Too strong a remedy;
 Lest, in removing cold, it should beget
 Too violent a heat;
 And into madness turn the lethargy.
 Ah! gracious God! that I might see
 A time when it were dangerous for me
 To be o'er-heat with praise!
 But I within me bear, alas! too great allays.
 'Tis said, Apelles, when he Venus drew,
 Did naked women for his pattern view,
 And with his powerful fancy did refine
 Their human shapes into a form divine;
 None who had fat could her own picture see,
 Or say, one part was drawn for me:
 So, though this nobler painter, when he writ,
 Was pleas'd to think it fit
 That my book should before him sit,
 Not as a cause, but an occasion, to his wit;
 Yet what have I to boast, or to apply
 To my advantage out of it; since I,
 Instead of my own likeness, only find
 The bright idea there of the great writer's mind?

O D E.

MR. COWLEY'S BOOK PRESENTING ITSELF TO
 THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF OXFORD.

HAIL, Learning's Pantheon! Hail, the sacred
 ark
 Where all the world of science does embark!
 Which ever shall withstand, and last so long
 withstood,
 Insatiate Time's devouring flood.

Hail, tree of knowledge! thy leaves fruit! which
well

Dost in the midst of paradise arise,
Oxford! the Muse's paradise,
From which may never sword the blest'd expel!
Hail, bank of all past ages! where they lie
T' enrich with interest posterity!

Hail, Wit's illustrious Galaxy!
Where thousand lights into one brightness spread;
Hail, living University of the dead!

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues! which e'er
The mighty linguist Fame, or Time, the mighty
traveller,

That could speak, or this could hear.
Majestic monument and pyramid!
Where still the shades of parted souls abide
Embalmd in verse; exalted souls which now
Enjoy those arts they wou'd so well below;

Which now all wonders plainly see,
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the mysterious library,
The beatific Bodley of the Deity;
Will you into your sacred throng admit
The meanest British Wit?

You, general-council of the priests of Fame,
Will you not murmur and disdain,
That I a place among you claim,
The humblest deacon of her train?

Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
The chain of ornament, which here
Your noble prisoners proudly wear;

A chain which will more pleasant seem to me
Than all my own Pindaric liberty!

Will ye to bind me with those mighty names
submit,

Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?
Whatever happy book is chained here,
No other place or people need to fear;
His chain's a passport to go every where.

As when a seat in heaven
Is to an unmalicious sinner given,
Who, casting round his wondering eye,
Does none but patriarchs and apostles there espay;

Martyrs who did their lives bestow,
And saints, who martyrs liv'd below;

With trembling and amazement he begins
To recollect his frailties past and sins;

He doubts almost his station there;
His soul says to itself, "How came I here?"

It fares no otherwise with me,
When I myself with conscious wonder see
Amidst this purify'd elected company.

With hardship they, and pain,
Did to this happiness attain:

No labour I, nor merits, can pretend;
I think predestination only was my friend.

Ah, that my author had been ty'd like me
To such a place and such a company!

Instead of several countries, several men,
And business, which the Muses hate,

He might have then improv'd that small estate
Which Nature sparingly did to him give;

He might perhaps have thriven then,
And settled upon, me, his child, somewhat to live.

'T had happier been for him, as well as me;

For when all, alas! is done,
We books, I mean, You books, will prove to be
The best and noblest conversation:

For, though some errors will get in,
Like tinctures of original sin;

Yet sure we from our fathers' wit
Draw all the strength and spirit of it,

Leaving the greater parts for conversation,
As the best blood of man's employ'd in generation.

O D E.

SITTING AND DRINKING IN THE CHAIR MADE
OUT OF THE RELICS OF SIR FRANCIS
DRAKE'S SHIP.

CHEER up, my mates, the wind does fairly
blow,

Clap on more sail, and never spare;
Farewell all lands, for now we are
In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.

Bless me, 'tis hot! another bowl of wine,
And we shall cut the burning Line:

Hey, boys! she scuds away, and by my head I
know

We round the world are sailing now.
What dull men are those that tarry at home,

When abroad they might wantonly roam,
And gain such experience, and spy too
Such countries and wonders, as I do!

But prithee, good pilot, take heed what you do,
And sail not to touch at Peru!

With gold there the vessel we'll store,
And never, and never be poor,

No, never be poor any more.

What do I mean? What thoughts do me misguide?
As well upon a staff may witches ride

Their fancy'd journeys in the air,
As I sail round the ocean in this chair!

'Tis true; but yet this chair which here
you see,

For all its quiet now, and gravity,
Has wander'd and has travel'd more

Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree,
before:

In every air and every sea 't has been,
'T has compass'd all the earth, and all the heaven

't has seen.

Let not the Pope's itself with this compare,
This is the only universal chair.

The pious wanderer's fleet, sav'd from the flame
(Which still the relics did of Troy pursue,

And took them for its due),
A squadron of immortal nymphs became:

Still with their arms they row about the seas,
And still make new and greater voyages;

Nor has the first poetic ship of Greece
(Though now a star she so triumphant show,

And guide her sailing successors below,
Bright as her ancient freight the shining fleece

Yet to this day a quiet harbour found;
The tide of heaven still carries her around.

Only Drake's sacred vessel (which before
 Had done and had seen more
 Than those have done or seen,
 Ev'n since they Goddeses and this a Star has
 been)
 As a reward for all her labour past,
 Is made the seat of rest at last.
 Let the case now quite alter'd be,
 And, as thou went'st abroad the world to see,
 Let the world now come to see thee!
 The world will do't; for curiosity
 Does, no less than devotion, pilgrims make;
 And I myself, who now love quiet too,
 As much almost as any chair can do,
 Would yet a journey take,
 An old wheel of that chariot to see,
 Which Phaeton so rashly brake:
 Yet what could that say more than these remains
 of Drake?
 Great relick! thou too, in this port of ease,
 Hast still one way of making voyages;
 The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale
 (The great trade-wind which ne'er does fail)
 Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt
 run,
 As long around it as the sun.
 The straights of Time too narrow are for thee;
 Launch forth into an undiscover'd sea,
 And steer the endless course of vast Eternity!
 Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me!

UPON THE DEATH OF
 THE EARL OF BALCARRES.

'TIS folly all, that can be said,
 By living mortals, of th' immortal dead,
 And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we
 shed. }
 'Tis as if we, who stay behind
 In expectation of the wind,
 Should pity those who pass'd this streight before,
 And touch the universal shore. }
 Ah, happy man! who art to fail no more!
 And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve
 Because our friends are newly come from sea,
 Though ne'er so fair and calm it be;
 What would all sober men believe,
 If they should hear us sighing say,
 "Balcarres, who but th' other day
 "Did all our love and our respect command;
 "At whose great parts we all amaz'd did stand;
 "Is from a storm, alas! cast suddenly on land?" }
 If you will say—Few persons upon earth
 Did, more than he, deserve to have
 A life exempt from fortune and the grave;
 Whether you look upon his birth
 And ancestors, whose fame's so widely spread—
 But ancestors, alas! who long ago are dead—
 Or whether you consider more
 The vast increase, as sure you ought,
 Of honour by his labour bought,
 And added to the former store:

All I can answer, is, That I allow
 The privilege you plead for; and avow
 That, as he well deserv'd, he doth enjoy it now. }

Though God, for great and righteous ends,
 Which his unerring Providence intends
 Erroneous mankind should not understand,
 Would not permit Balcarres' hand,
 (That once with so much industry and art
 Had clos'd the gaping wounds of every part)
 To perfect his distracted nation's cure,
 Or stop the fatal bondage 'twas t' endure;
 Yet for his pains he soon did him remove,
 From all th' oppression and the woe
 Of his frail body's native soil below,
 To his soul's true and peaceful country above:
 So Godlike kings, for secret causes known
 Sometimes, but to themselves alone,
 One of their ablest ministers elect,
 And sent abroad to treaties, which they' intend
 Shall never take effect;
 But though the treaty wants a happy end,
 The happy agent wants not the reward,
 For which he labour'd faithfully and hard;
 His just and righteous master calls him home,
 And gives him, near himself, some honourable
 room.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
 To save his country, and restore his king;
 And, whilst the manly half of him (which
 those
 Who know not Love, to be the whole suppose)
 Perform'd all parts of virtue's vigorous life;
 The beautiful half, his lovely wife,
 Did all his labours and his cares divide;
 Nor was a lame nor paralytic side:
 In all the turns of human state,
 And all th' unjust attacks of Fate,
 She bore her share and portion still,
 And would not suffer any to be ill.
 Unfortunate for ever let me be,
 If I believe that such was he,
 Whom, in the storms of bad success,
 And all that Error calls unhappiness,
 His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accompany

With these companions 'twas not strange
 That nothing could his temper change.
 His own and country's union had not weight
 Enough to crush his mighty mind!
 He saw around the hurricanes of state,
 Fixt as an island 'gainst the waves and wind,
 Thus far the greedy sea may reach;
 All outward things are but the beach;
 A great man's soul it doth assault in vain!
 Their God himself the ocean doth restrain
 With an imperceptible chain,
 And bid it to go back again.
 His wisdom, justice, and his piety,
 His courage both to suffer and to die,
 His virtues, and his lady too,
 Were things celestial. And we see,
 In spite of quarrelling philosophy,
 How in this case 'tis certain found,
 That Heav'n stands still, and only earth goes
 round.

O D E.

UPON DR. HARVEY.

COY Nature (which remain'd, though aged grown,
A beauteous virgin still, enjoy'd by none,
Nor seen unvail'd by any one)
When Harvey's violent passion she did see,
Began to tremble and to flee;
Took sanctuary, like Daphne, in a tree:
There Daphne's lover stop'd, and thought it much
The very leaves of her to touch:
But Harvey, our Apollo, stop'd not so;
Into the bark and root he after her did go!
No smallest fibres of a plant,
For which the eye-beams' point doth sharpness want,
His passage after her withstood.
What should she do? through all the moving wood
Of lives endow'd with sense she took her flight;
Harvey pursues, and keeps her still in sight.
But, as the deer, long-hunted, takes a flood,
She leap'd at last into the winding streams of blood;
Of man's meander all the purple reaches made,
Till at the heart she stay'd;
Where turning head, and at a bay,
Thus by well-purged ears was she o'erheard to say:

"Here sure shall I be safe" (said she)
"None will be able sure to see
"This my retreat, but only He
"Who made both it and me.
"The heart of man what art can e'er reveal?
"A wall impervious between
"Divides the very parts within,
"And doth the heart of man ev'n from itself conceal."

She spoke: but, ere she was aware,
Harvey was with her there;
And held this slippery Proteus in a chain,
Till all her mighty mysteries he deserv'd;
Which from his wit th' attempt before to hide
Was the first thing that Nature did in vain.

He the young practice of new life did see,
Whilst, to conceal its toilsome poverty,
It for a living wrought, both hard and privately.
Before the liver understood
The noble scarlet dye of blood;
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it, to set up the trade;
Before the untaught heart began to beat
The tuneful march to vital heat;
From all the souls that living buildings rear,
Whether imply'd for earth, or sea, or air;
Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought;
A strict account to him is hourly brought
How the great fabric does proceed,
What time, and what materials, it does need:

He so exactly does the work survey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

Thus Harvey sought for Truth in Truth's own book,
The creatures—which by God himself was writ;

And wisely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read comments only upon it,
But on th' original itself to look.
Methinks in Art's great circle others stand
Lock'd-up together, hand in hand;
Every one leads as he is led;
The same bare path they tread,
And dance, like fairies, a fantastic round,
But neither change their motion nor their ground.
Had Harvey to this road confined his wit,
His noble circle of the blood had been untrod-
den yet.

Great Doctor! th' art of curing's cur'd by thee,
We now thy patient, Physic, see
From all inveterate diseases free,
Purg'd of old errors by thy care,
New dieted, put forth to clearer air;
It now will strong and healthful prove;
Itself before lethargic lay, and could not move!
These useful secrets to his pen we owe!
And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow;
Of which a barbarous war's unlearned rage
Has robb'd the ruin'd age:
O cruel loss! as if the golden fleece,
With so much cost and labour bought,
And from afar by a great hero brought,
Had sunk ev'n in the ports of Greece.
O cursed war! who can forgive thee this?
Houses and towns may rise again;
And ten times easier 'tis

To rebuild Paul's, than any work of his:
That mighty task none but himself can do,
Nay, scarce himself too, now;
For, though his wit the force of age withstand,
His body, alas! and time, it must command;
And Nature now, so long by him surpass'd,
Will sure have her revenge on him at last.

ODE FROM CATULLUS.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breast
(Meaning nothing less than rest)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd Septimius said:

My dearest Acme, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee
With a passion far above
All that e'er was called love:
In a Libyan desert may
I become some lion's prey;
Let him, Acme, let him tear
My breast, when Acme is not there.

The God of Love, who stood to hear him
(The God of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickled with the sound,
Sneez'd aloud; and all around
The little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and blest the augury.

Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending head;
And, her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
She kiss'd his drunken rolling eyes.

My little life, my all! (said she)
So may we ever servants be
To this best God, and ne'er retain
Our hated liberty again!
So may thy passion last for me,
As I a passion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee a man!
Into my marrow is it gone,
Fast and settled in the bone;
It reigns not only in my heart,
But runs, like life, through every part.
He spoke; the God of Love aloud
Reez'd again; and all the crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and blest the augury.

This good omen thus from heaven
Like a happy signal given,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
A poor Septimius (who did now
Nothing else but Acme grow)
In Acme's bosom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne;
And to faithful Acme's mind
Septimius was all human-kind.

The Gods would please to be
It advis'd for once by me,
Advise them, when they spy
My illustrious piety,
Reward her, if it be she—
Reward him, if it be he—
In such a husband, such a wife;
In Acme's and Septimius' life.

O D E

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION AND
RETURN.

*Quod optanti divum promittere nemo
deret, voluenda dies, en, attulit ultro.*—VIRG.

OW blessings on you all, ye peaceful stars,
Which meet at last so kindly, and dispense
A universal gentle influence
O'er the stormy world, and still the rage of
wars!
Nor, whilst around the continent
Potentary beams ye sent,
Did your pacific lights disdain
In their large treaty to contain
The world apart, o'er which do reign
Seven fair brethren of great Charles's-wain;
For amongst ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous assistance give,

As that which, thirty years ago,
At * Charles's birth, did, in despite
Of the proud sun's meridian light,
His future glories and this year foreshow.
No less effects than these we may
Be assur'd of from that powerful ray,
Which could out-face the sun, and overcome the
day.

Auspicious star! again arise,
And take thy noon-tide station in the skies,
Again all heaven prodigiously adorn;
For lo! thy Charles again is born.
He then was born with and to pain;
With and to joy he's born again.
And, wisely for this second birth,
By which thou certain wert to bless
The land with full and flourishing happiness,
Thou mad'st of that fair month thy choice,
In which heaven, air, and sea, and earth,
And all that's in them, all, does smile and does
rejoice.

'Twas a right season; and the very ground
Ought with a face of paradise to be found,
Then, when we were to entertain
Felicity and innocence again.

Shall we again (good Heaven!) that blessed pair
Behold,
Which the abused people fondly fold
For the bright fruit of the forbidden tree,
By seeking all like Gods to be?
Will Peace her hazyon nest venture to build
Upon a shore with shipwrecks fill'd,
And trust that sea, where she can hardly stay
She 'as known these twenty years one calmy
day?

Ah! mild and gall-less dove,
Which dost the pure and candid dwellings love,
Canst thou in Albion still delight?
Still canst thou think it white?

Will ever fair Religion appear
In these deformed ruins? will she clear
Th' Augean stables of her churches here?

Will Justice hazard to be seen
Where a High Court of Justice e'er has been?
Will not the tragic scene,
And Bradshaw's bloody ghost, affright her there,
Her, who shall never fear?

Then may Whitehall for Charles's seat be fit,
If Justice shall endure at Westminster to sit.

Of all, methinks we least should see
The cheerful looks again of Liberty.
That name of Cromwell, which does freshly still
The curses of so many sufferers fill,
Is still enough to make her stay,
And jealous for a while remain
Lest, as a tempest carried him away,
Some hurricane should bring him back again.

* The star that appeared at noon, the day of the
king's birth, just as the king his father was riding
to St. Paul's, to give thanks to God for that
blessing.

Or, she might justlier be afraid
Lest that great serpent, which was all a tail
(And in his poisonous folds whole nations pri-
soners made)

Should a third time perhaps prevail
To join again and with worse sting arise,
As it had done when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye sacred Four!
And dread your perish'd enemies no more.
Your fears are causeless all, and vain,
Whilst you return in Charles's train;
For God does him, that he might you, restore,
Nor shall the world him only call
Defender of the faith, but of you all.

Along with you plenty and riches go,
With a full tide to every port they flow,
With a warm fruitful wind o'er all the country
blow.

Honour does as ye march her trumpet sound,
The Arts encompass you around,
And, against all alarms of Fear,
Safety itself brings up the rear;
And, in the head of this angelic band,
Lo! how the goodly Prince at last does stand
(O righteous God!) on his own happy land:
'Tis happy now, which could with so much ease
Recover from so desperate a disease;

A various complicated ill,
Whose every symptom was enough to kill;
In which one part of three frenzy posselt,
And lethargy the rest:
'Tis happy, which no bleeding does endure,
A surfeit of such blood to cure:
'Tis happy, which beholds the flame
In which by hostile hands it ought to burn,
Or that which, if from Heaven it came,
It did but well deserve, all into bonfire turn.
We fear'd (and almost touch'd the black degree
Of instant expectation)

That the three dreadful angels we,
Of famine, sword, and plague, should here esta-
blish'd see

(God's great triumvirate of desolation!)
To scourge and to destroy the sinful nation.
Justly might Heaven Protectors such as those,
And such Committees for their Safety, impose
Upon a land which scarcely better chose.

We fear'd that the Fanatic war,
Which men against God's houses did declare,
Would from th' Almighty enemy bring down
A sure destruction on our own.

We read th' instructive histories which tell
Of all those endless mischiefs that befall
The sacred town which God had lov'd so well,
After that fatal curse had once been said,
"His blood be upon ours and on our children's
head."

We know, though there a greater blood was
spilt,

'Twas scarcely done with greater guilt.
We know those miseries did befall
Whilst they rebell'd against that Prince, whom
all

The rest of mankind did the love and joy of man-
kind call.

Already was the shaken nation
Into a wild and deform'd chaos brought,
And it was hasting on (we thought)
Even to the last of ills—annihilation:
When, in the midst of this confus'd night,
Lo! the blest Spirit mov'd, and there was light;
For, in the glorious General's previous ray,
We saw a new created day:
We by it saw, though yet in mists it shone,
The beauteous work of Order moving on.
Where are the men who bragg'd that God did
bless,

And with the marks of good success
Sign his allowance of their wickedness?
Vain men! who thought the Divine Power to
find

In the fierce thunder and the violent wind:
God came not till the storm was past;
In the still voice of Peace he came at last!
The cruel business of destruction
May by the claws of the great fiend be done:
Here, here we see th' Almighty's hand indeed,
Both by the beauty of the work we see 't, and by
the speed.

He who had seen the noble British heir,
Even in that ill, disadvantageous light
With which misfortune strivest' abuse our sight—
He who had seen him in his cloud so bright—
He who had seen the double pair
Of brothers, heavenly good! and sisters, heavenly
fair!—

Might have perceiv'd, methinks, 'with ease
(But wicked men see only what they please)
That God had no intent t' extinguish quite
The pious king's eclipsed right.

He who had seen how by the Power Divine
All the young branches of this royal line
Did in their fire, without consuming, shine—
How through a rough Red sea they had been led,
By wonders guarded, and by wonders fed—
How many years of trouble and distress
They'd wander'd in their fatal wilderness,
And yet did never murmur or repine;—

Might, methinks, plainly understand,
That, after all these conquer'd trials past,
Th' Almighty mercy would at last
Conduct them with a strong unerring hand
To their own Promis'd Land:
For all the glories of the earth
Ought to be entail'd by right of birth;
And all Heaven's blessings to come down
Upon his race, to whom alone was given
The double royalty of earth and heaven;
Who crown'd the kingly with the martyrs'
crown.

The martyrs' blood was said of old to be
The seed from whence the Church did grow,
The royal blood which dying Charles did sow
Becomes no less the seed of royalty:
'Twas in dishonour sown;
We find it now in glory grown,
The grave could but the dross of it devour;
" 'Twas sown in weakness, and 'tis rais'd in
" power,"

We now the question well decided see,
Which eastern Wits did once contest,
At the great Monarch's feast,
"Of all on earth what things the strongest be?"
And some for women, some for wine, did plead;
That is, for Folly and for Rage,
Two things which we have known indeed
Strong in this latter age;
But, as 'tis prov'd by Heaven, at length,
The King and Truth have greatest strength,
When they their sacred force unite,
And twine into one right:
No frantic commonwealths or tyrannies;
No cheats, and perjuries, and lyes;
No nets of human policies;
No stores of arms or gold (though you could join
Those of Peru to the great London mine);
No towns; no fleets by sea, or troops by land;
No deeply-entrench'd islands, can withstand,
Or any small resistance bring
Against the naked Truth and the unarmed King.

The foolish lights which travellers beguile
End the same night when they begin;
No art so far can upon nature win
As e'er to put-out stars, or long keep meteors in. }
Where's now that *Ignis fatuus*, which ere-while
Misled our wandering ill? }
Where's the impostor Cromwell gone?
Where's now that Falling-star, his son?
Where's the large Comet now, whose raging
flame
So fatal to our monarchy became;
Which o'er our heads in such proud horror stood,
Insatiate with our ruin and our blood?
The fiery tail did to vast length extend;
And twice for want of fuel did expire,
And twice renew'd the dismal fire:
Though long the tail, we saw at last its end.
The flames of one triumphant day,
Which, like an anti-comet here,
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away:
Then did th' allotted hour of dawning right
First strike our ravish'd sight;
Which malice or which art no more could stay,
Than witches' charms can a retardment bring
To the resurrection of the day,
Or resurrection of the spring.
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Else the preceding winter, and the night!

Man ought his future happiness to fear,
If he be always happy here—
He wants the bleeding marks of grace,
The circumcision of the chosen race.
If no one part of him supplies
The duty of a sacrifice,
He is, we doubt, reserv'd intire
As a whole victim for the fire.
Besides, ev'n in this world below,
To those who never did ill-fortune know, }
The good does nauseous or insipid grow. }
Consider man's whole life, and you'll confess }
The sharp ingredient of some bad success }
Is that which gives the taste to all his happiness. }

But the true method of felicity
Is, when the worst
Of human life is plac'd the first,
And when the child's correction proves to be
The cause of perfecting the man:
Let our weak days lead up the van;
Let the brave Second and Triarian band
Firm against all impression stand:
The first we may defeated see;
The virtue of the force of these are sure of Victory.

Such are the years, great Charles! which now
we see
Begin their glorious march with thee:
Long may their march to heaven, and still tri-
umphant, be!

Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill-fortune never shall o'ertake thee more.
To see 't again, and pleasure in it find,
Cast a disdainful look behind;
Things which offend when present, and affright,
In memory well-painted move delight.

Enjoy then all thy afflictions now—
Thy royal father's came at last:
Thy martyrdom's already past:
And different crowns to both ye owe.
No gold did e'er the kingly temples bind,
Than thine more try'd and more refin'd.
As a choice medal for Heaven's treasury
God did stamp first upon one side of thee }
The image of his suffering humanity:
On th' other side, turn'd now to sight, does shine
The glorious image of his power divine!

So, when the wisest poets seek
In all their liveliest colours to set forth
A picture of heroic worth
(The pious Trojan or the prudent Greek);
They chuse some comely prince of heavenly birth
(No proud gigantic son of earth,
Who strives t' usurp the gods' forbidden seat);
They feed him not with nectar, and the meat
That cannot without joy be eat;
But in the cold of want, and storms of adverse
chance,
They harden his young virtue by degrees.
The beauteous drop first into ice does freeze,
And into solid crystal next advance.
His murder'd friends and kindred he does see,
And from his flaming country flee:
Much is he tost at sea, and much at land;
Does long the force of angry gods withstand:
He does long troubles and long wars sustain.
Ere he his fatal birth-right gain.
With no less time or labour can
Destiny build up such a man,
Who's with sufficient virtue fill'd
His ruin'd country to rebuild.
Nor without cause are arms from Heaven,
To such a hero by the poets given:
No human metal is of force t' oppose
So many and so violent blows.
Such was the helmet, breast-plate, shield,
Which Charles in all attacks did wield:
And all the weapons malice e'er could try,
Of all the several makes of wicked policy,

Against this armour struck, but at the stroke,
 Like swords of ice, in thousand pieces broke.
 To angels and their brethren spirits above,
 No show on earth can sure so pleasant prove,
 As when they great misfortunes see
 With courage borne, and decency.
 So were they borne when Worcester's dismal day
 Did all the terrors of black Fate display!
 So were they borne when no disguises' cloud
 His inward royalty could shroud;
 And one of th' angels whom just God did send
 To guard him in his noble flight
 (A troop of angels did him then attend!)
 Assur'd me in a vision th' other night,
 That he (and who could better judge than he?)
 Did then more greatness in him see,
 More lustre and more majesty,
 Than all his coronation-pomp can shew to human eye.

Him and his royal brothers when I saw
 New marks of honour and of glory
 From their affronts and sufferings draw,
 And look like heavenly saints e'en in their purgatory;
 Methoughts I saw the three Judean Youths
 (Three unhurt martyrs for the noblest truths!)
 In the Chaldean furnace walk;
 How cheerfully and unconcern'd they talk!
 No hair is sing'd, no finest beauty blasted!
 Like painted lamps they shine unwaisted!
 The greedy fire itself dares not be fed
 With the blest oil of an anointed head.
 The honourable flame
 (Which rather light we ought to name)
 Does like a glory compass them around,
 And their whole body's crown'd.
 What are those two bright creatures which
 we see
 Walk with the royal Three
 In the same ordeal fire,
 And mutual joys inspire?
 Sure they the beauteous sisters are,
 Who, whilst they seek to bear their share,
 Will suffer no affliction to be there!
 Less favour to those Three of old was shown,
 To solace with their company
 The fiery trials of adversity!
 Two Angels join with these, the others had but one.

Come forth, come forth, ye men of God belov'd!
 And let the power now of that flame,
 Which against you so impotent became,
 On all your enemies be prov'd.
 Come, mighty Charles! desire of nations! come;
 Come, you triumphant exile; home.
 He's come, he's safe at shore; I hear the noise
 Of a whole land which does at once rejoice,
 I hear th' united people's sacred voice. }
 The sea, which circles us around,
 Ne'er sent to land so loud a sound;
 The mighty shout sends to the sea a gale,
 And swells up every sail:
 The bells and guns are scarcely heard at all;
 The artificial joy's drown'd by the natural.

VOL. II.

All England but one bonfire seems to be,
 One Ætna shooting flames into the sea:
 The starry worlds, which shine to us afar,
 Take ours at this time for a star.
 With wine all rooms, with wine the conduits,
 flow;
 And we, the priests of a poetic rage,
 Wonder that in this golden age
 The rivers too should not do so.
 There is no Stoic, sure, who would not now
 Ev'n some excess allow;
 And grant that one wild fit of cheerful folly
 Should end our twenty years of dismal melancholy.

Where's now the royal mother, where,
 To take her mighty share
 In this so ravishing fight
 And, with the part she takes, to add to the delight?
 Ah! why art thou not here,
 Thou always best, and now the happiest Queen!
 To see our joy, and with new joy be seen?
 God has a bright example made of thee,
 To shew that woman-kind may be
 Above that sex which her superior seems,
 In wisely managing the wide extremes
 Of great affliction, great felicity.
 How well those different virtues thee become,
 Daughter of triumphs, wife of martyrdom!
 Thy princely mind with so much courage bore
 Affliction, that it dares return no more;
 With so much goodness us'd felicity
 That it cannot refrain from coming back to thee; }
 'Tis come, and seen to-day in all its bravery!

Who's that heroic person leads it on,
 And gives it like a glorious bride
 (Richly adorn'd with nuptial pride)
 Into the hands now of thy son?
 'Tis the good General, the man of praise,
 Whom God at last, in gracious pity,
 Did to th' enthralled nation raise,
 Their great Zerubbabel to be;
 To loose the bonds of long captivity,
 And to rebuild their temple and their city!
 For ever blest may he and his remain.
 Who, with a vast, though less-appearing, gain,
 Prefer'd the solid Great above the Vain,
 And to the world this princely truth has shown—
 That more 'tis to restore, than to usurp a crown!
 Thou worthiest person of the British story!
 (Though 'tis not small the British glory)
 Did I not know my humble verse must be
 But ill-proportion'd to the height of thee,
 Thou and the world should see
 How much my Muse, the foe of flattery,
 Does make true praise her labour and design;
 An Iliad or an Æneid should be thine.

And ill should we deserve this happy day,
 If no acknowledgments we pay
 To you, great patriots of the two
 Most truly Other Houses now;
 Who have redeem'd from hatred and from shame
 A Parliament's once venerable name;
 And now the tide of a House restore,
 To that which was but Slaughter-house before.

H

If my advice, ye worthies! might be ta'en,
 Within those reverend places,
 Which now your living presence graces,
 Your marble-statues always should remain,
 To keep alive your useful memory,
 And to your successors th' example be
 Of truth, religion, reason, loyalty:
 For, though a firmly-settled peace
 May shortly make your public labours cease,
 The grateful nation will with joy consent
 That in this sense you should be said,
 (Though yet the name sounds with some
 dread)
 To be the Long, the Endless, Parliament.

ON THE QUEEN'S REPAIRING SOMERSET-HOUSE.

WHEN God (the cause to me and men un-
 known)
 Forsook the royal houses, and his own,
 And both abandon'd to the common foe;
 How near to ruin did my glories go!
 Nothing remain'd t' adorn this princely place
 Which covetous hands could take, or rude deface.
 In all my rooms and galleries I found
 The richest figures torn, and all around
 Dismember'd statues of great heroes lay;
 Such Naseby's field seem'd on the fatal day!
 And me, when nought for robbery was left,
 They starv'd to death: the gasping walls were cleft,
 The pillars sunk, the roofs above me wept,
 No sign of spring, or joy, my garden kept;
 Nothing was seen which could content the eye,
 Till dead the impious tyrant here did lie.
 See how my face is chang'd! and what I am
 Since my true mistress, and now foundress, came!
 It does not fill her bounty to restore
 Me as I was (nor was I small before):
 She imitates the kindness to her shewn;
 She does, like Heaven (which the dejected throne
 At once restores, fixes, and higher rears)
 Strengthen, enlarge, exalt, what she repairs.
 And now I dare (though proud I must not be,
 Whilst my great mistress I so humbly see
 In all her various glories) now I dare
 Ev'n with the proudest palaces compare.
 My beauty and convenience will, I'm sure,
 So just a boast with modesty endure;
 And all must to me yield, when I shall tell
 How I am plac'd, and who does in me dwell.
 Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
 Which still with waves of crowding people flows;
 And every day there passes by my side,
 Up to its western reach, the London tide,
 The spring-tides of the term: my front looks
 down
 On all the pride and business of the town;
 My other front (for, as in kings we see
 The liveliest image of the Deity,
 We in their houses should heaven's likeness find,
 Where nothing can be said to be behind)
 My other fair and more majestic face
 (Who can the fair to more advantage place?)

For ever gazes on itself below,
 In the best mirror that the world can show.
 And here behold, in a long bending row,
 How two joint-cities make one glorious bow!
 The midst, the noblest place, possess'd by me,
 Best to be seen by all, and all o'ersee!
 Which way foe'er I turn my joyful eye,
 Here the great court, there the rich town, I spy;
 On either side dwells safety and delight;
 Wealth on the left, and power upon the right.
 T' assure yet my defence, on either hand,
 Like mighty forts, in equal distance stand
 Two of the best and stateliest piles which e'er
 Man's liberal piety of old did rear;
 Where the two princes of th' Apostles' band,
 My neighbours and my guards, watch and com-
 mand.

My warlike guard of ships, which farther lie,
 Might be my object too, were not the eye
 Stopt by the houses of that wondrous street
 Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet.
 The stream's eternal siege they fix abide,
 And the swollen stream's auxiliary tide,
 Though both their ruin with joint power conspire;
 Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but fire.
 And here my Thames, though it more gentle be
 Than any flood so strengthen'd by the sea,
 Finding by art his natural forces broke,
 And bearing, captive-like, the arch'd yoke,
 Does roar, and foam, and rage, at the disgrace,
 But re-composes strait, and calms his face;
 Is into reverence and submission strook,
 As soon as from afar he does but look
 Tow'rd's the white palace, where that king does
 reign

Who lays his laws and bridges o'er the main.

Amidst these louder honours of my seat,
 And two vast cities, troublefomely great,
 In a large various plain the country too
 Opens her gentler blessings to my view:
 In me the active and the quiet mind,
 By different ways, equal content may find.
 If any prouder virtuoso's sense
 At that part of my prospect take offence,
 By which the meaner cabbins are descri'd,
 Of my imperial river's humbler side—
 If they call that a blemish—let them know,
 God, and my godlike mistress think not so;
 For the distress'd and the afflicted lie
 Most in their care, and always in their eye.

And thou, fair river! who still pay'st to me
 Just homage, in thy passage to the sea,
 Take here this one instruction as thou go'st—
 When thy mixt waves shall visit every coast,
 When round the world their voyage they shall
 make,
 And back to thee some secret channels take;
 Ask them what nobler sight they e'er did meet,
 Except thy mighty master's sovereign fleet,
 Which now triumphant o'er the main does ride,
 The terror of all lands, the ocean's pride.
 From hence his kingdoms, happy now at last,
 (Happy, if wise by their misfortunes past!)
 From hence may omens take of that success
 Which both their future wars and peace shall
 bless.

The peaceful mother on mild Thames does build;
With her son's fabrics the rough sea is fill'd.

THE COMPLAINT.

IN a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,
Mixt with the mourning willow's careful grey,
Where reverend Cham cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay:
And lo! a Muse appear'd to 's closed sight,
(The Muses oft in lands of vision play)
Body'd, array'd, and seen, by an internal light.
A golden harp with silver strings she bore;
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
In which all colours and all figures were,
That nature or that fancy can create,
That art can never imitate;
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair Ismenus' stream,
Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on
her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from
the ground;
The shaken strings melodiously resound.
"Art thou return'd at last," said she,
"To this forsaken place and me?
"Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste
"Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
"Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,
"And gather husks of learning up at last,
"Now the rich harvest time of life is past,
"And winter marches on so fast?
"But, when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
"And did as learn'd a portion assign,
"As ever any of the mighty Nine
"Had to their dearest children done;
"When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed name,
"Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
"Thou changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise
"and show,
"Would'st into courts and cities from me go;
"Would'st see the world abroad, and have a share
"In all the follies and the tumults there:
"Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in a state,
"And business thou would'st find, and would'st
"create:
"Business! the frivolous pretence
"Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
"Business! the grave impertinence;
"Business! the thing which I of all things hate;
"Business! the contradiction of thy fate.
"Go, renegade! cast up thy account
"And see to what amount
"Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
"The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
"The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.

"Thou thought'st, if once the public storm
"were past,
"All thy remaining life should sun-shine be:
"Behold! the public storm is spent at last,
"The sovereign's tost at sea no more,
"And thou, with all the noble company,
"Art got at last to shore,
"But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see
"All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,
"Thou still alone, alas! does gaping stand
"Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand!
"As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
"After a tedious stormy night,
"Such was the glorious entry of our king;
"Enriching moisture drop'd on every thing;
"Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light!
"But then, alas! to thee alone,
"One of old Gideon's miracles was shown;
"For every tree and every herb around
"With pearly dew was crown'd,
"And upon all the quicken'd ground
"The fruitful seed of heaven did brooding lie,
"And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
"It did all other threats surpass,
"When God to his own people said
"(The men whom through long wanderings he
"led)
"That he would give them ev'n a heaven
"of brass:
"They look'd up to that heaven in vain,
"That bounteous heaven, which God did not
"restrain
"Upon the naked unjust to shine and rain.
"The Rachel, for which twice seven years and
"more
"Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
"And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
"Though she contracted was to thee,
"Given to another who had store
"Of fairer and of richer wives before,
"And not a Leah left, thy recompence to be!
"Go on; twice seven years more thy fortune try;
"Twice seven years more God in his bounty may
"Give thee, to sling away
"Into the court's deceitful lottery:
"But think how likely 'tis that thou,
"With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
"Should'st in a hard and barren season thrive,
"Should even able be to live;
"Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,
"In the miraculous year when manna rain'd on all.
Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley said—
"Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid
"The ills which thou thyself hast made?
"When in the cradle innocent I lay,
"Thou, wicked spirit! stolest me away,
"And my abused soul didst bear
"Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
"Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever since I strive in vain
"My ravish'd freedom to regain;

" Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
 " Lo! still in verse against thee I complain.
 " There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
 " Which, if the earth but once, it ever, breeds;
 " No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
 " No useful plant can keep alive:
 " The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
 " Make all my art and labour fruitless now;
 " Where once such fairies dance, no grafs doth
 " ever grow.

" When my new mind had no infusion known,
 " Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
 " That ever since I vainly try
 " To wash away th' inherent dye:
 " Long work perhaps may spoil thy colours quite,
 " But never will reduce the native white:
 " To all the ports of honour and of gain,
 " I often steer my course in vain;
 " Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back
 " again.

" Thou slack'nest all my nerves of industry,
 " The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
 " Whoever this world's happiness would see,
 " Must as entirely cast-off thee,
 " As they who only heaven desire
 " Do from the world retire.

" This was my error, this my gross mistake,
 " Myself a demy-votary to make.
 " Thus, with Sapphira and her husband's fate
 " (A fault which I, like them, am taught too late),
 " For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
 " And perish for the part which I retain.

" Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
 " The court, and better king, t' accuse:
 " The heaven under which I live is fair,
 " The fertile soil will a full harvest bear:
 " Thine, thine is all the barrenness; if thou
 " Mak'st me fit still and sing, when I should
 plough.

" When I but think how many a tedious year
 " Our patient sovereign did attend
 " His long misfortunes' fatal end;
 " How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
 " On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend;
 " I ought to be accus'd, if I refuse
 " To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
 " Kings have long hands, they say; and, though
 " I be
 " So distant, they may reach at length to me.
 " However, of all princes, thou
 " Should'st not reproach rewards for being small
 " or slow;
 " Thou! who rewardest but with popular breath
 " And that too after death."

ON COLONEL TUKE'S TRAGI-COMEDY,
THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

AS when our kings (lords of the spacious main)
 Take in just wars a rich plate-fleet of Spain,
 The rude unshapen ingots they reduce
 Into a form of beauty and of use;

On which the conqueror's image now does shine,
 Not his whom it belong'd to in the mine:
 So, in the mild contentions of the Muse
 (The war which Peace itself loves and pursues)
 So have you home to us in triumph brought
 This Cargazon of Spain with treasures fraught.
 You have not basely gotten it by stealth.
 Nor by translation borrow'd all its wealth;
 But by a powerful spirit made it your own;
 Metal before, money by you 'tis grown.
 'Tis current now, by your adorning it
 With the fair stamp of your victorious wit.

But, though we praise this voyage of your mind,
 And though ourselves enrich'd by it we find;
 We're not contented yet, because we know
 What greater stores at home within it grow.
 We've seen how well you foreign ores refine;
 Produce the gold of your own nobler mine:
 The world shall then our native plenty view,
 And fetch materials for their wit from you;
 They all shall watch the travails of your pen,
 And Spain on you shall make reprisals then.

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. KATHARINE PHILIPS.

CRUEL Disease! ah, could not it suffice
 Thy old and constant spite to exercise
 Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
 Which still thy depredations most do vex?

Where still thy malice most of all
 (Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall?
 And in them most assault the fairest place,
 The throne of empress Beauty, ev'n the face?
 There was enough of that here to assuage,
 (One would have thought) either thy lust or rage.
 Was't not enough, when thou, prophane Disease!
 Didst on this glorious temple seize?

Was't not enough, like a wild zealot, there,
 All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
 Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images?
 Was't not enough thus rudely to defile,
 But thou must quite destroy, the goodly pile?
 And thy unbounded sacrilege commit
 On th' inward holiest holy of her wit?
 Cruel Disease! there thou mistook'st thy power;

No mine of death can that devour;
 On her embalmed name it will abide
 An everlasting pyramid,
 As high as heaven the top, as earth the basis
 wide.

All ages past record, all countries now
 In various kinds such equal beauties show,
 That ev'n judge Paris would not know
 On whom the golden apple to bestow;
 Though Goddesses t' his sentence did submit,
 Women and lovers would appeal from it:
 Nor durst he say, of all the female race,
 'Tis this the sovereign face.

And some (though these be of a kind that's rare,
 That's much, ah, much less frequent than the
 fair)
 So equally renown'd for virtue are,

That it the mother of the Gods might pose,
When the best woman for her guide she chose.

But if Apollo should design
A woman Laureat to make,
Without dispute he would Orinda take,
Though Sappho and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.

To be a princess, or a queen,
Is great; but 'tis a greatness always seen:
The world did never but two women know,
Who, one by fraud, the other by wit, did rise
To the two tops of spiritual dignities;
One female pope of old, one female poet now.

Of female poets, who had names of old,
Nothing is shown, but only told,
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-flattery only, and male-poetry.
Few minutes did their beauty's lightning waste,
The thunder of their voice did longer last,

But that too soon was past.
The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit
In her own lasting characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them survive,
Though long perhaps, too, that may live.

The trade of glory, manag'd by the pen,
Though great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but small profit to us men;

'Tis, by the number of the sharers, drown'd.
Orinda, on the female coasts of Fame,
Ingrosses all the goods of a poetic name;
She does no partner with her fee;
Does all the business there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

But wit's like a luxuriant vine;
Unless to virtue's prop it join,
Firm and erect towards heaven bound;
Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant
fruit be crown'd,

It lies, deform'd and rotting, on the ground.
Now shame and blushes on us all,
Who our own sex superior call!

Orinda does our boasting sex out-do,
Not in wit only, but in virtue too:
She does above our best examples rise,
In hate of vice and scorn of vanities.

Never did spirit of the manly make,
And dip'd all o'er in Learning's sacred lake,
A temper more invulnerable take.

No violent passion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodness of her mind:
Through walls of stone those furious bullets may
Force their impetuous way;

When her soft breast they hit, powerlefs and dead
they lay!

The fame of Friendship, which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious names of old,
Till hoarse and weary with the tale she grew,

Rejoices now t' have got a new,
A new and more surprizing story,
Of fair Lucasia's and Orinda's glory.

As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in some foreign country he must live,
The language and the manners he does strive

To understand and practice here,
That he may come no stranger there;
So well Orinda did herself prepare,
In this much different clime, for her remove
To the glad world of Poetry and Love.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

FIRST-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old negro's darksome womb!
Which, when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mists put on kind looks and smiles;

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth
make love!

Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy husband Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bride-
groom he!

Say from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
From thy great fire they came, thy fire the Word
Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
That so much cost in colour thou,
And skill in painting, dost bestow,
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finish'd when begun;
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal
spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
Thy sun's gilt tents for ever move,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Asham'd, and fearful to appear,
They shren their horrid shapes with the black
hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm:
At the first opening of thine eye
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscene beasts,
Creep, conscious, to their secret nests:

Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill omens and ill fighs removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings and rouse his head:
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
Thy sun-shine melts away his cold.
Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
Blushes, if thou be'st in the place,
To Darknefs' curtains he retires;
In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts, and monster-spirits, that did presume
A body's privilege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin-lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands:
On the fair tulip thou dost doat;
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

With flame condens'd thou do'st thy jewels fix,
And solid colours in it mix:
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand
withhold,
And be less liberal to gold!
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man relieve!

To me the sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are:
But few, ah! wondrous few, there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess! ev'n to thee.

Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But, where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows;
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In th' empyrean heaven does stay.
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

TO THE

ROYAL SOCIETY.

PHILOSOPHY, the great and only heir
Of all that human knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,

Though full of years he do appear
(Philosophy, I say, and call it He;
For, whatsoe'er the painter's fancy be,
It a male-virtue seems to me)
Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast estate.
Three or four thousand years, one would have thought,

To ripeness and perfection might have brought
A science so well bred and nurs'd,

And of such hopeful parts too at the first:
But, oh! the guardians and the tutors, then
(Some negligent and some ambitious men)

Would ne'er consent to set him free,
Or his own natural powers to let him see
Left that should put an end to their authority,

That his own business he might quite forget,
They' amus'd him with the sports of wanton wit;
With the desserts of poetry they fed him,
Instead of solid meats t' increase his force;
Instead of vigorous exercise, they led him
Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse;

Instead of carrying him to see
The riches which do hoarded for him lie
In Nature's endless treasury,
They chose his eye to entertain
(His curious but not covetous eye)

With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.
Some few exalted spirits this latter age has shown,
That labour'd to assert the liberty

(From guardians who were now usurpers grown)
Of this old minor still, captiv'd Philosophy;
But 't was rebellion call'd, to fight
For such a long-oppressed right.

Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose,
(Whom a wise king, and Nature, chose,
Lord chancellor of both their laws)
And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cause.

Authority—which did a body boast,
Though 'twas but air condens'd, and stalk'd
about,

Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,
To terrify the learned rout

With the plain magic of true Reason's light—
He chac'd out of our sight;

Nor suffer'd living men to be misled
By the vain shadows of the dead:
To graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd
phantom fled.

He broke that monstrous God which stood
In midst of th' orchard, and the whole did claim;
Which with a useless scythe of wood,
And something else not worth a name
(Both vast for shew, yet neither fit
Or to defend, or to beget;
Ridiculous and senseless terrors!) made
Children and superstitious men afraid.
The orchard's open now, and free,
Bacon has broke the scare-crow deity:
Come, enter, all that will,
Behold the ripen'd fruit, come gather now your
fill!

Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the forbidden tree—
We would be like the Deity—
When truth and falsehood, good and evil, we,
Without the senses' aid, within ourselves would see;
For 'tis God only who can find
All Nature in his mind.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought
(Though we our thoughts from them perversely
drew)

To things, the mind's right object, he it brought:
Like foolish birds, to painted grapes we flew;
He sought and gather'd for our use the true:
And, when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
He prest them wisely the mechanic way,
Till all their juice did in one vessel join,
Ferment into a nourishment divine,

The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.
Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Must not from others' work a copy take;
No, not from Rubens or Vandyke;
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' ideas and the images which lie
In his own fancy or his memory.
No, he before his sight must place
The natural and living face;
The real object must command
Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

From these and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predecessors went,
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray,
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last:

The barren wilderness he past;
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promis'd land;
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds and conquer too;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be
To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea.

The work he did we ought t' admire;
And were unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
Of low affliction and high happiness:
For who on things remote can fix his sight,
That's always in a triumph or a fight?

From you, great champions! we expect to get
These spacious countries, but discover'd yet;

Countries; where yet, instead of Nature, we
Her images and idols worship'd see:
These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
Though Learning has whole armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every land,
A better troop she ne'er together drew:
Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
God with design has pick'd out you,
To do those noble wonders by a few:
When the whole host he saw, "They are"
(said he)

"Too many to overcome for me;"
And now he chooses out his men,
Much in the way that he did then;
Not those many whom he found
Idly extended on the ground,
To drink with their dejected head
The stream, just so as by their mouths it fled:
No; but those few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the cup.

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight
Their wondrous pattern too you take;
Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up the light.
Lo! found too the trumpets here!

Already your victorious lights appear;
New scenes of heaven already we spy,
And crowds of golden worlds on high,
Which from the spacious plains of earth and sea
Could never yet discover'd be,
By sailors' or Chaldeans' watchful eye.
Nature's great works no distance can obscure,
No smallness her near objects can secure;
Y' have taugt the curious sight to press
Into the privatest recess
Of her imperceptible littleness!
Y' have learn'd to read her smallest hand,
And well begun her deepest sense to understand!

Mischief and true dishonour fall on those
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
So virtuous and so noble a design,
So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.
The things which these proud men despise, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and small,
Those smallest things of nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest actions do!
Whoever would deposed Truth advance
Into the throne usurp'd from it,
Must feel at first the blows of Ignorance,
And the sharp points of envious Wit.
So, when, by various turns of the celestial dance,
In many thousand years

A star, so long unknown, appears,
Though heaven itself more beautiful by it
grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below;
Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor, show.

With courage and success you the bold work
begin;

Your cradle has not idle been:
None e'er, but Hercules and you, would be
At five years age worthy a history.
And ne'er did Fortune better yet
Th' historian to the story fit:

As you from all old errors free
And purge the body of Philosophy;
So from all modern follies he
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
His candid style like a clear stream does slide,
And his bright fancy, all the way,
Does like the sun-shine in it play;
It does, like Thames, the best of rivers! glide.
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour, the crystal urn,
And with judicious hand does the whole current
guide:
'T has all the beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely drefs, without the paint, of
Art.

UPON THE
CHAIR MADE OUT OF
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S SHIP,
PRESENTED TO THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
OF OXFORD, BY JOHN DAVIS, OF
DEPTFORD, ESQUIRE.

TO this great ship, which round the globe
has run,
And match'd in race the chariot of the sun,
This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim
Without presumption so deserv'd a name,
By knowledge once, and transformation now)
In her new shape, this sacred port allow.
Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from Fate
A more blest station, or more blest estate;
For lo! a seat of endless rest is given
To her in Oxford, and to him in heaven.

PROLOGUE

TO THE CUTTER OF COLMAN STREET.

AS, when the midland sea is no where clear
From dreadful fleets of Tunis and Argier—
Which coast about, to all they meet with foes,
And upon which nought can be got but blows—
The merchant-ships so much their passage doubt,
That, though full-freighted, none dares venture
out,
And trade decays, and scarcity ensues:
Just so the timorous wits of late refuse,
Though laded, to put forth upon the stage,
Affrighted by the critics of this age.
It is a party numerous, watchful, bold;
They can from nought, which fails in fight,
with-held;
Nor do their cheap, though mortal, thunder spare;
They shoot, alas! with wind-guns charg'd with air.
But yet, gentlemen-critics of Argier,
For your own interest I'd advise ye here,
To let this little forlorn-hope go by
Safe and untouch'd, "That must not be"
(you'll cry.)
If ye be wise, it must; I'll tell you why.

There are seven, eight, nine—stay—there are
behind
Ten plays at least, which wait but for a wind,
And the glad news that we the enemy miss;
And those are all your own, if you spare this.
Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite new;
Some by known shipwrights built, and others too
By that great author made, who'er he be,
That styles himself "Person of Quality;"
All these, if we miscarry here to-day,
Will rather till they rot in th' harbour stay;
Nay, they will back again, though they were
come
Ev'n to their last safe road, the tyring-room.
Therefore again I say, if you be wise,
Let this for once pass free; let it suffice
That we, your sovereign power here to avow,
Thus humbly, ere we pass, strike fail to you.

ADDED AT COURT.

STAY, gentlemen; what I have said was all
But forc'd submission, which I now recall
Ye're all but pirates now again; for here
Does the true sovereign of the seas appear,
The sovereign of these narrow seas of wit;
'Tis his own Thames; he knows and governs it.
'Tis his dominion and domain; as he
Pleases, 'tis either shut to us, or free.
Not only, if his passport we obtain,
We fear no little rovers of the main:
But, if our Neptune his calm visage show,
No wave shall dare to rise or wind to blow.

THE MISTRESS,

OR

SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE-VERSES.

"*Hæret lateri letbalis arundo.*"—VIRG.

THE REQUEST.

I'AVE often wish'd to love; what shall I do?
Me still the cruel boy does spare;
And I a double task must bear,
First to woo him, and then a mistress too.
Come at last and strike, for shame,
If thou art any thing besides a name;
I'll think thee else no God to be,
But poets rather Gods, who first created thee.
I ask not one in whom all beauties grow;
Let me but love, what'er she be,
She cannot seem deform'd to me;
And I would have her seem to others so.
Desire takes wings and strait does fly,
It stays not dully to enquire the Why.
That happy thing, a lover, grown,
I shall not see with others' eyes, scarce with mine
own.
If she be coy, and scorn my noble fire;
If her chill heart I cannot move;
Why I'll enjoy the very love,
And make a mistress of my own desire.

Flames their most vigorous heat do hold,
And purest light, if compass'd round with cold:
So, when sharp winter means most harm,
The springing plants are by the snow itself kept warm.

But do not touch my heart, and so begone;
Strike deep thy burning arrows in!
Lukewarmness I account a sin,
As great in love as in religion.
Come arm'd with flames; for I would prove
All the extremities of mighty Love.
Th' excess of heat is but a fable;
We know the torrid zone is now found habitable.

Among the woods and forests thou art found,
There boars and lions thou dost tame;
Is not my heart a nobler game?
Let Venus, men; and beasts Diana wound!
Thou dost the birds thy subjects make;
Thy nimble feathers do their wings o'ertake:
Thou all the spring their songs dost hear;
Make me love too, I'll sing to thee all the year!

What service can mute fishes do to thee?
Yet against them thy dart prevails,
Piercing the armour of their scales;
And still thy sea-born mother lives i' th' sea.
Dost thou deny only to me
The no-great privilege of captivity?
I beg or challenge here thy bow;
Either thy pity to me, or else thine anger, show.
Come! or I'll teach the world to scorn that bow:
I'll teach them thousand wholesome arts
Both to resist and cure thy darts,
More than thy skilful Ovid e'er did know.
Music of sighs thou shalt not hear,
Nor drink one wretched lover's tasteful tear:
Nay, unless soon thou woundest me,
My verses shall not only wound, but murder, thee.

THE THRALDOM.

I CAME, I saw, and was undone;
Lightning did through my bones and marrow run;

A pointed pain pierc'd deep my heart;
A swift cold trembling seiz'd on every part;
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The poison that was enter'd there.

So a destroying-angel's breath
Blows in the plague, and with it hasty death:
Such was the pain, did so begin,
To the poor wretch, when Legion enter'd in.
"Forgive me, God!" I cry'd; "for I
"Flatter'd myself I was to die."

But quickly to my cost I found,
'Twas cruel Love, not Death, had made the wound;

Death a more generous rage does use;
Quarter to all he conquers does refuse:
Whilst Love with barbarous mercy saves
The vanquish'd lives, to make them slaves.
Vol. II.

I am thy slave then; let me know,
Hard master! the great task I have to do:
Who pride and scorn do undergo.
In tempests and rough seas thy galleys row;
They pant, and groan, and sigh; but find
Their sighs increase the angry wind.

Like an Egyptian tyrant, some
Thou weariest out in building but a tomb;
Others, with sad and tedious art,
Labour i' th' quarries of a stony heart:
Of all the works thou dost assign,
To all the several slaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty Love! to dig the mine.

THE GIVEN LOVE.

ILL on; for what should hinder me
From loving and enjoying thee?
Thou canst not those exceptions make,
Which vulgar, fordid mortals take—
That my fate's too mean and low;
'Twere pity I should love thee so,
If that dull cause could hinder me
In loving and enjoying thee.

It does not me a whit displease,
That the rich all honours seize:
That you all titles make your own,
Are valiant, learned, wife, alone:
But, if you claim o'er women too
The power which over men ye do;
If you alone must lovers be;
For that, Sirs, you must pardon me.

Rather than lose what does so near
Concern my life and being here,
I'll some such crooked ways invent,
As you, or your forefathers, went:
I'll flatter or oppose the king,
Turn Puritan, or any thing;
I'll force my mind to arts so new:
Grow rich, and love as well as you.

But rather thus let me remain,
As man in paradise did reign;
When perfect love did so agree
With innocence and poverty,
Adam did no jointure give;
Himself was jointure to his Eve:
Untouch'd with avarice yet, or pride,
The rib came freely back to his side.

A curse upon the man who taught
Women, that love was to be bought;
Rather dot only on your gold,
And that with greedy avarice hold,
For, if woman too submit
To that, and sell herself for it,
Fond lover! you a mistress have
Of her that's but your fellow-slave.

What should those poets mean of old,
That made their God to wage in gold?
Of all men, sure, they had no cause
To bind love to such costly laws;

And yet I scarcely blame them now;
For who, alas! would not allow,
That women should such gifts receive,
Could they, as he, be what they give.

If thou, my dear, thyself shouldst prize,
Alas! what value would suffice?
The Spaniard could not do't, though he
Should to both Indies jointure thee.
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou shouldst any bargain make;
To give all, will besit thee well;
But not at under-rates to sell.

Bestow thy beauty then on me,
Freely, as nature gave 't to thee;
'Tis an exploded popish thought
To think that heaven may be bought.
Prayers, hymns, and praises, are the way,
And those my thankful Muse shall pay:
Thy body, in my verse enshrind,
Shall grow immortal as thy mind.

I'll fix thy title next in fame
To Sacharissa's well-fung name.
So faithfully will I declare
What all thy wondrous beauties are,
That when, at the last great assize,
All women shall together rise,
Men strait shall cast their eyes on thee,
And know at first that thou art she.

THE SPRING.

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs must
say

The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay,
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay, the birds' rural music too
Is as melodious and as free,
As if they sung to pleasure you:
I saw a rose-bud ope this morn—I'll swear
The blushing morning open'd not more fair.

How could it be so fair, and you away?
How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay?
Could they remember but last year,
How you did them, they you, delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
And call'd their fellows to the sight,
Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
Creep back into their silent barks again.

Where'er you walk'd, trees were as reverend made,
As when of old Gods dwelt in every shade,
Is 't possible they should not know,
What loss of honour they sustain,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retain?
Dull creatures! 'tis not without cause that she,
Who fled the God of Wit, was made a tree.

In ancient times, sure, they much wiser were,
When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse to hear;

In vain did Nature bid them stay,
When Orpheus had his song begun—
They call'd their wondering roots away,
And bade them silent to him run.
How would those learned trees have follow'd you!
You would have drawn them and their poet too.
But who can blame them now? for, since you're
gone,
They're here the only fair, and shine alone:
You did their natural rights invade;
Wherever you did walk or sit,
The thickest boughs could make no shade,
Although the sun had granted it:
The fairest flowers could please no more, near you,
Than painted flowers, set next to them, could do.
Whene'er then you come hither, that shall be
The time, which this to others is, to me.
The little joys which here are now,
The name of punishments do bear;
When by their sight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are:
'Tis you the best of seasons with you bring;
This is for beasts, and that for men, the Spring.

WRITTEN IN

JUICE OF LEMON.

WHILST what I write I do not see,
I dare thus, ev'n to you, write poetry.
Ah, foolish Muse! which dost so high aspire,
And know'st her judgment well,
How much it does thy power excel,
Yet dar'st be read by, thy, just doom, the fire.

Alas! thou think'st thyself secure,
Because thy form is innocent and pure:
Like hypocrites, which seem unspotted here;
But, when they sadly come to die,
And the last fire their truth must try,
Scrawld o'erlike thee, and blotted, they appear.

Go then, but reverently go,
And, since thou needs must sin, confess it too:
Confess 't, and with humility clothe thy shame;
For thou, who else must burned be
An heretic, if she pardon thee,
May'st like a martyr then enjoy the flame.

But, if her wisdom grow severe,
And suffer not her goodness to be there;
If her large mercies cruelly 't restrain;
Be not discourag'd, but require
A more gentle ordeal fire,
And bid her by Love's flames read it again.

Strange power of heat! thou yet dost show
Like winter-earth, naked or cloath'd with snow:
But as, the quickening sun approaching near,
The plants arise up by degrees;
A sudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind Nature's characters appear.

So, nothing yet in thee is seen;
But, when a genial heat warms thee within,

A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.

Still, silly paper! thou wilt think
That all this might as well be writ with ink:
Oh, no; there's sense in this, and mystery—
Thou now may'st change thy author's name,
And to her hand lay noble claim;
For, as she reads, she makes, the words in thee.

Yet—if thine own unworthiness
Will still that thou art mine, not her's, confess—
Consume thyself with fire before her eyes,
And so her grace or pity move:
The gods, though beasts they do not love,
Yet like them when they're burnt in sacrifice.

INCONSTANCY.

FIVE years ago (says Story) I lov'd you,
For which you call me most inconstant now;
Pardon me Madam! you mistake the man,
For I am not the same that I was then;
No flesh is now the same 'twas then in me;
And that my mind is chang'd, yourself may see.
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
Were more inconstant far; for accidents
Must of all things most strangely inconstant prove,
If from one subject they to another move;
My members then the father-members were
From whence these take their birth which now
are here.

If then this body love what th' other did,
'Twere incest; which by Nature is forbid.
You might as well this day inconstant name,
Because the weather is not still the same,
That it was yesterday—or blame the year,
'Cause the spring flowers, and autumn fruit, does
bear

The world's a scene of changes; and to be
Constant, in Nature were inconstancy;
For 'twere to break the laws herself has made:
Our substances themselves do fleet and fade;
The most fix'd being still does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of time 'tis measur'd by.
T' imagine then that Love should never cease
(Love, which is but the ornament of these)
Were quite as senseless, as to wonder why
Beauty and colour stays not when we die.

NOT FAIR.

'TIS very true, I thought you once as fair
As women in th' idea are;
Whatever here seems beautiful, seem'd to be
But a faint metaphor of thee:
But then, methoughts, there something shin'd
within,
Which cast this lustre o'er thy skin;
Nor could I chuse but count it the sun's light,
Which made this cloud appear so bright.

But, since I knew thy falsehood and thy pride,
And all thy thousand faults beside,
A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
White as his teeth would seem to be.
So men (they say) by hell's delusions led,
Have ta'en a succubus to their bed;
Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,
Till the cleft foot discovers all:
Then they start from 't, half ghosts themselves
with fear;
And devil, as 'tis, it does appear.
So, since against my will I found thee foul,
Deform'd and crooked in thy soul,
My reason strait did to my senses shew,
That they might be mistaken too:
Nay, when the world but knows how false you are,
There's not a man will think you fair;
Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be,
They'll call their eyes as false as thee.
Be what thou wilt, hate will present thee so
As Puritans do the Pope, and Papists Luther do.

PLATONIC LOVE.

INDEED I must confess,
When souls mix 'tis an happiness;
But not compleat till bodies too combine,
And closely as our minds together join:
But half of heaven the souls in glory taste,
Till by love in heaven, at last,
Their bodies too are plac'd.

In thy immortal part
Man, as well as I, thou art;
But something 'tis that differs thee and me;
And we must one even in that difference be.
I thee, both as a man and woman, prize;
For a perfect love implies
Love in all capacities.

Can that for true love pass,
When a fair woman courts her glass?
Something unlike must in love's likeness be;
His wonder is, one, and variety:
For he, whose soul nought but a soul can move,
Does a new Narcissus prove,
And his own image love.

That souls do beauty know,
'Tis to the bodies' help they owe;
If, when they know 't, they strait abuse that trust,
And shut the body from 't, 'tis as unjust
As if I brought my dearest friend to see
My mistress, and at th' instant he
Should steal her quite from me.

THE CHANGE.

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there;

In all her outward parts Love's always seen;
But oh! he never went within.

Within, Love's foes, his greatest foes, abide,
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride:
So, the earth's face trees, herbs, and flowers, do
drefs,

With other beauties numberless;
But at the centre darkness is, and hell;
There wicked spirits, and there the damned,
dwell.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
Darkness and death lie in my weeping eyes,
Despair and paleness in my face appears,
And grief, and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means you'll
prove

Within too stor'd enough of love:
Give me but your's, I'll by that change so thrive,
That love in all my parts shall live.
So powerful is this change, it render can
My outside Woman, and your inside Man.

CLAD ALL IN WHITE.

FAIREST thing that shines below,
Why in this robe dost thou appear?
Would'st thou a white most perfect show,
Thou must at all no garment wear:
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Than winter when 'tis clad with snow.

'Tis not the linen shews so fair;
Her skin shines through, and makes it bright:
So clouds themselves like suns appear,
When the sun pierces them with light:
So, lilies in a glass inclose,
The glass will seem as white as those.

Thou now one heap of beauty art;
Nought outwards, or within, is foul:
Condensed beams make every part;
Thy body's clothed like thy soul;
Thy soul, which does itself display,
Like a star, plac'd i' th' milky-way.

Such robes the saints departed wear,
Woven all with light divine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
And with such full glory shine:
But they regard not mortals' pain;
Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.

Yet, seeing thee so gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue still;
Thou would'st not take this garment, sure,
When thou hadst an intent to kill!
Of peace and yielding who would doubt,
When the white flag he sees hung out?

LEAVING ME, AND THEN LOVING MANY.

SO men, who once have cast the truth away,
Forfook by God, do strange wild lusts obey;
So the vain Gentiles, when they left t' adore
One Deity, could not stop at thousands more:
Their zeal was senseless strait, and boundless,
grown;

They worship'd many a beast and many a stone.
Ah, fair apostate! couldst thou think to flee
From Truth and Goodness, yet keep unity?
I reign'd alone; and my blest self could call
The universal monarch of her all.
Mine, mine, her fair East-Indies were above,
Where those suns rise that cheer the world of
Love?

Where beauties shine like gems of richest price;
Where coral grows, and every breath is spice:
Mine too her rich West-Indies were below,
Where mines of gold and endless treasures grow.
But, as when the Pellæan conqueror dy'd,
Many small princes did his crown divide;
So, since my love his vanquish'd world forsook,
Murder'd by poisons from her falsehood took,
An hundred petty kings claim each their part,
And rend that glorious empire of her heart.

MY HEART DISCOVERED.

HER body is so gently bright,
Clear and transparent to the sight
(Clear as fair crystal to the view,
Yet soft as that, ere stone it grew)
That through her flesh, methinks, is seen
The brighter soul that dwells within:
Our eyes the subtle covering pass,
And see that lily through its glass.
I through her breast her heart espy,
As souls in hearts do souls descry:
I see 't with gentle motions beat;
I see light in 't, but find no heat.
Within, like angels in the sky,
A thousand gilded thoughts do fly;
Thoughts of bright and noblest kind,
Fair and chaste as mother-mind.
But oh! what other heart is there,
Which sighs and crouds to her's so near?
'Tis all on flame, and does, like fire,
To that, as to its heaven, aspire!
The wounds are many in't and deep;
Still does it bleed, and still does weep!
Whoe'er wretched heart it be,
I cannot choose but grieve to see:
What pity in my breast does reign!
Methinks I feel too all its pain.
So torn, and so defac'd, it lies,
That it could ne'er be known by th' eyes;
But oh! at last I heard it groan,
And knew by th' voice that 'twas mine own.
So poor Alcione, when she saw
A shipwreck'd body tow'rd's her draw,

Beat by the waves, let fall a tear,
Which only then did pity wear :
But, when the corpse on shore were cast,
Which she her husband found at last,
What should the wretched widow do ?
Grief chang'd her strait ; away she flew,
Turn'd to a bird : and so at last shall I
Both from my murder'd heart and murderer fly.

ANSWER TO THE PLATONICS.

SO angels love ; so let them love for me ;
When I'm all foul, such shall my love too be :
Who nothing here but like a spirit would do,
In a short time, believe 't, will be one too.
But, shall our love do what in beasts we see ?
Ev'n beasts eat too, but not so well as we :
And you as justly might in thirst refuse
The use of wine, because beasts water use :
They taste those pleasures as they do their food ;
Undress'd they take 't, devour it raw and crude :
But to us men, Love cooks it at his fire,
And adds the poignant sauce of sharp desire.
Beasts do the same : 'tis true ; but ancient Fame
Says, Gods themselves turn'd beasts to do the same.
The Thunderer, who, without the female bed,
Could Goddesses bring-forth from out his head,
Chose rather mortals this way to create ;
So much he' esteem'd his pleasure 'bove his state.
Ye talk of fires which shine, but never burn ;
In this cold world they'll hardly serve our turn ;
As useless to despairing lovers grown,
As lambent flames to men i' th' frigid zone.
The sun does his pure fires on earth bestow
With nuptial warmth, to bring-forth things below ;
Such is Love's noblest and divinest heat,
That warms like his, and does, like his, beget.
Lust you call this ; a name to your's more just,
If an inordinate desire be lust :
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More lustful was, than the hot youth of Troy.

THE VAIN LOVE.

LOVING ONE FIRST BECAUSE SHE COULD LOVE
NOBODY, AFTERWARDS LOVING HER
WITH DESIRE.

WHAT new-found witchcraft was in thee,
With thine own cold to kindle me ?
Strange art ! like him that should devise
To make a burning glass of ice :
When winter so, the plants would harm,
Her snow itself does keep them warm.
Fool that I was ! who, having found
A rich and funny diamond,
Admir'd the hardness of the stone,
But not the light with which it shone :
Your brave and haughty scorn of all
Was stately and monarchical.

All gentleness, with that esteem'd,
A dull and slavish virtue seem'd ;
Should'st thou have yielded then to me,
Thou'dst lost what I most lov'd in thee ;
For who would serve one, whom he sees
That he can conquer if he please ?
It far'd with me, as if a slave
In triumph led, that does perceive
With what a gay majestic pride
His conqueror through the streets does ride,
Should be contented with his woe,
Which makes up such a comely show.
I sought not from thee a return,
But without hopes or fears did burn ;
My covetous passion did approve
The hoarding-up, not use, of love.
My love a kind of dream was grown,
A foolish, but a pleasant one :
From which I'm waken'd now ; but, oh !
Prisoners to die are waken'd so ;
For now th' effects of loving are
Nothing but longings, with despair :
Despair, whose torments no men, sure,
But lovers and the damn'd, endure.
Her scorn I doated once upon,
Ill object for affection ;
But since, alas ! too much 'tis prov'd,
That yet 'twas something that I lov'd ;
Now my desires are worse, and fly
At an impossibility :
Desires which, whil't so high they soar,
Are proud as that I lov'd before.
What lover can like me complain,
Who first lov'd vainly, next in vain !

THE SOUL.

IF mine eyes do e'er declare
They've seen a second thing that's fair ;
Or ears, that they have music found
Besides thy voice, in any sound ;
If my taste do ever meet,
After thy kiss, with aught that's sweet ;
If my abused touch allow
Aught to be smooth, or soft, but you ;
If what seasonable springs,
Or the Eastern summer, brings,
Do my smell persuade at all
Aught perfume, but thy breath, to call ;
If all my senses' objects be
Not contracted into thee,
And so through thee more powerful pass,
As beams do through a burning-glass ;
If all things that in nature are
Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
Be not in thee so epitomis'd,
That nought material's not compris'd ;
May I as worthless seem to thee
As all, but thou, appears to me !
If I ever anger know,
Till some wrong be done to you ;
If Gods or Kings my envy move,
Without their crowns crown'd by thy love ;

If ever I an hope admit,
Without thy image stamp'd on it;
Or any fear, till I begin
To find that you're concern'd therein;
If a joy e'er come to me,
That tastes of any thing but thee;
If any sorrow touch my mind,
Whilst you are well, and not unkind;
If I a minute's space debate,
Whether I shall curse and hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the world, myself and all;
And for love—if ever I
Approach to it again so nigh,
As to allow a toleration
To the least glimmering inclination:
If thou alone dost not controul
All those tyrants of my soul,
And to thy beauties ty'd them so,
That constant they as habits grow;
If any passion of my heart,
By any force, or any art,
Be brought to move one step from thee,
May'st thou no passion have for me!

If my busy' Imagination,
Do not thee in all things fashion;
So that all fair species be
Hieroglyphic marks of thee;
If when she her sports does keep
(The lower soul being all asleep)
She play one dream, with all her art,
Where thou hast not the longest part;
If aught get place in my remembrance,
Without some badge of thy resemblance—
So that thy parts become to me
A kind of art of memory;—
If my Understanding do
Seek any knowledge but of you;
If she do near thy body prize
Her bodies of philosophies;
If she to the Will do shew
Aught desirable but you;
Or, if that would not rebel,
Should she another doctrine tell;
If my Will do not resign
All her liberty to thine;
If she would not follow thee,
Though Fate and thou should'st disagree;
And if (for I a curse will give,
Such as shall force thee to believe)
My soul be not entirely thine;
May thy dear body ne'er be mine!

THE PASSIONS.

FROM Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy, free
And all the passions else that be,
In vain I boast of liberty,
In vain this state a freedom call;
Since I have Love, and Love is all:
Set that I am, who think it fit to brag
That I have no disease besides the plague!

So in a zeal the sons of Israel
Sometimes upon their idols fell,
And they depos'd the powers of hell;
Baal and Astarte down they threw,
And Acharon and Moloch too:
All this imperfect piety did no good,
Whilst yet, alas! the calf of Bethel stood.

Fondly I boast, that I have dress'd my vine
With painful art, and that the wine
Is of a taste rich and divine;
Since Love, by mixing poison there,
Has made it worse than vinegar.

Love ev'n the taste of Nectar changes so,
That Gods chuse rather water here below.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all passions else that be,
Drive this one tyrant out of me,
And practise all your tyranny!
The change of ills some good will do:
Th' oppressed wretched Indians so,
Being slaves by the great Spanish monarch made,
Call in the States of Holland to their aid.

WISDOM.

TIS mighty wife that you would now be
thought,
With your grave rules from musty morals brought;
Through which some streaks too of divinity ran,
Partly of Monk and partly Puritan;
With tedious repetitions too you've ta'en
Often the name of vanity in vain.
Things which, I take it, friend, you'd ne'er recite,
Should she I love but say t' you, "Come at
"night"

The wisest king refus'd all pleasures quite,
"Till Wisdom from above did him enlight;
But, when that gift his ignorance did remove,
Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in love.
And, if by' event the counsels may be seen,
This Wisdom 'was that brought the southern
queen:

She came not, like a good old wife, to know
The wholesome nature of all plants that grow;
Nor did so far from her own country roan,
To cure scald-heads and broken-shins at home;
She came for that, which more befits all wives,
The art of giving, not of saving, lives.

THE DESPAIR.

BENEATH this gloomy shade,
By Nature only for my sorrows made,
I'll spend this voice in cries;
In tears I'll waste these eyes,
By Love so vainly fed;
So-Lust, of old, the Deluge punished.
"Ah, wretched youth!" said I;
"Ah, wretched youth!" twice did I sadly cry;
"Ah, wretched youth!" the fields and floods reply.

When thoughts of Love I entertain,
I meet no words but "Never," and "In vain,"
"Never," alas! that dreadful name
Which fuels the internal flame:
"Never" my time to come must waste;
"In vain" torments the present and the past.
"In vain, in vain," said I;
"In vain, in vain!" twice did I sadly cry;
"In vain, in vain!" the fields and floods reply.

No more shall fields or floods do so;
For I to shades more dark and silent go:
All this world's noise appears to me
A dull, ill-acted comedy:
No comfort to my wounded sight,
In the sun's busy and impertinent light.
Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth; and for a while was
dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled.

"Ah, sottish Soul!" said I,
When back to' its cage again I saw it fly;
"Fool, to resume her broken chain,
"And row her galley here again!"
"Fool, to that body to return
"Where it condemn'd and desin'd is to burn!"
"Once dead, how can it be,
"Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
"That thou should'st come to live it o'er again
"in me?"

THE WISH.

WELL then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joys
Does of all meats the soonest cloy:
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian-angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

Oh, fountains! when in you shall I
Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, spy?
Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood;
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here,
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs
scatter,
And nought but echo flatter.

The Gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always chuse their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear She, live, and embracing die!
She, who is all the world, and can exclude
In desarts solitude.

I should have then this only fear—
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

MY DIET.

NOW, by my Love, the greatest oath that is,
None loves you half so well as I:
I do not ask your love for this;
But for Heaven's sake believe me, or I die.
No servant e'er but did deserve
His master should believe that he does serve;
And I'll ask no more wages, though I starve.

'Tis no luxurious diet this, and sure
I shall not by 't too lusty prove;
Yet shall it willingly endure,
If 't can but keep together life and love.
Being your prisoner and your slave,
I do not feasts and banquets look to have;
A little bread and water's all I crave.

On a sigh of pity I a year can live;
One tear will keep me twenty, at least;
Fifty, a gentle look will give;
An hundred years on one kind word I'll feast:
A thousand more will added be,
If you an inclination have for me;
And all beyond is vast eternity!

THE THIEF.

THOU robb'st my days of business and de-
lights,
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights;
Ah, lovely thief! what wilt thou do?
What? rob me of heaven too?
Thou ev'n my prayers dost steal from me;
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

Is it a sin to love, that it should thus,
Like an ill conscience, torture us?
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
(None guiltless e'er was haunted so!)
Still, still, methinks, thy face I view,
And still thy shape does me pursue,
As if, not you me, but I had murder'd you.
From books I strive some remedy to take,
But thy name all the letters make;
Whate'er 'tis writ, I find that there,
Like points and commas every where:

Me blest for this let no man hold ;
For I, as Midas did of old,
Perish by turning every thing to gold.

What do I seek, alas ! or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly ?
For making thee my deity,
I gave thee then ubiquity.
My pains resemble hell in this ;
The divine presence there too is,
But to torment men, not to give them bliss.

ALL-OVER LOVE.

TIS well, 'tis well with them, say I,
Whose short-liv'd passions with themselves
can die ;

For none can be unhappy, who,
'Midst all his ills, a time does know
(Though ne'er so long) when he shall not be so.

Whatever parts of me remain,
Those parts will still the love of thee retain ;
For 'twas not only in my heart,
But, like a God, by powerful art
'Twas all in all, and all in every part.

My' affection no more perish can
Than the first matter that compounds a man.
Hereafter, if one dust of me
Mix'd with another's substance be,
'Twill leaven that whole lump with love of thee.

Let Nature, if she please, disperse
My atoms over all the universe :
At the least they easily shall
Themselves know, and together call :
For thy love, like a mark, is stamp'd on all.

LOVE AND LIFE.

NOW, sure, within this twelvemonth past,
I've lov'd at least some twenty years or
more :

Th' account of Love runs much more fast
Than that with which our life does score :
So, though my life be short, yet I may prove
The great Methusalem of Love.

Not that Love's hours or minutes are
Shorter than those our being's measur'd by ;
But they're more close compacted far,
And so in lesser room do lie :
Thin airy things extend themselves in space,
Things solid take up little place.

Yet Love, alas ! and Life, in me,
Are not two several things, but purely one ;
At once how can there in it be
A double, different motion ?
O yes, there may ; for so the self-same sun
At once does flow and swiftly run :

Swiftly his daily journey he goes,
But treads his annual with a statelier pace ;
And does three hundred rounds enclose
Within one yearly circle's space ;
At once, with double course in the same sphere,
He runs the day, and walks the year.

When Soul does to myself refer,
'Tis then my life, and does but slowly move ;
But when it does relate to her,
It swiftly flies, and then is Love.
Love's my diurnal course, divided right
'Twixt hope and fear—my day and night.

THE BARGAIN.

TAKE heed, take heed, thou lovely maid,
Nor be by glittering ills betray'd :
Thyself for money ! oh, let no man know
The price of beauty fall'n so low !
What dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
When love, that's blind, is by blind Fortune led ?

The foolish Indian, that sells
His precious gold for beads and bells,
Does a more wise and gainful traffic hold,
Than thou, who sell'st thyself for gold.
What gains in such a bargain are ?
He'll in thy mines dig better treasures far.

Can gold, alas ! with thee compare ?
The sun, that makes it, 's not so fair ;
The sun, which can nor make nor ever see
A thing so beautiful as thee,
In all the journeys he does pass,
Though the sea serv'd him for a looking-glass.

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee ;
Since Magus, none so bold as he :
Thou'rt so divine a thing, that thee to buy
Is to be counted simony ;
Too dear he'll find his sordid price
Has forfeited that and the Benefice.

If it be lawful thee to buy,
There's none can pay that rate but I ;
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
But what on earth's most like to thee ;
And that my heart does only bear ;
For there thyself, thy very self is there.

So much thyself does in me live
That, when it for thyself I give,
'Tis but to change that piece of gold for this,
Whose stamp and value equal is ;
And, that full weight too may be had,
My soul and body, two grains more, I'll add.

THE LONG LIFE.

LOVE from Time's wings hath stol'n the seconds, sure
He has, and put them to his own ;
For hours of late as long as days endure,
And very minutes hours are grown.

The various motions of the turning year
 Belong not now at all to me:
 Each summer's night does Lucy's now appear,
 Each winter's day St. Barnaby.
 How long a space since first I lov'd it is!
 To look into a glass I fear;
 And am surpriz'd with wonder when I miss
 Grey-hairs and wrinkles there.
 Th' old Patriarchs' age, and not their happiness
 too,
 Why does hard Fate to us restore?
 Why does Love's fire thus to mankind renew,
 What the Flood wash'd away before?
 Sure those are happy people that complain
 O' th' shortness of the days of man:
 Contract mine, Heaven! and bring them back
 again
 To th' ordinary span.
 If when your gift, long life, I disapprove,
 I too ingrateful seem to be;
 Punish me justly, Heaven; make her to love,
 And then 'twill be too short for me.

C O U N S E L.

GENTLY, ah gently, madam, touch
 The wound which you yourself have made;
 That pain must needs be very much,
 Which makes me of your hand afraid.
 Cordial of pity give me now,
 For I too weak for purgings grow.
 Do but awhile with patience stay
 (For counsel yet will do no good)
 Till time, and rest, and Heaven, allay
 The violent burnings of my blood;
 For what effect from this can flow,
 To chide men drunk, for being so?
 Perhaps the physic's good you give,
 But ne'er to me can useful prove;
 Medicines may cure, but not revive;
 And I'm not sick, but dead in love.
 In Love's hell, not his world, am I;
 At once I live, am dead, and die.
 What new-found rhetoric is thine!
 Ev'n thy dissuasions me persuade,
 And thy great power does clearest shine,
 When thy commands are disobey'd.
 In vain thou bid'st me to forbear;
 Obedience were rebellion here.
 Thy tongue comes in, as if it meant
 Against thine eyes t' assist my heart;
 But different far was his intent,
 For strait the traitor took their part:
 And by this new foe I'm bereft
 Of all that little which was left.
 The act, I must confess, was wise,
 As a dishonest act could be:
 Well knew the tongue, alas! your eyes
 Would be too strong for that and me;
 Vol. II.

And part o' th' triumph chose to get,
 Rather than be a part of it.

RESOLVED TO BE BELOVED.

TIS true, I've lov'd already three or four,
 And shall three or four hundred more;
 I'll love each fair-one that I see,
 Till I find one at last that shall love me.
 That shall my Canaan be, the fatal soil
 That ends my wanderings and my toil:
 I'll settle there, and happy grow;
 The country does with milk and honey flow.
 The needle trembles so, and turns about,
 Till it the northern point find out;
 But constant then and fix'd does prove,
 Fix'd, that his dearest pole as soon may move.
 Then may my vessel torn and shipwreck'd be,
 If it put forth again to sea!
 It never more abroad shall roam,
 Though 't could next voyage bring the Indies
 home.
 But I must sweat in love, and labour yet,
 Till I a competency get;
 They're slothful fools who leave a trade,
 Till they a moderate fortune by 't have made.
 Variety I ask not; give me one
 To live perpetually upon;
 The person Love does to us fit,
 Like manna, has the taste of all in it.

THE SAME.

FOR Heaven's sake, what d' you mean to do?
 Keep me, or let me go, one of the two;
 Youth and warm hours let me not idly lose,
 The little time that Love does chuse:
 If always here I must not stay,
 Let me begone whilst yet 'tis day;
 Lest I, faint and benighted, lose my way.
 'Tis dismal, one so long to love
 In vain; till to love more as vain must prove;
 To hunt so long on nimble prey, till we
 Too weary to take others be:
 Alas! 'tis folly to remain,
 And waste our army thus in vain,
 Before a city which will ne'er be ta'en.
 At several hopes wisely to fly,
 Ought not to be esteem'd inconstancy;
 'Tis more inconstant always to pursue
 A thing that always flies from you;
 For that at last may meet a bound,
 But no end can to this be found,
 'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitless round.
 When it does hardness meet, and pride,
 My love does then rebound t' another side;
 K

But, if it aught that 's soft and yielding hit,
It lodges there, and stays in it.
Whatever 'tis shall first love me,
That it my heaven may truly be;
I shall be sure to give 't eternity.

THE DISCOVERY.

BY Heaven, I'll tell her boldly that 'tis she;
Why should she asham'd or angry be,
To be belov'd by me?
The Gods may give their altars o'er;
They'll smooke but seldom any more,
If none but happy men must them adore.

The lightning, which tall oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain
The humble furzes of the plain.
She being so high; and I so low,
Her power by this does greater show,
Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.

Compar'd with her, all things so worthless prove,
That nought on earth can tow'rs her move,
Till 't be exalted by her love.
Equal to her, alas! there's none;
She like a Deity is grown;
That must create, or else must be alone.

If there be man who think himself so high,
As to pretend equality,
He deserves her less than I;
For he would cheat for his relief;
And one would give, with lesser grief,
T' an undeserving beggar than a thief.

AGAINST FRUITION.

NO; thou'rt a fool, I'll swear, if e'er thou grant;
Much of my veneration thou must want,
When once thy kindness puts my ignorance out;
For a learn'd age is always least devout.
Keep still thy distance; for at once to me
Goddeſs and woman too thou canst not be:
Thou'rt queen of all that sees thee, and as such
Must neither tyrannize nor yield too much;
Such freedoms give as may admit command,
But keep the forts and magazines in hand.
Thou'rt yet a whole world to me, and dost fill
My large ambition; but 'tis dangerous still,
Lest I like the Pellaan prince should be,
And weep for other worlds, having conquer'd thee:
When Love has taken all thou hast away,
His strength by too much riches will decay,
Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand,
Than women can be plac'd by Nature's hand;
And I must needs, I'm sure, a lesser be,
To change thee, as thou'rt there, for very thee.
Thy sweetness is so much within me plac'd,
That, should'st thou nectar give, 'twould spoil
the taste.
Beauty at first moves wonder and delight;
'Tis Nature's juggling trick to cheat the sight.

We' admire it whilst unknown; but after, more
Admire ourselves for liking it before.
I owe, like a greedy hawk, if we give way,
Does over-gorge himself with his own prey;
Of every hopes a surfeit he'll sustain,
Unless by fears he cast them up again:
His spirit and sweetness dangers keep alone;
If once he lose his sting, he grows a drone.

LOVE UNDISCOVERED.

SOME others may with safety tell
The moderate flames which in them dwell;
And either find some medicine there,
Or cure themselves ev'n by despair;
My love's so great, that it might prove
Dangerous to tell her that I love.
So tender is my wound, it must not bear
Any salute, though of the kindest air.

I would not have her know the pain,
The torments, for her I sustain;
Lest too much goodness make her throw
Her love upon a fate too low,
Forbid it, Heaven! my life should be
Weigh'd with her least conveniency:
No, let me perish rather with my grief,
Than, to her disadvantage, find relief!

Yet when I die, my last breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all:
Like covetous men, who ne'er desery
Their dear hid-treasures till they die.
Ah, fairest maid! how will it cheer
My ghost, to get from thee a tear!
But take heed; for if me thou pitiest then,
Twenty to one but I shall live again.

THE GIVEN HEART.

I WONDER what these lovers mean, who say
They 'ave given their hearts away:
Some good kind lover, tell me how;
For mine is but a torment to me now.
If so it be one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courtesy can Love do more,
Than to join hearts that parted were before?
Woe to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
Into the self-same room;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a granado shot into a magazine.
Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts
Of both our broken-hearts;
Shall out of both one new one make,
From her's th' alloy, from mine the metal, take.
For of her heart he from the flames will find
But little left behind:
Mine only will remain entire;
No dross was there, to perish in the fire.

THE PROPHET.

TEACH me to love! go teach thyself more wit;

I chief professor am of it.

Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews,

Teach boldness to the stewards;

In tyrants' courts teach supple flattery;

Teach Jesuits, that have travel'd far, to lye;

Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow,

Teach restless fountains how to flow,

Teach the dull earth fixt to abide,

Teach woman-kind inconstancy and pride:

See if your diligence here will useful prove;

But, pr'ythee, teach not me to love.

The God of Love, if such a thing there be,

May learn to love from me;

He who does boast that he has been

In every heart since Adam's sin;

I'll lay my life, nay mistress, on 't, that 's more,

I'll teach him things he never knew before;

I'll teach him a receipt, to make

Words that weep, and tears that speak;

I'll teach him sighs, like those in death,

At which the souls go out too with the breath:

Still the soul stays, yet still does from me run,

As light and heat does with the sun.

'Tis I who Love's Columbus am; 'tis I

Who must new worlds in it descry;

Rich worlds, that yield of treasure more

Than all that has been known before.

And yet like his, I fear, my fate must be,

To find them out for others, not for me.

Me times to come, I know it, shall

Love's last and greatest prophet call;

But, ah! what's that, if she refuse,

To hear the wholesome doctrines of my Muse;

If to my share the prophet's fate must come—

Hereafter fame, here martyrdom?

THE RESOLUTION.

THE devil take those foolish men

Who gave you first such powers;

We stood on even grounds till then;

If any odds creation made it ours.

For shame, let these weak chains be broke;

Let's our slight bonds, like Samson, tear;

And nobly cast away that yoke,

Which we nor our forefathers e'er could bear.

French laws forbid the female reign;

Yet Love does them to slavery draw:

Alas! if we'll our rights maintain,

'Tis all mankind must make a Salique law.

CALLED INCONSTANT.

HA! ha! you think you've kill'd my fame,
By this not understood, yet common, name:

A name that's full and proper, when assign'd

To woman-kind;

But, when you call us so,

It can at best but for a metaphor go.

Can you the shore inconstant call,

Which still, as waves pass by, embraces all;

That had as lief the same waves always love,

Did they not from him move?

Or can you fault with pilots find

For changing course, yet never blame the wind?

Since, drunk with vanity, you fell,

The things turn round to you that steadfast dwell;

And you yourself, who from us take your flight,

Wonder to find us out of sight.

So the same error seizes you,

As men in motion think the trees move too.

THE WELCOME.

GO, let the fatted calf be kill'd;

My prodigal's come home at last,

With noble resolutions fill'd,

And fill'd with sorrow for the past:

No more will burn with love or wine;

But quite has left his women and his swine.

Welcome, ah! welcome, my poor heart!

Welcome! I little thought, I'll swear

('Tis now so long since we did part)

Ever again to see thee here:

Dear wanderer! since from me you fled,

How often have I heard that thou wert dead!

Hast thou not found each woman's breast

(The lands where thou hast travelled)

Either by savages possess'd,

Or wild and uninhabited?

What joy couldst take, or what repose,

In countries so unciviliz'd as those?

Lust, the scorching dog-star, here

Rages with immoderate heat;

Whilst pride, the rugged Northern bear,

In others makes the cold too great:

And, where these are temperate known,

The soil's all barren sand or rocky stone.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view

A rich, well-govern'd heart,

Like China, it admitted you

But to the frontier-part.

From Paradise shut for evermore,

What good is 't that an angel kept the door?

Well fare the pride, and the disdain,

And vanities, with beauty join'd;

I ne'er had seen this heart again,

If any fair-one had been kind:

My dove, but once let loose, I doubt

Would ne'er return, had not the flood been on

THE HEART FLED AGAIN.

FALSE, foolish heart! didst thou not say,
That thou would'st never leave me more?
Behold! again 'tis fled away,

Fled as far from me as before.
I strove to bring it back again;
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

Ev'n to the gentle Tyrian dame,
When neither grief nor love prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th' ingrateful Trojan, hoist his sail:
Aloud she call'd for him to stay;
The wind bore him and her lost words away.

The doleful Ariadne so.
On the wide shore forsaken stood:
"False Thefeus, whither dost thou go?"
Afar false Thefeus cut the flood.
But Bacchus came to her relief;
Bacchus himself 's too weak to ease my grief.

Ah! senseless heart to take no rest,
But travel thus eternally!
Thus to be frozen in every breast!
And to be scorch'd in every eye!
Wandering about like wretched Cain,
Thrust out, ill us'd, by all, but by none slain!

Well, since thou wilt not here remain,
I'll then to live without thee try;
My head shalt take the greater pain,
And all thy duties shall supply:
I can more easily live, I know,
Without thee, than without a mistress thou.

WOMEN'S SUPERSTITION.

OR I'm a very dunce, or woman kind
Is a most unintelligible thing:
I can no sense nor no contexture find,
Nor their loose parts to method bring:
I know not what the learn'd may see,
But they're strange Hebrew things to me.

By customs and traditions they live,
And foolish ceremonies of antique date;
We love's, new and better doctrines give,
Yet they continue obstinate:
Preach we, Love's prophets, what we will,
Like Jews, they keep their old law still.

Before their mothers' Gods they fondly fall,
Vain idol gods, that have no sense nor mind:
Honour's their Ashtaroth, and pride their Baal,
The thundering Baal of woman-kind:
With twenty other devils more,
Which they, as we do them, adore.

But then, like men both covetous and devout,
Their costly superstition loth t' omit—
And yet more loth to issue monies out,
At their own charge to furnish it—
To these expensive Deities
The hearts of men they sacrifice.

THE SOUL.

SOME dull philosopher—when he hears me say
My soul is from me fled away,
Nor has of late inform'd my body here,
But in another's breast does lie,
That neither is, nor will be, I,
As a form servient and assisting there—

Will cry, "Absurd!" and ask me how I live;
And syllogisms against it give.
A curse on all your vain philosophies,
Which on weak Nature's law depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and Religion, these great mysteries!

Her body is my soul; laugh not at this,
For by my life I swear it is.
'Tis that preserves my being and my breath;
From that proceeds all that I do,
Nay all my thoughts and speeches too;
And separation from it is my death.

E C H O.

I'D with the rough denials of my prayer,
From that hard she whom I obey;
I come, and find a nymph much gentler here,
That gives consent to all I say.
Ah, gentle nymph! who lik'st so well
In hollow, solitary caves to dwell;
Her heart being such, into it go,
And do but once from thence answer me so!

Complaisant nymph! who dost thus kindly share
In griefs whose cause thou dost not know;
Hast thou but eyes, as well as tongue and ear,
How much compassion wouldst thou show!
Thy flame, whilst living, or a flower,
Was of less beauty, and less ravishing power.
Alas! I might as easily
Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.

By repercussion beams engender fire;
Shapes by reflection shapes beget;
The voice itself, when stopt, does back retire,
And a new voice is made by it.
Thus things by opposition
The gainers grow; my barren love alone
Does from her stony breast rebound,
Producing neither image, fire, nor sound.

THE RICH RIVAL.

THEY say you're angry, and rant mightily,
Because I love the same as you;
Alas! you're very rich, 'tis true;
But, prythee, fool! what's that to Love and me?
You 'ave land and money, let that serve;
And know you 'ave more by that than you deserve.
When next I see my fair-one, she shall know
How worthless thou art of her bed;
And, wretch! I'll strike thee dumb and dead,
With noble verse not understood by you.

Whilst thy sole rhetoric shall be
 "Jointure" and "jewels," and "our friends
 "agree."

Pox o' your friends, that doat and domineer;
 Lovers are better friends than they:
 Let's those in other things obey;
 The Fates, and Stars, and Gods, must govern here.
 Vain names of blood! in love let none
 Advise with any blood, but with their own.

'Tis that which bids me this bright maid adore;
 No other thought has had access!
 Did she now beg, I'd love no less,
 And, were she an empress, I should love no more;
 Were she as just and true to me,
 Ah, simple soul! what would become of thee?

AGAINST HOPE.

HOPE! whose weak being ruin'd is,
 Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss;
 Whom good or ill does equally confound,
 And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound:
 Vain shadow! which doth vanish quite,
 Both at full noon and perfect night!
 The stars have not a possibility
 Of blessing thee;
 If things then from their end we happy call,
 'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
 Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it
 quite:
 Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
 By clogging it with legacies before!
 The joys which we entire should wed,
 Come deflower'd virgins to our bed;
 Good fortunes without gain imported be,
 Such mighty custom's paid to thee.
 For joy, like wine, kept close does better taste;
 If it take air before, its spirits waste.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!
 Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
 Fond archer, Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,
 That still or short or wide thine arrows are!
 Thin, empty cloud, which th' eye deceives
 With shapes that our own fancy gives!
 A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
 But must drop presently in tears!
 When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
 By Ignes Fatui for North-stars we fail.

Brother of Fear, more gayly clad!
 The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad:
 Sire of Repentance! child of fond Desire!
 That blow'st the chemists', and the lover's, fire,
 Leading them still insensibly on
 By the strange witchcraft of "anon!"
 By thee the one does changing Nature, through
 Her endless labyrinths, pursue;
 And th' other chases Woman, whilst she goes
 More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

FOR HOPE.

HOPE! of all ills that men endure,
 The only cheap and universal cure!
 Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's
 health!
 Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
 Thou manna, which from heaven we eat,
 To every taste a several meat!
 Thou strong retreat! thou sure-entail'd estate,
 Which nought has power to alienate!
 Thou pleasant, honest flatterer! for none
 Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone!

Hope! thou first-fruits of happiness!
 Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
 Thou good preparative, without which our joy
 Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures, destroy!
 Who out of Fortune's reach doth stand,
 And art a blessing still in hand!
 Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,
 We certain are to gain,
 Whether she 'her bargain break, or else fulfil;
 Thou only good, not worse for ending ill!

Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
 The joys of heaven and earth divided be!
 Though Faith be heir, and have the fixt estate,
 Thy portion yet in moveables is great.
 Happiness itself's all one
 In thee, or in possession!

Only the future's thine, the present his!
 Thine's the more hard and noble bliss:
 Best apprehender of our joys! which hast
 So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

Hope! thou sad lovers' only friend!
 Thou Way, that may'st dispute it with the End!
 For Love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
 The taste itself less than the smell and sight.
 Fruition more deceitful is
 Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;
 Men leave thee by obtaining, and strait flee
 Some other way again to thee;
 And that 's a pleasant country, without doubt,
 To which all soon return that travel out.

LOVE'S INGRATITUDE.

LITTLE thought, thou fond ingrateful sin!
 When first I let thee in,
 And gave thee but a part
 In my unwary heart,
 That thou would'st e'er have grown
 So false or strong to make it all thine own.
 At mine own breast with care I fed thee still,
 Letting thee suck thy fill;
 And daintily I nourish'd thee
 With idle thoughts and poetry!
 What ill returns dost thou allow! —
 I fed thee then, and thou dost starve me now.
 There was a time when thou wast cold and
 chill,
 Nor hadst the power of doing ill;

Into my bosom did I take
This frozen and benumbed snake,
Not fearing from it any harm;
But now it stings that breast which made it
warm.

What cursed weed 's this Love! but one grain
few,

And the whole field 'twill overgrow;
Strait will it choak up and devour
Each wholesome herb and beauteous flower!
Nay, unless something soon I do,
'Twill kill, I fear, my very laurel too.

But now all 's gone—I now, alas! complain,
Declare, protest, and threat, in vain;
Since, by my own unforc'd consent,
The traitor has my government,
And is so settled in the throne,
That 'twere rebellion now to claim mine own.

THE FRAILTY.

KNOW 'tis sordid, and 'tis low
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I so hotly now pursue
(I know all this as well as you);
But, whilst this cursed flesh I bear,
And all the weakness and the baseness there,
Alas! alas! it will be always so.

In vain, exceedingly in vain,
I rage sometimes, and bite my chain;
Yet to what purpose do I bite
With teeth which ne'er will break it quite?
For, if the chiefest Christian Head
Was by this sturdy tyrant buffeted,
What wonder is it if weak I be slain?

COLDNESS.

AS water fluid is till it do grow
Solid and fixt by cold;
So in warm seasons Love does loosely flow;
Frost only can it hold:
A woman's rigour and disdain
Does his swift course restrain.

Though constant and consistent now it be,
Yet, when kind beams appear,
It melts, and glides apace into the sea,
And loses itself there.
So the sun's amorous play
Kisses the ice away.

You may in vulgar loves find always this;
But my substantial love
Of a more firm and perfect nature is;
No weathers can it move:
Though heat dissolve the ice again,
The crystal solid does remain.

ENJOYMENT.

THEN like some wealthy island thou shalt lie,
And like the sea about it, I;
Thou, like fair Albion to the sailors' sight,
Spreading her beauteous bosom all in white;
Like the kind Ocean I will be,
With loving arms for ever clasping thee.

But I'll embrace thee gentlier far than so;
As their fresh banks soft rivers do:
Nor shall the proudest planet boast a power
Of making my full love to ebb one hour;
It never dry or low can prove,
Whilst thy unwasted fountain feeds my love.

Such heat and vigour shall our kisses bear,
As if like doves we 'engender'd there:
No bound nor rule my pleasures shall endure,
In love there 's none too much an Epicure:
Nought shall my hands or lips control;
I'll kiss thee through, I'll kiss thy very soul.

Yet nothing but the night our sports shall know;
Night, that 's both blind and silent too!
Alpheus found not a more secret trace,
His lov'd Sicilian fountain to embrace,
Creeping so far beneath the sea,
Than I will do to 'enjoy and feast on thee.

Men, out of wisdom; women, out of pride,
The pleasant thefts of love do hide:
That may secure thee; but thou 'ast yet from me
A more infallible security;
For there 's no danger I should tell
The joys which are to me unspeakable.

SLEEP.

IN vain, thou drowsy God! I thee invoke;
For thou, who dost from fumes arise—
Thou, who man's soul dost overshade
With a thick cloud by vapours made—
Canst have no power to shut his eyes,
Or passage of his spirits to choke,
Whose flame 's so pure that it sends up no smoke.

Yet how do tears but from some vapours rise?
Tears, that bewinter all my year?
The fate of Egypt I sustain,
And never feel the dew of rain,
From clouds which in the head appear;
But all my too much moisture owe
To overflowings of the heart below.

Thou, who dost men (as nights to colours do)
Bring all to an equality!
Come, thou just God! and equal me
Awhile to my disdainful She:
In that condition let me lie,
Till Love does me the favour shew:
Love equals all a better way than you.

Then never more shalt thou b' invoc'd by me;
 Watchful as spirits and Gods I'll prove;
 Let her but grant, and then will I
 Thee and thy kinsman Death defy;
 For, betwixt thee and them that love,
 Never will an agreement be;
 Thou scorn'st th' unhappi, and the happy, thee!

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY! thou wild fantastic ape,
 Who dost in every country change thy shape!
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there
 white;
 Thou flatterer! which comply'st with every sight!
 Thou Babel, which confound'st the eye
 With unintelligible variety!
 Who hast no certain What, nor Where;
 But vary'st still, and dost thyself declare
 Inconstant, as thy sic-professors are.

Beauty! Love's scene and masquerade,
 So gay by well-plac'd lights and distance made;
 False coin, with which th' impostor cheats us still;
 The stamp and colour good, but metal ill!
 Which light or base we find, when we
 Weigh by enjoyment, and examine thee!
 For, though thy being be but show,
 'Tis chiefly night which men to thee allow;
 And chuse t' enjoy thee, when thou least art Thou.

Beauty! thou active, passive ill!
 Which dy'st thyself as fast as thou dost kill!
 Thou tulip, who thy stock in paint dost waste,
 Neither for physic good, nor smell, nor taste.

Beauty! whose flames but meteors are,
 Short-liv'd and low, though thou would'st seem
 a star;

Who dar'st not thine own home desery,
 Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,
 When thou, alas! dost in the fancy lie.

Beauty! whose conquests still are made
 O'er hearts by cowards kept, or else betray'd;
 Weak victor! who thyself destroy'd must be
 When Sickness forms, or Time besieges thee!

Thou 'unwholesome thaw to frozen age!
 Thou strong wine, which youth's fever dost
 enrage!

Thou tyrant, which leav'st no man free!
 Thou subtle thief, from whom nought safe can be!
 Thou murderer, which hast kill'd, and devil, which
 would'st damn me!

THE PARTING.

AS men in Greenland left beheld the sun
 From their horizon run,
 And thought upon the sad half-year
 Of cold and darkness they must suffer there:
 So on my parting mistress did I look;
 With such swollen eyes my farewell took;

Ah, my fair star! said I;
 Ah, those blest lands to which bright Thou dost
 fly!

In vain the men of learning comfort me,
 And say I'm in a warm degree;
 Say what they please, I say and swear
 'Tis beyond eighty' at least, if you 're not here.

It is, it is; I tremble with the frost,
 And know that I the day have lost;
 And those wild things which men they call,
 I find to be but bears or foxes all.

Return, return, gay planet of mine East,
 Of all that shines thou much the best!
 And, as thou now descend'st to sea,
 More fair and fresh rise up from thence to me!

Thou, who in many a propriety,
 So truly art the sun to me,
 Add one more likeness (which I'm sure
 you can)
 And let me and my sun beget a man!

MY PICTURE.

HERE, take my likeness with you, whilst 'tis so;
 For, when from hence you go,
 The next sun's rising will behold
 Me pale, and lean, and old:
 The man who did this picture draw,
 Will swear next day my face he never saw.

I really believe, within a while,
 If you upon this shadow smile,
 Your presence will such vigour give
 (Your presence, which makes all things live.)
 And absence so much alter me,
 This will the substance, I the shadow, be.

When from your well-wrought cabinet you take it,
 And your bright looks awake it,
 Ah! be not frighted if you see
 The new-soul'd picture gaze on thee,
 And hear it breathe a sigh or two;
 For those are the first things that it will do.

My rival-image will be then thought blest,
 And laugh at me as dispossess'd;
 But thou, who, (if I know thee right)
 I th' substance dost not much delight,
 Wilt rather send again for me,
 Who then shall but my picture's picture be.

THE CONCEALMENT.

NO; to what purpose should I speak?
 No, wretched heart! swell till you break.
 She cannot love me if she would;
 And, to say truth, 'twere pity that she should;
 No; to the grave thy sorrows bear;
 As silent as they will be there:

Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
 So handsomely the thing contrive,
 That she may guiltless of it live;
 So perish, that her killing thee
 May a chance-medley, and no murder, be.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
 By her beauty, not her anger, die:
 This will look justly, and become
 An execution; that, a martyrdom.

The censuring world will ne'er refrain
 From judging men by thunder slain.

She must be angry, sure, if I should be
 So bold to ask her, to make me,
 By being her's happier than she!

I will not; 'tis a milder fate
 To fall by her not loving, than her hate.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
 Will ominous to her appear;
 When, found in every other part,
 Her sacrifice is found without an heart;
 For the last tempest of my death
 Shall sigh out that too with my breath.

Then shall the world my noble ruin see,
 Some pity and some envy me;
 Then she herself, the mighty she,
 Shall grace my funerals with this truth;

" 'Twas only Love destroy'd the gentle youth!"

THE MONOPOLY.

WHAT mines of sulphur in my breast do lie,
 'That feed th' eternal burnings of my heart!
 Not Aetna flames more fierce or constantly,
 The founding shop of Vulcan's smoky art:
 Vulcan his shop has placed there,
 And Cupid's forge is set-up here.

Here all those arrows' mortal heads are made,
 That fly so thick unseen through yielding air;
 The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade,
 Are Jealousy, Fear, Sadness, and Despair.
 Ah, cruel God! and why to me
 Gave you this curst monopoly?

I have the trouble, not the gains, of it:—
 Give me but the disposal of one dart,
 And then (I'll ask no other benefit)
 Heat as you please your furnace in my heart:
 So sweet's revenge to me, that I
 Upon my foe would gladly die.

Deep into' her bosom would I strike the dart,
 Deeper than woman e'er was struck by thee;
 Thou giv'st them small wounds, and so far from
 th' heart,

They flutter still about, inconsistently:
 Curse on thy goodness, whom we find
 Civil to none but woman-kind!

Vain God! who women dost thyself adore!
 Their wounded hearts do still retain the powers
 To travel and to wander, as before:

Thy broken arrows 'twixt that sex and ours
 So 'unjustly are distributed,
 They take the feathers, we the head.

THE DISTANCE.

I 'VE followed thee a year, at least,
 And never stopp'd myself to rest;
 But yet can thee o'ertake no more
 Than this day can the day that went before.

In this our fortunes equal prove
 To stars, which govern them above;
 Our stars, that move for ever round,
 With the same distance still betwixt them found.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
 The wheel of Fate faster to drive;
 Since, if around it swifter fly,
 She in it mends her pace as much as I.

Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,
 That there can never meet a pair!
 Tamelier than worms are lovers slain;
 The wounded heart ne'er turns, to wound again.

THE INCREASE.

I THOUGHT, I'll swear, I could have lov'd
 no more
 Than I had done before;
 But you as easily might account
 Till to the top of numbers you amount,
 As cast up my love's score.
 Ten thousand millions was the sum;
 Millions of endless millions are to come.

I'm sure her beauties cannot greater grow;
 Why should my love do so?
 A real cause at first did move;
 But mine own fancy now drives on my love,
 With shadows from itself that flow.
 My love, as we in numbers see,
 By cyphers is increas'd eternally.

So the new-made and untry'd spheres above
 Took their first turn from th' hand of Jove;
 But are, since that beginning, found
 By their own forms to move for ever round.
 All violent motions short do prove;
 But, by the length, 'tis plain to see
 That Love's a motion natural to me.

LOVE'S VISIBILITY.

WITH much of pain, and all the art I knew,
 Have I endeavour'd hitherto
 To hide my love, and yet all will not do.

The world perceives it, and, it may be, she;
 Though so discreet and good she be,
 By hiding it, to teach that skill to me.

Men without love have oft so cunning grown,
 That something like it they have shown;
 But none who had it ever seem'd t' have none.

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
 Can no arts or disguise find,
 But thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.

The very eye betrays our inward smart;
 Love of himself left there a part,
 When thorough it he past into the heart.
 Or if by chance the face betray not it,
 But keep the secret wisely, yet,
 Like drunkenness, into the tongue 'twill get.

LOOKING ON, AND DISCOURSING WITH, HIS MISTRESS.

THESE full two hours now have I gazing been,
 What comfort by it can I gain?
 To look on heaven with mighty gulfs between
 Was the great miser's greatest pain;
 So near was he to heaven's delight,
 As with the blest converse he might,
 Yet could not get one drop of water by 't.
 Ah wretch! I seem to touch her now; but oh,
 What boundless spaces do us part!
 Fortune, and friends, and all earth's empty show,
 My lowness, and her high desert:
 But these might conquerable prove;
 Nothing does me so far remove,
 As her hard soul's aversion from my love.
 So travellers, that lose their way by night,
 If from afar they chance t' espy
 Th' uncertain glimmerings of a taper's light,
 Take flattering hopes, and think it nigh;
 Till, wearied with the fruitless pain,
 They sit them down, and weep in vain,
 And there in darkness and despair remain.

RESOLVED TO LOVE.

I WONDER what the grave and wife
 Think of all us that love;
 Whether our pretty fooleries
 Their mirth or anger move;
 They understand not breath that words does want;
 Our sighs to them are insignificant.
 One of them saw me, th' other day,
 Touch the dear hand which I admire;
 My soul was melting straight away,
 And dropt before the fire:
 This silly wife-man, who pretends to know,
 Ask'd why I look'd so pale, and trembled so?
 Another, from my mistress' door
 Saw me with eyes all watery come;
 Nor could the hidden cause explore,
 But thought some smoke was in the room:
 Such ignorance from unwounded learning came;
 He knew tears made by smoke, but not by flame.
 If learn'd in other things you be,
 And have in love no skill,
 For God's sake keep your arts from me,
 For I'll be ignorant still:

Vol. II.

Study or action others may embrace;
 My love's my business, and my looks her face.
 These are but trifles, I confess,
 Which me, weak mortal! move;
 Nor is your busy-seriousness
 Less trifling than my love:
 The wisest king, who from his sacred breast
 Pronounc'd all vanity, chose it for the best.

MY FATE.

GO bid the needle his dear North forsake,
 To which with trembling reverence it does
 bend;
 Go bid the stones a journey upwards make;
 Go bid th' ambitious flame no more ascend:
 And, when these false to their o'd motions prove,
 Then shall I cease thee, thee alone, to love.
 The fast-link'd chain of everlasting Fate
 Does nothing tie more strong than me to you;
 My fixt love hangs not on your love or hate,
 But will be still the same, whate'er you do:
 You cannot kill my love with your disdain;
 Wound it you may, and make it live in pair.
 Me, mine example, let the Stoics use,
 Their sad and cruel doctrine to maintain;
 Let all predestinators me produce,
 Who struggle with eternal bonds in vain:
 This fire I'm born to—but 'tis the must tell,
 Whether 't be beams of heaven or flames of hell.
 You, who men's fortunes in their faces read,
 To find out mine, look not, alas! on me;
 But mark her face, and all the features heed;
 For only there is writ my destiny:
 Or, if stars shew it, gaze not on the skies;
 But study the astrology of her eyes.
 If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
 What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear;
 I well believe the fate of mortal days
 Is writ in heaven; but oh, my heaven is there.
 What can men learn from stars they scarce can see?
 Two great lights rule the world, and her two me.

THE HEART-BREAKING.

IT gave a piteous groan, and so it broke;
 In vain it something would have spoke:
 The love within too strong for 't was,
 Like poison put into a Venice-glass.
 I thought that this some remedy might prove;
 But oh, the mighty serpent Love,
 Cut by this chance in pieces small,
 In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.
 And now, alas! each little broken part
 Feels the whole pain of all my heart;
 And every smallest corner still
 Lives with that torment which the whole did kill.
 I.

Even so rude armies, when the field they quit,
And into several quarters get;
Each troop does spoil and ruin more
Than all join'd in one body did before.

How many Loves reign in my bosom now!
How many loves, yet all of you!
Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
My Monarch-Love into a Tyrant-State.

THE USURPATION.

THOU'adt to my soul no title or pretence;
I was mine own, and free,
Till I had given myself to thee;
But thou hast kept me slave and prisoner since.
Well, since so insolent thou'rt grown,
Fond tyrant! I'll depose thee from thy throne;
Such outrages must not admitted be
In an elective monarchy.

Part of my heart by gift did to thee fall;
My country, kindred, and my best
Acquaintance, were to share the rest;
But thou, their covetous neighbour, draw'st out all:
Nay more; thou mak'st me worship thee,
And would'st the rule of my religion be:
Did ever tyrant claim such power as you,
To be both emperor and pope too?

The public miseries, and my private fate,
Deserve some tears; but greedy thou
(Insatiate maid!) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee should alienate:
Nor wilt thou grant my sins a part,
Though the sole cause of most of them thou art;
Counting my tears thy tribute and thy due,
Since first mine eyes I gave to you.

Thou all my joys and all my hopes dost claim;
Thou ragest like a fire in me,
Converting all things into thee;
Naught can resist, or not increase the flame:
Nay, every grief and every fear
Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear:
Thy presence, like the crowned basilisk's breath,
All other serpents puts to death.

As men in hell are from diseases free,
So from all other ills am I;
Free from their known formality:
But all pains eminently lie in thee!
Alas, alas! I hope in vain
My conquer'd soul from out thine hands to gain;
Since all the natives there thou'ast overthrow,
And planted garrisons of thine own.

MAIDENHEAD.

THOU worst estate ev'n of the sex that's
worst;
Therefore by Nature made at first

T' attend the weakness of our birth!
Slight outward curtain to the nuptial bed!
Thou safe to buildings not yet finished!
Who, like the centre of the earth,
Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
Though thou a point imaginary be.

A thing God thought for mankind so unfit,
That his first blessing ruin'd it.
Cold, frozen nurse of fiercest fires!
Who, like the parched plains of Afric's sand
(A sterile, and a wild unlovely land)
Art always scorch'd with hot desires,
Yet barren quite, didst thou not bring
Monsters and serpents forth thyself to sting!

Thou that bewitchest men, whilst thou dost
dwell

Like a close conjurer in his cell,
And fear'st the day's discovering eye!
No wonder 'tis at all that thou should'st be
Such tedious and unpleasant company,
Who liv'st so melancholily!

Thou thing of subtle, slippery kind,
Which women lose, and yet no man can find!

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee;
The search itself rewards the pains:
So, though the chemist his great secret miss
(For neither it in Art nor Nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains;
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unfought experiments by the way.

Say what thou wilt, chastity is no more
Thee, than a porter is his door.
In vain to honour they pretend,
Who guard themselves with ramparts and with
walls;
Them only Fame the truly valiant calls,
Who can an open breach defend.
Of thy quick loss can be no doubt,
Within so hated, and so lov'd without.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

IMPOSSIBILITIES! oh no, there's none;
I Could mine bring thy heart captive home;
As easily other dangers were o'erthrown,
As Caesar, after vanquish'd Rome,
His little Asian foes did overcome.

True lovers oft by Fortune are envied;
Oft earth and hell against them strive;
But Providence engages on their side,
And a good end at last does give:
At last, just men and lovers always thrive.

As stars (not powerful else) when they conjoin,
Charge, as they please, the world's estate;
So thy heart in conjunction with mine
Shall our own fortunes regulate;
And to our stars themselves prescribe a fate.

'Twould grieve me much to find some bold romance,

That should two kind examples shew,
Which before us in wonders did advance;
Not that I thought that story true,
But none should Fancy more, than I would Do.

Through spite of our worst enemies, thy friends;
Through local banishment from thee;
Through the loud thoughts of less-concerning ends,

As easy shall my passage be,
As was the amorous youth's o'er Helle's sea:

In vain the winds, in vain the billows, roar;
In vain the stars their aid deny'd;
He saw the Sessian tower on th' other shore:
Shall th' Hellespont our loves divide?
No, not the Atlantic ocean's boundless tide.

Such seas betwixt us easily conquer'd are;
But, gentle maid! do not deny
To let thy beams shine on me from afar;
And still the raper let me espy:
For, when thy light goes out, I sink and die.

SILENCE.

CURSE on this tongue, that has my heart betray'd,

And his great secret open laid!
For, of all persons, chiefly she
Should not the ill I suffer know;
Since 'tis a thing might dangerous grow,
Only in her to pity me:

Since 'tis for me to lose my life more fit,
Then 'tis for her to save and ransom it.

Ah! never more shall thy unwilling ear
My helpless story hear;
Discourse and talk awake does keep
The rude unquiet pain
That in my breast does reign;

Silence perhaps may make it sleep:
I'll bind that fore up I did ill reveal;
The wound, if once it close, may chance to heal.

No 'twill ne'er heal; my love will never die,
Though it should speechless lie.
A river, ere it meet the sea,
As well might stay its source,
As my love can his course,
Unless it join and mix with thee:
Many end or stop of it be found,
We know the flood runs still, though under ground.

THE DISSEMBLER.

UNHURT, untouch'd, did I complain,
And terrify'd all others with the pain:
But now I feel the mighty evil;
Ah! there's no fooling with the devil!
So, wanton men, whilst others they would fright,
Themselves have met a real sprite.

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome lye
Had been no sin at all in poetry;
But now I suffer an arrest,
For words were spoke by me in jest.
Dull, sottish God of love! and can it be
Thou understand'st not railery?

Darts, and wounds, and flame, and heat,
I nam'd but for the rhyme, or the conceit;
Nor meant my verse should raised be
To this sad fame of prophecy:
Truth gives a dull propriety to my style,
And all the metaphors does spoil.

In things where fancy much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign;
The play at last a truth does grow,
And Custom into Nature go:
By this curst art of begging I became
Lame, with counterfeiting lame.

My lines of amorous desire
I wrote to kindle and blow others' fire;
And 'twas a barbarous delight
My fancy promis'd from the fight:
But now, by Love, the mighty Phalaris, I,
My burning Bull the first do try.

THE INCONSTANT.

I NEVER yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years, to fifty's space,
They all victorious be.
Love, thou'rt a devil, if I may call thee one;
For sure in me thy name is Legion.

Colour, or shape, good limbs, or face,
Goodness, or wit, in all I find;
In motion or in speech a grace;
If all fail, yet 'tis woman-kind;
And I'm so weak, the pistol need not be
Double or treble charg'd to murder me.

If tall, the name of proper slays;
If fair, she's pleasant as the light;
If low, her prettiness does please;
If black, what lover loves not night?
If yellow-hair'd, I love, lest it should be
Th' excuse to others for not loving me.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart;
The lean, with love, makes me too so:
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart
To me; if crooked, 'tis his bow:
Nay, age itself does me to rage incline,
And strength to women gives, as well as wine.

Just half as large as Charity
My richly-landed Love's become;
And, judg'd aright, is Constancy,
Though it take up a larger room:
Him, who loves always one, why should they
call,
More constant than the man loves always all?

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Through all Love's gardens and his fields;
And, like the wife, industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields!
Honey still spent this diligence still supplies,
Though I return not home with laden thighs.

My soul at first indeed did prove
Of pretty strength against a dart,
Till I this habit got of love;
But my consum'd and wasted heart,
Once burnt to tinder with a strong desire.
Since that, by every spark is set on fire.

THE CONSTANT.

GREAT and wife conqueror, who, where'er
Thou com'st, dost fortify, and settle there!
Who canst defend as well as get,
And never hadst one quarter beat-up yet;
Now thou art in, thou ne'er wilt part
With one inch of my vanquish'd heart;
For, since thou took'st it by assault from me,
'Tis garrison'd so strong with thoughts of thee,
It fears no beauteous enemy.

Had thy charming strength been less,
I 'ad serv'd ere this an hundred mistresses:
I'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my prison to be a vagabond:
A prison in which I still would be,
Though every door stood ope to me.
In spite both of thy coldness and thy pride,
All love is marriage on thy lover's side,
For only death can them divide.

Close, narrow chain, yet soft and kind
As that which spirits above to good does bind,
Gentle and sweet Necessity,
Which does not force, but guide our liberty!
Your love on me were spent in vain,
Since my love still could but remain
Just as it is; for what, alas! can be
Added to that which hath infinity
Both in extent and quality?

HER NAME.

WITH more than Jewish reverence as yet
Do I the sacred name conceal;
When, ye kind stars, ah when will it be fit
This gentle mystery to reveal?
When will our love be nam'd, and we possess
That christening as a badge of happiness?
So bold as yet no verse of mine has been,
To wear that gem on any line;
Nor, till the happy nuptial Muse be seen,
Shall any stanza with it shine.
Rest, mighty name! till then; for thou must be
Laid down by her, ere taken up by me.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;
Then Echo's burden it shall be;
Then all the birds in several notes shall sing,
And all the rivers murmur, thee;
Then every wind the sound shall upwards bear,
And softly whisper 't to some angel's ear.
Then shall thy name through all my verse be
spread,
Thick as the flowers in meadows lie,
And, when in future times they shall be read
(As sure, I think, they will not die)
If any critic doubt that they be mine,
Men by that stamp shall quickly know the coin.

Meanwhile I will not dare to make a name
To represent thee by;
Adam (God's nomenclator) could not frame
One that enough should signify:
Astræa or Celia as unfit would prove
For thee, as 'tis to call the Deity Jove.

WEEPING.

SEE where she sits, and in what comely wise
Drops tears more fair than others' eyes!
Ah, charming maid! let not ill-fortune see
Th' attire thy sorrow wears,
Nor know the beauty of thy tears;
For she'll still come to dress herself in thee.

As stars reflect on waters, so I spy
In every drop, methinks, her eye.
The baby, which lives there, and always plays
In that illustrious sphere,
Like a Narcissus does appear,
Whilst in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.
Ne'er yet did I behold so glorious weather,
As this sun-shine and rain together.
Pray Heaven her forehead, that pure hill of snow
(For some such fountain we must find,
To waters of so fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream below!
Ah, mighty Love! that it were inward heat
Which made this precious limbeck sweat!
But what, alas! ah, what does it avail,
That the weeps tears so wondrous cold,
As scarce the ass's hoof can hold,
So cold, that I admire they fall not hail.

DISCRETION.

DISCREET! what means this word discreet?
A curse on all discretion!
This barbarous term you will not meet
In all Love's lexicon.
Jointure, portion, gold, estate,
Houses, household-stuff, or land,
(The low conveniences of Fate)
Are Greek no lovers understand.

Believe me, beauteous one! when love
 Enters into a breast,
 The two first things it does remove
 Are friends and interest.
 Passion's half blind, nor can endure
 The careful, scrupulous eyes;
 Or else I could not love, I'm sure,
 One who in love were wise.
 Men, in such tempests tost about,
 Will, without grief or pain,
 Cast all their goods and riches out,
 Themselves their port to gain.
 As well might martyrs, who do choose
 That sacred death to take,
 Mourn for the cloaths which they must lose,
 When they're bound naked to the stake.

THE WAITING-MAID.

THY Maid! ah! find some nobler theme
 Whereon thy doubts to place;
 Nor by a low suspect blaspheme
 The glories of thy face.
 Alas! she makes thee shine so fair,
 So exquisitely bright,
 That her dim lamp must disappear
 Before thy potent light.
 Three hours each morn in dressing thee
 Maliciously are spent;
 And make that beauty tyranny,
 That's else a civil government.
 Th' adorning thee with so much art
 Is but a barbarous skill;
 'Tis like the poisoning of a dart
 Too apt before to kill.
 The ministering angels none can see;
 'Tis not their beauty' or face,
 For which by men they worship'd be;
 But their high office and their place.
 Thou art my Goddess, my Saint she;
 I pray to her, only to pray to thee.

COUNSEL.

AH! what advice can I receive!
 No, satisfy me first;
 For who would physic-potions give
 To one that dies with thirst?
 A little puff of breath, we find,
 Small fires can quench and kill;
 But, when they're great, the adverse wind
 Does make them greater still.
 Now whilst you speak, it moves me much,
 But strait I'm just the same;
 Alas! th' effect must needs be such
 Of cutting through a flame.

THE CURE.

COME, doctor! use thy roughest art,
 Thou canst not cruel prove;
 Cut, burn, and torture, every part,
 To heal me of my love.
 There is no danger, if the pain
 Should me to a fever bring;
 Compar'd with heats I now sustain,
 A fever is so cool a thing
 (Like drink which feverish men desire)
 That I should hope 'twould almost quench my fire.

THE SEPARATION.

ASK me not what my love shall do or be
 (Love, which is soul to body, and soul of
 me!)
 When I am separated from thee;
 Alas! I might as easily show
 What after death the soul will do;
 "I will last, I'm sure, and that is all we know."
 The thing call'd soul will never stir nor move,
 But all that while a lifeless carcase prove;
 For 'tis the body of my love:
 Not that my love will fly away,
 But still continue; as, they say,
 Sad troubled ghosts about their graves do stray.

THE TREE.

I CHOSE the flourishing'st tree in all the park,
 With freshest boughs and fairest head;
 I cut my love into his gentle bark,
 And in three days, behold! 'tis dead;
 My very written flames so violent be,
 They've burnt and wither'd up the tree.
 How should I live myself, whose heart is found
 Deeply graven every where
 With the large history of many a wound,
 Larger than thy trunk can bear?
 With art as strange as Homer in the nut,
 Love in my heart has volumes put.
 What a few words from thy rich stock did take
 The leaves and beauties all,
 As a strong poison with one drop does make
 The nails and hairs to fall:
 Love (I see now) a kind of witchcraft is,
 Or characters could ne'er do this.
 Pardon, ye birds and nymphs, who lov'd this
 shade;
 And pardon me, thou gentle tree;
 I thought her name would thee have happy made,
 And blessed omens hop'd from thee;
 "Notes of my love, thrive here," said I, "and
 "grow;
 "And with ye let my love do so."

Alas, poor youth! thy love will never thrive!
 This blasted tree predestines it;
 Go, tie the dismal knot (why should'st thou live?)
 And, by the lines thou there hast writ,
 Deform'dly hanging, the sad picture be
 To that unlucky history.

HER UNBELIEF.

TIS a strange kind of ignorance this in you!
 That you your victories should not spy,
 Victories gotten by your eye!
 That your bright beams, as those of comets do,
 Should kill, but not know how, nor who!
 That truly you my idol might appear,
 Whilst all the people smell and see
 The odorous flames I offer thee,
 Thou sitt'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor hear,
 Thy constant, zealous worshiper.
 They see't too well who at my fires repine;
 Nay, th' unconcern'd themselves do prove
 Quick-eyed enough to spy my love;
 Nor does the cause in thy face clearer shine,
 Than the effect appears in mine.
 Fair infidel! by what unjust decree
 Must I, who with such restless care
 Would make this truth to thee appear,
 Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
 Damn'd by thy incredulity?
 I, by thy unbelief, am guiltless slain:
 Oh, have but faith, and then, that you
 May know that faith for to be true,
 It shall itself by a miracle maintain,
 And raise me from the dead again!
 Meanwhile my hopes may seem to be o'erthrown;
 But lovers' hopes are full of art,
 And thus dispute—That, since my heart,
 Though in thy breast, yet is not by thee known,
 Perhaps thou may'st not know thine own.

THE GAZERS.

COME, let's go on, where love and youth does
 call;
 I've seen too much, if this be all.
 Alas! how far more wealthy might I be
 With a contented ignorant poverty!
 To shew such stores, and nothing grant,
 Is to enrage and vex my want.
 For love to die an infant's lesser ill,
 Than to live long, yet live in childhood still
 We've both sat gazing only hitherto,
 As man and wife in picture do;
 The richest crop of joy is still behind,
 And he who only sees, in love, is blind.
 So, at first, Pygmalion lov'd,
 But th' amour at last improv'd;
 The statue itself at last a woman grew,
 And so at last, my dear, should you do too.

Beauty to man the greatest torture is,
 Unless it lead to farther bliss,
 Beyond the tyrannous pleasures of the eye;
 It grows too serious a cruelty,
 Unless it heal, as well as strike;
 I would not, salamander-like,
 In scorching heats always to live desire,
 But, like a martyr, pass to heaven through fire.

Mark how the lussy sun salutes the spring,
 And gently kisses every thing!
 His loving beams unlock each maiden flower,
 Search all the treasures, all the sweets devour:
 Then on the earth, with bridegroom-heat,
 He does still new flowers beget.
 The sun himself, although all eye he be,
 Can find in love more pleasure than to see.

THE INCURABLE.

I TRY'D if books would cure my love, but
 found
 Love made them nonsense all;
 I 'apply'd receipts of business to my wound,
 But stirring did the pain recall.

As well might men who in a fever fry,
 Mathematic doubts debate;
 As well might men who mad in darkness lie,
 Write the dispatches of a state.

I try'd devotion, sermons, frequent prayer,
 But those did worse than useless prove;
 For prayers are turn'd to sin, in those who are
 Out of charity, or in love.

I try'd in wine to drown the mighty care;
 But wine, alas! was oil to th' fire:
 Like drunkards' eyes, my troubled fancy there
 Did double the desire.

I try'd what mirth and gaiety would do,
 And mix'd with pleasant companies;
 My mirth did graceless and insipid grow,
 And 'bove a clinch it could not rise.

Nay, God forgive me for't! at last I try'd,
 'Gainst this some new desire to stir.
 And lov'd again, but 'twas where I esp'y'd
 Some faint resemblances of her.

The physic made me worse, with which I strove.
 This mortal ill t' expel:
 As wholesome medicines the disease improve,
 There where they work not well.

HONOUR.

SHE loves, and she confesses too;
 There's then, at last no more to do;
 The happy work's entirely done;
 Enter the town which thou hast won;
 The fruits of conquest now begin;
 To triumph! Enter in.

What's this, ye Gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate;
Have I overcome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! stalking shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cause of solid harms!
But I shall find out counter-charms,
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secrecy!
Unlike to every other sprite,
Thou attempt'st not men's affright,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

THE INNOCENT ILL

THOUGH all thy gestures and discourses be
Coin'd and stamp'd by modesty;
Though from thy tongue ne'er slip'd away
One word which nuns at th' altar might not say;
Yet such a sweetness, such a grace,
In all thy speech appear,
That what to th' eye a beauteous face,
That thy tongue is to th' ear:
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It strikes such heat through every part,
That thou a tempter worse than Satan art.

Though in thy thoughts scarce any tracks have
been

So much as of original sin,
Such charms thy beauty wears as might
Desires in dying confid' d saints excite:
Thou with strange adultery,
Dost in each breast a brothel keep;
Awake all men do lust for thee,
And some enjoy thee when they sleep.
Ne'er before did woman live,
Who to such multitudes did give
The root and cause of sin, but only Eve.

Though in thy breast so quick a pity be,
That a fly's death's a wound to thee;
Though savage and rock-hearted those
Appear, that weep not ev'n Demas's woes;
Yet ne'er before was tyrant known,
Whose rage was of so large extent;
The ill thou dost are whole thine own;
Thou'rt punishment and instrument:
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the treble office do
Of judge, of torturer, and of weapon too.

Thou lovely instrument of angry Fate,
Which God did for our faults create!
Thou pleasant, universal ill,
Which, sweet as health, yet like a plague dost kill!

Thou kind, well-natur'd tyranny!
Thou chaste committer of a rape!
Thou voluntary destiny,
Which no man can, or would, escape!
So gentle, and so glad to spare,
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) ev'n the destroying-angels are.

DIALOGUE.

She. **W**HAT have we done? what cruel pas-
sion mov'd thee,
Thus to ruin her that lov'd thee?
Me thou'lt robb'd; but what art thou
Thyself the richer now?
Shame succeeds the short-liv'd pleasure;
So soon is spent, and gone, this thy ill-gotten
treasure!

He. We have done no harm; nor was it theft
in me,
But noblest charity in thee.
I'll the well-gotten pleasure
Safe in my memory treasure:
What though the flower itself do waste,
The essence from it drawn does long and sweeter
last.

She. No: I'm undone; my honour thou hast stain,
And nothing can restore't again.
Art and labour to bestow,
Upon the carcase of it now,
Is but to embalm a body dead:
The figure may remain, the life and beauty's
fled.

He. Never, my dear, was honour yet undone
By Love, but Indiscretion.
To th' wife it all things does allow;
And car's not What we do, but How.
Like tapers shut in ancient urns,
Unless it let-in air, for ever shines and burns.

She. Thou first, perhaps, who didst the fault
commit,
Wilt make thy wicked boast of it;
For men, with Roman pride, above
The conquest do the triumph love;
Nor think a perfect victory gain'd,
Unless they through the streets their captive
lead enchain'd.

He. Whoe'er his secret joys has open laid,
The bawd to his own wife is made;
Beside, what boast is left for me,
Whose whole wealth's a gift from thee?
'Tis you the conquerer are, 'tis you
Who have not only ta'en, but bound and gagg'd
me too.

She. Though public punishment we escape, the sin
Will rack and torture us within:
Guilt and sin our bosom bears;
And, though fair yet the fruit appears,
That worm which now the core does waste,
When long 't has gnaw'd within, will break the
skin at last.

He. That thirstly drink, that hungry food, I
fought,
That wounded balm is all my fault;
And thou in pity didst apply,
The kind and only remedy:
The cause absolves the crime; since me
So mighty force did move, so mighty goodness
thee.

She. Curse on thine arts! methinks I hate thee
now;
And yet I'm sure I love thee too!
I'm angry; but my wrath will prove
More innocent than did thy love.
Thou hast this day undone me quite;
Yet wilt undo me more should'st thou not come
at night.

VERSES UPON A LOST WAGER.

AS soon hereafter will I wagers lay
'Gainst what an oracle shall say;
Fool that I was, to venture to deny
A tongue so us'd to victory!
A tongue so blest by nature and by art,
That never yet it spoke but gain'd an heart:
Though what you said had not been true,
If spoke by any else but you;
Your speech will govern destiny,
And Fate will change rather than you should lye.

'Tis true, if human Reason were the guide,
Reason, methinks, was on my side;
But that's a guide, alas! we must resign,
When th' authority's divine.
She said, she said herself it would be so;
And I, bold unbeliever! answer'd no:
Never so justly, sure, before,
Error the name of blindness bore;
For, whatso'er the question be,
There's no man that has eyes would bet for me.

If Truth itself (as other angels do
When they descend to human view)
In a material form would deign to shine,
'Twould imitate or borrow thine:
So dazzling bright, yet so transparent clear,
So well-proportion'd would the parts appear!
Happy the eye which Truth could see
Cloath'd in a shape like thee;
But happier far the eye
Which could thy shape naked like Truth espy!

Yet this lost wager costs me nothing more
Than what I ow'd to thee before:
Who would not venture for that debt to play,
Which he were bound howe'er to pay?
If Nature gave me power to write in verse,
She gave it me thy praises to rehearse:
Thy wondrous beauty and thy wit
Has such a sovereign right to it,
That no man's Muse for public vent is free,
Till she has paid her customs first to thee.

BATHING IN THE RIVER.

THE fish around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treacherous fishers
shew,
And all with as much ease might taken be,
As she at first took me;
For ne'er did light so clear
Among the waves appear,
Though every night the fun himself set there.
Why to mute fish should'st thou not, self discover,
And not to me, thy no less silent lover?
As some from men their buried gold commit
To ghosts, that have no use of it;
Half their rich treasures so
Maids bury; and, for aught we know,
(Poor ignorants!) they're mermaids all below.

The amorous waves would fain about her stay,
But still new amorous waves drive them away,
And with swift current to those joys they haste,
That do as swiftly waste:
I laugh'd the wanton play to view;
But 'tis, alas! at land so too,
And still old lovers yield the place to new.

Kiss her, and as you part, you amorous waves
(My happier rivals, and my fellow-slaves)
Point to your flowery banks, and to her shew
The good your bounties do;
Then tell her what your pride doth cost,
And how your use and beauty's lost,
When rigorous winter binds you up with frost.
Tell her, her beauties and her youth, like thee,
Haste without stop to a devouring sea;
Where they will mix'd and undistinguish'd lie
With all the meanest things that die;
As in the ocean thou
No privilege dost know
Above th' impurest streams that thither flow.
Tell her, kind flood! when this has made her sad,
Tell her there's yet one remedy to be had:
Shew her how thou, though long since past, dost
find
Thyself yet still behind:
Marriage (say to her) will bring
About the self same thing,
But she, fond maid, shuts and seals-up the spring.

LOVE GIVEN OVER.

IT is enough; enough of time and pain
Hast thou consum'd in vain;
Leave, wretched Cowley! leave
Thyself with shadows to deceive;
Think that already lost which thou must never
gain.
Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest years
(Toss'd in storms of hopes and fears)
Like helpless ships that be
Set on fire i' th' midst o' the sea,
Have all been burnt in love, and all been drown'd
in tears.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art
Free thy unlucky heart;
Since Fate does disapprove
Th' ambition of thy love,
And not one star in heaven offers to take thy
part.

If e'er I clear my heart from this desire,
If e'er it home to its breast retire,
It ne'er shall wander more about,
Though thousand beauties call it out:
A lover burnt like me for ever dreads the fire.

The pox, the plague, and every small disease,
May come as oft as ill fate please;
But death and love are never found
To give a second wound,
We're by those serpents bit, but we're devour'd
by these.

Alas! what comfort is 't that I am grown
Secure of being again o'erthrown?
Since such an enemy needs not fear
Left any else should quarter there,
Who has not only sick'd, but quite burnt down,
the town.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

PRESERVED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

THROW an apple up a hill,
Down the apple tumbles still;
Roll it down, it never stops
Till within the vale it drops:
So are all things prone to Love,
All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the stream,
Up ascends the lambent flame;
Smoke and vapour mount the skies;
All preserve their unities;
Nought below, and nought above,
Seems averse, but prone to Love.

Stop the meteor in its flight,
Or the orient rays of light;
Bid Dan Phœbus not to shine,
Bid the planets not incline:
'Tis as vain, below, above,
To impede the course of Love.

Salamanders live in fire,
Eagles to the skies aspire,
Diamonds in their quarries lie,
Rivers do the sea supply:
Thus appears, below, above,
A propensity to Love.

Metals grow within the mine,
Luscious grapes upon the vine;
Still the needle marks the pole;
Parts are equal to the whole:
'Tis a truth as clear, that Love
Quickens all, below, above.

Man is born to live and die,
Snakes to creep, and birds to fly;
Fishes in the waters swim,
Doves are mild, and lions grim:
Nature thus, below, above,
Pushes all things on to Love.

Does the cedar love the mountain?
Or the thirsty deer the fountain?
Does the shepherd love his crook?
Or the willow court the brook?
Thus by Nature all things move,
Like a running stream, to Love.

Is the valiant hero bold?
Does the miser deat on gold?
Seek the birds in spring to pair?
Breathes the rose-bud scented air?
Should you this deny, you'll prove
Nature is averse to Love.

As the wench loves a lass,
As the toper loves his glass,
As the friar loves his cowl,
Or the miller loves the toll,
So do all, below, above,
Fly precipitate to Love.

When young maidens courtship shun,
When the moon outshines the sun,
When the tigers lambs beget,
When the snow is black as jet,
When the planets cease to move,
Then shall Nature cease to Love.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE POWER OF LOVE.

N. B. This is delivered down by tradition as a production of Cowley; and was spoken at the Westminster-School election, on the following subject:

"*Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.*"—OVID.

SO! Daphne fees, and seeing her admires,
Which adds new flames to his celestial fires:
Had any remedy for Love been known,
The god of Phyc, sure, had cur'd his own.

PINDARIC ODES.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE

STYLE AND MANNER OF THE ODES OF PINDAR.

"Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus."—HOR. I. Ep. III. 3.

P R E F A C E.

IF a man should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that one mad-man had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the original, reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure, rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry (*"quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum"*) would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in prose. We must consider in Pindar the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in pictures, at least the colours of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the religions and customs of our countries; and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance. And lastly (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider that our ears are strangers to the music of his numbers, which sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet; for though the grammarians and critics have laboured to reduce his verses into regular feet and measures (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin comedies) yet in effect they are little better than prose to our ears. And I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of English poetry could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is in some measure to be applied to all translations; and the not observing of it, is the cause that all which ever I yet saw, are so much inferior to their originals. The like happens too in pictures, from the same root of exact imitation; which, being a vile and unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in painting and poetry, much more beautiful than their natural objects; but I never saw a copy better than the original: which indeed cannot be otherwise; for, men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me that the grammarians perhaps will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called Translation; for I am not so much enamoured of the name Translator, as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. I speak not so much all this, in defence of my manner of translating, or imitating (or what other title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these words; as by this occasion to rectify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The Psalms of

David (which I believe to have been in their original, to the Hebrews of his time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted pieces of poetry,) are a great example of what I have said; all the translators of which (even Mr. Sandys himself; for in despite of popular error, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost excellencies of another language with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poet, that methinks they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great person) comes in my opinion no less short of David, than his country does of Judea. Upon this ground I have, in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added, what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his way and manner of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse; and which might, perhaps, be put into the list of Pancirolus, among the lost inventions of antiquity. This essay is but to try how it will look in an English habit: for which experiment, I have chosen one of his Olympic, and another of his Nemean Odes; which are as followeth.

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE OF
PINDAR.

Written in praise of Theron, prince of Agrigentum (a famous city in Sicily, built by his ancestors) who, in the seventy-seventh Olympic, won the chariot-prize. He is commended from the nobility of his race (whose story is often toucht on); from his great riches (an ordinary common-place in Pindar); from his hospitality, munificence, and other virtues. The Ode (according to the constant custom of the Poet) consists more in digressions, than in the main subject: and the Reader must not be choqued to hear him speak so often of his own Muse; for that is a liberty which this kind of poetry can hardly live without.

QUEEN of all harmonious things,
Dancing words, and speaking strings!
What God, what Hero, wilt thou sing?
What happy man to equal glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy voice.
Pisa does to Jove belong;
Jove and Pisa claim thy song.
The fair first-fruits of war, th' Olympic games,
Alcides offer'd-up to Jove;
Alcides too thy strings may move;
But, oh! what man to join with these can worthy prove!
Join Theron boldly to their sacred names;
Theron the next honour claims;
Theron to no man gives place,
Is first in Pisa's and in Virtue's race;
Theron there, and he alone,
Even his own swift forefathers has outgone.
They thro' rough ways, o'er many stops they pass,
Till on the fatal bank at last

They Agrigentum built, the beauteous eye
Of fair-fac'd Sicily;
Which does itself i' th' river by
With pride and joy espy.
Then cheerful notes their painted years did sing,
And Wealth was one, and Honour th' other wing;
Their genuine virtues did more sweet and clear,
In Fortune's graceful dress appear.
To which, great son of Rhea! say
The firm word which forbids things to decay!
If in Olympus' top, where thou
Sitt'st to behold thy sacred show;
If in Alpheus' silver flight;
If in my verse, thou dost delight,
My verse, O Rhea's son! which is
Lofty as that, and smooth as this.

For the past sufferings of this noble race
(Since things once past, and fled out of thine hand,
Hearken no more to thy command)
Let present joys fill up their place,
And with Oblivion's silent stroke deface
Of foregone ills the very trace.
In no illustrious line
Do these happy changes shine
More brightly, Theron! than in thine.
So, in the crystal palaces
Of the blue ey'd Nereides,
Luo her endless youth does please,
And thanks her fall into the seas.
Beauteous Semele does no less
Her cruel midwife, Thunder, bless;
Whilst, sporting with the Gods on high,
She enjoys secure their company;
Plays with lightnings as they fly,
Nor trembles at the bright embraces of the Deity.
But death did them from future dangers free;
What God, alas! will caution be

For living man's security,
Or will ensure our vessel in this faithless sea?

Never did the sun as yet
So healthful a fair-day beget,
That travelling mortals might rely on it.
But fortune's favour and her spite
Roll with alternate wave like day and night:
Vicissitudes which thy great race pursue,
E'er since the fatal son his father flew,
And did old oracles fulfil

Of Gods that cannot lye, for they foretell but
their own will.

Erynnis saw 't, and made in her own feed
The innocent Parricide to bleed;

She slew his wretched sons with mutual blows;
But better things did then succeed,

And brave Therfander, in amends for what was
past, arose.

Brave Therfander was by none,
In war, or warlike sports, out-done.
Thou, Theron, his great virtues dost revive:
He in my verse and thee again does live.

Loud Olympus happy thee,
Isthmus and Nemæa does twice happy see;

For the well-natur'd honour there,
Which with thy brother thou didst share,

Was to thee double grown
By not being all thine own;
And those kind pious glories do deface
The old fraternal quarrel of thy race.

Greatness of mind and fortune too
Th' Olympic trophies shew;
Both their several parts must do
In the noble chase of fame;

This without that is blind, that without this is
lame.

Nor is fair Virtue's picture seen aright
But in Fortune's golden light.

Riches alone are of uncertain date,
And on short man long cannot wait;
The virtuous make of them the bait,
And put them out to Fame for interest;

With a frail good they wisely buy
The solid purchase of eternity:

They, whilst life's air they breathe, consider well,
and know

Th' account they must hereafter give below;
Whereas th' unjust and covetous above,

In deep unlovely vaults,
By the just decrees of Jove,
Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy necessary effects of voluntary faults.

Whilst in the lands of unexhausted light,
O'er which the god-like sun's unwearied light

Ne'er winks in clouds, or sleeps in night,
An endless spring of age the good enjoy,
Where neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty cloy:

There neither earth nor sea they plow,
Nor ought to labour owe
For food, that whilst it nourishes does decay,
And in the lamp of life consumes away.

Thrice had these men through mortal bodies past,
Did thrice the trial undergo,

Till all their little drofs was purg'd at last,
The furnace had no more to do.

Then in rich Saturn's peaceful state
Were they for sacred treasures plac'd,
The Musk-discovered-world of Islands fortunate.

Soft-footed winds with tuneful voices there
Dance through the perfume'd air:
There silver rivers through enamel'd meadows
glide,

And golden trees enrich their side;
Th' illustrious leaves no dropping autumn fear,
And jewels for their fruits they bear,
Which by the blest are gathered

For bracelets to the arm, and garlands to the head.
Here all the Heroes, and their Posts, live;

Wife Rhodamantus did the sentence give,
Who for his justice was thought fit

With sovereign Saturn on the bench to sit.
Pelcus here, and Cadmus, reign;

Here great Achilles, wretched now no more,
Since his blest mother (who before,

Had try'd it on his body) in vain)
Dipt now his soul in Stygian lake,
Which did from thence a divine hardness take,
That does from passion and from vice invulnera-
ble make.

To Theron, Muse! bring back thy wandering
song,

Whom those bright troops expect impatiently;
And may they do so long!

How, noble archer! do thy wanton arrows fly
At all the game that does but cross thine eye;

Shoot, and spare not, for I see
Thy sounding quiver can ne'er emptied be.

Let Art use method and good-husbandry,
Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;

Nature herself has unexhausted store,
Wallows in wealth, and runs a turning maze,

That no vulgar eye can trace.
Art, instead of mounting high,

About her humble food does hovering fly;
Like the ignoble crow, rapine and noise does love;

Whilst Nature, like the sacred bird of Jove,
Now bears loud thunder; and anon with silent joy

The beauteous Phrygian boy
Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying prey,
And sometimes basks in th' open flames of day;

And sometimes too he throws
His soaring wings among the clouds.

Leave, wanton Muse! thy roving sight;
To thy loud firing the well-fetched arrow put;

Let Agrænum be the Butt,
And Theron be the White.

And, lest the name of verse should give
Malicious men pretext to misbelieve,

By the Cælian waters swear
(A sacred oath no poets dare

To take in vain,
No more than Gods do that of Styx prophane)

Swear, in no city e'er before,
A better man, or greater-soul'd, was born;

Swear, that Theron sure has sworn
No man near him should be poor;

Swear, that none e'er had such a gracefull art
Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,

With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.

But in this thankless world the givers
 Are envied ev'n by the receivers:
 'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion,
 Rather to hide, than pay, the obligation:
 Nay, 'tis much worse than so;
 It now an artifice does grow,
 Wrongs and outrages to do,
 Left men should think we owe.
 Such monsters, Theron! has thy virtue found:
 But all the malice they profess,
 Thy secure honour cannot wound;
 For thy vast bounties are so numberless,
 That them or to conceal, or else to tell,
 Is equally impossible!

THE FIRST NEMÆAN ODE OF PINDAR.

Chromius, the son of Agefidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the chariot-race in the Nemæan games, a solemnity instituted first to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, as is at large described by Statius; and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exercises there practised) upon which occasion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia (an island belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuse, being joined to it by a bridge) though the title of the Ode call him *Nemæan* Chromius, perhaps because he was made governor of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praise of Chromius's person, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and most especially from his hospitality, and the worthy use of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules; and, according to his usual manner of being transported with any good hint that meets him in his way, passing into a digression of Hercules, and his slaying the two serpents in his cradle, concludes the Ode with that history.

BEauteous Ortygia! the first breathing-
 place
 Of great Alpheus' close and amorous race!
 Fair Deles' sister, the child-bed
 Of bright Latona, where she bred
 Th' original nee-moon!
 Who saw'st her tender forehead ere the horns
 were grown!
 Who like a gentle scion newly started out,
 From Syracuse's side dost sprout!
 Thine first my song does greet,
 With numbers smooth and fleet
 As thine own horses' airy feet,
 When they young Chromius' chariot drew,
 And o'er the Nemæan race triumphant flew.
 Jove will approve my song and me;
 Jove is concern'd in Nemæa, and in thee.

With Jove my song; this happy man,
 Young Chromius, too, with Jove began,
 From hence came his success,
 Nor ought he therefore like it less,
 Since the best fame is that of happiness;
 For whom should we esteem above
 The men whom Gods do love?
 'Tis them alone the Muse too does approve.
 Lo! how it makes this victory shine
 O'er all the fruitful isle of Proserpine!
 The torches which the mother brought
 When the ravish'd maid she sought,
 Appear'd not half so bright,
 But cast a weaker light,
 Through earth, and air, and seas, and up to th'
 heavenly vault.

"To thee, O Proserpine! this isle I give,"
 Said Jove, and, as he said,
 Smil'd, and bent his gracious head.
 "And thou, O isle!" said he, "for ever thrive,
 And keep the value of our gift alive!"
 "As Heaven with stars, so let
 The country thick with towns be set,
 And numberless as stars!
 Let all the towns be then
 Replenish'd thick with men,
 Wife in peace, and bold in wars!
 Of thousand glorious towns the nation,
 Of thousand glorious men each town a conitellation!
 Nor let their warlike laurel scorn
 With the Olympic olive to be worn,
 Whose gentler honours do so well the brows of
 peace adorn!"

Go to great Syracuse, my Muse, and wait
 At Chromius' hospitable gate;
 'Twill open wide to let thee in,
 When thy lyre's voice shall but begin:
 Joy, plenty, and free welcome, dwells within.
 The Tyrian beds thou shalt find ready dress'd,
 The ivory table crowded with a feast:
 The table which is free for every guest,
 No doubt will thee admit,
 And feast more upon thee, than thou on it.
 Chromius and thou art met aright,
 For, as by nature thou dost write,
 So he by nature loves, and does by nature fight.

Nature herself, whilst in the womb he was,
 Sow'd strength and beauty through the forming
 mass;
 They mov'd the vital lump in every part,
 And carv'd the members out with wondrous art.
 She fill'd his mind with courage, and with wit,
 And a vast bounty, apt and fit
 For the great dower which Fortune made to it.
 'Tis madness sure treasures to hoard,
 And make them useless, as in mines, remain,
 To lose th' occasion Fortune does afford
 Fame and public love to gain:
 Ev'n for self-concerning ends.
 'Tis wiser much to hoard-up friends.
 Though happy men the present goods possess,
 Th' unhappy have their share in future hopes no less.

How early has young Chromius begun
 The race of virtue, and how swiftly ran,
 And borne the noble prize away,
 Whilst other youths yet at the barriers slay!
 None but Alcides e'er set earlier forth than he:
 The God, his father's, blood nought could restrain,
 'Twas ripe at first, and did disdain
 The slow advance of dull humanity.
 The big-limb'd babe in his huge cradle lay,
 Too weighty to be rock'd by nurses' hands,
 Wrapt in purple swadling-bands;
 When, lo! by jealous Juno's fierce commands,
 Two dreadful serpents come,
 Rolling and hissing loud, into the room;
 To the bold babe they trace their bidden way;
 Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings
 went,
 Their gaping mouths did forked tongues, like
 thunder-bolts, present.

Some of th' amazed women dropt down dead
 With fear, some wildly fled
 About the room, some into corners crept,
 Where silently they shook and wept:
 All naked from her bed the passionate mother
 leap'd,
 To save or perish with her child;
 She trembled, and she cry'd; the mighty infant
 smil'd:
 The mighty infant seem'd well pleas'd
 At his gay gilded foes;
 And, as their spotted necks up to the cradle rest,
 With his young warlike hands on both he seiz'd;
 In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
 In vain their armed tails they twist,
 And angry circles cast about;
 Black blood, and fiery breath, and poisonous soul,
 he squeezes out!

With their drawn swords
 In ran Amphytrio and the Theban lords;
 With doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,
 They saw the conquering boy
 Laugh, and point downwards to his prey,
 Where, in death's pangs and their own gore, they
 folding lay.

When wife Tiresias this beginning knew,
 He told with ease the things t' ensue;
 From what monsters he should free
 The earth, the air, and sea;
 What mighty tyrants he should slay,
 Greater monsters far than they;
 How much at Phlagra's field the distressed Gods
 should owe
 To their great offspring here below;
 And how his club should there outdo
 Apollo's silver bow, and his own father's thunder
 too.

And that the grateful Gods, at last,
 The race of his laborious virtue past,
 Heaven, which he sav'd, should to him give;
 Where, marry'd to eternal youth, he should for
 ever live;
 Drink nectar with the Gods, and all his senses
 please
 In their harmonious, golden palaces;

Walk with ineffable delight
 Through the thick groves of never-withering light,
 And, as he walks, affright
 The lion and the bear,
 Bull, centaur, scorpion, all the radiant monsters
 there.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S SECOND ODE, B. IV.

"*Pindarum quisquis studeat emulari, &c.*"

PINDAR is imitable by none;
 The Phoenix Pindar is a vast species alone.
 Who e'er but Dædalus with waxen wings could fly,
 And neither sink too low nor fear too high?
 What could he who follow'd claim,
 But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
 And by his fall a sea to name?
 Pindar's unnavigable song
 Like a swollen flood from some steep mountain
 pours along;
 The ocean meets with such a voice,
 From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's
 noise.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
 Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
 Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
 Which neither banks nor dykes control.
 Whether th' immortal Gods he sings,
 In a no less immortal strain,
 Or the great acts of God-defended kings,
 Who in his numbers still survive and reign;
 Each rich-embroider'd line,
 Which their triumphant brows around,
 By his sacred hand is bound,
 Does all their starry diadems outshine.

Whether at Pisa's race he please
 To carve in polish'd verse the conqueror's images;
 Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
 Be crown'd in his nimble, artful, vigorous song;
 Whether some brave young man's untimely fate,
 In words worth dying for, he celebrate—

Such mournful, and such pleasing words,
 As joy t' his mother's and his mistress' grief
 affords—

He bids him live and grow in fame;
 Among the stars he sticks his name;
 The grave can but the drops of him devour,
 So small is Death's, so great the Poet's power!

Lo, how th' obsequious wind, and swelling air,
 The Theban swan does upwards bear
 Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
 And with extended wings open his liquid way!
 Whilst, alas! my timorous Muse
 Unambitious tracks pursues;
 Does with weak, unballast wings,
 About the mossy brooks and springs,
 About the trees' new-blossom'd heads,
 About the gardens' painted beds,

About the fields and flowery meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey flee,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

THE RESURRECTION.

NOT winds to voyagers at sea,
Nor showers to earth more necessary be
(Heaven's vital seed cast on the womb of earth
To give the fruitful year a birth)
Than Verse to Virtue; which can do
The midwife's office and the nurse's too;
It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay,
And, when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid
That never will decay
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And nought behind it stay.

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre;
Lo! how the years to come, a numerous and well-
fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measures
dance!
Whilst the dance lasts, how long see'er it be,
My music's voice shall bear it company;
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound:
That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
Untune the universal string:
Then all the wide-extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work, shall die:
And he himself shall see in one fire shine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by
hands divine.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice,
Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake,
This mightier sound shall make
When dead t' arise;
And open tombs, and open eyes,
To the long sluggards of five thousand years!
This mightier sound shall make its hearers ears.
Then shall the scatter'd atoms crowding come
Back to their ancient home:
Some from birds, from fishes some;
Some from earth, and some from seas;
Some from beasts, and some from trees;
Some descend from clouds on high,
Some from metals upwards fly,
And, where th' attending soul naked and shivering
stands,
Meet, salute, and join their hands;
As dispers'd soldiers, at the trumpet's call,
Haste to their colours all.
Unhappy most, like tortur'd men,
Their joints new set, to be new-rack'd again,

To mountains they for sheker pray,
The mountains shake, and run about no less con-
fus'd than they.

Stop, stop, my Muse! allay thy vigorous heat,
Kindled at a hint so great:
Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,
Which does to rage begin,
And this steep hill would gallop up with violent
course;

'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the spur or bit;
Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place;
Disdains the servile law of any settled pace,
Conscious and proud of his own natural force.
'Twill no unskillful touch endure,
But sings writer and reader too, that sits not sure.

THE MUSE.

GO, the rich chariot instantly prepare;
The Queen, my Muse, will take the air:
Unruly Fancy with strong Judgment trace;
Put in nimble-footed Wit,
Smooth-pac'd Eloquence join with it;
Sound Memory with young Invention place;
Harness all the winged race.
Let the postillion Nature mount, and let
The coachman Art be set;
And let the airy footmen, running all beside,
Make a long row of goodly pride,
Figures, Conceits, Raptures, and Sentences,
In a well-worded dress;
And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and
useful Lyes,
In all their gaudy liveries.
Mount, glorious Queen! thy travelling throne,
And bid it to put on;
For long, though cheerful, is the way,
And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.
Where never foot of man, or hoof of beast,
The passage press'd;
Where never fish did fly,
And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky;
Where bird with painted oars did ne'er
Row through the trackless ocean of the air;
Where never yet did pry
The busy morning's curious eye;
The wheels of thy bold coach pass quick and free,
And all's an open road to thee!
Whatever God did say,
Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted way!
Nay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are
known,
Thou hast thousand worlds too of thine own.
Thou speak'st, great Queen! in the same style
as He:
And a new world leaps forth when thou say'st,
"Let it be."
Thou fathom'st the deep gulf of ages past,
And canst pluck up with ease
The years which thou dost please;
Like shipwreck'd treasures, by rude tempests cast

Long since into the sea,
Brought up again to light and public use by thee,
Nor dost thou only dive so low,
But fly
With an unwearied wing the other way on high,
Where Fates among the stars do grow;
There into the close nests of Time dost peep,
And there, with piercing eye,
Through the firm shell and the thick white, dost
spy
Years to come a-forming lie,
Close in their sacred secundine asleep,
Till, hatch'd by the sun's vital heat,
Which o'er them yet does brooding set,
The life and motion get,
And, ripe at last, with vigorous might
Break through the shell, and take their everlast-
ing flight!

And sure we may
The same too of the present say,
If past and future times do thee obey.
Thou stop'st this current, and dost make
This running river settle like a lake;
Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery snake!
The fruit which does so quickly waste,
Men scarce can see it, much less taste,
Thou comestest in sweets to make it last.
This shining piece of ice,
Which melts so soon away
With the sun's ray,
Thy verse does solidate and crystallize,
Till it a lasting mirror be!
Nay, thy immortal rhyme
Makes this one short point of time
To fill up half the orb of round eternity.

TO MR. HOBBS.

VAST bodies of philosophy
I oft have seen and read;
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies by art fashioned:
I never yet the living soul could see,
But in thy books and thee!
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair idea thou dost show
Agree entirely with his own or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so like truth, 'twill serve our turn as well.
Just, as in Nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord their variety,
As firm the parts upon their centre rest,
And all so solid are, that they, at least
As much as Nature, emptiness detest.
Long did the mighty Stagyrte retain
The universal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's short-liv'd leopard slain;
The stronger Roman eagle did out-fly,
Oftener renew'd his age, and saw that die.
Mecca itself, in spite of Mahomet, possest,
And, chac'd by a wild deluge from the East,
His monarchy new planted in the West.

But, as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place:
So did this noble empire waste,
Sunk by degrees from glories past,
And in the school-men's hands it perish'd quite
at last:
Then nought but words it grew,
And those all barbarous too:
It perish'd, and it vanish'd there,
The life and soul, breath'd out, became but empty
air!

The fields, which answer'd well the ancients'
plough,
Spent and out-worn, return no harvest now;
In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
And boast of past fertility,
The poor relief of present poverty.
Food and fruit we now must want,
Unless new lands we plant.
We break-up tombs with sacrilegious hands;
Old rubbish we remove;
To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love,
And with fond divining wands
We search among the dead
For treasures buried:
Whilst still the liberal earth does hold
So many virgin-mines of undiscover'd gold.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,
And slender-limb'd Mediterranean,
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fisher-boats of wit:
Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,
And nothing fees but seas and skies,
Till unknown regions it descries,
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new
philosophies!
Thy task was harder much than his;
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found-out first by thee,
And rudely left to future industry,
But thy eloquence and thy wit,
Has planted, peopled, built, and civiliz'd, it.

I little thought before
(Nor, being my own self so poor,
Could comprehend so vast a store)
That all the wardrobe of rich Eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff,
To cloathe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic sense.
Thy solid reason, like the shield from heaven
To the Trojan hero given,
Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,
And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of
Art!
A shield that gives delight
Ev'n to the enemies' sight,
Then, when they're sure to lose the combat by't.
Nor can the snow, which cold Age does shed
Upon thy reverend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within:
But all which thou hast been,

And all that Youth can be, thou'rt yet!
 So fully still dost thou
 Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of Wit,
 And all the natural heat, but not the fever too!
 So contraries on *Ætna's* top conspire;
 Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks-out fire!
 A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep;
 Th' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep!
 And, if we weigh, like thee,
 Nature and Causes, we shall see
 That thus it needs must be—
 To things immortal, Time can do no wrong,
 And that which never is to die, for ever must be
 young.

DESTINY.

"Hoc quoque Fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum."

MANIL.

STRANGE and unnatural! let's stay and see
 This pageant of a prodigy.
 Lo, of themselves th' enliven'd Chess-men move!
 Lo, the unbred, ill organ'd pieces prove
 As full of art and industry,
 Of courage and of policy,
 As we ourselves, who think there's nothing wise
 but we!

Here a proud Pawn I admire,
 That, still advancing higher,
 At top of all became
 Another thing and name;
 Here I'm amaz'd at th' actions of a Knight,
 That does bold wonders in the fight;
 Here I the losing party blame,
 For those false Moves that break the Game,
 That to their Grave, the Bag, the conquer'd
 Pieces bring,
 And, above all, th' ill-conduct of the Mated King.

"Whate'er these seem, whate'er philosophy
 "And sense or reason tell," said I,
 "These things have life, election, liberty;
 "'Tis their own wisdom moulds their state,
 "Their faults and virtues make their fate.
 "They do, they do," said I; but hark!
 Lo! from my enlighten'd eyes the mists and sha-
 dows fell,

That hinder spirits from being visible;
 And lo! I saw two angels play'd the Mate.
 With man, alas! no otherwise it proves;
 An unseen hand makes all their Moves;
 And some are great, and some are small,
 Some climb to good, some from good-fortune fall,
 Some wise-men, and some fools, we call;
 Figures, alas! of speech, for Destiny plays us all.

Me from the womb the midwife Muse did take:
 She cut my navel, wash'd me, and mine head
 With her own hand she fashioned;
 She did a covenant with me make,
 And circumcis'd my tender soul, and thus she spake:
 "Thou of my church shalt be;
 "Hate and renounce," said she,
 "Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world, for me.

Vol. II.

"Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
 "Nor at th' exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrang-
 "ling bar:

"Content thyself with the small barren praise,
 "That neglected verse does raise."
 She spake, and all my years to come
 Took their unlucky doom.

Their several ways of life let others chuse,
 Their several pleasures let them use,
 But I was born for Love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
 Such I began, such am, and so must end.
 The star that did my being frame,
 Was but a herbent flame,
 And some small light it did dispense,
 But neither heat nor influence.
 No matter, Cowley! let proud Fortune see,
 That thou canst her despise no less than she does
 thee.

Let all her gifts the portion be
 Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
 Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
 Murder, Infidelity,
 Rebellion and Hypocrisy;
 Do thou not grieve, nor blush to be,
 As all th' inspired tuneful men,
 And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer
 down to Ben.

BRUTUS.

EXCELLENT Brutus! of all human race
 The best, till Nature was improv'd by Grace;
 Till men above themselves Faith rais'd more
 Than Reason above beasts before.
 Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
 Did silently and constantly dispense
 The gentle, vigorous influence
 To all the wide and fair circumference;
 And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
 Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,
 That none could discord or disorder see
 In all their contrariety:
 Each had his motion natural and free,
 And the whole no more mov'd than the whole
 world could be.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst
 swerve
 (Mistaken, honest man!) in Caesar's blood;
 What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve,
 From him who kill'd himself, rather than serve?
 Th' heroic exaltations of Good
 Are so far from underhoo'd,
 We count them Vice: alas! our sight's so ill,
 That things which swiftest move seem to stand
 still:

We look not upon Virtue in her height,
 On her supreme idea, brave and bright,
 In the original light;
 But as her beams reflected pass
 Through our own Nature or ill-custom's glass:

N

As 'tis no wonder, so,
If with dejected eye
In standing pools we seek the sky,
That stars, so high above, should seem to us below.

Can we stand by and see
Our mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,
Yet not to her assistance stir;
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher?

Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
The cancel'd name of friend he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?

Ingrateful Cæsar, who could Rome enthral!
An act more barbarous and unnatural
(In th' exact balance of true virtue try'd)
Than his successor Nero's parricide!

There's none but Brutus could deserve
That all men else should wish to serve,
And Cæsar's usurp'd place to him should proffer;
None can deserve 't but he who would refuse the offer.

Ill Fate assum'd a body thee 't affright,
And wrap'd itself i' th' terrors of the night;
"I'll meet thee at Philippi," said the sprite;
"I'll meet thee there," saidst thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight;
It vanish'd, as a taper's light
Goes out when spirits appear in sight.
One would have thought 't heard the morning crow,

Or seen her well-appointed star
Come marching up the Eastern hill afar.
Nor durst it in Philippi's field appear,
But unseen attack'd thee there:
Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose,
'Thou should'st have forc'd it back upon thy foes:

Or slain 't, like Cæsar, though it be
A conqueror and a monarch mightier far than he.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we see perish thus, by odd events,
Ill men, and wretched accidents,
'The best cause and best man that ever drew a sword?

When we see
The false Octavius and wild Antony,
God-like Brutus! conquer thee?
What can we say, but thine own tragic word—
'That virtue, which had worship'd been by thee
As the most solid Good, and greatest Deity,
By this fatal proof became
An idol only, and a name.

Hold, noble Brutus! and restrain
The bold voice of thy generous disdain:
These mighty gulphs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time's set forth already which shall quell
Stiff Reason, when it offers to rebel;

Which these great secrets shall unseal,
And new philosophies reveal:
A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,
Would have confounded human Virtue's pride,
And shew'd thee a God crucify'd.

TO DR. SCARBOROUGH.

HOW long, alas! has our mad nation been
Of epidemic war the tragic scene,
When Slaughter all the while
Seem'd like its sea, embracing round the isle,
With tempests, and red waves, noise and affright!
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from white!
What province or what city did it spare?
It, like a plague, infected all the air,
Sure the unpeopled land
Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,
Had God's all-mighty hand
At the same time let loose Diseases' rage
Their civil wars in man to wage.
But thou by Heaven wert sent
This desolation to prevent,
A medicine, and a counter-poison to the age.
Scarce could the sword dispatch more to the grave
Than thou didst save;
By wondrous art, and by successful care,
The ruins of a civil war thou dost alone repair!

The inundations of all liquid Pain,
And deluge Dropsy, thou dost drain.
Fev'rs, so hot that one would say
Thou might'st as soon hell-fires allay
(The damn'd scarce more incurable than they)
Thou dost so temper, that we find,
Like gold, the body but refin'd,
No unhealthful dross behind.

The subtle Ague, that for sureness' sake
Takes its own times th' assault to make,
And at each battery the whole fort does shake,
When thy strong guards, and works, it spies,
Trembles for itself, and flies.

The cruel Stone, that restless pain,
That's sometimes roll'd away in vain,
But still, like Sisyphus's stone returns again,
Thou break'st and meltest by learn'd juices' force
(A greater work, though short the way appear,
Than Hannibal's by vinegar!)
Oppress'd Nature's necessary course
It stops in vain; like Moses thou
Strik'st but the rock, and strait the waters freely flow.

The Indian son of Lust (that foul disease
Which did on this his new-found world but lately seize,

Yet since a tyranny has planted here,
As wide and cruel as the Spaniard there)
Is so quite rooted-out by thee,
That thy patients seem to be
Restor'd not to health only, but virginity.
The Plague itself, that proud imperial ill,
Which destroys towns, and does whole armies kill,
If thou but succour the besieged heart,
Calls all its poisons forth, and does depart,
As if it fear'd no less thy art,
Than Aaron's incense, or than Phineas' dart.
What need there here repeated be by me
The vast and barbarous lexicon
Of man's infirmity?

At thy strong charms it must be gone
Tho' a disease, as well as devil, were called Legion.

From creeping moss to soaring cedar thou
Dost all the powers, and several portions know,
Which father-Sun, and mother-Earth below,
On their green infants here bestow:
Canst all those magic virtues from them draw,
That keep Disease and Death in awe;
Who, whilst thy wondrous skill in plants they see,
Fear lest the tree of life should be found out by thee.
And thy well-travel'd knowledge, too, does give
No less account of th' empire sensitive;
Chiefly of man, whose body is
That active soul's metropolis.

As the great artist in his sphere of glass
Saw the whole scene of heavenly motions pass;
So thou know'st all so well that's done within,
As if some living crystal man thou'dst seen.
Nor does this science make thy crown alone,

But whole Apollo is thine own;
His gentler arts, below'd in vain by me,
Are wedded and enjoy'd by thee.
Thou'rt by this noble mixture free
From the physicians' frequent malady,
Fantastic incivility:

There are who all their patients' chagrin have,
As if they took each morn worse potions than
they gave.

And this great race of learning thou hast run,
Ere that of life be half yet done;
Thou see'st thyself still fresh and strong,
And like t' enjoy thy conquests long.
The first fam'd aphorism thy great master spoke,
Did he live now he would revoke,
And better things of man report;
For thou dost make Life long, and Art but short.

Ah, learn'd friend! it grieves me, when I think
That thou with all thy art must die,
As certainly as I;

And all thy noble reparations sink
Into the sure-wrought mine of treacherous
mortality.

Like Archimedes, honourably in vain,
Thou hold'st out towns that must at last be ta'en,
And thou thyself, their great defender, slain.
Let's e'en compound, and for the present live,
'Tis all the ready-money Fate can give;

Unbend sometimes thy restless care,
And let thy friends so happy be
T' enjoy at once their health and thee:
Some hours, at least to thine own pleasures spare:
Since the whole stock may soon exhausted be,
Bestow 't not all in charity.
Let Nature and let Art do what they please,
When all's done, Life is an incurable disease.

LIFE AND FAME.

OH, Life! thou Nothing's younger brother!
So like, that one might take one for the other!
What's somebody, or nobody?
In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade,
We no such nice distinction woven see,
As 'tis "to be," or "not to be."
Dream of a shadow! a reflection made

From the false glories of the gay reflected bow,
Is a more solid thing than thou.

Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities!

Yet canst nor wave nor wind sustain,
But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless ocean
meet again.

And with what rare inventions do we strive
Ourselves then to survive?

Wife, subtle arts, and such as well best

That Nothing Man's no wit!—

Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.

"Here lies the great"—false marble! where?
Nothing but small and fordid dust lies there.—

Some build enormous mountain-palaces,

The fools and architects to please;

A lasting life in well hewn stone they rear:

So he, who on th' Egyptian shore

Was slain so many hundred years before,

Lives still (oh Life! most happy and most dear!

Oh Life! that epicures envy to hear!)

Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim

In the seraphic entity of fame;

He, since that toy his death,

Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's
breath.

'Tis true, the two immortal syllables remain;

But oh, ye learned men! explain

What essence, what existence, this,

What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis,

In six poor letters is!

In those alone does the great Caesar live,

'Tis all the conquer'd world could give.

We Poets, madder yet than all,

With a refin'd fantastic vanity,

Think we not only have, but give, eternity.

Fain would I see that prodigal,

Who his to-morrow would bestow,

For all old Homer's life, e'er since he dy'd till now!

THE EXTASY.

I LEAVE mortality, and things below;

I have no time in compliments to waste,

Farewell to' ye all in haste,

For I am call'd to go.

A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,

Th' officious clouds beneath them meet;

And lo! I mount, and lo!

How small the biggest parts of earth's proud title
show!

Where shall I find the noble British land?

Lo! I at last a northern speck espy,

Which in the sea does lie,

And seems a grain o' th' sand!

For this will any sin, or bleed?

Of civil wars is this the meed?

And is it this, alas! which we

(Oh irony of words!) do call Great Britain?

I pass by th' arch'd magazines which hold
Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear or cold:
Without affright or wonder
I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,
And lightnings, in my way,
Like harp-strings lambent fires about my temples play.
Now into a gentle sea of rolling flame
I'm plung'd, and still mount higher there,
As flames mount up through air:
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a fire,
Was that unfortunate desire,
My faithful breast did cover,
Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold distinctly, as I pass
The hints of Galileo's glass,
I touch at last the spangled sphere:
Here all th' extended sky
Is but one galaxy,
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

Where am I now? Angels, and God is here;
An unexhausted ocean of delight
Swallows my senses quite,
And drowns all What, or How, or Where!
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
And this great world's Columbus was,
The tyrannous pleasure could express.
Oh, 'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be less!

The mighty' Elijah mounted so on high,
That second man who leap'd the ditch where all
The rest of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the sky!
With much of pomp and show
(As conquering kings in triumph go)
Did he to heaven approach,
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was
his coach.

'Twas gaudy all; and rich in every part
Of essences, of gems; and spirit of gold
Was its substantial mould,
Drawn forth by chemic angels' art.
Here with moon-beams 'twas silver'd bright,
There double gilt with the sun's light;
And mystic shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made,
Of all that in Heaven's beauteous pastures feed
The noblest, sprightful'st breed;
And flaming manes their necks array'd:
They all were shod with diamond,
Not such as here are found,
But such light solid ones as shine
On the transparent rocks o' th' Heaven-crystalline.

Thus mounted the great Prophet to the skies;
Attonish'd men, who oft had seen stars fall,
Or that which so they call,
Wonder'd from hence to the one rise.

The soft clouds melted him away;
The snow and frosts which in it lay
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore;
The wheels and horses' hoofs hiss'd as they pass'd
them o'er!
He pass'd by th' moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there which at this meteor gaz'd,
And their astrologers amaz'd
With th' unexampled sight.
But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,
Till Phoenix Nature, aged grown,
To a better thing do aspire,
And mount herself, like him, to eternity in fire.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

GREAT Janus! (who dost sure my mistress
view
With all thine eyes, yet think'st them all too few)
If thy fore-face do see
No better things prepar'd for me,
Than did thy face behind:
If still her breast must shut against me be
(For 'tis not Peace that temple's gate does bind);
Oh, let my life, if thou so many deaths a coming
find,
With thine old year its voyage take,
Borne down that stream of Time which no return
can make!

Alas! what need I thus to pray?
Th' old avaricious year,
Whether I would or no, will bear
At least a part of me away:
His well-hors'd troops, the months, and days, and
hours,
Though never any-where they stay,
Make in their passage all their prey;
The months, days, hours, that march i' th' year can
find
Nought of value left behind.
All the good wine of life our drunken youth
devours;
Sourness and lees, which to the bottom sink,
Remain for latter years to drink;
Until, some one offended with the taste,
The vessel breaks, and out the wretched relics run
at last.

If then, young Year! thou needst must come
(For in Time's fruitful womb
The birth beyond its time can never tarry,
Nor ever can miscarry);
Close thy attendants well; for 'tis not thee
We fear, but 'tis thy company:
Let neither Loss of Friends, or Fame, or Liberty,
Nor pining Sickness, nor tormenting Pain,
Nor Sadness, nor uncleanly Poverty,
Be seen among thy train:
Nor let thy livery be
Either black Sin, or gaudy Vanity:
Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle Year!
Let not so much as Love be there;

Vain fruitless Love, I mean; for gentle Year!
 Although I fear,
 There's of this caution little need,
 Yet, gentle Year! take heed
 How thou dost make
 Such a mistake:
 Such Love I mean, alone,
 As by thy cruel predecessors has been shown;
 For though I have too much cause to doubt it,
 I fain would try for once if Life can live without it.

Into the future times why do we pry,
 And seek to antedate our misery?
 Like jealous men, why are we longing still
 To see the thing which only seeing makes an ill?
 'Tis well the face is veil'd; for 'twere a sight
 That would ev'n a happiest men affright;
 And something still they'd spy that would destroy
 The past and present joy.
 In whatsoever character
 The book of Fate is writ,
 'Tis well we understand not it;
 We should grow mad with little learning there;
 Upon the brink of every ill we did foresee,
 Undecently and foolishly
 We should stand shivering, and but slowly venture
 The fatal flood to enter.
 Since, willing or unwilling, we must do it,
 They feel least cold and pain who plunge at once
 into it.

L I F E.

"*Nescientes Morimur.*"—MANIL.

WE'RE ill by these grammarians us'd;
 We are abus'd by words, grossly abus'd.
 From the maternal tomb,
 To the grave's fruitful womb,
 We call here Life; but Life's a name
 That nothing here can truly claim:
 This wretched inn, where we scarce stay to bait,
 We call our dwelling-place;
 We call one step a race:
 But angels, in their full enlighten'd state,
 Angels, who Live, and know what 'tis to Be;
 Who all the nonsense of our language see;
 Who speak Things, and our words, their ill-drawn
 pictures, scorn;
 When, we, by' a foolish figure, say,
 "Behold an old man dead!" then they
 Speak properly, and cry, "Behold a man-child
 born!"

My eyes are open'd, and I see
 Through the transparent fallacy:
 Because we seem wisely to talk
 Like men of business; and for business walk
 From place to place,
 And mighty voyages we take,
 And mighty journeys seem to make,
 O'er sea and land, the little point that has no space:
 Because we fight, and battles gain;
 Some captives call, and say, "the rest are slain!"

Because we heap up yellow earth, and so
 Rich, valiant, wise, and virtuous, seem to grow:
 Because we draw a long nobility
 From hieroglyphic proofs of heraldry,
 And impudently talk of a posterity,
 And, like Egyptian chroniclers,
 Who write of twenty thousand years,
 With maravedies make th' account,
 That single time might to a sum amount:
 We grow at last by custom to believe,
 That really we Live:
 Whilst all these shadows, that for Things we take,
 Are but the empty dreams which in Death's sleep
 we make.

But these fantastic errors of our dream
 Lead us to solid wrong:
 We pray God our friends' torments to prolong,
 And wish uncharitably for them
 To be as long a dying as Methusalem.
 The ripen'd soul longs from his prison to come;
 But we would seal, and sow up, if we could, the
 womb:
 We seek to close and plaister up by art
 The cracks and breaches of th' extended shell,
 And in that narrow cell
 Would rudely force to dwell
 The noble vigorous bird already wing'd to part.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH CHAPTER OF
THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

AWAKE, and with attention hear,
 Thou drowsy World! for it concerns thee
 near;
 Awake, I say, and listen well,
 To what from God, I, his loud prophet, tell.
 Bid both the poles suppress their stormy noise,
 And bid the roaring sea contain its voice.
 Be still, thou sea; be still, thou air and earth,
 Still as old Chaos, before Motion's birth:
 A dreadful host of judgments is gone out,
 In strength and number more
 Than e'er was rais'd by God before,
 To scourge the rebel world, and march it round
 about.

I see the sword of God brandish'd above,
 And from it streams a dismal ray;
 I see the scabbard cast away;
 How red anon with slaughter will it prove!
 How will it sweat and reek in blood!
 How will the scarlet-glutton be o'ergorg'd with
 his food,
 And devour all the mighty feast!
 Nothing soon but bones will rest.
 God does a solemn sacrifice prepare;
 But not of oxen, nor of rams,
 Nor of kids, nor of their dams,
 Nor of heifers, nor of lambs:
 The altar all the land, and all men in 't the victims
 are.
 Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to spare,

The beasts so long have sacrificed been;
 Since men their birth-right forfeit still by sin;
 'Tis fit at last beasts their revenge should have,
 And sacrificed men their better brethren save.

So will they fall, so will they flee,
 Such will the creatures wild distraction be,
 When at the final doom,
 Nature and Time shall both be slain,
 Shall struggle with Death's pangs in vain,
 And the whole world their funeral pile become.
 The wide-stretch'd scroll of heaven, which we
 Immortal as the Deity think,
 With all the beauteous characters that in it
 With such deep sense by God's own hand were writ

(Whose eloquence, though we understand not, we
 admire)

Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink

Like parchment in a fire:
 Th' exhausted sun to th' moon no more shall lend;
 But truly then headlong into the sea descend:
 The glittering host, now in such fair array,
 So proud, so well-appointed, and so gay,
 Like fearful troops in some strong ambush ta'en,
 Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,
 Thick as ripe fruit, or yellow leaves, in autumn fall,
 With such a violent storm as blows down tree
 and all.

And thou, O cursed land!
 Which wilt not see the precipice where thou dost
 stand

(Though thou stand'st just upon the brink)
 Thou of this poison'd bowl the bitter dregs shalt
 drink.

Thy rivers and thy lakes shall so
 With human blood o'erflow,
 That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corpse away,
 Which in the fields around unburied lay,
 And rob the beasts and birds to give the fish their
 prey:

The rotting corpse shall so infect the air,
 Beget such plagues and putrid venoms there,
 That by thine own dead shall be slain
 All thy few living that remain.
 As one who buys, surveys, a ground,
 So the destroying-angel measures it around;
 So careful and so strict he is,
 Left any nook or corner he should miss:

He walks about the perishing nation,
 Ruin behind him stalks and empty Desolation.
 Then shall the market and the pleading-place
 Be choak'd with brambles and o'ergrown with
 grass:

The serpents through thy streets shall roll,
 And in thy lower rooms the wolves shall howl,
 And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the owl,
 And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air,
 Though no new ills can be foreboded there:
 The lion then shall to the leopard say,

"Brother leopard, come away;
 Behold a land which God has given us in prey!
 Behold a land from whence we feed
 Mankind expuls'd, his and our common enemy!"
 The brother leopard shakes himself, and does not
 stay.

The glutt'd vultures shall expect in vain
 New armies to be slain:

Shall find at last the business done,
 Leave their consumed quarters, and be gone:
 Th' unburied ghosts shall sadly moan,
 The satyrs laugh to hear them groan:
 The evil spirits, that delight

To dance and revel in the mask of night,
 The moon, and stars, their sole spectators, shall
 affright:

And, if of lost mankind
 Aught happen to be left behind;
 If any relics but remain;
 They in the dens shall lurk, beasts in the palaces
 shall reign.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

IS this thy bravery, Man, is this thy pride?

Rebel to God, and slave to all beside!

Captiv'd by every thing! and only free

To fly from thine own liberty!

All creatures, the Creator said, were thine;

No creature but might since say, Man is mine."

In black Egyptian slavery we lie;

And sweat and toil in the vile drudgery

Of tyrant Sin;

To which we trophies raise, and wear out all our
 breath

In building up the monuments of Death;

We, the choice race, to God and angels kin!

In vain the prophets and apostles come

To call us home,

Home to the promis'd Canaan above,

Which does with nourishing milk and pleasant
 honey flow;

And even i' th' way to which we should be led

With angels' tasteful bread:

But we, alas! the flesh-pots love,

We love the very leeks and fordid roots below.

In vain we judgments feel, and wonders see!

In vain did God to descend hither deign;

He was his own ambassador in vain,

Our Moses and our guide himself to be!

We will not let ourselves to go,

And with worse harden'd hearts do our own

Pharaohs grow.

Ah! left at last we perish so,

Think, stubborn Man, think of th' Egyptian
 Prince

(Hard of belief and will, but not so hard as thou);
 Think with what dreadful proofs God did convince
 The feeble arguments that human power could
 show;

Think what plagues attend on thee,

Who Moses' God dost now refuse, more oft than
 Moses he.

"If from some god you come" (said the proud king
 With half a smile and half a frown;

"But what god can to Egypt be unknown?)

"What sign, what powers, what credence, do you
 bring?"

"Behold his seal! behold his hand!"
 Cries Moses, and casts down th' all-mighty wand.
 Th' all-mighty wand scarce touch'd the earth,
 When, with an undiscerned birth,
 Th' all-mighty wand a serpent grew,
 And his long half in painted folds behind him
 drew:

Upwards his threatening tail he threw;
 Upwards he cast his threatening head:
 He gap'd and hiss'd aloud,
 With flaming eyes survey'd the trembling crowd,
 And, like a basilisk, almost look'd th' assembly dead;
 Swift fled th' amazed king, the guards before him
 fled.

Jannes and Jambres stopp'd their flight,
 And with proud words allay'd th' asright.
 "The God of slaves," said they, "how can he be
 More powerful than their masters' deity?"
 And down they cast their rods,
 And mutter'd secret sounds that charm the servile
 gods.

The evil spirits their charms obey,
 And in a subtle cloud they snatch the rods away,
 And serpents in their place the airy jugglers lay.
 Serpents in Egypt's monstrous land
 Were ready still at hand,
 And all at the Old Serpent's first command.
 And they too gap'd, and they too hiss'd,
 And they their threatening tails did twist;
 But strait on both the Hebrew-serpent flew,
 Broke both their active backs, and both it flew,
 And both almost at once devour'd;
 So much was over-power'd,
 By God's miraculous creation,
 His servant's, Nature's, lightly-wrought and feeble
 generation!

On the sam'd bank the prophets stood,
 Touch'd with their rod, and wounded, all the
 flood;
 Flood now no more, but a long vein of putrid blood.
 The helpless fish were found
 In their strange current drown'd:
 The herbs and trees wash'd by the mortal tide
 About it blush'd and dy'd:
 Th' amazed crocodiles made haste to ground;
 From their vast trunks the dropping gore they
 spied,
 Thought it their own, and dreadfully aloud they
 cried.
 Nor all thy priests, nor thou
 Oh king! could'st ever show
 From whence thy wandering Nile begins his
 course—
 Of this new Nile thou seest the sacred source;
 And, as thy land that does o'erflow,
 Take heed lest this do so!
 What plague more just could on thy waters fall?
 The Hebrew infants' murder stains them all:
 The kind, instructing punishment enjoy;
 Whom the red river cannot mend, the Red-sea
 shall destroy.

The river yet gave one instruction more;
 And, from the rotting fish and unconcocted gore
 (Which was but water just before),

A loathsome host was quickly made,
 That seal'd the banks, and with loud noise did all
 the country invade.

As Nilus when he quits his sacred bed
 (But like a friend he visits all the land
 With welcome presents in his hand)
 So did this Living Tide the fields o'er-spread:
 In vain th' alarmed country tries
 To kill their noisome enemies;
 From th' unexhausted source still new recruits
 arise.

Nor does the earth these greedy troops suffice,
 The towns and houses they possess,
 The temples and the palaces,
 Nor Pharaoh, nor his gods, they fear;
 Both their importune croakings hear.
 Unsatiate yet, they mount up higher,
 Where never sun-born Frog durst to aspire,
 And in the silken beds their slimy members place;
 A luxury unknown before to all the watery race!

The water thus her wonders did produce;
 But both were to no use;
 As yet the forcerers' mimic power serv'd for excuse.
 "Try what the earth will do," said God, and lo!
 They strook the earth a fertile blow,
 And all the dust did strait to stir begin;
 One would have thought some sudden wind't had
 been;
 But lo! 'twas nimble life was got within!
 And all the little springs did move,
 And every dust did an arm'd vermin prove,
 Of an unknown and new-created kind,
 Such as the magic-gods could neither make nor
 find.

The wretched shameful Foe allow'd no rest
 Either to man or beast.
 Not Pharaoh from th' unquiet plague could be,
 With all his change of raiments, free;
 The devils themselves confess'd
 This was God's hand; and 'twas but just,
 To punish thus man's pride, to punish dust with
 dust.

Lo! the third element does his plagues prepare,
 And swarming clouds of insects fill the air;
 With sullen noise they take their flight,
 And march in bodies infinite;
 In vain 'tis day above, 'tis still beneath them night.
 Of harmful Flies the nations numberless
 Compos'd this mighty army's spacious host;
 Of different manners, different languages;
 And different habits, too, they wore,
 And different arms they bore;
 And some, like Scythians, liv'd on blood,
 And some on green, and some on flowery food;
 And Accaron, the airy prince, led on this various
 host.

Houses secure not men, the populous ill
 Did all the houses fill:
 The country all around
 Did with the cries of tortur'd cattle sound,
 About the fields enrag'd they flew,
 And wish'd the plague that was their foe.

From poisonous stars a mortal pestilence
 (The mingled malice of their stars)

A skilful angel did th' ingredients take,
And with just hands the sad compofure make,
And over all the land did the full vial shake.
Thirst, giddinefs, faintnefs, and putrid heats,
And pining pains, and shivering fweats,
On all the cattle, all the beafts, did fall;
With deform'd death the country's cover'd all.
'The labouring ox drops down before the plow;
'The crowned victims to the altar led
Sink, and prevent the lifted blow:

'The generous horfe from the full manger turns
his head,
Does his lov'd floods and pastures scorn,
Hates the shrill trumpet and the horn,
Nor can his lifelefs nostril please
With the once ravishing fannell of all his dappled
mistresses:

The starving fheep refuse to feed,
They bleat their innocent fouls out into air;
'The faithful dogs lie gasping by them there;
'Th' astonish'd fhepherd weeps, and breaks his
tuneful reed.

'Thus did the beafts for man's rebellion die;
God did on man a gentler medicine try,
And a Difcufe, for Phyfic, did apply.
Warm afhes from the furnace Moses took;
'The forcerers did with wonder on him look,
And fmil'd at th' unaccustom'd fpell,
Which no Egyptian rituals tell:

He flings the pregnant afhes through the air,
And fpeaks a mighty prayer;
Both which the miniftering winds around all Egypt
bear.

As gentle weftern blafts with downy wings,
Hatching the tender fprings,
To th' unborn buds with vital whifpers fay,
"Ye living buds, why do ye ftay?"
The paffionate buds break through the bark their
way:
So, wherefoe'er this tainted wind but blew,
Swelling pains and ulcers grew;
It from the body cull'd all fleeping poifons out,
And to them added new;
A noifome fpring of fores, as thick as leaves, did
fprout.

Heaven itfelf is angry next;
(Woe to man, when Heaven is vex'd!)
With fullen brow it frown'd,
And murmur'd fift in an imperfect found:
Till Moses, lifting up his hand,
Waves the expected fignal of his wand;
And all the full-charg'd clouds in ranged fqua-
drons move,
And fill the fpacious plains above;
Through which the rolling thunder fift does play,
And opens wide the tempeft's noify way.

And ftrait a ftory fhower
Of monftrous Hail does downwards pour,
Such as ne'er winter yet brought forth,
From all her ftormy magazines of the north.
It all the beafts and men abroad did flay,
O'er the defaced corfe, like monuments, lay;
'The houfes and ftrong-body'd trees it broke,
Nor ask'd aid from the thunder's ftroke:

The thunder but for terror through it flew,
The hail alone the work could do.
The difmal lightnings all around,
Some flying through the air, fome running on the
ground,
Some fwimming o'er the water's face,
Fill'd with bright horror every place;
One would have thought, their dreadful day to
have feen,
The very hail, and rain itfelf had kindled been.

The infant corn, which yet did fcarce appear,
Efcap'd this general mafacre
Of every thing that grew,
And the well-ter'd Egyptian year
Began to clothe her fields and trees anew.
When lo! a fcorching wind from the burnt coun-
tries blew,

And endlefs legions with it drew
Of greedy Locufis; who, where'er
With founding wings they flew.
Left all the earth depopulate and bare,
As if Winter itfelf had march'd by there.

What'er the Sun and Nile
Gave with large bounty to the thankful foil,
The wretched pilagers bore away,
And the whole Summer was their prey;
Till Moses with a prayer
Breath'd forth a violent weftern wind,
Which all thefe living clouds did headlong bear
(No fraggles left behind)
Into the purple fea, and there beftow
On the luxurious fifh a feaft they ne'er did know.
With untaught joy Pharaoh the news does hear,
And little thinks their fate attends on him and
his fo near.

What blindnefs or what darknefs did there e'er
Like this undocile king's appear!
What, e'er, but that which now does represent
And paint the crime out in the punifhment?
From the deep baleful caves of hell below,
Where the old mother Night does grow—
Subftantial Night, that does difclaim
Privation's empty name—
Through fecret conduits monftrous fhares arofe,
Such as the fun's whole force could not oppofe:

They with a folid cloud
All heaven's eclips'd face did throud;
Seem'd, with large wings fpread o'er the fea and
earth,
To brood up a new Chaos's deform'd birth.
And every lamp and every fire,
Did at the dreadful fight wink and expire,
To th' Emyrean fources all freams of light
feem'd to retire.

The living men were in their ftanding houfes
baried;
But the long Night no fumber knows,
But the fhort Death finds no repofe!
Ten thoufand terrors through the darknefs fled,
And ghofts complain'd, and fpirits murmured;
And Fancy's multiplying fight
View'd all the fcenes invifible of Night.

Of God's dreadful anger thefe
Were but the fift light fkimifhes;

The shock and bloody battle now begins,
The plenteous harvest of full-ripen'd fins.
It was the time when the still moon
Was mounted softly to her noon,
And dewy Sleep, which from Night's secret springs
Arose,

Gently as Nile the land o'erflows.
When lo! from the high countries of refined day,
The golden heaven without allay—
Whose drops, in the creation purg'd away,
Made up the sun's adulterate ray—
Michael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly,
Swift as the journeys of the light,
Swift as the race of light,
And with his winged will cuts through the yielding sky.

Hé pass'd through many a star, and, as he pass'd,
Shone (like a star in them) more brightly there
Than they did in their sphere.

On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopp'd at last,
And a mild look of sacred pity cast
Down on the sinful land where he was sent,
T' inflict the tardy punishment.

"Ah! yet," said he, "yet, stubborn king! repent,
"Whilst thus unarm'd I stand,
"Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded
"hand;

"Suffer but yet thyself, and thine to live:
"Who would, alas! believe
"That it for man," said he,
"So hard to be forgiven should be,
"And yet for God so easy to forgive!"

He spoke, and downwards flew,
And o'er his shining form a well-cut cloud he threw,
Made of the blackest fleece of Night,
And close-wrought to keep in the powerful light,
Yet wrought so fine it hinder'd not his sight;
But thro' the key-holes and the chinks of doors,
And thro' the narrow'st walks of crooked pores,
He pass'd more swift and free,
Than in wide air the wanton swallows flee.
He took a pointed Pestilence in his hand;
The spirits of thousand mortal poisons made
The strongly-temper'd blade,
The sharpest sword that e'er was laid
Up in the magazines of God to scourge a wicked
land.

Thro' Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
And as he march'd the sacred first-born strook
Of every womb; none did he spare,
None, from the meanest beast to Cenchre's purple
heir.

The swift approach of endless night
Breaks ope the wounded sleepers' rolling eyes;
They awake the rest with dying cries,
And darkness doubles the affright;
The mixed sounds of scatter'd deaths they hear,
And lose their parted souls 'twixt grief and fear.
Louder than all the shrieking women's voice
Pierces this chaos of confused noise;
As brighter lightning cuts a way
Clear and distinguish'd through the day.
With less complaints the Zoan temples found,
When the adored heifer's drown'd,
And no true-mark'd successor to be found.

VOL. II.

Whilst health and strength, and gladness, does possess

The feſſal Hebrew cottages;
The bleſt Deſtroyer comes not there,
To interrupt the ſacred cheer
That new begins their well-reformed year:
Upon their doors he read and underſtood
God's protection, writ in blood;
Well was he ſkill'd i' th' character Divine;
And, though he paſſ'd by it in haſte,
He bow'd and worſhip'd, as he paſt,
The mighty myſtery through its humble ſign.

The ſword ſtrikes now too deep and near,
Longer with its edge to play;

No diligence or coſt they ſpare
To haſte the Hebrews now away,
Pharaoh himſelf chides their delay;
So kind and bountiful is Fear!

But, oh! the bounty which to fear we owe,
Is but like fire ſtruck out of ſtone;
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it ſcarce out-lives the blow.

Sorrow and fear ſoon quit the tyrant's breaſt;
Rage and revenge their place poſſeſs'd;

With a vaſt hoſt of chariots and of horſe,
And all his powerful kingdom's ready force,

The travelling nation he purſues;
Ten times o'ercome, he ſtill th' unequal war renews.

Fill'd with proud hopes, "At leaſt, ſaid he,
"Th' Egyptian Gods, from Syrian magic free,

"Will now revenge themſelves and me;
"Behold what paſſeſs rocks on either hand,

"Like priſon-walls, about them ſtand,
"Whilst the ſea bounds their flight before!

"And in our injur'd juſtice they muſt find
"A far worſe ſtop than rocks and ſeas behind;

"Which ſhall with crimſon gore
"New paint the water's name, and double dye
the ſhore."

He ſpoke; and all his hoſt
Approv'd with ſhouts th' unhappy boaſt;
A bidden wind bore his vain words away,
And drown'd them in the neighbouring ſea.
No means t' eſcape the faithleſs travellers ſpy,
And, with degenerate fear to die,
Curſe their new-gotten liberty.

But the great Guide well knew he led them right,
And ſaw a path hid yet from human ſight:
He ſtrikes the raging waves, the waves on either
ſide

Unloſe their cloſe embraces, and divide;
And backwards preſs, as in ſome ſolemn ſhow

The crowding people do
(Though juſt before no ſpace was ſeen)

To let the admired triumph paſs between.
The wondering army ſaw on either hand
The no-leſs-wondering waves like rocks of cryſtal
ſtand:

They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod
The ſecret paths of God.

And here and there all ſcatter'd in their way
The ſea's old ſpoils, and gaping fiſhes, lay

Deſerted on the ſandy plain:

The ſun did with aſtoniſhment behold
The inmoſt chambers of the open'd main;
For, whatſoe'er of old

By his own priests the poets has been said,
 He never sunk till then into the ocean's bed.
 Led cheerfully by a bright captain, Flame,
 'To th' other shore at morning-dawn they came,
 And saw behind th' unguided foe
 March disorderly and flow.
 'The prophet 'aught from th' Idumean strand
 Shakes his imperious wand :
 The upper waves, that highest crowded lie,
 The beckoning wand espy ;
 Strait their first right-hand files begin to move,
 And, with a murmuring wind,
 Give the word " March " to all behind.
 The left-hand squadrons no less ready prove,
 But, with a joyful, louder noise,
 Answer their distant fellows' voice,
 And haste to meet them make,
 As several troops do all at once a common signal
 take.
 What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell
 Which on the Chamian army fell,
 When on both sides they saw the roaring main
 Broke loose from his invisible chain !
 They saw the monstrous death and watery war
 Come rolling down loud ruin from afar !
 In vain some backward and some forwards fly
 With helpless haste ; in vain they cry
 To their celestial Beasts for aid ;
 In vain their guilty king they' upbraid ;
 In vain on Moses he, and Moses' God, does call,
 With a repentance true too late ;
 They're compass'd round with a devouring fate,
 That draws, like a strong net, the mighty sea upon
 them all.

DAVIDE IS,
 A SACRED POEM
 OF THE TROUBLES OF DAVID.
 IN FOUR BOOKS.

" *Me verò primum dulces ante omnia Muses,*
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
" Accipiant, Calique vias ac Sidera monstrant."

VIRG. GEORG. II.

BOOK I.
 THE ARGUMENT.

The Proposition. The Invocation. The entrance into the history from a new agreement betwixt Saul and David. A description of hell. The Devil's speech. Envy's reply to him. Her appearing to Saul in the shape of Benjamin. Her speech, and Saul's to himself after she was vanished. A description of heaven. God's speech : he sends an Angel to David : the Angel's message to him. David sent for, to play before Saul. A digression concerning music. David's psalm. Saul attempts to kill him. His escape to his own house, from whence being pursued by the king's guard, by the artifice of his wife Michal he escapes and flies to

Naioth, the Prophets' college at Ramah. Saul's speech, and rage at his escape. A long digression describing the Prophets' college, and their manner of life there, and the ordinary subjects of their Poetry. Saul's guards pursue David thither, and prophesy. Saul among the prophets. He is compared to Balaam, whose song concludes the book.

I SING the man who Judah's sceptre bore
 In that right-hand which held the crook before ;
 Who from best poet, best of kings did grow ;
 The two chief gifts Heaven could on man bestow.
 Much danger first, much toil, did he sustain,
 Whilst Saul and Hell cross'd his strong fate in vain.
 Nor did his crown less painful work afford,
 Less exercise his patience, or his sword ;
 So long her conqueror, Fortune's spite pursued ;
 Till with unwearied virtue he subdued 10
 All home-bred malice, and all foreign boasts ;
 Their strength was Armies, his the Lord of Hosts.
 Thou, who didst David's royal stem adorn,
 And gav'st him birth from whom thyself wast born ;
 Who didst in triumph at Death's court appear, 15
 And slew'st him with thy nails, thy cross, and spear,
 Whilst Hell's black tyrant trembled to behold
 The glorious light he forfeited of old ;
 Who, heaven's glad burden now, and justest pride,
 Sitt'st high enthron'd next thy great Father's side
 (Where hallow'd flames help to adorn that head 21
 Which once the blushing thorns environed,
 Till crimson drops of precious blood hung down
 Like rubies to enrich thine humble crown)
 Ev'n thou my breast with such blest rage inspire,
 As mov'd the tuneful strings of David's lyre ; 26
 Guide my bold steps with thine own travelling
 flame,
 In these untrodden paths to sacred fame !
 I, with pure hands thy heavenly fire to take,
 My well-chang'd Muse I a chaste Vestal make ! 30
 From Earth's vain joys, and Love's soft witchcraft,
 free,
 I consecrate my Magdalene to thee !
 Lo, this great work, a temple to thy praise,
 On polish'd pillars of strong verse I raise !
 A temple, where, if thou vouchsafe to dwell, 35
 It Solomon's and Herod's shall excel.
 Too long the Muses' land hath heathen been ;
 Their gods too long were Devils, and virtues Sin ;
 But thou, Eternal Word ! hast call'd forth me,
 Th' apostle to convert that world to thee ; 40
 T' unbind the charms that in slight fables lie,
 And teach, that Truth is trusty poetry.
 The malice now of jealous Saul grew less,
 O'ercome by constant virtue and success ;
 He grew at last more weary to command 45
 New dangers, than young David to withstand
 Or conquer them ; he fear'd his mastering fate,
 And envy'd him a king's unpowerful hate.
 Well did he know how palms by' oppression speed,
 Victorious, and the victor's sacred meed ! 50
 The burden lifts them higher. Well did he know
 How a tame stream does wild and dangerous grow
 By unjust force ; he now with wanton play
 Kisses the smiling banks, and glides away ;
 But, his known channel stopp'd, begins to roar, 55
 And swell with rage, and buffet the dull shore ;

His mutinous waters hurry to the war,
And troops of waves come rolling from afar:
Then scorns he such weak stops to his free source,
And overruns the neighbouring fields with violent
course. 60

This knew the tyrant, and this useful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought.
He old kind vows to David did renew,
Swore constancy, and meant his oath for true.
A general joy at this glad news appear'd, 65
For David all men lov'd, and Saul they fear'd.
Angels and men did peace and David love,
But Hell did neither him nor that approve;
From man's agreement fierce alarms they take,
And quiet here, does there new business make. 70

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth—
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Gold, which above more influence has than he;—
Beneath the dens where unflinch'd tempests lie, 75
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves;
Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep; 80
There is a place, deep, wondrous deep, below,
Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow;
No bound controls th' unwearied space, but hell,
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face 85
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
No dawning more does her kind reds display;
One slight weak beam would here be thought the
day:

No gentle stars with their fair gems of light
Offend the tyrannous and unquestion'd night. 90
Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns;
Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains;
Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled nights;
But down like lightning, which him struck, he
came; 95

And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame:
Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick shone the smog'd air;
Since when, the dismal solace of their woe
Has only been weak mankind to undo; 100
Themselves at first against themselves they excite,
(Their dearest conquest and most proud delight)
And, if those mines of secret treason fail,
With open force man's virtue they assail;
Unable to corrupt, seek to destroy, 105
And, where their poisons miss, the sword employ.
Thus fought the tyrant-fiend young David's fall,
And 'gainst him arm'd the powerful rage of Saul:
He saw the beauties of his shape and face,
His female sweetness, and his manly grace: 110
He saw the nobler wonders of his mind,
Great gifts! which for great works he knew de-
sign'd:

He saw (t' ashamed the strength of man and hell)
How by's young hands their Gathite champion fell:
He saw the reverend prophet boldly shed 115
The royal drops round his enlarged head;
And well he knew what legacy did place
The sacred sceptre in blest Judah's race,

From which th' eternal Shilo was to spring;
A knowledge which new bells to hell did bring!
And, tho' no less he knew himself too weak 121
The final link of strong-wrought Fate to break,
Yet would he rage and struggle with the chain;
Lov'd to rebel, though sure that 'twas in vain.
And, now it broke his form'd design, to find 125
The gentle change of Saul's recovering mind;
He trusted much in Saul, and rag'd, and griev'd
(The great Deceiver!) to be himself deceiv'd.
Thrice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead roll; 130
His eyes dart forth red flames, which scare the
night,

And with worse fires the trembling ghosts affright;
A troop of ghastly fiends compass him round,
And greedily catch at his lips' fear'd sound.

"Are we such Nothings then!" said he, "our
will 135

"Croft by a shepherd's boy! and you yet still
"Play with your idle serpents here? dares none
"Attempt what becomes Furies? are ye grown
"Benumb'd with fear, or Virtue's spiritless cold.
"You, who were once (I'm sure) so brave and
"bold? 140

"Oh! my ill-chang'd condition! oh, my fate!
"Did I lose heaven for this?"
With that, with his long tail he lash'd his breast,
And horribly spoke out in looks the rest.
The quaking powers of night stood in amaze, 145
And at each other first could only gaze;
A dreadful silence fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terror of hell's face;
Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
So lowly rag'd, crept softly by the shore; 150
No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains, was known
The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan.

Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direfullest; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin 155
Was almost dropp'd from the sharp bones within;
And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart both night and day,
Sucking black blood from thence, which to repair
Both night and day they left fresh poisonous there. 160
Her garments were deep-stain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim;
With which, when she was drunk, she furious
grew, 165

And lash'd herself: thus from th' accursed crew
Envy, the worst of fiends, herself presents,
Envy, good only when she herself torments.

"Spend not, great king! thy precious rage,"
said she,

"Upon so poor a cause; shall mighty we 170
"The glory of our wrath, to him afford?
"Are we not Furies still, and you our lord?
"At thy dread anger the fix'd world shall shake,
"And frighted Nature her own laws forsake:
"Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make
reply, 17

"And thunder echo 't to the trembling sky
"Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an heigh:
"As shall the fire's proud element affright: 180

"Th' old drudging sun from his long-beaten way
 Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day; 180
 "The jocund orbs shall break their measur'd pace,
 "And stubborn poles change their allotted place;
 "Heaven's gilded troops shall flutter here and
 "there,
 "Leaving their boasting songs tun'd to a sphere;
 "Nay, their God too—for fear he did, when we
 "Took noble arms against his tyranny, 186
 "So noble arms, and in a cause so great,
 "That triumphs they deserve for their defeat.
 "There was a day! oh might I see't again,
 "Though he had fiercer flames to thrust us in! 190
 "And can such powers be by a child withstood?
 "Will slings, alas! or pebbles, do him good?
 "What th' untam'd lion, whet with hunger too,
 "And giants, could not, that my word shall do:
 "I'll soon dissolve this peace; were Saul's new
 "love 195
 "(But Saul we know) great as my hate shall
 "prove,
 "Before their sun twice more be gone about,
 "I and my faithful snakes would drive it out.
 "By me, Cain offer'd up his brother's gore,
 "A sacrifice far worse than that before; 200
 "I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant
 "At once his murder and his monument,
 "And laugh'd to see (for'twas a goodly show)
 "The earth by her first tiller fatten'd so:
 "I drove proud Pharaoh to the parted sea; 205
 "He and his host drank up cold death by me:
 "By me rebellious arms fierce Corah took,
 "And Moses (curse upon that name!) forsook;
 "Hither (ye know) almost alive he came
 "Through the cleft earth; ours was his funeral
 "flame: 210
 "By me—but I lose time, methinks, and should
 "Perform new acts whilst I relate the old.
 "David's the next our fury must enjoy:
 "Tis not thy God himself shall save thee, boy!
 "No, if he do, may the whole world have peace;
 "May all ill actions, all ill fortune, cease, 216
 "And, banish'd from this potent court below,
 "May I a ragged, contemn'd Virtue grow!"
 "She spoke; all star'd at first, and made a pause;
 "But straight the general murmur of applause 220
 "Ran through Death's courts; she frown'd still and
 "began
 "To envy at the praise herself had won.
 "Great Beelzebub starts from his burning throne
 "To embrace the Fiend, but she, now furious grown
 "To act her part, thrice bow'd, and thence she fled;
 "The snakes all hiss'd, the fiends all murmured.
 "It was the time when silent night began
 "T' enchain with sleep the busy spirits of man;
 "And Saul himself, though in his troubled breast
 "The weight of empire lay, took gentle rest: 230
 "So did not Envy; but with haste arose;
 "And, as through Israel's stateliest towns she goes,
 "She frowns, and shakes her head; "Shine on,"
 "says she,
 "Ruins ere long shall your sole monuments be."
 "The silver moon with terror paler grew, 235
 "And neighbouring Hermon sweated flowery dew;
 "Swift Jordan started, and straight backward fled,
 "Hiding among thick reeds his aged head:

Lo, at her entrance Saul's strong palace shook;
 And nimbly there the reverend shape she took 240
 Of Father Benjamin; so long her beard,
 So large her limbs, so grave her looks, appear'd,
 Just like his statue, which bestrid Saul's gate,
 And seem'd to guard the race it did create.
 In this known form she approach'd the tyrant's
 side; 235
 And thus her words the sacred form bely'd:
 "Arise, lost king of Israel! canst thou lie
 "Dead in this sleep, and yet thy last so nigh?
 "If king thou be'st, if Jesse's race as yet
 "Sit not on Israel's throne! and shall he sit? 250
 "Did ye for this from fruitful Egypt fly?
 "From the mild brickkiln's nobler slavery?
 "For this, did seas your powerful rod obey?
 "Did wonders guide, and feed, you on your way?
 "Could ye not there great Pharaoh's bondage
 "bear, 255
 "You who can serve a boy, and minstrel, here?
 "Forbid it, God! if thou be'st just; this shame
 "Cast not on Saul's, on mine, and Israel's, name!
 "Why was I else from Canaan's famine led?
 "Happy, thrice happy, had I there been dead, 260
 "Ere my full loins discharg'd this numerous race,
 "This luckless tribe, ev'n crown'd to their dis-
 "grace!
 "Ah, Saul! thy servant's vassal must thou live?
 "Place to his harp must thy dread sceptre give?
 "What wants he now but that? canst thou forget
 "(If thou be'st man thou canst not) how they met
 "The youth with songs? alas! poor monarch!
 "you
 "Your thousand only, he ten thousand, slew!
 "Him Israel loves, him neighbouring countries
 "fear;
 "You but the name and empty title bear. 270
 "And yet the traitor lives, lives in thy court;
 "The court that must be his; where he shall sport
 "Himself with all thy concubines, thy gold,
 "Thy costly robes, thy crown. Wert thou not
 "told
 "This by proud Samuel, when at Gilgal he 275
 "With bold false threats from God affronted thee?
 "The dotard ly'd; God said it not, I know;
 "Not Baal or Moloch would have us'd thee so.
 "Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
 "Exact the royal lot, and call it forth? 280
 "Hast thou not since (my best and greatest son.)
 "To him, and to his perishing nation, done
 "Such lasting benefits as may justly claim
 "A sceptre as eternal as thy fame?
 "Poor prince! whom madmen, priests, and boys,
 "invade; 285
 "By thine own flesh, thy ungrateful son, betray'd!
 "Unnatural fool! who can thus cheated be
 "By friendship's name, against a crown and thee!
 "Betray not too thyself; take courage, call
 "Thy' enchanted virtues forth, and be whole Saul.
 "Lo! this great cause makes thy dead fathers rise,
 "Breaks the firm seals of their clos'd tombs and
 "eyes.
 "Nor can their jealous ashes, whilst this boy
 "Survives, the privilege of their graves enjoy.
 "Rise quickly, Saul! and take that rebel's breath,
 "Which troubles thus thy life; and ev'n our death.

" Kill him, and thou'rt secure; 'tis only he
 " That's boldly interpos'd 'twixt God and thee,
 " As earth's low globe robs the high moon of
 " light;
 " When this eclipse is past, thy fate's all bright.
 " Trust me, dear son! and credit what I tell; 301
 " I've seen thy royal stars, and know them well.
 " Hence, fears and dull delays! is not thy breast
 " (Yes, Saul, it is) with noble thoughts possess'd?
 " May they beget like acts!" With that she takes
 One of her worst, her best-beloved snakes:
 " Softly, dear worm! soft and unseen," said she,
 " Into his bosom steal, and in it be
 " My viceroy." At that word she took her flight,
 And her loose shape dissolv'd into the night. 310
 Th' infected king leapt from his bed amaz'd,
 Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd;
 And started back at piec'd-up shapes, which fear
 And his distracted fancy painted there:
 'Terror froze up his hair, and on his face 315
 Showers of cold sweat roll'd trembling down
 apace.
 Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,
 Earth with his feet, he cries, " Oh! 'tis confess'd;
 " I've been a pious fool, a woman-king;
 " Wrong'd by a seer, a boy, every thing. 320
 " Eight hundred years of death is not so deep,
 " So unconcern'd, as my lethargic sleep.
 " My patience even a sacrilege becomes,
 " Disturbs the dead, and opens their sacred tombs.
 " Ah! Benjamin, kind father, who for me 325
 " This cursed world endur'd again to see!
 " All thou hast said, great vision! is so true,
 " That all which thou command'st and more,
 " I'll do:
 " Kill him! yes, mighty ghost! the wretch shall
 " die,
 " Tho' every star in heaven should it deny; 330
 " Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,
 " Hadst thou ten times his fam'd ten thousand slain.
 " Should that bold popular madman, whose design
 " Is to revenge his own disgrace by mine,
 " Should my ungrateful son oppose th' intent, 335
 " Should mine own heart grow scrupulous and
 " relent,
 " Curse me, just Heaven! (by which this truth I
 " swear)
 " If I that seer, my son, or self, do spare.
 " No, gentle ghost! return to thy still home;
 " Thither, this day, mine and thy foe shall come.
 " If that curst object longer vex my sight, 341
 " It must have learnt t' appear as thou to-night."
 Whilst thus his wrath with threats the tyrant fed,
 The threaten'd youth slept fearless on his bed;
 Sleep on, rest quiet as thy conscience take, 345
 For, tho' thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake.
 Above the subtle foldings of the sky;
 Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
 Above those petty lamps that gild the night;
 There is a place o'erflown with hallow'd light;
 Where heaven, as if it left itself behind, 351
 Is stretch'd-out far, nor its own bounds can find:
 Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
 Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space;
 For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray 355
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day;

No pale-fac'd moon does in stol'n beams appear
 Or with dim taper scatters darkness there;
 On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
 No circling motion doth swift time divide; 360
 Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
 But an eternal Now does always last.
 There sits th' Almighty, First of all, and End;
 Whom nothing but himself can comprehend;
 Who with his word commanded all to be, 365
 And all obey'd him, for that word was He:
 Only he spoke, and every thing that is
 From out the womb of fertile nothing ris'.
 Oh, who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne,
 Thou great Three-One! 370
 There thou thyself dost in full presence show,
 Not absent from these meaner worlds below;
 No, if thou wert, the elements' league would cease,
 And all thy creatures break thy Nature's peace;
 The sun would stop his course, or gallop back, 375
 The stars drop out, the poles themselves would
 crack;
 Earth's strong foundations would be torn in twain,
 And this vast work all ravel out again
 To its first nothing: for his spirit contains
 The well-knit mafs; from him each creature gains
 Being and motion, which he still bestows; 381
 From him th' effect of our weak action flows:
 Round him vast armies of swift angels stand,
 Which seven triumphant generals command;
 They sing loud anthems of his endless praise, 385
 And with fix'd eyes drink-in immortal rays:
 Of these he call'd-out one; all heaven did shake,
 And silence kept whilst its Creator spake.
 " Are we forgotten then so soon? can he
 " Look on his crown, and not remember me 390
 " That gave it? can he think we did not hear
 " (Fond man!) his threats? and have we made
 " the ear,
 " To be accounted deaf? No, Saul! we heard;
 " And it will cost thee dear: the ills thou'lt fear'd,
 " Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double send; 395
 " Have we not spoke it, and dares man contend?
 " Alas, poor dust! didst thou but know the day
 " When thou must lie in blood at Gilboa,
 " Thou, and thy sons, thou would'st not threaten
 " still;
 " Thy trembling tongue would stop against thy
 " will. 400
 " Then shall thine head fix'd in curst temples be,
 " And all their foolish gods shall laugh at thee.
 " That hand which now on David's life would
 " prey,
 " Shall then turn just, and its own master slay;
 " He whom thou hat'st, on thy lov'd throne shall
 " sit, 405
 " And expiate the disgrace thou dost to it.
 " Haste then; tell David what his king has sworn,
 " Tell him whose blood must paint this rising
 " morn;
 " Yet bid him go securely, when he sends;
 " 'Tis Saul that is his foe, and We his friends:
 " The man who has his God, no aid can lack, 411
 " And We, who bid him go, will bring him back."
 He spoke: the heavens seem'd decently to
 bow,
 With all their bright inhabitants; and now

The jocund spheres began again to play, 415
 Again each spirit sung Halleluia;
 Only that Angel was strait gone; even so
 (But not so swift) the morning-glories flow
 At once from the bright sun, and strike the ground;
 So winged lightning the soft air does wound. 420
 Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
 The motion, having no account so small.
 So flew this Angel, till to David's bed
 He came, and thus his sacred message said:

"Awake, young man, hear what thy king has
 "sworn; 425

"He swore thy blood should paint this rising
 "morn:

"Yet to him go securely, when he sends;

"'Tis Saul that is your foe, and God your friends:

"The man who has his God, no aid can lack;

"And he who bids thee go, will bring thee back."

Up leap'd Jeshides, and did round him stare, 431

But could see nought; for nought was left but air:

Whilst this great vision labours in his thought,

Lo! the short prophecy t' effect is brought:

In treacherous haste he's sent for to the king, 435

And with him bid his charming lyre to bring.

The king, they say, lies raging in a fit,

Which does no cures but sacred tunes admit;

And true it was, soft music did appease

Th' obscure fantastic rage of Saul's disease. 440

Tell me, oh Muse! (for thou, or none, canst tell,

The mystic powers that in blest numbers dwell;

'Thou their great nature know'st, nor is it fit

'This noblest gem of thine own crown t' omit)

Tell me from whence these heavenly charms arise;

Teach the dull world t' admire what they despise!

As first a various uniform'd hint we find

Rise in some godlike poet's fertile mind,

Till all the parts and words their places take,

And with just marches verse and music make; 450

Such was God's poem, this world's new essay;

So wild and rude in its first draught it lay;

Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew,

An artless war from thwarting motions grew;

Till they to number and fix'd rules were brought

By the Eternal Mind's poetic thought. 456

Water and Air he for the tenor chose,

Earth made the bass, the treble Flame arose:

To th' active moon a quick brisk stroke he gave,

To Saturn's string, a touch more soft and grave. 460

The motions strait, and round, and swift, and slow,

And short, and long, were mix'd and woven so—

Did in such artful figures smoothly fall—

As made this decent-measur'd Dance of All.

And this is music: sounds that charm our ears,

Are but one dressing that rich science wears. 461

Tho' no man hear 't, tho' no man it rehearse,

Yet will there still be music in my verse;

In this great world so much of it we see,

The lesser, Man, is all o'er harmony; 470

Storehouse of all proportions! single quire!

Which first God's breath did tunelessly inspire!

From hence blest music's heavenly charms arise,

From sympathy, which them and man allies.

Thus they our souls, thus they our bodies win,

Not by their force, but party that's within: 476

Thus the strange cure, on our spilt blood apply'd,

Sympathy to the distant wound does guide:

Thus, when two brethren-strings are set alike,
 To move them both, but one of them we strike:
 Thus David's lyre did Saul's wild rage control,
 And tun'd the harsh disorders of his soul.

WHEN Israel was from bondage led,
 Led by th' Almighty's hand
 From out a foreign land, 485
 The great sea beheld, and fled.

As men pursued, when that fear past they find,
 Stop on some higher ground to look behind;

So, whilst through wondrous ways
 The sacred army went, 490

The waves afar stood up to gaze,

And their own rocks did represent,

Solid as waters are above the firmament.

Old Jordan's waters to their spring
 Start back with sudden fright; 495

'Th' spring, amaz'd at sight,

Asks what news from sea they bring.

The mountains shook; and to the mountains' side

The little hills leap'd round, themselves to hide;

As young affrighted lambs, 500

When they aught dreadful spy,

Run trembling to their helpless dams:

The mighty sea and river, by,

Were glad, for their excuse, to see the hills too fly.

What ail'd the mighty sea to flee? 505

Or why did Jordan's tide

Back to his fountain glide?

Jordan's tide, what ail'd thee?

Why leap'd the hills? why did the mountains

shake?

What ail'd them, their fix'd natures to forsake?

Fly where thou wilt, O sea! 511

And Jordan's current cease!

Jordan, there is no need of thee;

For at God's word, when'er he please,

The rocks shall weep new waters forth instead

of these. 515

THUS sung the great Musician to his lyre;

And Saul's black rage grew softly to retire;

But Envy's serpent still with him remain'd,

And the wise charmer's healthful voice disdain'd.

Th' unthankful king cur'd truly of his fit, 520

Seems to lie drown'd and buried still in it;

From his past madness draws this wicked use,

To sin disguis'd, and murder with excuse:

For, whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,

And the soft medicine with kind art renews, 525

The barbarous patient casts at him his spear

(The usual sceptre that rough hand did bear)

Casts it with violent strength; but into th' room

An arm more strong and sure than his was come;

An Angel, whose unseen and easy might 530

Put-by the weapon, and mist it right.

How vain man's power is! unless God command,

The weapon disobeys his master's hand;

Happy was now the error of the blow:

At Gilboa it will not serve him so. 535

One would have thought, Saul's sudden rage t'

have seen,

He had himself by David wounded been:

He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,

And thought his honour now engag'd i' th' sin;

A bloody troop of his own guards he sends 540
 (Slaves to his will, and falsely call'd his friends)
 To mend his error by a surer blow;
 So Saul ordain'd, but God ordain'd not so.
 Home flies the Prince, and to his trembling wife
 Relates the new-past hazard of his life; 545
 Which she with decent passion hears him tell;
 For not her own fair eyes she lov'd so well.
 Upon their palace-top, beneath a row
 Of lemon-trees—which there did proudly grow,
 And with bright stores of golden fruit repay 550
 The light they drank from the sun's neighbour-
 ing ray—

(A small, but artful Paradise) they walk'd,
 And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.
 Here Michal first an armed troop espies
 (So faithful and so quick are loving eyes!) 555
 Which march'd, and often glister'd thro' a wood,
 That on right-hand of her fair palace stood;
 She saw them; and cry'd out, "They're come
 " to kill

" My dearest lord; Saul's spear pursues thee still.
 " Behold his wicked guards! haste quickly fly!
 " For Heaven's sake, haste! my dear lord, do not
 " die!

" Ah, cruel father! whose ill-natur'd rage
 " Neither thy worth, nor marriage, can assuage!
 " Will he part those he join'd so late before? 564
 " Were the two-hundred forekins worth no more?
 " He shall not part us;" (then she wept between).
 " At yonder window thou may'st 'scape unseen;
 " This hand shall let thee down! stay not, but
 " haste;

" 'Tis not my use to send thee hence so fast."
 " Best of all women!" he replies—and this 570
 Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a kiss;
 " Throw not away," said she, " thy precious
 " breath;

" Thou stay'st too long within the reach of death."
 Timely he obeys her wife advice; and strait
 To unjust force she opposes just deceit: 575
 She meets the murderers with a virtuous lye,
 And good dissembling tears; " May he not die
 " In quiet then?" said she, " will they not give
 " That freedom, who so fear lest he should live?
 " Ev'n Fate does with your cruelty conspire, 580
 " And spares your guilt, yet does what you desire.
 " Must he not live? for that ye need not sin;
 " My much-wrong'd husband speechless lies
 " within,

" And has too little left of vital breath
 " To know his murderers, or to feel his death.
 " One hour will do your work——" 586
 Here her well-govern'd tears dropp'd down apace:
 Beauty and sorrow mingled in one face
 Has such resistless charms, that they believe,
 And an unwilling aptness find to grieve 590
 At what they came for. A pale statue's head,
 In linen wrapp'd, appear'd on David's bed;
 Two servants mournful stand, and silent, by,
 And on the table medicinal relics lie;
 In the close room a well-plac'd taper's light 595
 Adds a become horror to the sight:
 And for th' impression God prepar'd their sense;
 They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.

How vain attempts Saul's unblest anger tries,
 By his own hands deceiv'd, and servants' eyes! 600

" It cannot be," said he, " no, can it? shall
 " Our great ten-thousand-slayer idly fall?
 " The silly rout thinks God protects him still;
 " But God, alas! guards not the bad from ill.
 " Oh may he guard him! may his members be
 " In as full strength and well-set harmony 606
 " As the fresh body of the first-made man
 " Ere sin, or sin's just meed, Disease, began!
 " He will be else too small for our vast hate;
 " And we must share in our revenge with Fate.
 " No; let us have him whole; we else may seem
 " To 'ave snatch'd away but some few days from
 " him,

" And cut that thread which would have dropp'd
 " in two;

" Will our great anger learn to stoop so low?
 " I know it cannot; will not; him we prize 615
 " Of our just wrath the solemn sacrifice,
 " That must not blemish'd be; let him remain
 " Secure, and grow up to our stroke again.
 " 'Twill be some pleasure then to take his breath,
 " When he shall strive and wrestle with his death;
 " Go, let him live——And yet——shall I then
 " stay 621

" So long? good and great actions hate delay.
 " Some foolish piety perhaps, or he
 " That has been still mine honour's enemy,
 " Samuel, may change or cross my just intent,
 " And I this formal pity soon repent. 626
 " Besides, Fate gives him me, and whispers this,
 " That he can fly no more, if we should miss;
 " Miss! can we miss again? Go bring him strait,
 " Tho' gasping out his soul; if the wish'd date
 " Of his accursed life be almost past, 631
 " Some joy 'twill be to see him breathe his last."
 The troop return'd, of their short virtue's shame'd,
 Saul's courage prais'd, and their own weakness
 blam'd;

But when the pious fraud they understood, 635
 Scarce the respect due to Saul's sacred blood,
 Due to the sacred beauty in it reign'd,
 From Michal's murder their wild rage restrain'd.
 She alleg'd the holiest chains that bind a wife,
 Duty and love; she alleg'd that her own life, 640
 Had she refus'd that safety to her lord,
 Would have incur'd just danger from his sword.
 Now was Saul's wrath full grown; he takes no
 rest;

A violent flame rolls in his troubled breast,
 And in fierce lightning from his eye does break;
 Not his own favourites and best friends dare speak,
 Or look on him; but, mute and trembling all,
 Fear where this cloud will burst, and thunder fall.
 So, when the pride and terror of the wood,
 A lion, prick'd with rage and want of food, 650
 Espies out from afar some well-fed beast;
 And bristles up, preparing for his feast;
 If that by swiftness 'scape his gaping jaws,
 His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
 Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about, 655
 Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out;
 Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
 Trees, tho' no wind stirring, shake with fear;

Silence and horror fill the place around ;
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound. 660

Midst a large wood, that joins fair Rama's town
(The neighbourhood fair Rama's chief renown)
A college stands, where at great Prophets' feet
The Prophets' Sons with silent diligence meet ;
By Samuel built, and moderately endow'd, 665
Yet more to' his liberal tongue than hands they
ow'd ;

There himself taught, and, his blest voice to
hear,

Teachers themselves lay proud beneath him there.
The house was a large square, but plain and low ;
Wife Nature's use Art strove not to outgo : 670
An inward square by well-rang'd trees was made ;
And, midst the friendly cover of their shade,
A pure, well-tasted, wholesome fountain rose ;
Which no vain cost of marble did enclose ;
Nor thro' carv'd shapes did the forc'd waters pass ;
Shapes gazing on themselves i' th' liquid glass ;
Yet the chaste stream, that 'mong loose pebbles
fell,

For cleanhels, thirst, religion, serv'd as well.
The scholars, doctors, and companions, here,
Lodg'd all apart in neat small chambers were, 680
Well-furnish'd chambers ; for in each there stood
A narrow couch, table, and chair of wood ;
More is but clog, where use does bound delight ;
And those are rich whose wealth's proportion'd
right

To their life's form : more goods would but be-
come 685

A burden to them, and contract their room.
A second court, more sacred, stood behind,
Built fairer, and to nobler use design'd :
The hall and schools one side it possess'd ;
The library and synagogue the rest. 690

Tables of plain-cut fir, adorn'd the hall ;
And with beasts' skins the beds were cover'd all.
The reverend doctors take their seats on high,
Th' elect companions in their bosoms lie ;
The scholars far below, upon the ground, 695
On fresh-strew'd rushes, place themselves around.

With more respect the wife and ancient lay ;
But eat not choicer herbs or bread than they,
Nor purer waters drank, their constant feast ;
But by great dais, and sacrifice increas'd. 700

The schools, built round and higher, at the end
With their fair circle did this side extend ;
To which their synagogue, on th' other side,
And to the hall their library reply'd.

The midst towards their large gardens open lay,
To' admit the joys of spring and early day. 706
I' th' library a few choice authors stood ;
Yet 'twas well-stor'd, for that small store was good ;

Writing, man's spiritual physic, was not then
Itself, as now, grown a disease of men. 710
Learning, young Virgin ! but few suitors knew ;
The Common Prostitute she lately grew,

And with her spurious brood loads now the press ;
Laborious effects of idleness !

Here all the various forms one might behold 715
How letters fav'd themselves from death of old ;
Some painfully engrav'd in thin-wrought plates ;
Some cut in wood, some lightlier trac'd on slates ;

Some drawn on fair palm-leaves, with short-liv'd
toil,

Had not their friend the cedar lent his oil : 720
Some wrought in silks, some writ in tender barks ;
Some the sharp style in waxen tables marks ;
Some in beasts' skins, and some in Biblos' reed ;
Both new rude arts, which age and growth did
need.

The schools were painted well with useful skill ;
Stars, maps, and stories, the learn'd wall did fill.
Wife wholesome proverbs mix'd around the room,
Some writ, and in Egyptian figures some.
Here all the noblest Wits of men inspir'd,
From earth's flight joys, and worthless toils,
retir'd 730

(Whom Samuel's fame and bounty thither lead)
Each day by turns their solid knowledge read.
The course and power of stars great Nathan
taught, 735
And home to man those distant wonders brought ;
How tow'rd both Poles the sun's fix'd journey
bends,

And how the year his crooked walk attends ;
By what just steps the wandering lights advance,
And what eternal measures guide their dance :
Himself a prophet ; but his lectures show'd
How little of that art to them he ow'd. 740

Mahol, th' inferior world's fantastic face,
Thro' all the turns of Matter's maze, did trace ;
Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took ;
On all the springs and smallest wheels did look
Of life and motion ; and with equal art 745
Made up again the whole of every part.

The prophet Gad in learned dust designs
Th' immortal solid rules of fancy'd Lines :
Of Numbers too th' unnumber'd wealth he shows,
And with them far their endless journey goes ; 750
Numbers, which still increase more high and wide
From one, the root of their turn'd pyramid.

Of Men and Ages past Seraiah read ;
Embal'm'd in long-liv'd history the dead ;
Show'd the steep falls and flow ascent of states ;
What wisdom and what follies make their fates.

Samuel himself did God's rich Law display ;
Taught doubting men with judgment to obey ;
And oft his ravish'd soul, with sudden flight,
Soar'd above present times and human fight. 760

Those Arts but welcome strangers might appear,
Music and Verse seem'd born and bred-up here ;
Scarce the blest heaven, that rings with Angels
voice,

Does with more constant Harmony rejoice :
The sacred Muse does here each breast inspire ; 765
Heman, and sweet-mouth'd Asaph, rule their
quire ; 770

Both charming poets ; and all strains they play'd,
By artful breath or nimble fingers made.
The synagogue was dress'd with care and cost
(The only place where that they esteem'd not
lost) ;

The glittering roof with gold did daze the view,
The sides refresh'd with silks of sacred blue.
Here thrice each day they read their perfect law,
Thrice prayers from willing Heaven a blessing
draw ;

Thrice in glad hymns, swell'd with the Great
One's praise, 775

The pliant voice on her seven steps they raise,
Whilst all th' enliven'd instruments around
To the just feet with various concord found;
Such things were Muses then, condemn'd low
earth;

Decently proud, and mindful of their birth. 780
'Twas God himself that here tun'd every tongue;
And gratefully of him alone they sung:

They sung how God spoke-out the world's vast ball;
From nothing, and from no-where, call'd forth all.
No Nature yet, or place for 't to possess, 785

But an unbottom'd gulph of emptiness:
Full of Himself, th' Almighty fate, his own
Palace, and without solitude alone.

But he was goodness whole, and all things will'd;
Which, ere they were, his active word fulfill'd;
And their astonish'd heads o' th' sudden rear'd;
An unthap'd kind of something first appear'd,
Confessing its new being, and undrest,
As if it stepp'd in haste before the rest.

Yet, buried in this Matter's darksome womb, 795
Lay the rich seeds of every thing to come:

From hence the cheerful Flame leap'd up so high;
Close at his heels the nimble Air did fly;
Dull earth with his own weight did downwards
pierce

To the fix'd navel of the universe, 800
And was quite lost in waters; till God said

To the proud Sea, "Shrink-in your insolent head,
"See how the gaping Earth has made you place!"
That durst not murmur, but shrunk in apace:

Since when, his bounds are set; at which in vain
He foams, and rages, and turns back again. 806

With richer stuff he bade Heaven's fabric shine,
And from him a quick spring of light divine
Swell'd up the Sun, from whence his cherishing
flame

Fills the whole world, like Him from whom it came.
He smooch'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect
mould,

And comb'd her beamy locks with sacred gold;
"Be thou," said he, "queen of the mournful
night,"

And as he spoke, she 'rose clad o'er in light,
With thousand stars attending on her train; 815

With her they rise, with her they set again.
Then Herbs peep'd forth, new Trees admiring
stood,

And smelling Flowers painted the infant wood.
Then flocks of Birds thro' the glad air did flee,

Joyful, and safe before man's luxury. 820
Singing their maker in their untaught lays:

Nay, the mute Fish witness no less his praise;
For these he made, and cloath'd with silver scales,

From minnows, to those living islands, whales.
Beasts too were his command: what could he
more? 825

Yes, Man he could, the bond of all before;
In him he all things with strange order hurl'd;

In him, that full abridgement of the world.
This, and much more of God's great works
they told;

His mercies, and some judgments too, of old: 830
Vol. II,

How, when all earth was deeply stain'd in sin,
With an impetuous noise the waves came rush-
ing in:

Where birds erewhile dwelt and securely sung,
There fish (an unknown net) entangled hung:

The face of shipwreck'd Nature naked lay; 835
The sun peep'd forth, and beheld nought but sea.

This men forgot, and burnt in lust again;
Till showers, strange as their sin, of fiery rain

And scalding brimstone, dropp'd on Sodom's head;
Alive, they felt those flames they fry-in dead. 840

No better end rash Pharaoh's pride befel,
When wind and sea wag'd war for Israel:

In his gilt chariots amaz'd fishes fat,
And grew with corpse of wretched princes fat;

The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies stain; 845
Nor was it since call'd the Red-sea in vain.

Much too they told of faithful Abram's fame,
To whose blest passage they owe still their name:

Of Moses much, and the great seed of Nun,
What wonders they perform'd, what lands they
won; 850

How many kings they slew, or captive brought;
They held the swords, but God and angels fought.

Thus gain'd they the wife-spending of their
days;

And their whole life was their dear Maker's
praise.

No minute's rest, no swiftest thought they sold
To that beloved plague of mankind gold; 856

Gold, for which all mankind with greater pains
Labour tow'rd's hell, than those who dig its veins.

Their wealth was the contempt of it; which more
They valued than rich fools the shining ore. 860

The silk worms' precious death they scorn'd to
wear,

And Tyrian dye appear'd but sordid there.
Honour, which since the price of souls became,

Seem'd to these great-ones a low idle name.
Instead of down, hard beds they chose to have, 865

Such as might bid them not forget their grave.
Their board dispeopled no full clement,

Free Nature's bounty thriftily they spent,
And spar'd the stock: nor could their bodies say

We owe this crudeness t' excess yesterday, 870
Thus souls live cleanly, and no soiling fear,

But entertain their welcome Maker there:
The senses perform nimbly what they're bid,

And honestly, nor are by Reason chid;
And, when the down of sleep does softly fall, 875

Their dreams are heavenly then, and mystical;
With hasty wings time present they outfly,

And tread the doubtful maze of destiny;
There walk, and sport among the years to come,

And with quick eye pierce every cause's womb.
Thus these wise saints enjoy'd their little all, 881

Free from the spite of much-mistaken Saul:
For, if man's life we in just balance weigh,

David deserv'd his envy less than they.
Of this retreat the hunted Prince makes choice,

Adds to their choir his nobler lyre and voice. 886
But long unknown ev'n here he could not lie;

So bright his lustre, so quick Envy's eye!
Th' offended troop, whom he escap'd before,

Pursue him here, and fear mistakes no more: 890
P

Below'd revenge fresh rage to them affords;
Some part of him all promise to their swords.

They came, but a new sp'rit their hearts possest,
Scattering a sacred calm through every breast:
The furrows of their brow, so rough erewhile,
Sink down into the dimples of a smile; 896
Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,
And the chaste streams with even current glide;
A sudden day breaks gently through their eyes,
And morning-blushes in their cheeks arise: 900
The thoughts of war, of blood, and murder, cease;
In peaceful tunes they adore the God of peace!
New messengers twice more the tyrant sent,
And was twice more mock'd with the same event:
His heighten'd rage no longer brooks delay; 905
It sends him there himself: but on the way
His foolish anger a wife fury grew,
And blessings from his mouth unbidden flew:
His kingly robes he laid at Naioth down,
Began to understand, and scorn, his crown; 910
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things,
And felt more solid joys than empire brings:
Embrac'd his wondering son, and on his head,
The balm of all past wounds, kind tears, he shed.

So covetous Balaam, with a fond intent; 915
Of curling the blest seed, to Moab went:
But as he went, his fatal tongue to sell,
His ass taught him to speak, God to speak well.

"How comely are thy tents, oh Israel!"
(Thus he began) "what conquests thy foretel!
"Lefs fair are orchards in their autumn pride, 921
"Adorn'd with trees on some fair river's side;
"Lefs fair are vallies, their green mantles spread!
"Or mountains with tall cedars on their head!
"Twas God himself (thy God who must not
fear?) 925
"Brought thee from bondage to be master here:
"Slaughter shall wear out these, new weapons
get,
"And death in triumph on thy darts shall sit.
"When Judah's lion starts up to his prey,
"The beasts shall hang their ears, and creep
away; 930
"When he lies down, the woods shall silence
keep,
"And dreadful tigers tremble at his sleep.
"Thy cursers, Jacob! shall twice curst be;
"And he shall bless himself that blesses thee!"

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
THE DAVIDEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The friendship betwixt Jonathan and David; and upon that occasion a digression concerning the nature of Love. A discourse between Jonathan and David; upon which the latter absents himself from court, and

the former goes thither, to inform himself of Saul's resolution. The feast of the New-Moon: the manner of the celebration of it; and therein a digression of the history of Abraham. Saul's speech upon David's absence from the feast, and his anger against Jonathan. David's resolution to fly away; he parts with Jonathan, and falls asleep under a tree. A description of Pleafy; an angel makes up a vision in David's head; the vision itself, which is, a prophecy of all the succession of his race till Christ's time, with their most remarkable actions. At his awaking Gabriel assumes an human shape, and confirms to him the truth of his vision.

BUT now the early birds began to call
The morning forth, up rose the sun and Saul;

Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet repose;

But both, alas! from restless labours rose:
For in Saul's breast, envy, the toilsome sin, 5
Had all that night active and tyrannous been:
She expell'd all forms of kindness, virtue, grace;
Of the past day no footstep left or trace;
The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his love dwell longer with his fear. 10
So near a storm wise David would not stay,
Nor trust the glittering of a faithless day;
He saw the sun call in his beams apace,
And angry clouds march up into their place;
The sea itself smooths his rough brow awhile, 15
Flattering the greedy merchant with a smile;
But he, whose shipwreck'd bark it drank before,
Sees the deceit and knows it would have more.
Such is the sea, and such was Saul.

But Jonathan, his son, and only good, 20
Was gentle as fair Jordan's useful flood;
Whose innocent stream, as it in silence goes,
Fresh honours and a sudden spring bestows,
On both his banks, to every flower and tree;
The manner how lies hid, th' effect we see. 25
But more than all, more than himself, he lov'd
The man whose worth his father's hatred mov'd;
For, when the noble youth at Dammin stood,
Adorn'd with sweat, and painted gay with blood,
Jonathan pierc'd him thro' with greedy eye, 30
And underfoot the future majesty
Then destin'd in the glories of his look;
He saw, and strait was with amazement strook,
To see the strength, the feature, and the grace
Of his young limbs: he saw his comely face, 35
Where love and reverence so well mingled were;
And head, already crown'd with golden hair:
He saw what mildness his bold spirit did tame,
Gentler than light, yet powerful as a flame:
He saw his valour, by their safety prov'd; 40
He saw all this, and as he saw he lov'd.

What art thou, Love! thou great mysterious thing!
From what hid stock does thy strange nature spring?

'Tis thou that mov'st the world thro' every part,
And hold'st the vast frame close, that nothing start, 45

From the due place and office first ordain'd;
By thee were all things made, and are sustain'd.
Sometimes we see thee fully, and can say
From thence thou took'st thy rise, and went'st
that way;

But oftener the short beams of Reason's eye 50
See only There thou art, not How, nor Why.
How is the loadstone, Nature's subtle pride,
By the rude iron woo'd, and made a bride?
How was the weapon wounded? what hid flame
The strong and conquering metal overcame? 55
Love (this world's grace) exalts his natural state;
He feels thee, Love! and feels no more his weight.
Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace?
The oak, for courtship most of all unfit, 60
And rough as are the winds that fight with it?
How does the absent pole the needle move?
How does his cold and ice beget hot love?
Which are the wings of lightness to ascend?
Or why does weight to th' centre downwards 65
bend?

Thus creatures void of life obey thy laws,
And seldom we, they never, know the cause.
In thy large state, Life gives the next degree,
Where Sense, and Good Apparent, places thee;
But thy chief palace is man's heart alone, 70
Here are thy triumphs and full glories shown;
Handsome Desires, and Rest, about thee flee,
Union, Inheritance, Zeal, and Extasy,
With thousand joys cluster around thine head,
O'er which a gall-less dove her wings does spread;
A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far 76
Than consciences of thine own martyrs are,
Lies at thy feet; and thy right-hand does hold
The mystic sceptre of a cross of gold.
Thus dost thou sit (like men ere sin had fram'd 80
A guilty blush) naked, but not ashamed.
What cause then did the fabulous ancients find,
When first their superstition made thee blind?
'Twas they, alas! 'twas they who could not see,
When they mistook that monster Lust for thee. 85
Thou art a bright, but not consuming flame;
Such in th' amazed bush to Moses came;
When that secure its new-crown'd head did rear,
And chid the trembling branches' needless fear.
Thy darts are healthful gold, and downwards 90
fall,

Soft as the feathers that they're fletch'd withal.
Such, and no other, were those secret darts,
Which sweetly touch'd this noblest pair of hearts;
Still to one end they both so justly drew,
As courteous doves together yok'd would do: 95
No weight of birth did on one side prevail,
Two twins less even lie in Nature's scale;
They mingled fates, and both in each did share,
They both were servants, they both princes were.
If any joy to one of them was sent, 100
It was most his, to whom it least was meant;
And Fortune's malice betwixt both was cross'd,
For, striking one, it wounded th' other most.
Never did marriage such true union find,
Or men's desires with so glad violence bind; 105
For, there is still some tincture left of sin,
And still the sex will needs be stealing-in.

Those joys are full of dross, and thicker far;
These, without matter clear and liquid are.
Such sacred love does heaven's bright Spirits fill,
Where love is but to understand and will 111
With swift and unseen motions; such as we
Somewhat express in heighten'd charity.
O ye blest One! whose love on earth became
So pure that still in heaven 'tis but the same! 115
There now ye sit, and with mixt souls embrace,
Gazing upon great Love's mysterious face;
And pity this base world, where friendship's
made

A bait for sin, or else at best a trade.
Ah, wondrous Prince! who a true friend could'st
be, 120
When a crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd thee!
Who held'st him dear, whose stars thy birth did
cross!

And bought'st him nobly at a kingdom's loss!
Israel's bright sceptre far less glory brings;
There have been fewer friends on earth than
kings.

To this strange pitch their high affections flew,
Till Nature's self scarce look'd on them as two.
Hither flies David for advice and aid,
As swift as love and danger could persuade:
As safe in Jonathan's trust his thoughts remain
As when himself but dreams them o'er again. 131

"My dearest lord, farewell!" said he, "fare-
well!"

"Heaven blest the king! may no misfortune tell
Th' injustice of his hate when I am dead!"

"They're coming now, perhaps; my guiltless
head" 135

"Here in your sight, perhaps, must bleeding lie,
And scarce your own stand safe for being

"nigh.

"Think me not fear'd with death, howe'er 't
appear;

"I know thou canst not think so: 'tis 'a fear
From which thy love and Dammin speaks me

"free;

"I've met him face to face, and ne'er could see

"One terror in his looks to make me fly

"When Virtue bids me stand; but I would die

"So as becomes my life, so as may prove

"Saul's malice, and at least excuse your love." 145

He slept, and spoke some passion with his eyes;

"Excellent friend!" the gallant Prince replies,

"Thou hast so prov'd thy virtues that they're
known

"To all good men, more than to each his own.

"Who lives in Israel, that can doubtful be 150

"Of thy great actions? for he lives by thee.

"Such is thy valour, and thy vast success,

"That all things but thy loyalty are less.

"And should my father at thy ruin aim,

"I would wound as much his safety as his fame:

"Think them not coming, then, to slay thee

"here, 156

"But doubt mischance, as little as you fear;

"For, by thy loving God, whoe'er design

"Against thy life, must strike at it thro' mine,

"But I my royal father must acquit 160

"From such base guilt, or the low thought of it

" Think on his softness when from death he freed
 " The faithless king of Amalek's curst seed ;
 " Can he to' a friend, to' a son, so bloody grow,
 " He who ev'n sinn'd but now to spare a foe ? 165
 " Admit he could ; but with what strength or
 " art
 " Could he so long close and seal up his heart ?
 " Such counsels jealous of themselves become,
 " And dare not fix without consent of some ;
 " Few men so boldly ill, great sins to do, 170
 " Till licens'd and approv'd by others too.
 " No more (believe 't) could he hide this from me,
 " Than I, had he discover'd it, from thee."
 Here they embraces join, and almost tears ;
 Till gentle David thus new prov'd his fears : 175
 " The praise you pleas'd (great Prince!) on me
 " to spend,
 " Was all out-spoken when you stil'd me Friend ;
 " That name alone does dangerous glories bring,
 " And gives excuse to th' envy of a king.
 " What did his spear, force, and dark plots, im-
 " part, 180
 " But some eternal rancour in his heart ?
 " Still does he glance the fortune of that day
 " When drown'd in his own blood Goliath lay,
 " And cover'd half the plain ; still hears the sound
 " How that vast monster fell, and struck the
 " ground : 185
 " The dance, and ' David his ten thousands flew,'
 " Still wound his sickly soul, and still are new.
 " Great acts, t' ambitious princes, treasons grow,
 " So much they hate that safety which they owe.
 " Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in
 " place, 190
 " From the Good, danger ; from the Bad, dis-
 " grace:
 " They doubt the lords, mistrust the people's
 " hate,
 " Till blood become a principle of state :
 " Secur'd nor by their guards, nor by their right,
 " But still they fear ev'n more than they affright.
 " Pardon me, Sir! your father's rough and stern ;
 " His will too strong to bend, too proud to learn:
 " Remember, Sir! the honey's deadly sting ;
 " Think on that savage justice of the king ;
 " When the same day that saw you do before 200
 " Things above man, should see you man no
 " more.
 " 'Tis true th' accursed Agag mov'd his ruth,
 " He pitied his tall limbs and comely youth.
 " Had seen, alas! the proof of Heaven's fierce
 " hate,
 " And fear'd no mischief from his powerless
 " fate: 205
 " Remember how th' old Seer came raging down,
 " And taught him boldly to suspect his crown ;
 " Since then, his pride quakes at th' Almighty's
 " rod,
 " Nor dares he love the man belov'd by God,
 " Hence his deep rage and trembling envy
 " springs 210
 " (Nothing so wild as jealousy of kings!)
 " Whom should he counsel ask, with whom
 " advise,
 " Who Reason and God's counsel does despise ?

" Whose headstrong will no law or conscience
 " daunt,
 " Dares he not sin, do' you think, without your
 " grant ? 215
 " Yes, if the truth of our fix'd love he knew,
 " He would not doubt, believe 't, to kill ev'n
 " you."

The Prince is mov'd, and strait prepares to find
 The deep resolves of his griev'd father's mind :
 The danger now appears, Love can soon show 't,
 And force his stubborn piety to know 't. 221
 They agree that David should conceal'd abide,
 Till his great friend had the Court's temper try'd ;
 Till he had Saul's most secret purpose found,
 And search'd the depth and rancour of his wound.
 'Twas the year's seventh-born moon, the solemn
 feast 226

That with most noise its sacred mirth express'd.
 From opening morn till night shuts in the day,
 On trumpets and shrill horns the Levites play.
 Whether by this in mystic type we see 230
 The New-year's-day of great eternity,
 When the chang'd moon shall no more changes
 make,

And scatter'd deaths by trumpets' sound awake ;
 Or that the Law be kept in memory still,
 Given with like noise on Sinai's shining hill ; 235
 Or that (as some men teach) it did arise
 From faithful Abram's righteous sacrifice,
 Who, whilst the Ram on Isaac's fire did fry,
 His horn with joyful tunes stood founding by.
 Obscure the cause ; but God his will declar'd, 240
 And all nice knowledge then with ease is spar'd.
 At the third hour Saul to the hallow'd tent,
 'Midst a large train of priests and courtiers, went ;
 The sacred herd march'd proud and softly by ;
 Too fat and gay to think their deaths so nigh.
 Hard' fate of beasts, more innocent than we!
 Prey to our luxury, and our piety!
 Whose guiltless blood, on boards and altars spilt,
 Serves both to make, and expiate too, our guilt!
 Three bullocks of free neck, two gilded rams, 250
 Two well-wash'd goats, and fourteen spotted
 lambs,

With the three vital fruits, wine, oil, and bread,
 (Small fees to Heaven of all by which we're fed!)
 Are offer'd up; the hallow'd flames arise,
 And faithful prayers mount with them to the
 skies. 255
 From hence the king to th' outmost court is
 brought,

Where heavenly things an inspir'd prophet taught;
 And from the sacred tent to' his palace-gates,
 With glad kind shouts th' assembly on him waits;
 The cheerful horns before him loudly play, 260
 And fresh-strew'd flow'rs paint his triumphant
 way.

Thus in flow state to th' palace-hall they go,
 Rich dress'd for solemn luxury and show:
 Ten pieces of bright tap'stry hung the room,
 The noblest work e'er stretch'd on Syrian loom,
 For wealthy Adriel in proud Sidon wrought, 266
 And given to Saul when Saul's best gift he sought,
 The bright-ey'd Merab; for that mindful day
 No ornament so proper seem'd as they.

There all old Abram's story you might see;
 And still some angel bore him company. 271
 His painful, but well-guided, travels show
 The fate of all his sons, the Church below.
 Here beauteous Sarah to great Pharaoh came,
 He blush'd with sudden passion, she with shame:
 'Troubled she seem'd, and labouring in the strife
 'Twixt her own honour and her husband's life.
 Here on a conquering host, that careless lay,
 Drown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,
 'The Patriarch falls; well-mingled might you see
 'The confus'd marks of death and luxury. 281
 In the next piece, blest Salem's mystic king
 Does sacred presents to the victor bring;
 Like him whose type he bears, his rights receives;
 Strictly requires his due, yet freely gives; 285
 Ev'n in his port, his habit, and his face,
 The mild and great, the priest and prince, had
 place.
 Here all their starry host the heavens display;
 And lo! an heavenly youth, more fair than they,
 Leads Abram forth; points upwards: "Such,"
 said he, 290
 "So bright and numberless, thy seed shall be."
 Here he with God a new alliance makes,
 And in his flesh the marks of homage takes:
 And here he three mysterious persons feasts,
 Well paid with joyful tidings by his guests: 295
 Here for the wicked town he prays, and near
 Scarce did the wicked town through flames ap-
 pear;
 And all his fate, and all his deeds, were wrought,
 Since he from Ur to Ephron's cave was brought.
 But none 'mongst all the forms drew then their
 eyes 300
 Like faithful Abram's righteous sacrifice:
 The sad old man mounts slowly to the place,
 With Nature's power triumphant in his face
 O'er the Mind's courage; for, in spite of all,
 From his swollen eyes resistless waters fall. 305
 The innocent boy his cruel burthen bore
 With smiling looks, and sometimes walk'd before,
 And sometimes turn'd to talk: above was made
 The altar's fatal pile, and on it laid
 The Hope of mankind; patiently he lay, 310
 And did his fire, as he his God, obey.
 The mournful fire lifts up at last the knife,
 And on one moment's string depends his life,
 In whose young loins such brooding wonders lie.
 A thousand Spirits peep'd from the affrighted
 sky, 315
 Amaz'd at this strange scene; and almost fear'd
 For all those joyful prophecies they'd heard;
 Till one leap'd nimbly forth, by God's command,
 Like lightning from a cloud, and stopp'd his hand.
 The gentle Spirit smil'd kindly as he spoke, 320
 New beams of joy thro' Abram's wonder broke;
 The Angel points t' a tuft of bushes near,
 Where an entangled ram does half appear,
 And struggles vainly with that fatal net,
 Which, though but slightly wrought, was firmly set.
 For, lo! anon, to this sad glory doom'd, 326
 The useful beast on Isaac's pile consum'd;
 Whilst on his horns the ransom'd couple play'd,
 And the glad boy danc'd to the tunes he made.

Near this hall's end a shittim-table stood; 330
 Yet well-wrought plate strove to conceal the
 wood;
 For from the foot a golden vine did sprout,
 And cast his fruitful riches all about.
 Well might that beauteous ore the grape express,
 Which does weak man intoxicate no less. 335
 Of the same wood the gilded beds were made,
 And on them large embroider'd carpets laid,
 From Egypt, the rich shop of follies, brought;
 But arts of pride all nations soon are taught.
 Behold seven comely blooming youths appear, 340
 And in their hands seven silver wash-pots bear,
 Curl'd, and gay clad; the choicest sons that be
 Of Gibeon's race, and slaves of high degree!
 Seven beauteous maids march'd softly in behind;
 Bright scarfs their cloaths, their hair fresh gar-
 lands, bind; 345
 And, whilst the princes wash, they on them shed
 Rich ointments, which their costly odours spread
 O'er the whole room; from their small prisons free,
 With such glad haste thro' the wide air they flee.
 'The king was plac'd alone, and o'er his head 350
 A well-wrought heaven of silk and gold was
 spread,
 Azure the ground, the sun in gold shone bright,
 But pierc'd the wandering clouds with silver light.
 'The right-hand bed the king's three sons did
 grace, 354
 The third was Abner's, Adriel's, David's, place;
 And twelve large tables more were fill'd below,
 With the prime men Saul's court and camp could
 show;
 The palace did with mirth and music sound,
 And the crown'd goblets nimbly mov'd around;
 But, though bright joy in every guest did shine,
 The plenty, state, music, and spritely wine, 361
 Were lost on Saul; an angry care did dwell
 In his dark breast, and all gay forms expel,
 David's unusual absence from the feast
 To his sick spirit did jealous thoughts suggest:
 Long lay he still, nor drank, nor eat, nor spoke,
 And thus at last his troubled silence broke:
 "Where can he be?" said he; "it must be so."
 With that he paus'd a while. "Too well we
 know
 "His boundless pride: he grieves, and hates to see
 "The solemn triumphs of my court and me. 371
 "Believe me, friends, and trust what I can show
 "From thousand proofs; th'ambitious David now
 "Does those vast things in his proud soul design
 "That too much business give for mirth or wine.
 "He's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious fire
 "Among the tribes, and does ev'n now conspire
 "Against my crown, and all our lives; whilst we
 "Are loth ev'n to suspect, what we might see.
 "By the Great Name, 'tis true." 380
 With that he strook the board; and no man there
 But Jonathan durst undertake to clear
 The blameless Prince; and scarce ten words he
 spoke,
 When thus his speech th'enraged tyrant broke:
 "Disloyal wretch! thy gentle mother's shame!
 "Whose cold pale ghost ev'n blushes at thy
 name! 386

"Who fears, lest her chaste bed should doubted be,
 "And her white fame stain'd by black deeds of
 "thee!
 "Canst thou be mine? a crown sometimes does
 "hire
 "Ev'n sons against their parents to conspire; 390
 "But ne'er did story yet, or fable, tell
 "Of one so wild, who merely to rebel,
 "Quitted th' unquestion'd birthright of a throne,
 "And bought his father's ruin with his own.
 "Thou need'st not plead th' ambitious youth's
 "defence; 395
 "Thy crime clears his, and makes that innocence:
 "Nor can his foul ingratitude appear,
 "Whilst thy unnatural guilt is plac'd so near.
 "Is this that noble friendship you pretend?
 "Mine, thine own, foe—and thy worst enemy's
 "friend? 400
 "If thy low spirit can thy great birth-right quit,
 "The thing's but just, so ill deserv'st thou it.
 "I, and thy brethren here, have no such mind;
 "Nor such prodigious worth in David find,
 "That we to him should our just rights resign, 405
 "Or think God's choice not made so well as thine.
 "Shame of thy house and tribe! hence, from
 "mine eye,
 "To thy false friend, and servile master, fly;
 "He's ere this time in arms expecting thee;
 "Haste, for those arms are rais'd to ruin me! 410
 "Thy sin that way will nobler much appear,
 "Than to remain his spy and agent here.
 "When I think this, Nature, by thee forsook,
 "Forakes me too." With that his spear he took
 "To strike at him; the mirth and music cease; 415
 "The guests all rise, this sudden storm t' appease:
 "The Prince his danger, and his duty, knew;
 "And low he bow'd, and silently withdrew.
 "To David strait, who in a forest nigh
 "Waits his advice, the royal friend does fly. 420
 "The sole advice now, like the danger, clear,
 "Was, in some foreign land this storm t' outwear.
 "All marks of comely grief in both are seen;
 "And mournful kind discourses pass'd between.
 "Now generous tears their hasty tongues restrain,
 "Now they begin, and talk all o'er again; 426
 "A reverent oath of constant love they take,
 "And God's high name their dreaded witness
 "make;
 "Not that at all their faiths could doubtful prove;
 "But 'twas the tedious zeal of endless love. 430
 "Thus, ere they part, they the short time bestow
 "In all the pomp friendship and grief could show:
 "And David now, with doubtful cares oppress'd,
 "Beneath a shade burrows some little rest;
 "When, by command divine, thick mists arise, 435
 "And stop the sense, and close the conquer'd eyes.
 "There is a place which man most high doth rear,
 "The Small World's heaven, where Reason moves
 "the sphere:
 "Here, in a robe which does all colours show
 "(Th' envy of birds, and the clouds' gaudy bow)
 "Phantasy, wild dame, with much lascivious pride,
 "By twin-camelions drawn, does gaily ride;
 "Her coach there follows, and throngs round about
 "Of shapes and airy forms an endless rout:

A sea rolls on with harmless fury here; 445
 Strait 'tis a field, and trees and herbs appear:
 Here in a moment are vast armies made,
 And a quick scene of war and blood display'd:
 Here sparkling wines, and brighter maids, come in,
 The bawds for Sense, and lying baits of Sin: 450
 Some things arise of strange and quarrelling kind,
 The forepart lion, and a snake behind:
 Here golden mountains swell the covetous place,
 And centaurs ride themselves, a painted race.
 Of these flight wonders Nature sees the store, 455
 And only then accounts herself but poor.

Hither an Angel comes, in David's trance,
 And finds them mingled in an antique dance;
 Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
 And joins them wisely, and this vision makes:—
 First David there appears in kingly state, 461
 Whilst the twelve tribes his dread commands
 await:

Strait to the wars with his join'd strength he goes,
 Settles new friends, and frights his ancient foes.
 To Solima, Canaan's old head, they came 465
 (Since high in note, then not unknown to fame);
 The blind and lame th' undoubted wall defend,
 And no new wounds or dangers apprehend:
 The busy image of great Joab there
 Disdains the mock, and teaches them to fear: 470
 He climbs the airy walls, leaps raging down,
 New-minted shapes of slaughter fill the town:
 They curse the guards their mirth and bravery
 chose;

All of them now are slain, or made like those.
 Far through an inward scene an army lay, 475
 Which with full banners a fair Fish display:
 From Sidon plains to happy Egypt's coast
 They seem all met; a vast and warlike host!
 Thither hastes David, to his destin'd prey,
 Honour and noble danger lead the way; 480
 The conscious trees shook with a reverent fear
 Their unblown tops; God walk'd before him there.
 Slaughter the weary'd Riphaims' bosom fills;
 Dead corpse embos the vale with little hills.
 On th' other side, Sophenes' mighty king 485
 Numberless troops of the blest East does bring:
 Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'en;
 Damascus and rich Adad help in vain.
 Here Nabathæan troops in battle stand,
 With all the lusty youth of Syrian land; 490
 Undaunted Joab rushes on with speed,
 Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed;
 He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;
 The Syrians leave, or possess dead, the ground.
 On th' other wing does brave Abisai ride, 495
 Reeking in blood and dust; on every side
 The perjurd sons of Ammon quit the field;
 Some basely die, and some more basely yield.
 Through a thick wood the wretched Hanun flies,
 And far more justly then fears Hebrew spies. 500
 Moloch, their bloody god, thrusts out his head,
 Grinning; through a black cloud: him they'd
 long fed

In his seven chambers; and he still did eat
 New-roasted babes, his dear delicious meat.
 Again they arise, more anger'd than dismiss'd;
 Euphrates and swift Tygris sends them aid: 504

In vain they send it, for again they're slain,
And feast the greedy birds on Helay plain.
Here Rabba with proud towers affronts the sky,
And round about great Joab's trenches lie: 510
They force the walls, and sack the helpless town;
On David's head shines Ammon's mally crown.
Midst various torments the curs'd race expires;
David himself his severe wrath admires.

Next upon Israel's throne does bravely sit 515
A comely youth endow'd with wond'rous wit.
Far from the parched Line a royal dame,
To hear his tongue and boundless wisdom, came:
She carried back in her triumphant womb
The glorious stock of thousand kings to come. 520
Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display,

Here they a temple's vast foundations lay;
A mighty work! and with fit glories fill'd
For God t' inhabit, and that king to build.
Some from the quarries hew out mally stone, 525
Some draw it up with cranes; some breathe and groan

In order o'er the anvil; some cut down
Tall cedars, the proud mountain's ancient crown;
Some carve the trunk, and breathing shapes bestow,

Giving the trees more life than when they grow;
But oh, alas! what sudden cloud is spread 531
About this glorious king's eclipsed head?
It all his fame benights, and all his store,
Wrapping him round; and now he's seen no more!

When strait his son appears, at Sichem crown'd,
With young and heedless council circled round;
Unfeemly object! but a falling state
Has always its own errors join'd with Fate.
Ten tribes at once forsake the Jessian throne,
And bold Adoram at his message stone; 540
"Brethren of Israel!"—more he fain would say,
But a flint stopp'd his mouth, and speech i' th' way.

Here this fond king's disasters but begin,
He's destined to more shame by' his father's sin:
Suffack came up, and under his command 545
A dreadful army from scorch'd Afric's land,
As numberless as that: all is his prey,
The temple's sacred wealth they bear away:
Adrazar's shields and golden loss they take:
Ev'n David in his dream does sweat and shake. 550
Thus fails this wretched prince; his loins appear
Of less weight now than Solomon's fingers were.

Abijah next seeks Israel to regain,
And wash in seas of blood his father's stain:
Ne'er saw the aged sun so cruel sight; 555
Scarce saw he this, but hid his bathful light.
Nebat's curs'd son fled with not half his men;
Where were his gods of Dan and Bethel then?
Yet could not this the fatal strife decide:
God punish'd one, but bless'd not th' other side.

Asan, a just and virtuous prince, succeeds. 561
High-raisd by fame for great and godly deeds:
He cut the solemn groves where idols stood.
And sacrific'd the gods with their own wood:
He vanquish'd thus the proud weak powers of
hell; 565

Before him next their doating servants fell:

So huge an host of Zerah's men he slew,
As made ev'n that Arabia Desert too.
Why fear'd he then the perjurd Baasha's fight?
Or bought the dangerous aid of Syrians' might?
Conquest, Heaven's gift, cannot by man be sold,
Alas! what weakness trusts he? Man and gold.

Next Josaphat possess'd the royal state
(An happy prince, well worthy of his fate);
His oft oblations, on God's altar made, 575
With thousand flocks and thousand herds are paid,
Arabian tribute! What mad troops are those,
Those mighty troops that dare to be his foes!
He prays them dead: with mutual wounds they
fall;

One fury brought, one fury slays, them all. 580
Thus fits he still, and sees himself to win;
Never o'ercome but by's friend Ahab's sin;
On whose disguise Fates then did only look;
And had almost their God's command mistook:
Him from whose danger Heaven securely brings,
And for his sake two ripely wicked kings. 586
Their armies languish, burnt with thirst at Seir;
Sighs all their cold, tears all their moisture, there;
They fix their greedy eyes on th' empty sky,
And fancy clouds, and so become more dry: 590
Elisha calls for waters from afar

To come; Elisha calls, and here they are:
In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood;
And th' decrease repair with Moab's blood.
Jehoram next, and Ochoziah, throng 595
For Judah's sceptre; both short-liv'd too long.
A Woman too from murder title claims;
Both with her sins and sex the crown she shames:
Proud, curs'd woman! but her fall, at last,
To doubting men clears Heaven for what was
past. 600

Joas at first does bright and glorious show;
In life's fresh morn his fame did early crow:
Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,
But Prophets' angry blood o'ercast his day;
From thence his clouds, from thence his storms,
begin; 605

It cries aloud, and twice lets Aram in.
So Amaziah lives, to ends his reign:
Both by their traitorous servants justly slain.
Edom at first dreads his victorious hand,
Before him thousand captives trembling stand; 610
Down a deep precipice, down he casts them all,
The mimic shapes in several postures fall:
But then (mad fool!) he does those gods adore
Which, when pluck'd down, had worship'd him
before!
Thus all his life to come is loss and shame; 615
No help from gods, who themselves help'd not,
came.

All this Uzziah's strength and wit repairs,
Leaving a well-built greatness to his heirs;
Till leprous scurf, o'er his whole body cast,
Takes him at first from men, from earth at last.
As virtuous was his son, and happier far; 621
Buildings his peace, and trophies grac'd his war.
But Achaz heaps up sins, as if he meant
To make his worst forefathers innocent:
He burns his son at Hinnom, whilst around 625
The roaring child drums and loud trumpets sound:

This to the boy a barbarous mercy grew,
And snatch'd him from all miseries to ensue.
Here Peca comes, and hundred thousands fall;
Here Refin marches up, and sweeps up all; 630
Till, like a sea, the great Belochus' son
Breaks upon both, and both does over-run;
The last of Adad's ancient stock is slain,
Israel captiv'd, and rich Damascus ta'en:
All this wild rage to revenge Judah's wrong; 635
But woe to kingdoms that have friends too strong!

Thus Hezekiah the torn empire took,
And Assur's king, with his worse gods, forsook;
Who to poor Judah worlds of nations brings,
There rages, utters vain and mighty things; 640
Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,
Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames:
Whilst, in the midst of their huge sleepy boast,
An angel scatters death through all the host.
Th' affrighted tyrant back to Babel hies, 645
There meets an end far worse than that he flies.
Here Hezekiah's life is almost done!
So good, and yet, alas! so short, 'tis spun:
Th' end of the line was ravel'd, weak, and old;
Time must go back, and afford better hold 650
To tie a new thread to 't, of fifteen years:
'Tis done; th' all-mighty power of prayer and
tears!

Backward the sun, an unknown motion, went;
The stars gaz'd on, and wonder'd what he meant.
Manasse next (forgetful man!) begins; 655
Enslav'd and sold to Ashur by his sins;
Till, by the rod of learned misery taught,
Home to his God and country both he's brought:
It taught not Ammon, nor his hardness brake;
He's made th' example he refus'd to take. 660

Yet from this root a goodly cyon springs;
Josiah, best of men, as well as kings.
Down went the calves, with all their gold and
cost;

The priest then truly griev'd Osiris lost;
These mad Egyptian rites till now remain'd; 665
Fools! they their worse thralldom still retain'd!
In his own fires Moloch to ashes fell,
And no more flames must have besides his hell;
Like end Astarte's horned image found,
And Baal's spired stone to dust was ground: 670
No more were men in female habit seen,
Nor they in men's, by the lewd Syrian queen:
No lustful maids at Benos' temple sit,
And, with their bodies' shame, their marriage
get:

The double Dagon neither nature saves, 675
Nor flies she back to th' Erythraean waves.
The travelling sun sees gladly from on high
His chariots burn, and Nergal quenched lie;
The king's impartial anger lights on all,
From fly-blown Accaron to the thundering Baal.
Here David's joy unruly grows, and bold,
Nor could sleep's silken chain its violence hold,
Had not the Angel, to seal fast his eyes,
The humours stirr'd, and bad more mists arise:
When strait a chariot hurries swift away, 685
And in it good Josiah bleeding lay;
One hand's held up, one stops the wound; in vain
They both are us'd: alas! he's slain, he's slain.

Jehoiach and Jehoiachin next appear;
Both urge that vengeance which before was
near: 690

He in Egyptian fetters captive dies,
This by more courteous anger murder'd lies.
His son and brother next do bonds sustain,
Israel's now solemn and imperial chain.
Here's the last scene of this proud city's state;
All ills are met ty'd in one knot of Fate. 695

Their endless slavery in this trial lay;
Great God had heap'd-up ages in one day:
Strong works around the wall the Chaldees build,
The town with grief and dreadful business fill'd;
To their carv'd gods the frantic women pray,
Gods, which as near their ruin were as they.
At last in rushes the prevailing foe,
Does all the mischief of proud conquest show:
The wondring babes from mothers' breasts are
rent, 705

And suffer ills they neither fear'd nor meant;
No silver reverence guards the stooping age,
No rule or method ties their boundless rage:
The glorious temple shines in flame all o'er,
Yet not so bright as in its gold before: 710
Nothing but fire or slaughter meets the eyes;
Nothing the ear but groans and dismal cries.
The walls and towers are level'd with the ground,
And scarce aught now of that vast city's found
But shards and rubbish, which weak signs might
keep 715

Of forepast glory, and bid travellers weep.
Thus did triumphant Assur homewards pass,
And thus Jerusalem left, Jerusalem that was!

This Zedechiah saw, and this not all;
Before his face his friends and children fall, 720
The sport of insolent victors; this he views,
A king and father once! ill Fate could use
His eyes no more to do their master spite;
All to be seen she took, and next his sight.
Thus a long death in prison he outwears; 725
Bereft of grief's last solace, ev'n his tears.

Then Jeconiah's son did foremost come,
And he who brought the captiv'd nation home:
A row of worthies! in long order pass'd
O'er the short stage; of all old Joseph last. 730
Fair angels pass'd by next in seemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded baskets in their hands,
Some, as they went, the blue-ey'd violets strew,
Some, spotless lilies in loose order threw;
Some did the way with full-blown roses spread,
Their smell divine, and colour strangely red; 736
Not such as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom weathers taint, and winds' rude kisses tear:
Such, I believe, was the first rose's hue,
Which at God's word in beauteous Eden grew;
Queen of the flowers which made that orchard
gay! 741

The morning blushes of the spring's new day.
With sober pace an heavenly maid walks in,
Her looks all fair; no sign of native sin
Through her whole body writ; immoderate
grace 745

Spoke things far more than human in her face:
It casts a dusky gloom o'er all the flowers;
And with full beams their mingled light devours!

An Angel strait broke from a shining cloud,
And press'd his wings, and with much reverence
bow'd:

Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his sacred message sweetly said:

"Hail, full of Grace! thee the whole world
shall call

"Above all blest; Thee, who shalt bless them all.

"Thy virgin womb in wondrous sort shall

"shroud 755

"Jesus the God (and then again he bow'd);

"Conception the great Spirit shall breathe on
"thee;

"Hail thou! who must God's wife, God's mo-
"ther, be!"

With that, his seeming form to heaven he rear'd;

His low obeisance made, and disappear'd. 760

Lo! a new star three eastern fages see
(For why should only earth a gainer be?)

They saw this Phosphor's infant-light, and knew
It bravely usher'd in a Sun as new:

They hasten'd all this Rising Sun to adore; 765

With them rich myrrh and early spices bore:

Wife men! no fitter gift your zeal could bring;

You'll in a noisome stable find your King.

Anon a thousand devils run roaring in;

Some with a dreadful smile deform'dly grin; 770

Some stamp their cloven paws, some frown, and
tear

The gaping snakes from their black-knotted hair;

As if all grief, and all the rage of hell,

Were doubled now, or that just now they fell:

But, when the dreaded maid they entering saw,

All fled with trembling fear and silent awe.

In her chaste arms th' eternal infant lies,

Th' Almighty voice chang'd into feeble cries.

Heaven contain'd virgins oft, and will do more;

Never did virgin contain Heaven before. 780

Angels peep round to view this mythic thing,

And Halleluiah round, all Halleluiah sing.

No longer could good David quiet bear.

Th' unwildly pleasure which o'erflow'd him
here:

It broke the fetters, and burst ope his eye: 785

Away the timorous forms together fly:

Fix'd with amaze he stood; and time must take,

To learn if yet he were at last awake.

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this vision sent,

And order'd all the pageants as they went; 790

Sometimes, that only 'twas wild Phantasy's play,

The loose and scatter'd relics of the day.

When Gabriel (no blest spirit more kind or
fair)

Bodies and clothes himself with thicken'd air;

All like a comely youth in life's fresh bloom; 795

Rare workmanship, and wrought by heavenly
loom!

He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,

That ere the mid-day sun pierc'd thro' with light;

Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,

Wash'd from the morning beauties' deepest red;

An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,

And fell adown his shoulders with loose care;

He cuts out a silk mantle from the skies,

Where the most sprightly azure pleas'd the eyes;

Vol. II.

This he with starry vapours spangles all, 805

Took in their prime, ere they grow ripe and fall:

Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,

The choicest piece took out, a scarf is made:

Small streaming clouds he does for wings display,

Not virtuous lovers' sighs more soft than they; 810

These he gilds o'er with the sun's richest rays,

Caught gliding o'er pure streams on which he
plays.

Thus dress'd, the joyful Gabriel poiss away.

And carries with him his own glorious day,

Through the thick woods: the gloomy shades
awhile

Put on fresh looks, and wonder why they smile;

The trembling serpents close and silent lie;

The birds obscene far from his passage fly;

A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,

Sudden as that which by creation rose: 820

Thus he appears to David; at first sight

All earth-bred fears and sorrows take their flight.

In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest;

A sacred calm shines through his peaceful breast.

"Hail, man belov'd! from highest heaven,"

said he; 825

"My mighty master sends thee health by me.

"The things thou saw'st are full of truth and

"light,

"Shap'd in the glass of the divine foresight:

"Ev'n now old Time is harnessing the years

"To go in order thus. Hence, empty fears! 830

"Thy fate's all white; from thy blest seed shall

"spring

"The promis'd Shilo, the great mystic King:

"Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall

"found,

"And reach to worlds that must not yet be found;

"The Southern clime him her sole lord shall

"style, 835

"Him all the North, ev'n Albion's stubborn ile,

"My fellow-servant, credit what I tell."

Strait into shapeless air unseen he fell.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
THE DAVIDEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

David's flight to Nob, and entertainment there by the High Priest; from thence to Gath in disguise, where he is discovered and brought to Achis: he counterfeits himself mad, and escapes to Adullam. A short enumeration of the forces which come thither to him. A description of the kingdom of Moab, whither David flies; his entertainment at Moab's court: a digression of the history of Lot, father of the Moabites, represented in picture. Melchior's song at the feast. Moab desires Joab to relate the story of David: which he does: his extraction; his excellency in
Q

poesy, and the effects of it in curing Saul's malady. The Philistines' army encamped at Dammin; the description of Goliath and his arms; his challenge to the Israelites: David's coming to the camp; his speech to Saul, to desire leave to fight with Goliath: several speeches upon that occasion. The combat and slaughter of Goliath, with the defeat of the Philistines' army. Saul's envy to David. The characters of Morah and Michal. The love between David and Michal: his song at her window: his expedition against the Philistines, and the delivery of two hundred foreskins for Michal, with whom he is married. The solemnities of the wedding. Saul's relapse, and the causes of David's flight into the kingdom of Moab.

RAIS'D with the news he from high Heaven receives,
Strait to his diligent God just thanks he gives;
To divine Nobe directs then his flight,
A small town, great in fame, by Levi's right;
Is there, with spritely wines and hallow'd bread, 5
(But what's to hunger hallow'd?) largely fed.
The good old priest welcomes his fatal guest,
And with long talk prolongs the hasty feast:
He lends him vain Goliath's sacred sword
(The fittest help just Fortune could afford); 10
A sword whose weight without a blow might slay,
Able unblunted to cut hells away;
A sword so great, that it was only fit
To take-off his great head who came with it.
Thus he arms David: "I your own restore, 15
"Take it," said he, "and use it as before;
"I saw you then, and 'twas the bravest fight
"That ere these eyes ow'd the discovering light:
"When you step'd forth, how did the monster
 "rage,
"In scorn of your soft looks and tender age! 20
"Some your high spirit did mad presumption
 "call,
"Some pity'd that such youth should idly fall;
"Th' uncircumcis'd smil'd grimly with disdain;
"I knew the day was yours: I saw it plain." 25
Much more the reverend sire prepar'd to say
(Rapt with his joy); how the two armies lay;
Which way th' amazed foe did wildly flee,
All that his hearer better knew than he:
But David's haste denies all needless say;
To Gath, an enemy's land, he hastes away: 30
Not there secure; but, where one danger's near,
The more remote, though greater, disappear:—
So, from the hawk, birds to man's succour flee;
So, from fir'd ships, man leaps into the sea—
There in disguise he hopes unknown to abide; 35
Alas! in vain! what can such greatness hide?
Stones of small worth may lie unseen by day,
But night itself does the rich gem betray.
Fagall first spy'd him, a Philistian knight,
Who erst from David's wrath by shameful flight
Had sav'd the fordid remnant of his age; 41
Hence the deep fore of envy mix'd with rage.
"Smite it, with a band of soldiers tall and rough,
"Trembling—for scarce he thought that band
 enough—
On him he seizes; whom they all had fear'd, 45
Had the bold youth in his own shape appear'd.

And now this wish'd-for, but yet dreadful, prey
To Achis' court they led in haste away,
With all unmanly rudeness which does wait
Upon th' immoderate vulgar's joy and hate. 50
His valour now and strength must useless lie,
And he himself must arts unusual try:
Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does spare
The goodly curls of his rich yellow hair;
Sometimes a violent laughter scrow'd his face, 55
And sometimes ready tears drop'd down apace;
Sometimes he fix'd his staring eyes on ground,
And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
More full revenge Philistians could not wish:
But call 't the justice of their mighty Fife. 60
They now in height of anger let him live;
And freedom too, t' encrease his scorn, they give;
He, by wise Abimelech freed, does homeward flee,
And rage makes them all that he seem'd to be.

Near to Adullam, in an aged wood, 65
An hill, part earth, part rocky stone, there stood,
Hollow and vast within, which Nature wrought,
As if by her scholar Art she had been taught.
Hither young David with his kindred came,
Servants and friends; many his spreading fame,
Many their wants or discontents, did call: 72
Great men in war, and almost armies all!
Hither came wife and valiant Joab down
(One to whom David's self must owe his crown);
A mighty man, had not some cunning sin, 75
Amidst so many virtues crowded in.
With him Abishai came, by whom there fell
At once three hundred: with him Asahel;
Asahel, swifter than the northern wind;
Scarce could the nimble motions of his mind 80
Outgo his feet; so strangely would he run,
That time itself perceiv'd not what was done:
Oft o'er the lawns and meadows would he pass,
His weight unknown, and harmless to the grass;
Oft o'er the sands and hollow dust would trace,
Yet no one atom trouble or displace. 86
Unhappy youth! whose end so near I see!
There's nought but thy ill fate so swift as thee.

Hither Jesides' wrongs Benaiah drew,
He who the vast exceeding monster slew; 90
Th' Egyptian like an hill himself did rear,
Like some tall tree upon it seem'd his spear;
But by Benaiah's staff he fell, o'erthrown;
The earth, as if worst strook, did loudest groan.
Such was Benaiah: in a narrow pit 95
He saw a lion, and leapt down to it;
As easily there the royal beast he tore,
As that itself did kids or lambs before.
Him Ira follow'd, a young lovely boy,
But full of spirit, and arms was all his joy; 100
Oft, when a child, he in his dream would fight
With the vain air, and his wak'd mother fright;
Oft would he shoot young birds, and as they fall,
Would laugh, and fancy them Philistians all:
And now at home no longer would he stay, 105
Though yet the face did scarce his sex betray.
Dodos' great son came next, whose dreadful hand
snatch'd ripen'd glories from a conquering band,
Who knows not Dammin, and that barley-field
Which did a strange and bloody harvest yield?
Many besides did this new troop encrease;— 111
Adan, whose wants made him unfit for peace;

Eliel, whose full quiver did always bear
As many deaths as in it arrows were;
None from his hand did vain or innocent flee, 115
Scarce Love or Fate could aim so well as he.
Many of Judah took wrong'd David's side,
And many of old Jacob's youngest tribe;
But his chief strength the Gathite foldiers are,
Each single man able t' o'ercome a war! 120
Swift as the darts they fling through yielding air,
And hardy all as the strong steel they bear:
A lion's noble rage sits in their face,
Terribly comely, arm'd with dreadful grace!

Th'undaunted Prince, though thus well-guarded
here, 125

Yet his stout soul durst for his parents fear;
He seeks for them a safe and quiet seat,
Nor trusts his fortune with a pledge so great.
So, when in hostile fire rich Asia's pride
For ten years' siege had fully satisfy'd, 130
Æneas stole an act of higher fame,
And bore Anchises through the wondering flame;
A nobler burden, and a richer prey,
Than all the Grecian forces bore away!
Go, pious Prince! in peace, in triumph go; 135
Enjoy the conquest of thine overthrow;
To have sav'd thy Troy would far less glorious be;
By this thou overcom'st their victory.

Moab next Judah, an old kingdom, lies;
Jordan their touch, and his curs'd sea denies: 140
They see North-stars from o'er Amoreus' ground,
Edom and Petra their South part does bound:
Eastwards the lands of Cush and Ammon lie,
The morning's happy beams they first spy;
The region with fat soil and plenty's blest, 145
A soil too good to be of old possess'd
By monstrous Emims; but Lot's off-spring came
And conquer'd both the people and the name;
Till Seon drave them beyond Arnon's flood,
And their fad bounds mark'd deep in their own
blood. 150

In Hebron, his triumphant court he plac'd,
Hebron, by Men and Nature strangely grac'd;
A glorious town, and fill'd with all delight
Which peace could yield, though well prepar'd for
fight.

But this proud city, and her prouder lord, 155
Felt the keen rage of Israel's sacred sword;
Whilst Moab triumph'd in her torn estate.
To see her own become her conqueror's fate:
Yet that small remnant of Lot's parted crown
Did, arm'd with Israel's sins, pluck Israel down:
Full thrice six years they felt fierce Eglon's
yoke, 161

Till Ehud's sword God's vengeful message spoke;
Since then their kings in quiet held their own,
Quiet, the good of a not-envy'd throne!
And now a wife old prince the sceptre sway'd, 166
Well by his subjects and himself obey'd;
Only before his father's gods he fell;
Poor wretched man! almost too good for hell!
Hither does David his blest parents bring;
With humble greatness begs of Moab's king 170
A safe and fair abode, where they might live,
Free from those storms with which himself must
drive.

The king with cheerful grace his suit approv'd,
By hate to Saul, and love to Virtue, mov'd.

"Welcome, great Knight, and your fair Troop,"
said he, 175

"Your name found welcome long before with
me;

"That to rich Ophir's rising morn is known,
"And stretch'd-out far to the burnt swarthy zone:

"Swift Fante, when her round journey she does
make,

"Seems not sometimes us in her way to take. 180
"Are you the man did that huge giant kill,

"Great Baal of Phigor? and how young, he's
still!

"From Ruth we heard you came; Ruth was
born here,

"In Judah sojourn'd, and (they say) match'd
there

"To one of Bethlem; which I hope is true: 185
"Howe'er, your virtues here entitle you:

"Those have the best alliance always been;
"To gods as well as men they make us kin."

He spoke, and trait led in his thankful guests,
T' a stately room prepar'd for shows and feasts:
The room with golden tapestry glister'd bright,
At once to please, and to confound, the sight,
Th' excellent work of Babylonian hands!
In midst a table of rich ivory stands,

By three fierce tigers, and three lions borne, 195
Which grin, and fearfully the place adorn;

Widely they gape, and to the eye they roar,
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore,

About it beds of Libyan citren stood,
With coverings dy'd in Tyrian lilies' blood 200

(They say, th' Herculean art): but most delight
Some Pictures gave to David's learned sight.

Here several ways Lot and great Abram go,
Their too-much wealth vast and unkind does
grow;

Thus each extreme to equal danger tends, 205
Plenty, as well as Want, can separate friends.

Here Sodom's towers raise their proud tops on
high

(The towers, as well as men, outbrave the sky);
By it the waves of reverend Jordan run,

Here green with trees, there gilded with the
sun; 210

Hither Lot's household comes, a numerous train,
And all with various business fill the plain:

Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks;
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in looks:

Some drive the herds; here a fierce bullock
forns 215

Th' appointed way, and runs with threatening
horns;

In vain the herdman calls him back again;
The dogs stand off afar, and bark in vain:

Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high
With stuff, on top of which the maidens lie: 220

Upon tall camels the fair sisters ride,
And Lot talks with them both on either side.

Another picture to curst Sodom brings
Elam's proud lord, with his three servant kings:

They sack the town, and bear Lot bound away;
Whilst in a pit the vanquish'd Bera lay, 226

Buried almost alive, for fear of death;
But Heaven's just vengeance sav'd as yet his
breath:

Abraham pursues, and slays the victor's host,
Scarce had their conquest leisure for a boast. 230
Next this was drawn the reckless city's flame,
When a strange hell pour'd down from heaven
there came.

Here the two angels from Lot's window look
With smiling anger; the lewd wretches, strook
With sudden blindness, seek in vain the door; 235
Their eyes, first cause of lust, first vengeance bore.
Through liquid air Heaven's busy soldiers fly,
And drive on clouds where seeds of thunder lie:
Here the sad sky glows red with dismal streaks,
Here lightning from it with short trembling
breaks; 240

Here the blue flames of scalding brimstone fall,
Involving swiftly in one ruin all:
The fire of trees and houses mounts on high,
And meets half-way new fires that shower from
sky.

Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away;
At once drop down the fathers' arms and they:
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And, more to vex their fate, are burnt ev'n there.
Men thought (so much a flame by art was shown)
The picture's self would fall in ashes down. 250
Afar old Lot toward little Zoar hies,
And dares not move (good man!) his weeping
eyes:

Behind his wife stood, ever fix'd alone;
No more a woman, not yet quite a stone:
A lasting death seiz'd on her turning head; 255
One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a cheek: in vain to speak she strove;
Her lips though stone, a little seem'd to move:
One eye was clos'd, surpriz'd by sudden night,
The other trembled still with parting light: 260
The wind admir'd, which her hair loosely bore,
Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more:
To heaven she lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a suppliant pillar stands:
She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear, 265
And rais'd the heel, but her toes rooted there:
Ah, foolish woman! who must always be
A sight more strange than that she turn'd to see!

Whilst David fed with these his curious eye,
The feast is now serv'd-in, and down they lie. 270
Meab a goblet takes of massy gold,
Which Zippor, and from Zippor all of old
Quaff'd to their gods and friends: an health goes
round

In the brisk grape of Arnon's richest ground.
Whilst Melchor to his harp with wondrous skill
(For such were poets then, and should be still)
His noble verse through Nature's secret led:
He sung what spirit through the whole mass is
spread,

Everywhere All; how heavens God's law ap-
prove,

And think it rest eternally to move; 280
How the kind sun usefully comes and goes,
Wants it himself, yet gives to man repose;
How his round journey does for ever last,
And how he baits at every sea in haste:

He sung how earth blots the moon's gilded wane,
Whilst foolish men bear sounding brass in vain; 285
Why the great waters her slight horns obey,
Her changing horns, not constanter than they:
He sung how grizzly comets hang in air;
Why sword and plagues attend their fatal hair;
God's beacons for the world, drawn up so far,
To publish ill, and raise an earth to war:
Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud;
What motions vex it, till it roar so loud:
How lambent fires become to wondrous tame, 295
And bear such flaming winter in their flame:
What radiant pencil draws the watery bow:
What ties up hail, and picks the fleecy snow:
What palsy of the earth here flukes fix'd hills
From off her brows, and here whole rivers spills.
Thus did this Heathen Nature's secrets tell,
And sometimes mis'd the Cause, but sought it
well.

Such was the sauce of Meab's noble feast,
Till night far spent invites them to their rest:
Only the good old Prince frays Joab there, 305
And much he tells, and much desires to hear:
He tells deeds antique, and the new desires;
Of David much, and much of Saul, enquires.
"Nay, gentle guest!" said he "since now
"you're in,
"The story of your gallant friend begin; 310
"His birth, his rising, tell, and various fate,
"And how he slew that man of Gath of late,
"What was he call'd? that huge and monstrous
"man!"

With that he stopp'd, and Joab thus began:—
"His birth, great Sir! so much to mine is ty'd,
"That praise of that might look from me like
"pride: 315
"Yet, without boast, his veins contain a flood
"Of th' old Judæan lion's richest blood.
"From Judah Pharez, from him Ephraim, came,
"Ram, Nathan, Salmon, names spoke loud by
"fame: 320
"A name no less ought Boaz to appear,
"By whose blest match we come no strangers
"here:
"From him and your fair Ruth good Obed sprung,
"From Obed Jesse, Jesse, whom Fame's kindest
"tongue,
"Counting his birth, and high nobility, shall 325
"Not Jesse of Obed, but of David, call,
"David, born to him seventh; the six births past
"Brave trials of a work more great at last.
"Elses me! how swift and growing was his will
"The wings of Time flagg'd dully after it. 330
"Scarce past a child, all wonders would befall
"Of Nature's law, and power of Nature's king:
"His sheep would scorn their food to hear his lay,
"And savage beasts stand by as tame as they:
"The fighting winds would stop there, and all
"mire, 335
"Learning consent and concord from his lyre:
"Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before,
"Mute as their fish, would listen towards the shore:
"Twas now the time when first Saul God for-
"sook,
"God Saul; the room in's heart wild passions
"took:

Sometimes a tyrant-Frenzy revel'd there,
 Sometimes black Sadness, and deep, deep Despair.
 No help from herbs, or learned drugs he finds,
 They cure but sometime bodies, never minds:
 Music alone those storms of soul could lay; 345
 Not more Saul them, than music they, obey.
 David's now sent for, and his harp must bring;
 His harp, that magic bore on every string:
 When Saul's rude passions did most tumult keep,
 With his soft notes they all dropp'd down
 " asleep: 350
 When his dull spirits lay drown'd in death and
 " night,
 He with quick strains rais'd them to life and
 " light.
 Thus cheer'd he Saul, thus did his fury 'twage,
 Till wars began, and times more fit for rage.
 To Helah plain Philistian troops are come, 355
 And war's loud noise strikes peaceful music
 " dumb.
 Back to his rural care young David goes;
 For this rough work Saul his stout brethren
 " chose:
 He knew not what his hand in war could do,
 Nor thought his sword could cure men's mad-
 " nefs too. 360
 Now Dammin's destin'd for this scene of blood;
 On two near hills the two proud armies stood,
 Between, a fatal valley stretch-out wide,
 And death seem'd ready now on either side;
 When lo! their host rais'd all a joyful shout.
 And from the midst an huge and monstrous
 " man stepp'd out. 365
 Aloud they shouted at each step he took;
 We, and the earth itself beneath him, shook,
 Vast as the hill, down which he march'd, he'
 " appear'd;
 Amaz'd all eyes, nor was their army fear'd. 370
 A young tall 'quire (though then he seem'd
 " not so)
 Did from the camp at first before him go;
 At first he did, but scarce could follow strait,
 Sweating beneath a shield's uneasy weight,
 On which was wrought the gods' and giants'
 " fight, 375
 Rare work! all fill'd with terror and delight.
 Here a vast hill 'gainst thundering Baal was
 " thrown,
 Trees and beasts on't fell burnt with lightning
 " down;
 One flings a mountain, and its river too,
 Torn up with 't; that rains back on him that
 " threw: 380
 Some from the main to pluck whole islands try:
 The sea boils round with flames shot thick from
 " sky;
 This he believ'd, and on his shield he bore,
 And prais'd their strength, but thought his
 " own was more.
 The valley now this monster seem'd to fill; 385
 And we, methoughts, look'd up t' him from
 " our hill.
 All arm'd in brags, the richest drefs of war
 (A dismal glorious fight!) he shone afar;
 The sun himself started with sudden fright,
 To see his beams return so dismal bright: 390

Brags was his helmet, his boots brags; and o'er
 His breast a thick plate of strong brags he wore;
 His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
 Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast
 " should be;
 Th' huge iron head six hundred shekels weigh'd,
 And of whole bodies but one wound it made;
 Able Death's worst command to overdo,
 Destroying life at once and carcase too.
 Thus arm'd he stood; all direful, and all gay,
 And round him flung a scornful look away:
 So, when a Scythian tiger, gazing round, 405
 An herd of kine in some fair plain has found,
 Lowing secure, he swells with angry pride,
 And calls forth all his spots on every side;
 Then stops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all, 405
 In choice of some strong neck on which to fall;
 Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a prey,
 And grieves to see them trembling haste away.
 Ye men of Jury, 'he cries, if men you be,
 And such dare prove yourselves to fame and me,
 Chuse out 'mongst all your troops the boldest
 " knight, 411
 To try his strength and fate with me in fight:
 The chance of war let us two bear for all,
 And they the conqueror serve whose knight shall
 " fall.
 At this he paus'd awhile: Strait, I defy 415
 Your gods and you; dares none come down and
 " die?
 Go back for shame, and Egypt's slavery bear,
 Or yield to us, and serve more nobly here.
 Alas! ye've no more wonders to be done,
 Your forerer Moses now, and Joshua, 's gone;
 Your magic trumpets then could cities take, 421
 And sounds of triumph did your battles make.
 Spears in your hands and manly swords are
 " vain;
 Get you your spells and conjuring rods again.
 Is there no Samson here? O that there were!
 In his full strength, and long, enchanted hair;
 This sword should be in the weak razor's stead;
 It should not cut his hair off, but his head.
 Thus he blasphem'd aloud; the vallies round,
 Flattering his voice, restor'd the dreadful sound:
 We turn'd us trembling at the noise, and
 " fear'd 431
 We had behind some new Goliath heard.
 'Twas Heaven, Heaven sure (which David's
 " glory meant
 Through this whole act) such sacred terror sent
 To all our host; for there was Saul in place, 435
 Who ne'er saw fear but in his enemy's face;
 His god-like sou there in bright armour shone,
 Who scorn'd to conquer armies not alone;
 Fate her own book mistrust'd at the sight;
 On that side war, on this a single fight. 440
 There stood Benaiah, and there trembled too,
 He who th' Egyptian proud Goliath flew;
 In his pale fright, rage thro' his eyes shot flame,
 He saw his staff, and blush'd with generous
 " shame;
 Thousands beside stood mute and heartless there,
 Men valiant all; nor was I us'd to fear. 446
 Thus forty days he march'd down arm'd to fight,
 Once every morn he march'd, and once at night.

" Slow rose the sun, but gallop'd down apace,
 " With more than evening blushes in his face : 45
 " When Jesse to the camp young David sent ;
 " His purpose low, but high was Fate's intent ;
 " For, when the monster's pride he saw and
 " heard,
 " Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they
 " fear'd.
 " Anger and brave disdain his heart possess'd, 455
 " Thoughts more than manly swell'd his youth-
 " ful breast :
 " Much the rewards propos'd his spirit enflame,
 " Saul's daughter much, and much the voice of
 " Fame.
 " These to their just intentions strongly move,
 " But chiefly God, and his dear country's love. 460
 " Resolv'd for combat, to Saul's tent he's brought,
 " Where thus he spoke, as boldly as he fought :
 " Henceforth no more, great Prince, your sacred
 " breast
 " With that huge talking wretch of Gath, molest ;
 " This hand alone shall end his cursed breath ; 465
 " Fear not, the wretch blasphemes himself to
 " death,
 " And, cheated with false weight of his own
 " might,
 " Has challeng'd Heav'n, not us, to single fight.
 " Forbid it, God ! that, where thy right is try'd,
 " The strength of man should find just cause
 " for pride ! 470
 " Firm like some rock, and vast, he seems to stand,
 " But rocks we know were op'd at thy command :
 " That soul, which now does such large members
 " sway,
 " Through one small wound will creep in haste
 " away ;
 " And he who now dares boldly Heaven defy, 475
 " To every bird of heaven a prey shall lie :
 " For 'tis not human force we ought to fear ;
 " Did that, alas ! plant our forefathers here ?
 " Twice fifteen kings did they by that subdue ?
 " By that whole nations of Goliaths slew ? 480
 " The wonders they perform'd may still be done ;
 " Moses and Joshua is, but God's not, gone.
 " We've lost their rod and trumpet, not their
 " skill ;
 " Prayers and belief are as strong witchcraft still :
 " These are more tall, more giants far, than he, 485
 " Can reach to heaven, and thence pluck victory.
 " Count this, and then, Sir, mine th' advantage is ;
 " He's stronger far than I, my God than his.
 " Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame, to see
 " Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as
 " he. 490
 " Brave youth, replies the king, whose daring
 " mind,
 " Ere come to manhood, leaves it quite behind ;
 " Reserve thy valour for more equal fight,
 " And let thy body grow up to thy spirit.
 " Thou'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe, 495
 " Whose touch would wound thee more than
 " him thy blow :
 " Nature his limbs only for war made fit,
 " In thine as yet nought beside love she 'has writ.
 " With some less for thy unskill'd valour try ;
 " This monster can be no first victory. 500

" The lion's royal whelp does not at first
 " For blood of Bafan bulls or tigers thirst ;
 " In timorous deer he hantels his young paws,
 " And leaves the rugged bear for firmer claws.
 " So vast thy hopes, so unproportion'd, be, 505
 " Fortune would be aham'd to second thee.
 " He said, and we all murmur'd an assent ;
 " But nought moves David from his high intent.
 " It brave to him, and ominous, does appear,
 " To be oppos'd at first, and conquer here ; 510
 " Which he resolves. Scorn not, said he, mine
 " age ;
 " For victory comes not, like an heritage,
 " At set-years :—when my father's flock I fed,
 " A bear and lion, by fierce hunger led,
 " Broke from the wood, and snatch'd my lambs
 " away ; 515
 " From their grim mouths I forc'd the panting
 " prey :
 " Both bear and lion ev'n this hand did kill ;
 " On our great oak the bones and jaws hang still.
 " My God's the fame, which then he was, to-day,
 " And this wild wretch almost the same as they ;
 " Who from such danger sav'd my flock, will he
 " Of Israel, his own flock, less careful be ?
 " Be 't so then, Saul bursts forth ; and Thou
 " on high, 524
 " Who oft in weakness dost most strength defy—
 " At whose dread beck conquest expecting stands,
 " And casts no look down on the fighters' hands—
 " Assist what Thou inspir'st ; and let all see,
 " As boys to giants, giants are to Thee
 " Thus : and with trembling hopes of strange
 " success,
 " In his own arms he the bold youth does dress.
 " On's head an helm of well-wrought brass is
 " plac'd, 531
 " The top with warlike plume severely grac'd ;
 " His breast a plate cut with rare figures bore,
 " A sword much practis'd in death's art he wore,
 " Yet David, us'd so long to no defence, 535
 " But those light arms of Spirit and Innocence,
 " No good in fight of that gay burden knows,
 " But fears his own arms' weight more than his
 " foes.
 " He lost himself in that disguise of war,
 " And guarded seems as men by prisons are ; 540
 " He therefore, to exalt the wondrous sight,
 " Prepares now, and disarms himself for fight,
 " 'Gainst shield, helm, breast-plate ; and, instead
 " of those, 544
 " Five sharp smooth stones from the next brook
 " he chose.
 " And fits them to his sling ; then marches down ;
 " For sword, his enemy's he esteem'd his own.
 " We all with various passions strangely gaz'd,
 " Some sad, some sham'd, some angry ; all amaz'd.
 " Now in the valley 'he stands ; through's youth-
 " ful face
 " Wrath checks the beauty, and sheds manly
 " grace, 550
 " Both in his looks so join'd, that they might
 " move
 " Fear ev'n in friends, and from an enemy love.
 " Hot as ripe noon, sweet as the blooming day,
 " Like July furious, but more fair than May.

"Th' accurs'd Philistian stands on th' other side,
 "Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt rage and
 "pride. 556
 "The plagues of Dagon! a smooth boy, said he,
 "A curst beardless foe, oppos'd to me!
 "Hell! with what arms (hence, thou fond child!)
 "he's come!
 "Some friend his mother call, to drive him home.
 "Not gone yet! if one minute more thou stay,
 "The birds of heaven shall bear thee dead away.
 "Gods! a curs'd boy!—the rest then murmuring
 "out,
 "He walks, and casts a deadly grin about.
 "David, with cheerful anger in his eyes, 565
 "Advances boldly on, and thus replies:
 "Thou com'st, vain man! all arm'd into the field,
 "And trustest those war toys, thy sword and
 "shield: 569
 "Thy pride's my spear, thy blasphemies my
 "sword;
 "My shield, thy Maker, fool! the mighty Lord
 "Of thee and battles; who hath sent forth me
 "Unarm'd thus, not to fight, but conquer, thee.
 "In vain shall Dagon, thy false hope, withstand;
 "In vain thy other god, thine own right hand:
 "Thy fall to man shall Heaven's strong justice
 "shew; 575
 "Wretch! 'tis the only good which thou canst do.
 "He said; our host stood dully silent by;
 "And durst not trust their ears against the eye;
 "As much their champion's threats to him they
 "feard,
 "As when the monster's threats to them they
 "heard. 580
 "His flaming sword th' enrag'd Philistian shakes,
 "And haste t' his ruin with loud curses makes;
 "Backward the winds his active curses blew,
 "And fatally round his own head they flew:
 "For now from David's sling the stone is fled,
 "And strikes with joyful noise the monster's
 "head; 586
 "It strook his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there,
 "As swiftly as it pierc'd before the air:
 "Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the
 "ground;
 "Blood, brain, and soul, crowd mingled through
 "the wound! 590
 "So a strong oak, which many years had stood
 "With fair and flourishing boughs, itself a wood—
 "Though it might long the axe's violence bear,
 "And play'd with winds which other trees did
 "tear—
 "Yet by the thunder's stroke from th' root 'tis
 "rent
 "(So sure the blows that from high Heaven are
 "sent!)
 "What tongue the joy and wonder can express,
 "Which did that moment our whole host possess!
 "Their joyful shouts th' air like a storm did tear,
 "Th' amazed clouds fled swift away with fear:
 "But far more swift th' accurs'd Philistines fly,
 "And, their ill fate to perfect, basely die.
 "With thousand corpses the ways around are
 "flown,
 "Till they by the day's flight secure their own.

"Now through the camp sounds nought but Da-
 "vid's name, 605
 "All joys, of several stamp and colours, came
 "From several passions: some his valour praise,
 "Some his free speech, some the fair popular rays
 "Of youth, and beauty, and his modest guise;
 "Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the female
 "eyes. 610
 "Some wonder, some they thought 'twould be so,
 "swear;
 "And some few angels flying through the air:
 "The basest spirits cast back a crooked glance
 "On this great act, and fain would give 't to
 "Chance.
 "Women our host with songs and dances meet,
 "With much joy Saul, David with more, they
 "greet. 616
 "Hence the king's politic rage and envy flows,
 "Which first he hides, and seeks his life t' expose
 "To generous dangers, that his hate might
 "clear,
 "And Fate or Chance the blame, nay David,
 "bear. 620
 "So vain are man's designs! for Fate and Chance,
 "And Earth and Heaven, conspir'd to his ad-
 "vance:
 "His beauty, youth, courage, and wondrous wit,
 "In all mankind but Saul did love beget.
 "Not Saul's own house, not his own nearest
 "blood, 625
 "The noble cause's sacred force withstood.
 "You've met no doubt, and kindly us'd, the fame
 "Of God-like Jonathan's illustrious name;
 "A name which every wind to heaven would
 "bear,
 "Which men to speak, and angels joy to hear.
 "No angel e'er bore to his brother Mind 631
 "A kindness more exalted and refin'd,
 "Than his to David; which look'd nobly down,
 "And scorn'd the false alarms of a crown.
 "At Dammin field he stood, and from his place
 "Leap'd forth, the wondrous conqueror to em-
 "brace; 636
 "On him his mantle, girdle, sword, and bow,
 "On him his heart and soul, he did bestow;
 "Not all that Saul could threaten or persuade,
 "In this close knot the smallest looseness made. 640
 "Oft his wife care did the king's rage suspend;
 "His own life's danger shelter'd oft his friend;
 "Which he expos'd a sacrifice to fall
 "By th' undiscerning rage of furious Saul.
 "Ner was young David's active virtue grown
 "Strong and triumphant in one sex alone; 646
 "Imperious Beauty too it durst invade,
 "And deeper prints in the soft breast it made:
 "For there, t' Esteem and Friendship's graver
 "name,
 "Passion was pour'd, like oil into the flame. 650
 "Like two bright eyes in a fair body plac'd,
 "Saul's royal house two beauteous daughters
 "grac'd;
 "Merab the first, Michal the younger, nam'd;
 "Both equally for different glories fam'd.
 "Merab with spacious beauty fill'd the sight, 655
 "But too much aw'd chastis'd the bold delight:

" Like a calm sea, which to th' enlarged view
 " Gives pleasure, but gives fear and reverence too.
 " Michal's sweet looks clear and free joys did
 " move.
 " And no less strong, though much more gentle,
 " love 660
 " Like virtuous kings, whom men rejoice t' obey
 " (Tyrants themselves less absolute than they).
 " Merab appear'd like some fair princely tower:
 " Michal, some virgin-queen's delicious bower.
 " All Beauty's stores in little and in great; 665
 " But thè contracted beams shot fiercest heat.
 " A clean and lively brown was Merab's dye,
 " Such as the prouder colours might envy:
 " Michal's pure skin shone with such taintless
 " white,
 " As scatter'd the weak rays of human sight: 670
 " Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did shew,
 " Than e'er on fruits or flowers heaven's pencil
 " drew;
 " From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightnings
 " came,
 " From Michal's, the sun's mild, yet active, flame:
 " Merab's long hair was glossy chestnut brown;
 " Tresses of palest gold did Michal crown. 676
 " Such was their outward form; and one might
 " find
 " A difference not unlike it in the mind.
 " Merab with comely majesty and state
 " Bore high th' advantage of her worth and fate;
 " Such humble sweetness did soft Michal show, 681
 " That none who reach so high e'er stoop'd so low.
 " Merab rejoic'd in her wrack'd lovers' pain,
 " And fortify'd her virtue with disdain:
 " The griefs she caus'd, gave gentle Michal
 " grief 685
 " (She wish'd her beauties less, for their relief);
 " Ev'n to her captives civil; yet th' excess
 " Of naked virtue guarded her no less.
 " Business and power Merab's large thoughts did
 " vex;
 " Her wit disdain'd the fetters of her sex: 690
 " Michal no less disdain'd affairs and noise,
 " Yet did it not from ignorance, but choice.
 " In brief, both copies were more sweetly drawn;
 " Merab of Saul, Michal of Jonathan.
 " The day that David great Goliath slew, 695
 " Not great Goliath's sword was more his due
 " Than Merab; by Saul's public promise she
 " Was sold then, and betroth'd to Victory;
 " But haughty she did this just match despise
 " (Her pride debauch'd her judgment and her
 " eyes). 700
 " An unknown youth, ne'er seen at court before,
 " Who shepherd's staff, and shepherd's habit, bore,
 " The seventh-born son of no rich house—were
 " still
 " Th' unpleasant forms which her high thoughts
 " did fill:
 " And much aversion in her stubborn mind 705
 " Was bred by being promis'd and design'd.
 " Long had the patient Adriel humbly borne
 " The roughest shocks of her imperious scorn:
 " Adriel the rich; but riches were in vain,
 " And could not set him free, nor her enchain 710

" Long liv'd they thus;—but, as the hunted deer,
 " Closely pursued quits all her wonted fear,
 " And takes the nearest waves; which from the
 " shore
 " She oft with horror had beheld before:
 " So, whilst the violent maid from David fled.
 " She leap'd to Adriel's long-avoided bed; 716
 " The match was nam'd, agreed, and finish'd
 " strait;
 " (So soon comply'd Saul's envy with her hate!)
 " But Michal, in whose breast all virtues move,
 " That hatch the pregnant seeds of sacred love,
 " With juster eyes the noble object meets, 721
 " And turns all Merab's poison into sweets:
 " She saw, and wonder'd how a youth unknown
 " Should make all fame to come so soon his own:
 " She saw and wonder'd how a shepherd's
 " crook 725
 " Despis'd that sword at which the sceptre shook;
 " Though he seventh-born, and though his house
 " but poor,
 " She knew it noble was, and would be more.
 " Oft had she heard, and fancy'd oft the fight,
 " With what a generous calm he march'd to
 " fight; 730
 " In the great danger how exempt from fear,
 " And after it from pride, he did appear.
 " Greatness and goodness, and an air divine,
 " She saw through all his words and actions shine;
 " She heard his eloquent tongue, and charming
 " lyre, 735
 " Whose artful sounds did violent love inspire,
 " Though us'd all other passions to relieve:
 " She weigh'd all this; and well we may conceive,
 " When those strong thoughts attack'd her doubt-
 " ful breast,
 " His beauty no less active than the rest. 740
 " The fire thus kindled soon grew fierce and great,
 " When David's breast reflected back its heat,
 " Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can Love hidden
 " lie
 " From any sight, much less the loving eye)
 " She conqueror was, as well as overcome, 745
 " And gain'd no less abroad than lost at home.
 " Ev'n the first hour they met (for such a pair,
 " Who in all mankind else so matchless were,
 " Yet their own equals, Nature's self does wed)
 " A mutual warmth through both their bosoms
 " spread: 750
 " Fate gave the signal; both at once began
 " The gentle race, and with just pace they ran.
 " Even so, methinks when two fair tapers come
 " From several doors, entering at once the room,
 " With a swift flight, that leaves the eye behind,
 " Their amorous lights into one light are join'd.
 " Nature herself, were she to judge the case,
 " Knew not which first began the kind embrace.
 " Michal her modest flames fought to conceal,
 " But, love ev'n th' art to hide it does reveal: 760
 " Her soft unpractis'd eyes betray'd the theft,
 " Love pass'd through them, and there such foot-
 " steps left!
 " She blush'd when he approach'd, and when he
 " spoke;
 " And suddenly her wandering answers broke

" At his name's sound; and, when she heard him
 " prais'd, 765
 " With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she
 " rais'd.

" Uncall'd-for sighs oft from her bosom flew,
 " And Adriel's active friend she' abruptly grew.
 " Oft, when the Court's gay youth stood wait-

" ing by, 770

" She strove to act a cold indifferency;
 " In vain she acted so constrain'd a part,

" For thousand nameless things disclos'd her heart.

" On th' other side, David with silent pain

" Did in respectful bounds his fires contain:

" His humble fear t' offend, and trembling awe,

" impos'd on him a no-less rigorous law 776

" Than modesty on her; and, though he strove

" To make her see 't, he durst not tell his love.

" To tell it first, the timorous youth made choice

" Of music's bolder and more active voice; 780

" And thus, beneath her window, did he touch

" His faithful lyre; the words and numbers such

" As did well worth my memory appear,

" And may perhaps deserve your princely ear:

" AWAKE, awake, my Lyre! 785

" And tell thy silent master's humble tale,

" In sounds that may prevail;

" Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:

" Though so exalted she,

" And I so lowly be, 790

" Tell her, such different notes make all thy har-

" mony.

" Hark! how the strings awake:

" And, though the moving hand approach not

" near,

" Themselves with awful fear,

" A kind of numerous trembling make. 795

" Now all thy forces try,

" Now all thy charms apply,

" Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

" Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure

" Is useless here, since thou art only sound 800

" To cure, but not to wound,

" And she to wound, but not to cure.

" Too weak too wilt thou prove

" My passion to remove,

" Physic to other ills, thou'rt Nourishment to

" Love. 805

" Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!

" For thou canst never tell my humble tale

" In sounds that will prevail;

" Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;

" All thy vain mirth lay by, 810

" Bid thy strings silent lie,

" Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre! and let thy master

" die.

" She heard all this, and the prevailing sound

" Touch'd with delightful pain her tender wound.

" Yet, though she joy'd th' authentic news to

" hear, 815

" Of what she guess'd before with jealous fear,

" She cheer'd her forward joy, and blush'd for

" shame,

" And did his boldness with forc'd anger blame.

VOL. II.

" The senseless rules which first false honour
 " taught,

" And into laws that tyrant custom brought— 820

" Which women's pride and folly did invent,

" Their lovers and themselves too to torment—

" Made her next day a grave displeasure fain,

" And all her words, and all her looks, con-

" strain 824

" Before the trembling youth; who, when he saw

" His vital light her wonted beams withdraw,

" He curs'd his voice, his fingers, and his lyre,

" He curs'd his too-bold tongue, and bold desire;

" In vain he curs'd the last, for that still grew;

" From all things food its strong complexion drew:

" His joy and hope their cheerful motions ceas'd,

" His life decay'd, but still his love encreas'd;

" Whilst she, whose heart approv'd not her dis-

" dain,

" Saw and endur'd his pains with greater pain.

" But Jonathan, to whom both hearts were known,

" With a concernment equal to their own 836

" (Joyful that Heaven with his sworn love com-

" ply'd

" To draw that knot more fast which he had

" ty'd)

" With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,

" Restor'd, and better'd soon, the nice affair. 840

" With ease a brother's lawful power o'ercame

" The formal decencies of virgin-shame.

" She first with all her heart forgave the past,

" Heard David tell his flames, and told her own

" at last.

" Lo here the happy point of prosperous love! 845

" Which ev'n enjoyment seldom can improve.

" Themselves agreed, which scarce could fail

" alone;

" All Israel's wish concurrent with their own;

" A brother's powerful aid firm to the side;

" By solemn vow the king and father ty'd: 850

" All jealous fears, all nice disguises, past,

" All that in less-ripe love offends the taste;

" In either's breast their souls both meet and wed,

" Their heart the nuptial-temple and the bed.

" And, though the grosser cates were yet not

" dress'd, 855

" By which their bodies must supply this feast,

" Bold hopes prevent slow pleasure's lingering

" birth,

" As saints, assur'd of heaven, enjoy 't on earth.

" All this the king observ'd; and well he saw

" What scandal, and what danger, it might draw

" T' oppose this just and popular match; but

" meant 861

" T' out-malice all refusals by consent.

" He meant the poisonous grant should mortal

" prove;

" He meant t' ensnare his virtue by his love:

" And thus he to him spoke, with more of art 865

" And fraud, than well became the kingly part:—

" Your valour, David, and high worth, said he,

" To praise is all man's duty, mine to see

" Rewarded; and we shall t' our utmost powers

" Do with like care that part, as you did yours.

" Forbid it, God! we like those kings should prove,

" Who fear the virtues which they're bound to love.

R

" Your piety does that tender point secure,
 " Nor will my acts such humble thoughts endure:
 " Your nearness to 't rather supports the crown,
 " And th' honours given to you encrease our
 " own. 876
 " All that we can we'll give; 'tis our intent,
 " Both as a guard and as an ornament,
 " To place thee next ourselves; Heaven does ap-
 " prove,
 " And my son's friendship, and my daughter's love,
 " Guide fatally, methinks, my willing choice;
 " I see, methinks, Heaven in 't, and I rejoice.
 " Blush not, my son! that Michal's love I name,
 " Nor need she blush to hear it; 'tis no shame
 " Nor secret now; fame does it loudly tell, 885
 " And all men but thy rivals like it well.
 " If Merab's choice could have comply'd with
 " mine,
 " Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine:
 " And her's, at last, should have with mine com-
 " ply'd,
 " Had I not thine and Michal's heart deserv'd.
 " Take whom thou lov'st, and who loves thee;
 " the last 891
 " And dearest present made me by the chaste
 " Ahinoam; and, unless she me deceive,
 " When I to Jonathan my crown shall leave,
 " 'Twill be a smaller gift. 895
 " If I thy generous thoughts may undertake
 " To guess, they are what jointure thou shalt
 " make
 " Fitting her birth and fortune: and, since fo
 " Custom ordains, we mean t' exact it too.
 " The jointure we exact is, that shall be 900
 " No less advantage to thy fame than she.
 " Go where Philistian troops infect the land,
 " Renew the terrors of thy conquering hand;
 " When thine own hand, which needs must con-
 " queror prove,
 " In this joint cause of honour and of love, 905
 " An hundred of the faithless foe shall slay,
 " And for a dower their hundred forekins pay,
 " Be Michal thy reward: did we not know
 " Thy mighty fate, and worth that makes it so,
 " We should not cheaply that dear blood expose,
 " Which we to mingle with our own had chose:
 " But thou'rt secure; and, since this match of
 " thine
 " We to the public benefit design,
 " A public good shall its beginning grace,
 " And give triumphant omens of thy race. 915
 " Thus spoke the king: the happy youth bow'd
 " low:
 " Modest and graceful his great joy did show,
 " The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind,
 " And nought 't except against it could he find,
 " But that his mistress' price too cheap appear'd;
 " No danger, but her scorn of it, he fear'd. 921
 " She with much different sense the news receiv'd,
 " At her high rate she trembled, blush'd, and
 " griev'd;
 " 'Twas a less work the conquest of his foes,
 " Than to obtain her leave his life t' expose. 925
 " Their kind debate on this soft point would
 " prove
 " Tedious, and needless, to repeat: if love

" (As sure it has) e'er touch'd your princely
 " breast,
 " 'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full suggest
 " All that was done, or said; the grief, hope,
 " fears; 930
 " His troubled joys, and her obliging tears.
 " In all the pomp of passion's reign they part;
 " And bright prophetic forms enlarge his heart:
 " Victory and fame, and that more quick delight
 " Of the rich prize for which he was to fight. 935
 " Tow'rd's Gath he went, and in one month (so
 " soon
 " A fatal and a willing work is done!)
 " A double dower, two hundred forekins, brought
 " Of choice Philistian knights with whom he
 " fought,
 " Men that in birth and valour did excel, 940
 " Fit for the cause and hand by which they fell.
 " Now was Saul caught; nor longer could delay
 " The two resifless lovers' happy day.
 " Though this day's coming long had seem'd and
 " slow,
 " Yet seem'd its stay as long and tedious now;
 " For, now the violent weight of eager love 946
 " Did with more haste so near its centre move,
 " He curs'd the stops of form and state, which
 " lay
 " In this last stage, like scandals, in his way.
 " On a large gentle hill crown'd with tall wood,
 " Near where the regal Gabaah proudly stood,
 " A tent was pitch'd, of green wrought damask
 " made,
 " And seem'd but the fresh forest's natural shade;
 " Various and vast within, on pillars borne
 " Of Shittim-wood, that usefully adorn. 955
 " Hither to grace the nuptial-feast, does Saul
 " Of the twelve tribes th' elders and captains
 " call:
 " And all around the idle, busy crowd
 " With shouts and blessings tell their joy aloud.
 " Lo! the press breaks, and from their several
 " homes 960
 " In decent pride the bride and bridegroom comes.
 " Before the bride, in a long double row
 " With solemn pace thirty choice virgins go,
 " And make a moving galaxy on earth;
 " All heavenly beauties, all of highest birth; 965
 " All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair
 " As the bright flowers that crown'd their brighter
 " hair;
 " All in that new-blown age which does inspire
 " Warmth in themselves, in their beholders fire.
 " But all this, and all else the sun did e'er, 970
 " Or fancy see, in her less-bounded sphere,
 " The bride herself out-shone; and one would say
 " They made but the faint dawn to her full day.
 " Behind a numerous train of ladies went,
 " Who on their drefs much fruitless care had spent:
 " Vain gems, and unregarded cost, they bore,
 " For all men's eyes were ty'd to those before,
 " The bridegroom's flourishing troop fill'd next
 " the place,
 " With thirty comely youths of noblest race,
 " That march'd before; and Heaven around his
 " head
 " The graceful beams of joy and beauty spread.

" So the glad star, which men and angels love,
 " Prince of the glorious host that shines above
 " (No light of heaven so cheerful or so gay)
 " Lifts up his sacred lamp, and opens day. 985
 " The king himself, at the tent's crowned gate,
 " In all his robes of ceremony and state,
 " Sate to receive the train; on either hand
 " Did the high-priest and the great prophet stand:
 " Adriel behind, Jonathan, Abner, Jesse, 990
 " And all the chiefs in their due order press.
 " First Saul declar'd his choice, and the just cause,
 " Avow'd by a general murmur of applause;
 " Then sign'd her dower; and in few words he
 " pray'd,
 " And bless, and gave the joyful, trembling maid
 " T' her lover's hands; who, with a cheerful
 " look 996
 " And humble gesture, the vast present took.
 " The nuptial-hymn strait sounds, and mules
 " play
 " And feasts and balls shorten the thoughtless day
 " To all but to the wedded; till at last 1000
 " The long-wish'd night did her kind shadow
 " cast;
 " At last th' ineffimable hour was come
 " To lead his conquering prey in triumph home.
 " T' a palace near, dress'd for the nuptial-bed,
 " (Part of her dower) he his fair princess led; 1005
 " Saul, the high-priest, and Samuel, here they
 " leave,
 " Who, as they part, their weighty blessings give.
 " Her veil is now put on; and at the gate
 " The thirty youths and thirty virgins wait
 " With golden lamps, bright as the flames they
 " bore, 1010
 " To light the nuptial-pomp, and march before;
 " The rest bring home in state the happy pair,
 " To that last scene of bliss, and leave them there
 " All those free joys insatiably to prove,
 " With which rich Beauty feasts the glutton
 " Love. 1015
 " But scarce, alas! the first seven days were
 " past,
 " In which the public nuptial triumphs last,
 " When Saul this new alliance did repent
 " (Such subtle cares his jealous thoughts torment!)
 " He envy'd the good work himself had done; 1020
 " Fear'd David less, his servant than his son.
 " No longer his wild wrath could he command;
 " He seeks to stain his own imperial hand
 " In his son's blood; and, that twice cheated
 " too,
 " With troops and armies does one life pursue.
 " Said I but one! his thirsty rage extends 1026
 " To th' lives of all his kindred and his friends;
 " Ev'n Jonathan had dy'd for being so,
 " Had not just God put-by th' unnatural blow.
 " You see, Sir, the true cause which brings us
 " here: 1030
 " No sudden discontent, or groundless fear;
 " No guilty act or end calls us from home;
 " Only to breathe in peace awhile we come;
 " Ready to serve, and in mean space to pray
 " For you who us receive, and him who drives
 " away." 1035

THE
 FOURTH BOOK
 OF
 THE DAVIDEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Moab carries his guests to hunt at Nebo; in the way falls into discourse with David, and desires to know of him the reasons of the change of government in Israel; how Saul came to the crown, and the story of him and Jonathan. David's speech, containing the state of the commonwealth under the Judges; the motives for which the people desired a king; their Deputies' speech to Samuel upon that subject, and his reply. The assembling of the people at the tabernacle, to enquire God's pleasure. God's speech. The character of Saul; his anointing by Samuel, and election by lot; the defection of his people. The war of Nabash king of Ammon against Jabele-Gilead; Saul and Jonathan's relieving of the town. Jonathan's character; his single fight with Nabash, whom he slays, and defeats his army. The confirmation of Saul's kingdom at Gilgal, and the manner of Samuel's quitting his office of Judge. The war with the Philistines at Mambres; their strength, and the weakness of Saul's forces; his exercising of the priestly function, and the judgement denounced by Samuel against him. Jonathan's discourse with his Esquire; their falling alone upon the enemy's outguards at Senes, and after upon the whole army; the wonderful defeat of it. Saul's rash vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is saved by the people.

THOUGH state and kind discourse thus robb'd
 the night
 Of half her natural and more just delight,
 Moab (whom temperance did still vigorous keep,
 And regal cares had us'd to moderate sleep)
 Up with the sun arose; and, having thrice 5
 With lifted hands bow'd towards his shining rise,
 And thrice tow'rd Phegor, his Baal's holiest hill
 (With good and pious prayers, directed ill)
 Call'd to the chace his friends, who for him
 stay'd;
 The glad dogs bark'd, the cheerful horses neigh'd.
 Moab his chariot mounts, drawn by four steeds, 11
 The best and noblest that fresh Zerith breeds,
 All white as snow, and spritful as the light,
 With scarlet trapt, and foaming gold they bite.
 He into it young David with him took, 15
 Did with respect and wonder on him look
 Since last night's story, and with greedier ear
 The man, of whom so much he heard, did hear.
 The well-born youth of all his flourishing court
 March gay behind, and joyful, to the sport; 20
 Some arm'd with bows, some with straight javelins, ride:
 Rich swords and gilded quivers grace their side.
 'Midst the fair troop David's tall brethren rode,
 And Joab, comely as a fancied god;

They entertain'd th' attentive Moab lords 25
 With loose and various talk that chance affords,
 Whilst they pac'd slowly on; but the wife king
 Did David's tongue to weightier subjects bring.
 "Much," said the king, "much I to Joab owe,
 "For the fair picture drawn by him of you; 30
 "Twas drawn in little, but did acts express
 "So great, that largest histories are less,
 "I see, methinks, the Gathian monster still;
 "His shape last night my mindful dreams did fill.
 "Strange tyrant Saul, with envy to pursue 35
 "The praise of deeds whence his own safety grew!
 "I've heard (but who can think it?) that his son
 "Has his life's hazard for your friendship run:
 "His matchless son, whose worth (if same be
 "true);
 "Lifts him 'bove all his countrymen but you, 40
 "With whom it makes him one." Low David
 "bows,
 But no reply Moab's swift tongue allows.
 "And pray, kind guest! whilst we ride thus,"
 says he
 "(To gameful Nebo still three leagues there be)
 "The story of your royal friend relate, 45
 "And his ungovern'd fire's imperious fate;
 "Why your great State that nameless family
 "chose,
 "And by what steps to Israel's throne they rose."
 He said: and David thus: "From Egypt's
 "land
 "You've heard, Sir, by what strong unarm'd 50
 "hand
 "Our fathers came, Moses their sacred guide;
 "But he in fight of the given country dy'd:
 "His fatal promis'd Canaan was on high,
 "And Joshua's sword must th' active rod supply:
 "It did so, and did wonders. 55
 "From sacred Jordan to the Western main,
 "From well-clad Libanus to the Southern plain
 "Of naked sands his winged conquests went;
 "And thirty kings to hell uncrown'd he sent.
 "Almost four hundred years, from him to Saul,
 "In too much freedom past, or foreign thrall 61
 "Of strangers' iron sceptres bruis'd the land
 "(Such still are those borne by a conquering
 "hand);
 "Oft pitying God did well-form'd spirits raise,
 "Fit for the toilsome business of their days, 65
 "To free the groaning nation, and to give
 "Peace first, and then the rules in peace to live.
 "But they whose stamp of power did chiefly lie
 "In characters too fine for most men's eye,
 "Graces and gifts divine;—not painted bright 70
 "With state to awe dull minds, and force t'
 "affright;—
 "Were ill obey'd whilst living, and at death
 "Their rules and pattern vanish'd with their
 "breath.
 "The hungry rich all near them did devour;
 "Their judge was Appetite, and their law was
 "Power.
 "Not Want itself could luxury restrain;
 "For what that emptied, Rapine fill'd again.
 "Robbery the field, Oppression sack'd the town;
 "What the Sword's reaping spar'd, was glean'd
 "by th' Gown.

"At courts, and seats of justice, to complain, 80
 "Was to be robb'd more vexingly again.
 "Nor was their Lust less active or less bold,
 "Amidst this rougher search of blood and gold;
 "Weak beauties they corrupt, and force the strong;
 "The pride of old men that, and this of young.
 "You've heard perhaps, Sir, of lewd Gibeah's
 "shame, 86
 "Which Hebrew tongues still tremble when they
 "name:
 "Alarmed all by one fair stranger's eyes,
 "As to a sudden war, the town does rise,
 "Shaking and pale, half-dead ere they begin 90
 "The strange and wanton tragedy of their sin:
 "All their wild lusts they force her to sustain,
 "Till by shame, sorrow, weariness, and pain,
 "She midst their loath'd and cruel kindness dies;
 "Of monstrous lust the innocent sacrifice. 95
 "This did, 'tis true, a civil war create
 "(The frequent curse of our loose-govern'd
 "state);
 "All Gibeah's, and all Jabesh' blood it cost;
 "Near a whole tribe, and future kings, we lost.
 "Firm in this general earthquake of the land, 100
 "How could religion, its main pillar, stand?
 "Proud and fond man his Father's worship hates,
 "Himself, God's creature, his own god creates!
 "Hence in each household several deities grew,
 "And when no old one pleas'd, they fram'd a
 "new: 105
 "The only land which serv'd but One before,
 "Did th' only then all nations' gods adore.
 "They serv'd their gods at first, and soon their
 "kings
 "(Their choice of that this latter slavery brings);
 "Till special men, arm'd with God's warrant,
 "broke
 "By justest force th' unjustly-forced yoke;
 "All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they
 "Of power more great, or lands more apt t'
 "obey.
 "At last the priesthood join'd, in Ithamar's son,
 "More weight and lustre to the sceptre won; 115
 "But, whilst mild Eli and good Samuel were
 "Busied with age, and th' altar's sacred care,
 "To their wild sons they their high charge
 "commit,
 "Who' expose to scorn and hate both them and it.
 "Eli's curs'd house th' exemplary vengeance
 "bears 120
 "Of all their blood, and all sad Israel's tears;
 "His sons abroad, himself at home, lies slain;
 "Israel's captiv'd, God's ark and law are ta'en.
 "Thus twice are nations by ill princes vex'd,
 "They suffer by them first, and For them next.
 "Samuel succeeds;—since Moses, none before 126
 "So much of God in his bright bosom bore.
 "In vain our arms Philistian tyrants seiz'd;
 "Heaven's magazines he open'd when he pleas'd:
 "He rains and wind for auxiliaries brought; 130
 "He muster'd flames and thunders when he
 "fought.
 "Thus thirty years with strong and steady hand
 "He held th' unshaken balance of the land;
 "At last his sons th' indulgent father chose
 "To share that state which they were born to lose;

" Their hateful acts that change's birth did haste,
 " Which had long growth i' th' womb of ages
 " past.

" To this (for still were some great periods set,
 " There's a strong knot of several causes met)

" The threats concurr'd of a rough neighbouring
 " war; 140

" A mighty storm long gathering from afar;
 " For Ammon heighten'd with mix'd nations'
 " aid,

" Like torrents swoln with rain, prepar'd the
 " land t' invade.

" Samuel was old, and, by his sons' ill choice,
 " Turn'd dotard in th' unskilful vulgar's voice:

" His sons for scorn'd and hated, that the land 146
 " Nor hop'd, nor wish'd, a victory from their
 " hand.

" These were the just and faultless causes why
 " The general voice did for a Monarch cry;

" But God ill grains did in this incense smell; 150
 " Wrapp'd in fair leaves he saw the canker dwell:

" A mutinous itch of change; a dull despair
 " Of helps divine, oft prov'd; a faithless care

" Of common means; the pride of heart and
 " scorn

" Of th' humble yoke under low Judges borne.
 " They saw the state and glittering pomp which

" blest 156
 " In vulgar sense the sceptres of the East;

" They saw not power's true source, and scorn'd
 " t' obey

" Persons that look'd no dreadfuller than they;
 " They mis'd courts, guards, a gay and nume-

" rous train— 160
 " Our Judges, like their laws, were rude and
 " plain:—

" On an old bench of wood, her seat of state
 " Beneath the well-known palm, wife Deborah fate;

" Her maids with comely diligence round her
 " spun,

" And she too, when the pleadings there were
 " done; 165

" With the same goad Shamgar his oxen drives
 " Which took, the sun before, six hundred lives

" From his sham'd foes: he midst his work dealt
 " laws;

" And oft was his plough stopp'd to hear a cause:
 " Nor did great Gideon his old flail disdain, 170

" After won fields, sack'd towns, and princes
 " slain;

" His sceptre that, and Ophra's threshing-floor
 " The seat and emblem of his justice bore.

" What should I Jair, the happiest father, name?
 " Or mournful Jephtha, known no less to fame

" For the most wretched? Both at once did
 " keep 176

" The mighty flocks of Israel and their sheep.
 " Oft from the field in haste they summon'd

" were
 " Some weighty foreign embassy to hear;

" They call'd their slaves, their sons, and friends,
 " around, 180

" Who all at several cares were scatter'd found;
 " They wash'd their feet, their only gown put on,

" And this chief work of ceremony was done.

" These reasons, and all else that could be said,
 " In a ripe hour by factious eloquence spread 185

" Through all the tribes, make all desire a king;
 " And to their Judge selected deputies bring

" This harsh demand; which Nacol for the rest
 " (A bold and artful mouth) thus with much

" grace express'd:—
 " We're come, most sacred Judge! to pay th'

" arrears 190
 " Of much-ow'd thanks, for the bright thirty
 " years

" Of your just reign; and at your feet to lay
 " All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay

" In unproportion'd words; for you alone
 " The not unfit reward, who seek for none. 195

" But, when our forepast ills we call to mind,
 " And sadly think how little's left behind

" Of your important life, whose sudden date
 " Would disinherit th' unprovided state;

" When we consider how unjust 'tis, you, 200
 " Who ne'er of power more than the burden

" knew,
 " At once the weight of that and age should have

" (Your stooping days press'd doubly towards the
 " grave);

" When we behold by Ammon's youthful rage,
 " Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful age,

" And all th' united East, our fall conspir'd; 206
 " And that your sons, whom chiefly we desir'd

" As stamps of you, in your lov'd room to place,
 " By unlike acts that noble stamp deface;

" Midst these new fears and ills we're forc'd to
 " fly 210

" T' a new, and yet unpractis'd, remedy;
 " A new one, but long promis'd, and foretold

" By Moses, and to Abraham shewn of old;
 " A prophecy long forming in the womb

" Of teeming years, and now to ripeness come.
 " This remedy's a King; for this we all 216

" With an inspir'd and zealous union call:
 " And, in one found when all men's voices join,

" The music's tun'd, no doubt, by hand divine:
 " 'Tis God alone speaks a whole nation's voice;

" That is his public language; but the choice
 " Of what Peculiar head that crown must bear,

" From you, who his Peculiar organ are,
 " We expect to hear: the people shall to you

" Their king, the king his crown and people,
 " owe. 226

" To your great name what lustre will it bring
 " T' have been our Judge, and to have made our

" King!
 " He bow'd, and ended here; and Samuel's trait,

" Pausing awhile at this great question's weight,
 " With a grave sigh, and with a thoughtful eye,

" That more of care than passion did descry, 231
 " Calmly replies—You're sure the first, said he,

" Of freeborn men that begg'd for slavery.
 " I fear, my friends, with heavenly manna fed,

" (Our old forefathers' crime) we lust for bread.
 " Long since by God from bondage drawn, I fear,

" We build anew th' Egyptian brick-kiln here.
 " Cheat not yourselves with words; for, though

" a King
 " Be the mild name, a Tyrant is the thing.

" Let his power loofe, and you ſhall quickly ſee 240
 " How mild a thing unbounded man will be.
 " He'll lead you forth your hearts' cheap blood
 " to ſpill,
 " Where'er his guideleſs paſſion leads his will :
 " Ambition, luſt, or ſpleen, his wars will raiſe ;
 " Your lives' beſt price his thirſt of wealth or
 " praife : 245
 " Your ableſt ſons for his proud guards he'll take,
 " And by ſuch hands your yoke more grievous
 " make :
 " Your daughters and dear wives he'll force
 " away ;
 " His luxury ſome, and ſome his luſt, t' obey :
 " His idle friends your hungry toils ſhall eat, 250
 " Drink your rich wines, mix'd with your blood
 " and ſweat
 " Then you'll all ſigh, but ſighs will treaſons be ;
 " And not your griefs themſelves, or looks, be
 " free :
 " Robb'd ev'n of hopes, when you theſe ills ſuf-
 " tain,
 " Your watery eyes you'll then turn back in vain
 " On your old Judges, and perhaps on me, 256
 " Nay, ev'n my ſons, howe'er they unhappy be
 " In your diſpleaſure now ; not that I'd clear
 " Their guilt, or mine own innocence indear :
 " Witneſs th' unutterable Name, there's nought
 " Of private ends into this queſtion brought.
 " But why this yoke on your own necks to draw ?
 " Why man your God, and paſſion made your
 " Law ?
 " Methinks (thus Moab interrupts him here)
 " The good old ſeer 'gainſt Kings was too ſevere.
 " 'Tis jeſt to tell a people that they're free ; 266
 " Who, or How many, ſhall their maſters be
 " Is the ſole doubt ; laws guide, but cannot reign ;
 " And, though they bind not kings, yet they
 " reſtrain.
 " I dare affirm (ſo much I truſt their love) 270
 " That no one Moabite would his ſpeech approve.
 " But, pray go on.—'Tis true, Sir, he replies ;
 " Yet men whom age and action render wiſe
 " So much great changes fear, that they believe
 " All evils will, which may, from them arrive. 275
 " On men reſolv'd theſe threats were ſpent in
 " vain ;
 " All that his power or eloquence could obtain
 " Was, to enquire God's will ere they proceed
 " T' a work that would ſo much his bleſſing need.
 " A ſolemn day for this great work is ſet, 280
 " And at th' anointed tent all Iſrael met
 " Expect th' event ; below, fair bullocks fry
 " In hallow'd flames ; above, there mount on high
 " The precious clouds of incenſe ; and, at laſt,
 " The ſprinkling, prayers, and all due honours,
 " paſt, 285
 " Lo ! we the ſacred bells o' th' ſudden hear,
 " And in mild pomp grave Samuel does appear.
 " His ephod, mitre, well-cut diadem, on ;
 " Th' oracular ſtones on his rich breaſt-plate
 " ſhone.
 " Tow'rd's the blue curtains of God's holieſt place
 " (The temple's bright third heaven) he turn'd
 " his face ; 291

" Thrice bow'd he, thrice the ſolemn muſic
 " play'd,
 " And at thirdreſt thus the great prophet pray'd :—
 " Almighty God, to whom all men that be
 " Owe all they have, yet none ſo much as we ;
 " Who, though thou fill'ſt the ſpacious world
 " alone, 296
 " Thy too-ſmall court, haſt made this place thy
 " throne ;
 " With humble knees, and humbler hearts, lo !
 " here,
 " Bleſt Abraham's ſeed implores thy gracious ear :
 " Hear them, great God ! and thy juſt will inſpire ;
 " From Thee, their long-known King, they' a
 " King deſire. 301
 " Some gracious ſigns of thy good pleaſure ſend ;
 " Which, lo ! with ſouls reſign'd, we humbly here
 " attend.
 " He ſpoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
 " Silence and reverend horror ſeiz'd the rout ; 305
 " The whole tent ſhakes, the flames on th' altar by
 " In thick dull rolls mount flow and heavily ;
 " The ſeven lamps wink ; and, what does moſt
 " diſmay,
 " Th' oracular gems ſhut-in their natural day :
 " The ruby's cheek grew pale ; the emerald by
 " Faded ; a cloud o'ercaſt the ſapphir's ſky ; 311
 " The diamond's eye look'd ſleepy ; and ſwift
 " night,
 " Of all thoſe little ſuns eclips'd the light :
 " Sad ſigns of God's dread anger for our ſin :—
 " But ſtraight a wondrous brightneſs from within
 " Strook through the curtains ; for no earthly
 " cloud 316
 " Could thoſe ſtrong beams of heavenly glory
 " ſhroud ;
 " The altar's fire burn'd pure, and every ſtone
 " Their radiant parent the gay ſun out-ſhone ;
 " Beauty th' illuſtrious viſion did impart 320
 " To every face, and joy to every heart ;
 " In glad effects God's preſence thus appear'd,
 " And thus in wond'rous ſounds his voice was
 " heard :—
 " This ſtubborn land ſins ſtill, nor is it Thee,
 " but Us
 " (Who've been ſo long their King) they ſeek to
 " caſt off thus ; 325
 " Five hundred rolling years hath this ſtiff nation
 " ſtrove
 " T' exhaust the boundleſs ſtores of our unfa-
 " thom'd love.
 " Be 't ſo then ; yet once more are we reſolv'd
 " to try
 " T' outweary them through all their ſins' variety :
 " Aſſemble, ten days hence, the numerous people
 " here, 330
 " To draw the royal lot which our hid mark ſhall
 " bear.
 " Diſmiſs them now in peace ; but their next
 " crime ſhall bring
 " Ruin without redreſs on them, and on their
 " king.
 " Th' Almighty ſpoke ; th' aſtoniſh'd people
 " part
 " With various ſtamps impreſs'd on every heart :

- " Some their demand repented, others prais'd;
 " Some had no thoughts at all, but star'd and gaz'd.
 " There dwelt a man, nam'd Cis, in Gibeath
 " town;
 " For wisdom much, and much for courage,
 " known;
 " More for his son; his mighty son was Saul, 340
 " Whom nature, ere the lots, t' a throne did call.
 " He was much prince, and when, or wherefoe'er,
 " His birth had been, then had he reign'd, and
 " there.
 " Such beauty, as great strength thinks no dif-
 " grace,
 " Smil'd in the manly features of his face; 345
 " His large, black eyes, fill'd with a spritful
 " light,
 " Shot forth such lively and illustrious night,
 " As the sun-beams, on jet reflecting, shew;
 " His hair, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow;
 " His tall straight body amidst thousands stood,
 " Like some fair pine o'erlooking all th' ignobler
 " wood. 351
 " Of all our rural sports he was the pride;
 " So swift, so strong, so dextrous, none beside.
 " Rest was his toil, labours his lust and game;
 " No natural wants could his fierce diligence tame,
 " Not thirst nor hunger; he would journeys go
 " Through raging heats, and take repose in snow.
 " His soul was ne'er unbent from weighty care;
 " But active as some mind that turns a sphere.
 " His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
 " Nor step'd aside for dangers or delight, 361
 " Yet was he wise all dangers to foresee;
 " But born t' affright, and not to fear, was he,
 " His wit was strong, not fine; and on his tongue
 " An artless grace, above all eloquence, hung. 365
 " These virtues too the rich unusual dress
 " Of modesty adorn'd, and humbleness:
 " Like a rich varnish o'er fair pictures laid,
 " More fresh and lasting they the colours made.
 " Till power and violent fortune, which did find
 " No stop or bound, o'erwhelm'd no less his
 " mind. 371
 " Did, deluge-like, the natural forms deface,
 " And brought forth unknown monsters in their
 " place.
 " Forbid it, God! my master's spots should be,
 " Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me! 375
 " But such he was; and now to Ramah went
 " (So God dispos'd) with a strange, low intent.
 " Great God! he went lost asses to enquire,
 " And a small present, his small question's hire,
 " Brought simply with him, to that man to give,
 " From whom high Heaven's chief gifts he must
 " receive: 381
 " Strange play of Fate! when mightiest human
 " things
 " Hang on such small, imperceptible strings!
 " 'Twas Samuel's birth-day; a glad annual feast
 " All Ramah kept; Samuel his wondering guest
 " With such respect leads to it, and does grace
 " With the choice meats o' th' feast, and highest
 " place:
 " Which done, him forth alone the prophet brings,
 " And seals his ravish'd ears with nobler things:
 " He tells the mighty fate to him assign'd, 390
 " And with great rules fill'd his capacious mind;
 " Then takes the sacred vial, and does shed
 " A crown of mystic drops around his head;
 " Drops of that royal moisture which does know
 " No mixture, and disdains the place below. 395
 " Soon comes the kingly day, and with it brings
 " A new account of time upon his wings.
 " The people met, the rites and prayers all past,
 " Behold! the heaven-instructed lot is cast;
 " 'Tis taught by Heaven its way, and cannot
 " miss; 400
 " Forth Benjamin, forth leaps the house of Cis:
 " As glimmering stars, just at th' approach of
 " day,
 " Cashier'd by troops, at last drop all away;
 " By such degrees all men's bright hopes are gone,
 " And, like the sun, Saul's lot shines all alone. 405
 " Ev'n here perhaps the people's shout was
 " heard,
 " The loud long shout, when God's fair choice
 " appear'd:
 " Above the whole vast throng he' appear'd so
 " tall,
 " As if by Nature made for th' head of all:
 " So full of grace and state, that one might
 " know 410
 " 'Twas some wise eye the blind lot guided so:
 " But blind unguided lots have more of choice
 " And constancy than the slight vulgar's voice.
 " Ere yet the crown of sacred oil is dry,
 " Whilst echoes yet preserve the joyful cry, 415
 " Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to
 " miss,
 " Some envy Saul, some scorn the house of Cis:
 " Some their first mutinous wish, 'a King!'
 " repent,
 " As if, since that, quite spoil'd by God's consent:
 " Few to this prince their first just duties pay; 420
 " All leave the old, but few the new obey.
 " Thus changes man, but God is constant still
 " To those eternal grounds that mov'd his will;
 " And though he yielded first to them, 'tis fit
 " That stubborn men at last to him submit. 425
 " As midst the main a low small island lies,
 " Assaulted round with stormy seas and skies,
 " Whilst the poor heartless natives, every hour,
 " Darkress and noise seem ready to devour;
 " Such Israel's state appear'd, whilst o'er the
 " west 430
 " Philistian clouds hung threatening, and from
 " th' east
 " All nations' wrath into one tempest joins,
 " Through which proud Nahash like fierce light-
 " ning shines;
 " Tygris and Nile to his assistance send,
 " And waters to swell Jaboc's torrent lend; 435
 " Seir, Edom, Seba, Amalek, add their force;
 " Up with them march the three Arabias' horse;
 " And, 'mongst all these, none more their hope
 " or pride,
 " Than those few troops your warlike land sup-
 " ply'd.
 " Around weak Jabez this vast host does lie, 440
 " Disdains a dry and bloodless victory.

" The hopeleſs town for ſlavery does intreat ;
 " But barbarous Nahafh thinks that grace too
 " great ;
 " He (his firſt tribute) their right eyes, demands,
 " And with their faces' ſhame diſarms their
 " hands, 445
 " If unreliev'd ſeven days by Iſrael's aid,
 " This bargain for o'er-rated life is made.
 " Ah, mighty God ! let thine own Iſrael be
 " Quite blind itſelf, ere this reproach it ſee !
 " By' his wanton people the new king forſook,
 " To homely, rural cares himſelf betook ; 451
 " In private plenty liv'd, without the ſtate,
 " Luſtre, and noiſe, due to a public fate.
 " Whiſt he his ſlaves and cattle follows home,
 " Lo! the ſad meſſengers from Jabesh come, 455
 " Implore his help, and weep, as if they meant
 " That way at leaſt proud Nahafh to prevent.
 " Mov'd with a kingly wrath, his ſtrict command
 " He iſſues forth t' aſſemble all the land ;
 " He threatens high, and diſobedient they, 460
 " Wak'd by ſuch princely terrors, learnt t' obey.
 " A mighty hoſt is rais'd ; th' important cauſe
 " Age from their reſt, youth from their pleaſure,
 " draws ;
 " Arm'd as unſuſtain'd haſte could them provide ;
 " But conduct, courage, anger, that ſupply'd. 465
 " All night they march'd, and are at th' early dawn
 " On Jabesh' heath in three fair bodies drawn :
 " Saul did himſelf the firſt and ſtrongeſt band,
 " His ſon the next, Abner the third, command.—
 " But pardon, Sir, if, naming Saul's great ſon,
 " I ſtop with him awhile ere I go on.— 471
 " This is that Jonathan, the joy and grace,
 " The beautifull'ſt and beſt, of human race ;
 " That Jonathan, in whom does mix'd remain
 " All that kind mothers' wiſhes can contain ! 475
 " His courage ſuch as it no ſtop can know,
 " And victory gains by' aſtoniſhing the foe ;
 " With lightning's force his enemies it confounds,
 " And melts their hearts ere it the boſom wounds ;
 " Yet he the conquer'd with ſuch ſweetneſs gains
 " As captive lovers find in beauty's chains :
 " In war, the adverſe troops he does aſſail
 " Like an impetuous ſtorm of wind and hail ;
 " In peace, like gentleſt dew that does aſſuage
 " The burning months, and temper Syrius' rage ;
 " Kind as the ſun's bleſt influence ; and, where'er
 " He comes, plenty and joy attend him there :
 " To help ſeems all his power ; his wealth, to
 " give ;
 " To do much good, his ſole prerogative :
 " And yet this general bounty of his mind, 490
 " That with wide arms embraces all mankind,
 " Such artful prudence does to each divide ;
 " With different meaſures all are ſatisfy'd ;
 " Juſt as wife God his plenteous manna dealt ;
 " Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt.
 " To all relations their juſt rights he pays, 496
 " And worth's reward above its claim does raiſe :
 " The tendereſt huſband, maſter, father, ſon,
 " And all thoſe parts by' his frienſhip far out-
 " done ;
 " His love to friends no bound or rule does know,
 " What he to Heaven, all that to him they owe.

" Keen as his ſword, and pointed, is his wit ;
 " His judgment, like beſt armour, ſtrong and fit ;
 " And ſuch an eloquence to both theſe does join,
 " As makes in both beauty and uſe combine ; 505
 " Through which a noble tincture does appear
 " By learning and choice books imprinted there :
 " As well he knows all times and perſons gone,
 " As he himſelf to th' future ſhall be known :
 " But his chief ſtudy is God's ſacred law, 510
 " And all his life does comments on it draw ;—
 " As never more by Heaven to man was given,
 " So never more was paid by man to Heaven.—
 " And all theſe virtues were to ripeneſs grown,
 " Ere yet his flower of youth was fully blown ; 515
 " All autumn's ſtore did his rich ſpring adorn ;
 " Like trees in paradise, he with fruit was born.
 " Such is his ſoul ; and if, as ſome men tell,
 " Souls form and build thoſe manſions where
 " they dwell,
 " Whoe'er but ſees his body muſt confeſs, 520
 " The architect, no doubt, could be no leſs.
 " From Saul his growth and manly ſtrength he
 " took,
 " Chaiſt'd by bright Ahinoam's gentler look ;
 " Not bright Ahinoam, beauty's loudeſt name
 " (Till ſhe t' her children loſt with joy her fame)
 " Had ſweeter ſtrokes, colours more freſh and
 " fair, 526
 " More darting eyes, or lovelier auburn hair.
 " Forgive me, that I thus your patience wrong,
 " And on this boundleſs ſubject ſtay ſo long,
 " Where too much haſte ever to end 'twould be,
 " Did not his acts ſpeak what's untold by me.
 " Though, from the time his hands a ſword could
 " wield,
 " He ne'er miſs'd fame and danger in the field,
 " Yet this was the firſt day that call'd him forth,
 " Since Saul's bright crown gave luſtre to his
 " worth ; 535
 " 'Twas the laſt morning whoſe uncheerful riſe
 " Sad Jabesh was to view with both their eyes.
 " Secure proud Nahafh ſlept as in his court,
 " And dreamt, vain man ! of that day's barbarous
 " ſport,
 " Till noiſe and dreadful tumults him awoke : 540
 " Till into 'his camp our violent army broke.
 " The careleſs guards with ſmall reſiſtance kill'd ;
 " Slaughter the camp, and wild confuſion, fill'd ;
 " Nahafh his fatal duty does perform,
 " And marches boldly up t' outface the ſtorm ;
 " Fierce Jonathan he meets, as he purſues
 " Th' Arabian horſe, and a hot fight renews :
 " 'Twas here your troops behav'd themſelves ſo
 " well,
 " Till Uz and Jathan, their ſtout colonels, fell.
 " 'Twas here our victory ſtopp'd, and gave us
 " cauſe 550
 " Much to ſuſpect th' intention of her pauſe ;
 " But, when our thundering Prince Nahafh clipp'd
 " (Who, with a courage equal to his pride,
 " Broke through our troops, and towards him
 " boldly preſs'd)
 " A generous joy leap'd in his youthful breaſt.
 " As when a wrathful dragon's diſmal light 555
 " Strikes ſuddenly ſome warlike eagle's fight,

" The mighty foe pleases his fearless eyes,
 " He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
 " With vain though violent force their darts they
 " flung; 560
 " In Ammon's plated belt Jonathan's hung,
 " And stopp'd there; Ammon did his helmet hit,
 " And gliding off, bore the proud crest from it;
 " Strait with their swords to the fierce shock
 " they came,
 " Their swords, their armour, and their eyes, shot
 " flame; 565
 " Blows strong as thunder, thick as rain, they
 " dealt,
 " Which more than they th' engag'd spectators
 " felt;
 " In Ammon force, in Jonathan address
 " (Though both were great in both to an excess)
 " To the well-judging eye did most appear; 570
 " Honour and anger in both equal were.
 " Two wounds our Prince receiv'd, and Ammon
 " three;
 " Which, he enrag'd to feel, and 'sham'd to see,
 " Did his whole strength into one blow collect;—
 " And as a spaniel, when we our aim direct 575
 " To shoot some bird, impatiently stands by
 " Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly,
 " Just as it drops, upon the wounded prey;
 " So waited Death itself to bear away
 " The threaten'd life; did glad and greedy stand
 " At sight of mighty Ammon's lifted hand.— 58:
 " Our watchful Prince by bending fav'd the
 " wound;
 " But Death in other coin his reckoning found;
 " For, whilst th' immoderate stroke's miscarrying
 " force
 " Had almost borne the striker from his horse,
 " A nimble thrust his active enemy made; 586
 " 'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious
 " blade,
 " And opened wide those secret vessels, where
 " Life's light goes out, when first they let in air.
 " He falls! his armour clanks against the ground,
 " From his faint tongue imperfect curses found.
 " His amaz'd troops strait cast their arms away;
 " Scarce fled his soul from thence more swift
 " than they.
 " As when two kings of neighbour hives (whom
 " rage
 " And thirst of empire in fierce wars engage, 595
 " Whilst each lays claim to th' garden as his own,
 " And seeks t' usurp the bordering flowers alone)
 " Their well-arm'd troops drawn boldly forth to
 " fight,
 " In th' air's wide plain dispute their doubtful
 " right;
 " If by sad chance of battle either king 600
 " Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal
 " sting,
 " His army's hopes and courage with him die;
 " They sheathe up their faint swords, and routed fly.
 " On th' other sides at once, with like success,
 " Into the camp great Saul and Abner press; 605
 " From Jonathan's part a wild mix'd noise they
 " hear,
 " And, what foe'er it mean, long to be there;
 VOL. II.

" At the same instant from glad Jabesh' town
 " The hasty troops march loud and cheerful
 " down;
 " Some few at first with vain resistance fall, 610
 " The rest is slaughter and vast conquest all.
 " The fate by which our host thus far had gone,
 " Our host with noble heat drove farther on;
 " Victorious arms thro' Ammon's land it bore:
 " Ruin behind, and terror march'd before: 615
 " Where'er from Rabba's towers they cast their
 " sight,
 " Smoke clouds the day, and flames make clear
 " the night.
 " This bright success did Saul's first action bring;
 " The oil, the lot, and crown, less crown'd him
 " king:
 " The Happy all men judge for empire fit, 620
 " And none withstands where Fortune does
 " submit.
 " Those who before did God's fair choice with-
 " stand,
 " Th' excessive vulgar now to death demand;
 " But wiser Saul repeal'd their hasty doom;
 " Conquest abroad, with mercy crown'd at home;
 " Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that day's
 " pride, 626
 " Which foreign blood in nobler purple dy'd.
 " Again the crown th' assembled people give,
 " With greater joy than Saul could it receive;
 " Again th' old Judge resigns his sacred place 630
 " (God glorify'd with wonders his disgrace);
 " With decent pride, such as did well befit
 " The name he kept, and that which he did quit:
 " The long-past row of happy years he show'd
 " Which to his heavenly government they ow'd;
 " How the torn State his just and prudent reign
 " Restor'd to order, plenty, power, again;
 " In war what conquering miracles he wrought;—
 " God, then their King, was General when they
 " fought;
 " Whom they depos'd with him—And that,
 " said he, 635
 " You may see God concern'd in 't more than we;
 " Behold how storms his angry presence spread;
 " Hark how his wrath in thunder threats aloud;
 " 'Twas now the ripen'd summer's highest rage;
 " Which no faint cloud durst mediate to assuage,
 " Th' earth hot with thirst, and hot with lust
 " for rain, 646
 " Gap'd, and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
 " Which strait were scatter'd, or devour'd by th'
 " sun;
 " When, lo! ere scarce the active speech was done,
 " A violent wind rose from his secret cave, 650
 " And troops of frighted clouds before it drave:
 " Whilst with rude haste the confus'd tempest
 " crowds,
 " Swift, dreadful flames shot thro' th' encounter-
 " ing clouds,
 " From whose torn womb th' imprison'd thunder
 " broke,
 " And in dire sounds the prophet's sense it
 " spoke; 655
 " Such an impetuous shower it downwards sent,
 " As if the waters 'bove the firmament
 " S

" Were all let loose; horror and fearful noise
 " Fill'd the black scene; till the great prophet's
 " voice,
 " Swift as the wings of morn, reduc'd the day; 660
 " Wind, thunder, rain, and clouds, fled all at
 " once away.
 " Fear not, said he; God his fierce wrath removes,
 " And, tho' this State my service disapproves,
 " My prayers shall serve it constantly: No more,
 " I hope, a pardon for past sin I implore; 665
 " But just rewards from gracious Heaven to bring
 " On the good deeds of you, and of our king.
 " Behold him there! and as you see, rejoice
 " In the kind care of God's impartial choice.
 " Behold his beauty, courage, strength, and wit!
 " The honour Heaven has cloath'd him with,
 " fits fit 671
 " And comely on him; since you needs must be
 " Rul'd by a King, you're happy that 'tis he.
 " Obey him gladly; and let him too know
 " You were not made for him, but he for you, 675
 " And both for God;
 " Whose gentlest yoke if once you cast away,
 " In vain shall he command, and you obey;
 " To foreign tyrants both shall slaves become,
 " Instead of king and subjects here at home. 680
 " The crown thus several ways confirm'd to
 " Saul,
 " One way was wanting yet to crown them all;
 " And that was force, which only can maintain
 " The power that fortune gives, or worth does
 " gain. 685
 " Three thousand guards of big bold men he took;
 " Tall, terrible, and guards ev'n with their look:
 " His sacred person two, and throne, defend;
 " The third, on matchless Jonathan attend;
 " O'er whose full thoughts Honour, and Youth-
 " ful Heat, 690
 " Sate brooding, to hatch actions good and great.
 " On Geba first, where a Philistian band
 " Lies, and around torments the fetter'd land,
 " He falls, and slaughters all; his noble rage
 " Mix'd with design his nation to engage
 " In that just war, which from them long in
 " vain,
 " Honour and freedom's voice had strove t' ob-
 " tain. 696
 " Th' accus'd Philistian, rous'd with this bold
 " blow,
 " All the proud marks of enrag'd power does
 " show;
 " Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering host:
 " If human strength might authorize a boast, 700
 " Their threats had reason here; for ne'er did we
 " Ourselves so weak, or foe so potent, see.
 " Here we vast bodies of their foot spy,
 " The rear out-reaches far th' extended eye;
 " Like fields of corn their arm'd squadrons stand;
 " As thick and numberless they hide the land. 706
 " Here with sharp neighs the warlike horses
 " found,
 " And with proud prancings beat the putrid
 " ground:
 " Here with worse noise three thousand chariots
 " pass,
 " With plates of iron bound, or louder brags; 710

" About it forks, axes, and scythes, and spears,
 " Whole magazines of death each chariot bears;
 " Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows,
 " And with lopp'd panting limbs the field be-
 " flows:
 " Alike, the valiant and the cowards die: 715
 " Neither can they resist, nor can these fly.
 " In this proud equipage, at Macmas they,
 " Saul in much different state at Gilgal, lay;
 " His forces seem'd no army but a crowd,
 " Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud. 720
 " The quick contagion, Fear, ran swift thro' all,
 " And into trembling fits th' infected fall.
 " Saul and his son (for no such faint disease
 " Could on their strong-complexion'd valour
 " seize)
 " In vain all parts of virtuous conduct show'd, 725
 " And on deaf terror generous words bestow'd:
 " Thousands from thence fly scatter'd every day,
 " Thick as the leaves that shake and drop away,
 " When they th' approach of stormy winter find;
 " The noble tree all bare expos'd to th' wind. 730
 " Some to 'ad Jordan fly, and swim 't for haste,
 " And from his farther bank look back at last:
 " Some into woods and caves their cattle drive;
 " There with their beasts on equal terms they
 " live,
 " Nor deserve better: some in rocks on high, 735
 " The old retreats of storks and ravens, lie;
 " And, were they wing'd like them, scarce would
 " they dare
 " To stay, or trust their frighted safety there.
 " As th' host with fear, so Saul disturb'd with
 " care,
 " T' avert these ills by sacrifice and prayer 740
 " And God's blest will t' enquire, for Samuel
 " sends;
 " Whom he six days with troubled haste attends;
 " But, ere the seventh unlucky day (the last
 " By Samuel set for this great work) was past,
 " Saul (alarm'd hourly from the neighbouring
 " foe; 745
 " Impatient, ere God's time, God's mind to know;
 " Sham'd and enrag'd to see his troops decay;
 " Jealous of an affront in Samuel's stay;
 " Scorning that any's presence should appear
 " Needful besides, when he himself was there; 750
 " And, with a pride too natural, thinking Heaven
 " Had given him all, because much power 't had
 " given)
 " Himself the sacrifice and offerings made;
 " Himself did th' high selected charge invade;
 " Himself enquir'd of God; who then spake
 " nought; 755
 " But Samuel strait his dreadful answer brought:
 " For strait he came, and with a virtue bold
 " As was Saul's sin, the fatal message told;
 " His soul ingratitude to Heaven he chid,
 " To pluck that fruit, which was alone forbid 760
 " To kingly power, in all that plenteous land,
 " Where all things else submit to his command.
 " And, as fair Eden's violated tree
 " T' immortal man brought in mortality:
 " So shall that crown, which God eternal meant,
 " From thee, said he, and thy great house, be
 " rent; 766

"Thy crime shall death to all thine honours send,
 "And give thy' immortal royalty an end.
 "Thus spoke the prophet; but kind Heaven, we
 "hope 769
 "(Whose threats and anger know no other scope
 "But man's amendment) does long since relent,
 "And, with repentant Saul, itself repent.
 "Howe'er (though none more pray for this than
 "we,
 "Whose wrongs and sufferings might some co-
 "lour be
 "To do it less) this speech we sadly find 775
 "Still extant, and still active in his mind;
 "But then a worse effect of it appear'd—
 "Our army, which before modestly fear'd;
 "Which did by stealth and by degrees decay;
 "Disbanded now, and fled in troops away. 780
 "Base fear so bold and impudent does grow,
 "When an excuse and colour it can show!
 "Six hundred only (scarce a princely train)
 "Of all his host with distress'd Saul remain;
 "Of his whole host six hundred; and even those
 "(So did wise Heaven for mighty ends dispose!
 "Nor would that useless multitudes should share
 "In that great gift it did for one prepare)
 "Arm'd not like soldiers marching in a war,
 "But country-hinds alarmed from afar 790
 "By wolves' loud hunger, when the well-known
 "found
 "Raises th' affrighted villages around.
 "Some goads, flails, plow-shares, forks, or axes,
 "bore,
 "Made for life's use and better ends before;
 "Some knotted clubs, and darts, or arrows
 "dry'd 795
 "I th' fire, the first rude arts that malice try'd,
 "Ere man the sins of too much knowledge knew,
 "And death by long experience witty grew.
 "Such were the numbers, such the arms, which
 "we
 "Had by fate left us for a victory 800
 "O'er well-arm'd millions; nor will this appear
 "Useful itself, when Jonathan was there.
 "T'was just the time when the new ebb of
 "night
 "Did the moist world unvail to human fight;
 "The Prince, who all that night the field had beat
 "With a small party, and no enemy met. 806
 "(So proud and so secure the enemy lay,
 "And drench'd in sleep th' excesses of the day)
 "With joy this good occasion did embrace,
 "With better leisure, and at nearer space, 810
 "The strength and order of their camp to view:
 "Abdon alone his generous purpose knew;
 "Abdon, a bold, a brave, and comely youth,
 "Well-born, well-bred, with honour fill'd, and
 "truth;
 "Abdon, his faithful 'quire, whom much he
 "lov'd, 815
 "And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd;
 "Abdon, whose love t' his matter did exceed
 "What Nature's law, or Passion's power, could
 "breed;
 "Abdon alone did on him now attend,
 "His humblest servant, and his dearest friend. 820

"They went, but sacred fury, as they went,
 "Chang'd swiftly, and exalted his intent.
 "What may this be! (the Prince breaks forth);
 "I find
 "God, or some powerful spirit, invades my mind.
 "From aught but Heaven can never sure be
 "brought 825
 "So high, so glorious, and so vast a thought:
 "Nor would ill-fate, that meant me to surprize,
 "Come cloath'd in so unlikely a disguise.
 "Yon host, which its proud fishes spreads so wide
 "O'er the whole land, like some swollen river's
 "tide; 830
 "Which terrible and numberless appears,
 "As the thick waves which their rough ocean
 "bears:
 "Which lies so strongly 'encamp'd, that one
 "would say
 "The hill might be remov'd as soon as they;
 "We two alone must fight with and defeat; 835
 "Thou'rt strook, and startest at a sound so great!
 "Yet we must do 't; God our weak hands has
 "chose
 "T' asham'd the boasted numbers of our foes;
 "Which to his strength no more proportion be,
 "Than millions are of hours to his eternity. 840
 "If, when their careless guards spy us here,
 "With sportful scorn they call t' us to come near,
 "We'll boldly climb the hill, and charge them all;
 "Not they, but Israel's Angel, gives the call.
 "He spoke, and as he spoke, a light divine 845
 "Did from his eyes, and round his temples, shine;
 "Louder his voice, larger his limbs, appear'd;
 "Less seem'd the numerous army to be fear'd.
 "This saw, and heard, with joy the brave Esquire,
 "As he with God's, fill'd with his master's fire:
 "Forbid it, Heaven! said he, I should decline, 850
 "Or wish, Sir, not to make your danger mine:
 "The great example which I daily see
 "Of your high worth is not so lost on me;
 "If wonder-strook I at your words appear, 855
 "My wonder yet is innocent of fear:
 "Th' honour which does your princely breast
 "enflame,
 "Warms mine too, and joins there with duty's
 "name.
 "If in this act ill-fate our tempter be,
 "May all the ill it means be aim'd at me! 860
 "But sure, I think, God leads; nor could you
 "bring
 "So high thoughts from a less-exalted spring.
 "Bright signs through all your words and looks
 "are spread,
 "A rising victory dawns around your head.
 "With such discourse blowing their sacred flame,
 "Lo, to the fatal place and work they came. 866
 "Strongly encamp'd on a steep hill's large
 "head,
 "Like some vast wood the mighty host was
 "spread;
 "Th' only access on neighbouring Gabaa's side,
 "An hard and narrow way, which did divide 870
 "Two clifsy rocks, Boses and Senes nam'd,
 "Much for themselves, and their big strangeness,
 "sam'd;

" More for their fortune, and this stranger day.
 " On both their points Philistian out-guards lay,
 " From whence the two bold spies they first
 " cly'd; 875
 " And lo! the Hebrews! proud Eleanor cry'd,
 " From Scenes' top; lo! from their hungry caves,
 " A quicker fate here sends them to their graves.
 " Come up (aloud he cries to them below)
 " Ye' Egyptian slaves, and to our mercy owe 880
 " The rebel-lives long since t' our justice due.
 " Scarce from his lips the fatal omen flew,
 " When th' inspir'd Prince did nimbly understand
 " God, and his God-like virtues' high command.
 " It call'd him up, and up the steep ascent 885
 " With pain and labour, haste and joy they
 " went.
 " Eleanor laugh'd to see them climb, and thought
 " His mighty words th' affrighted suppliants
 " brought;
 " Did new affronts to the great Hebrew Name,
 " (The barbarous!) in his wanton fancy frame.
 " Short was his sport; for, swift as thunder's
 " stroke 891
 " Rives the frail trunk of some heaven-threaten-
 " ing oak,
 " The Prince's sword did his proud head divide;
 " The parted skull hung down on either side.
 " Just as he fell, his vengeful steel he drew 895
 " Half-way (no more the trembling joints could
 " do);
 " Which Abdon snatch'd, and dy'd it in the
 " blood
 " Of an amazed wretch that next him stood.
 " Some close to earth, shaking and groveling, lie,
 " Like larks when they the tyrant hobby spy; 900
 " Some, wonder-struck, stand fix'd; some fly;
 " some arm
 " Wildly, at th' unintelligible alarm.
 " Like the main channel of an high-swoln flood,
 " In vain by dikes and broken works withstood;
 " So Jonathan, once climb'd th' opposing hill, 905
 " Does all around with noise and ruin fill:
 " Like some large arm of which, another way
 " Abdon o'erflows; him too no bank can stay.
 " With cries th' affrighted country flies before,
 " Behind the following waters loudly roar. 910
 " Twenty, at least, slain on this out-guard lie,
 " To th' adjoin'd camp the rest distracted fly;
 " And ill-mix'd wonders tell, and into 't bear
 " Blind terror, deaf disorder, helpless fear.
 " The conquerors too press boldly in behind, 915
 " Doubling the wild confusions which they find.
 " Hamgar at first, the Prince of Ashdod town,
 " Chief 'mongst the five in riches and renown,
 " And General then by course, oppos'd their way,
 " Till drown'd in death at Jonathan's feet he lay,
 " And curs'd the heaven for rage, and bit the
 " ground; 921
 " His life, for ever spilt, stain'd all the grafs
 " around.
 " His brother too, who virtuous haste did make
 " His fortune to revenge, or to partake,
 " Falls groveling o'er his trunk, on mother earth;
 " Death mix'd no less their bloods than did their
 " birth. 926

" Meanwhile the well-pleas'd Abdon's restless
 " sword
 " Dispatch'd the following train t' attend their
 " lord.
 " On still, o'er panting corpse, great Jonathan led;
 " Hundreds before him fell, and thousands fled.
 " Prodigious Prince! which does most wondrous
 " show, 931
 " Thy' attempt, or thy success? thy fate or thou?
 " Who durst alone that dreadful host assail,
 " With purpose not to die, but to prevail!
 " Infinite numbers thee no more affright, 935
 " Than God, whose unity is infinite.
 " If Heaven to men such mighty thoughts would
 " give,
 " What breast but thine capacious to receive
 " The vast infusion? or what soul but thine
 " Durst have believ'd that thought to be divine?
 " Thou follow'dst Heaven in the design, and we
 " Find in the act 'twas Heaven that follow'd thee.
 " Thou led'st on angels, and that sacred band
 " (The Deity's great lieutenant!) didst command.
 " 'Tis true, Sir, and no figure, when I say 945
 " Angels themselves fought under him that day.
 " Clouds, with ripe thunder charg'd, some thither
 " drew,
 " And some the dire materials brought from new.
 " Hot drops of southern showers (the sweats of
 " death)
 " The voice of storms, and winged whirlwinds'
 " breath; 950
 " The flames shot forth from fighting dragons'
 " eyes;
 " The smokes that from scorch'd fevers' ovens
 " rise;
 " The reddest fires with which sad comets grow;
 " And Sodom's neighbouring lake, did spirits
 " bestow
 " Of finest sulphur; amongst which they put 955
 " Wrath, fury, horror, and all mingled shut
 " Into a cold moist cloud t' enflame it more,
 " And make th' enraged prisoner louder roar.
 " Th' assembled clouds, burst o'er their army's
 " head;
 " Noise, darkness, dismal lightnings, round them
 " spread. 960
 " Another Spirit, with a more potent wand
 " Than that which Nature fear'd in Moses' hand,
 " And went the way that pleas'd, the mountain
 " strook;
 " The mountain felt it; the vast mountain shook.
 " Through the wide air another Angel flew 965
 " About their host, and thick amongst them threw
 " Discord, despair, confusion, fear, mistake,
 " And all th' ingredients that swift ruin make.
 " The fertile glebe requires no time to breed;
 " It quickens, and receives at once the seed. 970
 " One would have thought, this dismal day t'
 " have seen,
 " That Nature's self in her death-pangs had been.
 " Such will the face of that great hour appear;
 " Such the distracted sinners' conscious fear.
 " In vain some few strive the wild flight to
 " stay; 975
 " In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;

" Unheard, unheeded, trodden down, they lie,
 " Beneath the wretched feet of crowds that fly.
 " O'er their own foot trampled the violent horse;
 " The guiltless chariots with impetuous course
 " Cut wide through both; and, all their bloody
 " way, 981
 " Horses and men, torn, bruised, and mangled,
 " lay
 " Some from the rocks cast themselves down
 " headlong;
 " The faint, weak passion grows so bold and
 " strong!
 " To almost certain present death they fly, 985
 " From a remote and causeless fear to die.
 " Much different error did some troops possess;
 " And madness, that look'd better, though no less:
 " Their fellow-troops for th' enter'd foe they take;
 " And Israel's war with mutual slaughter make.
 " Meanwhile the king from Gabaa's hill did
 " view, 991
 " And hear, the thickening tumult, as it grew
 " Still great and loud; and, though he knows not
 " why
 " They fled, no more than they themselves that
 " fly,
 " Yet, by the storms and terrors of the air, 995
 " Guesse some vengeful spirit's working there;
 " Obeys the loud occasion's sacred call,
 " And fiercely on the trembling host does fall.
 " At the same time their slaves and prisoners rise;
 " Nor does their much-wish'd liberty suffice, 1000
 " Without revenge; the scatter'd arms they seize,
 " And their proud vengeance with the memory
 " please
 " Of who so lately bore them. All about,
 " From rocks and caves, the Hebrews issue out
 " At the glad noise; joy'd that their foes had
 " shown 1005
 " A fear that drowns the scandal of their own.
 " Still did the Prince 'midst all this storm appear,
 " Still scatter'd death and terrors every where;
 " Still did he break, still blunt, his wearied swords;
 " Still slaughter new supplies t' his hand affords.
 " Where troops yet stood, there still he hotly
 " flew, 1011
 " And, till at last all fled, scorn'd to pursue.
 " All fled at last, but many in vain; for still
 " Th' insatiate Conqueror was more swift to kill
 " Than they to save their lives. Till, lo! at last,
 " Nature, whose power he had so long surpass'd,
 " Would yield no more, but to him stronger foes,
 " Drought, faintness, and fierce hunger, did
 " oppose.
 " Reeking all o'er in dust, and blood, and sweat,
 " Burnt with the sun's and violent action's
 " heat, 1020
 " 'Gainst an old oak his trembling limbs he laid,
 " For some short ease; Fate in the old oak had
 " laid
 " Provisions up for his relief; and lo!
 " The hollow trunk did with bright honey flow.
 " With timely food his decay'd spirits recruit,
 " Strong he returns, and fresh, to the pursuit;
 " His strength and spirits the honey did restore;
 " But, oh! the bitter-sweet strange poison bore!

" Behold, Sir, and mark well the treacherous
 " fate,
 " That does so close on human glories wait! 1030
 " Behold the strong, and yet fantastic net,
 " T' ensnare triumphant virtue darkly set!
 " Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought,
 " The Prince—who had alone that morning
 " fought
 " A duel with an host, had th' host o'erthrown,
 " And threescore thousand hands disarm'd with
 " one; 1036
 " Wash'd-off his country's shame, and doubly
 " dy'd
 " In blood and blushes the Philistian pride;
 " Had sav'd and fix'd his father's tottering crown,
 " And the bright gold new burnish'd with re-
 " nown— 1040
 " Should be ere night, by's King and Father's
 " breath,
 " Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
 " Destin'd the bloody sacrifice to be
 " Of thanks, himself, for his own victory?
 " Alone, with various fate, like to become, 1045
 " Fighting, an host; dying, an hecatomb?
 " Yet such, Sir, was his case;
 " For Saul, who fear'd lest the full plenty might
 " (In the abandon'd camp expos'd to fight)
 " His hungry men from the pursuit dissuade, 1050
 " A rash, but solemn vow to Heaven had made—
 " Curs'd be the wretch, thrice curs'd let him be,
 " Who shall touch food this busy day, said he,
 " Whilst the blest sun does with his favouring
 " light 1054
 " Assist our vengeful swords against their flight:
 " Be he thrice curs'd! and, if his life we spare,
 " On us those curses fall that he should bear!
 " Such was the king's rash vow; who little
 " thought
 " How near to him Fate th' application brought.
 " The two-edg'd oath wounds deep, perform'd
 " or broke; 1060
 " Ev'n perjury its least and bluntest stroke.
 " 'Twas his own son, whom God as mankind
 " lov'd,
 " His own victorious son, that he devov'd:
 " On whose bright head the baleful curses light:
 " But Providence, his helmet in the fight, 1065
 " Forbids their entrance or their settling there;
 " They with brute sound dissolv'd into the air.
 " Him what religion, or what vow, could bind,
 " Unknown, unheard-of, till he his life did find
 " Entangled in't? whilst wonders he did do, 1070
 " Must he die now for not being prophet too?
 " To all but him this oath was meant and said:
 " He, afar off, the ends for which 'twas made
 " Was acting then, till, faint and out of breath,
 " He grew half-dead with toil of giving death.
 " What could his crime in this condition be, 1076
 " Excus'd by ignorance and necessity?
 " Yet the remorseless king—who did disdain
 " That man should hear him swear or threat in
 " vain,
 " Though 'gainst himself; or fate a way should
 " see 1080
 " By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be;

" Who thought compassion female weakness here,
 " And equity injustice, would appear
 " In his own cause; who falsely fear'd beside,
 " The solemn curse on Jonathan did abide, 1085
 " And, the infected limb not cut away,
 " Would like a gangrene o'er all Israel stray;—
 " Prepar'd this god-like sacrifice to kill,
 " And his rash vow more rashly to fulfil.
 " What tongue can th' horror and amazement
 " tell 1090
 " Which on all Israel that sad moment fell!
 " Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,
 " Had the Philistian fate that day been theirs.
 " Not Saul's proud heart could master his swollen
 " eye; 1094
 " The Prince alone stood mild and patient by;
 " So bright his sufferings, so triumphant, show'd,
 " Less to the best than worst of fates he ow'd.
 " A victory now he o'er himself might boast;
 " He conquer'd now, that conqueror of an host.

" It charm'd through tears the sad spectator's sight,
 " Did reverence, love, and gratitude, excite, 1101
 " And pious rage; with which inspir'd, they now
 " Oppose to Saul's a better public vow.
 " They all consent all Israel ought to be
 " Accurs'd and kill'd themselves, rather than he.
 " Thus with kind force they the glad king with-
 " stood, 1106
 " And fav'd their wondrous favour's sacred
 " blood!"

Thus David spoke; and much did yet remain
 Behind, th' attentive prince to entertain;
 Edom and Zoba's war—for what beseel 1110
 In that of Moab, was known there too well:
 The boundless quarrel with curs'd Amalek's land;
 Where Heaven itself did cruelty command,
 And practis'd on Saul's mercy, nor did ere
 More punish innocent blood, than pity there. 1115
 But lo! they arriv'd now at th' appointed place;
 Well-chosen and well-furnish'd for the chase.

I
 trou
 pany
 whic
 (and
 Orca
 or in
 amon
 afflic
 the i
 royal
 of spe
 I kno
 the li
 much
 an ill
 dious
 think
 whole
 tion o
 coura
 rocke
 dream
 from
 Bu
 body,
 that
 long-f
 since
 and a
 bitter
 I fell
 of spe
 compl

A

D I S C O U R S E,

BY WAY OF VISION,

CONCERNING THE

GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

IT was the funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called protector. And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble or folly of all public pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them and be a spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular virtuosos) as far as from the Mount in Cornwall, and from the Orcades. I found there had been much more cost bellowed than either the dead man, or indeed death itself, could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants, among which, too, divers princes in the persons of their ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their brother) were pleased to attend; the hearse was magnificent, the idol crowned, and (not to mention all other ceremonies which are practised at royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast multitude of spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle itself. But yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed, that, methought, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; much noise, much tumult, much expence, much magnificence, much vain-glory; briefly, a great show, and yet, after all this, but an ill sight. At last (for it seemed long to me, and like his short reign too, very tedious) the whole scene passed by; and I retired back to my chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the mourners; where I began to reflect on the whole life of this prodigious man: and sometimes I was filled with horror and detestation of his actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct, and success; till by these different motions and agitations of mind, rocked as it were asleep, I fell at last into this vision; or if you please to call it but a dream, I shall not take it ill, because the father of poets tells us, even dreams, too, are from God.

But sure it was no dream; for I was suddenly transported afar off (whether in the body, or out of the body, like St. Paul, I know not) and found myself on the top of that famous hill in the island of Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not-long-since most happy kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked on them, the "not-long-since" struck upon my memory, and called forth the sad representation of all the sins, and all the miseries, that had overwhelmed them these twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours; and, when my present stock of moisture was all wasted, I fell a sighing for an hour more; and, as soon as I recovered from my passion the use of speech and reason, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon England) into this complaint:

Ah, happy isle, how art thou chang'd and curs'd,
 Since I was born, and knew thee first!
 When peace, which had forsook the world around
 (Frighted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound)
 Thee for a private place of rest,
 And a secure retirement, chose
 Wherein to build her halcyon nest;
 No wind durst stir abroad, the air to discompose:

When all the riches of the globe beside
 Flow'd in to thee with every tide;
 When all, that nature did thy soil deny,
 The growth was of thy fruitful industry;
 When all the proud and dreadful sea,
 And all his tributary streams,
 A constant tribute paid to thee;
 When all the liquid world was one extended Thames:
 When plenty in each village did appear,
 And bounty was its steward there;
 When gold walk'd free about in open view,
 Ere it one conquering party's prisoner grew;
 When the religion of our state
 Had face and substance with her voice,
 Ere she, by her foolish loves of late,
 Like Echo (once a Nymph) turn'd only into noise:
 When men to men, respect and friendship bore,
 And God with reverence did adore;
 When upon earth no kingdom could have shown
 A happier monarch to us, than our own:
 And yet his subjects by him were
 (Which is a truth will hardly be
 Receiv'd by any vulgar ear,
 A secret known to few) made happier ev'n than he.
 Thou dost a Chaos, and Confusion, now,
 A Babel, and a Bedlam, grow,
 And, like a frantic person, thou dost tear
 The ornaments and cloaths which thou should'st wear,
 And cut thy limbs; and, if we see
 (Just as thy barbarous Britons did)
 Thy body with hypocrisy
 Painted all o'er, thou think'st thy naked shame is hid.
 The nations, which envied thee erewhile,
 Now laugh (too little 'tis to smile);
 They laugh, and would have pitied thee, alas!
 But that thy faults all pity do surpass.
 Art thou the country, which didst hate
 And mock the French inconstancy?
 And have we, have we seen of late
 Less change of habits there, than governments in thee?
 Unhappy isle! no ship of thine at sea,
 Was ever tost and torn like thee.
 Thy naked hulk loose on the waves does beat,
 The rocks and banks around her ruin threat;
 What did thy foolish pilots ail,
 To lay the compass quite aside?
 Without a law or rule to fail,
 And rather take the winds, than heavens, to be their guide!
 Yet, mighty God! yet, yet, we humbly crave,
 This floating isle from shipwreck save;
 And though, to wash that blood which does it stain,
 It well deserve to sink into the main;

Yet, for the royal martyr's prayer
 ('The royal martyr prays, we know)
 'This guilty, perishing vessel spare;

Hear but his soul above, and not his blood below !

I think I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition ; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked ; but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over, with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it : and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning bras ; and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot too, upon his head. He held in his right-hand a sword, that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the motto of it was, " Pax queritur bello ;" and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine ; yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly, " What art thou ?" And he said, " I am called the north-west principality, his highness, the protector of the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereto ; for I am that angel, to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place." And I answered and said, " If it be so, Sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past, your highness has been absent from your charge : for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man, had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion, but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way ; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector, as was his predecessor Richard the Third to the king his nephew ; for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it : a little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had, as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk, than this every month's apostate ; such a protector, as man is to his flocks which he sheers, and sells, or devours himself, and I would fain know, what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a protector—" and as I was proceeding, methought, his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company ; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him, for I did not believe that Cromwell among all foreign correspondences had ever held any with angels. However I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then : and therefore (as if I had spoken to the protector himself in Whitehall) I desired him " that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the disparagement of a person, whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know."

At which he told me " that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world : which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalized English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman (said he, very kindly and very flatteringly) for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue, What can be more extraordinary, than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should

have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly-founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors, when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to over-run each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory), to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished, but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched-out to the extent of his immortal designs *?"

By this speech, I began to understand perfectly well what kind of angel his pretended highness was; and having fortified myself privately with a short mental prayer, and with the sign of the cross (not out of any superstition to the sign, but as a recognition of my baptism in Christ), I grew a little bolder, and replied in this manner: "I should not venture to oppose what you are pleased to say in commendation of the late great, and (I confess) extraordinary person, but that I remember Christ forbids us to give assent to any other doctrine but what himself has taught us, even though it should be delivered by an angel; and if such you be, Sir, it may be you have spoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty: for sure I am, that we must renounce or forget all the laws of the New and Old Testament, and those which are the foundation of both, even the laws of moral and natural honesty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I suppose you commend by irony.

There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness; but, to sum up a part of it briefly, What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a person, such as yourself, qualify him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon, all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take arms against taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to raise them himself to above two millions? to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and to strike off three or four hundred heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what? two thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? to pretend the defence of parliaments, and violently to dissolve all, even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the reformation of religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies? to set up counsels of rapine, and courts of murder? to fight against the king under a commission for him; to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his net, with protestations and vows of fidelity; and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little

* Mr. Hume has inserted this character of Cromwell, but altered, as he says, in some particulars from the original, in his history of Great-Britain.—HURD.

shame, as conscience or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? to receive a commission for the king and parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? to fight against monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when he contrived for it in his own person? to abase perfidiously and supplant ingratelously his own general † first, and afterwards most of those officers, who, with the loss of their honour, and hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all enemies and with all friends equally? and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries, than the looser sort of people do of customary oaths? to usurp three kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St. Paul says, in itself is nothing), and make the very streets of London like the valley of Hinnon, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his Molochship? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and with it an endless war upon the nation? and lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die hardened, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curses of the present age, and the detestation of all to succeed?"

Though I had much more to say (for the life of man is so short, that it allows not time enough to speak against a tyrant); yet, because I had a mind to hear how my strange adversary would behave himself upon this subject, and to give even the devil (as they say) his right and fair play in a disputation, I stopped here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little fear) that he should have broke into a violent passion in behalf of his favourite: but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the dove-like innocency of a serpent that was not yet warmed enough to sting, thus replied to me;

"It is not so much out of my affection to that person whom we discourse of (whose greatness is too solid to be shaken by the breath of an oratory), as for your own sake (honest countryman), whom I conceive to err, rather by mistake than out of malice, that I shall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjust opinion. And, in the first place, I must needs put you in mind of a sentence of the most ancient of the heathen divines, that you men are acquainted withal,

Ὅχι, θείαν καλὰ μένουσιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν εὐχέλαια θάβαν.

'Tis wicked with insulting feet to tread
Upon the monuments of the dead.

And the intention of the reproof there, is no less proper for this subject; for it is spoken to a person who was proud and insolent against those dead men, to whom he had been humble and obedient whilst they lived."

"Your highness may please (said I) to add the verse that follows, as no less proper for this subject:

Whom God's just doom and their own sins have sent
Already to their punishment.

But I take this to be the rule in the case, that, when we fix any infamy upon deceased persons, it should not be done out of hatred to the dead, but out of love and charity to the living: that the curses, which only remain in men's thoughts, and dare not come forth against tyrants (because they are tyrants) whilst they are so, may at least be for ever settled and engraven upon their memories, to deter all others from the like wickedness; which else, in the time of their foolish prosperity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of other men's tongues, would not suffer them to perceive. Ambition is so subtle a tempter, and the corruption of human nature so susceptible of the temptation, that a man can hardly resist it, be he never so much forewarned of the evil consequences; much less if he find not only the concurrence of the present, but the approbation too of following ages, which have the liberty to judge more freely. The mischief of tyranny is too great, even in the shortest time that it can continue; it is endless and insupportable, if the example be to reign too; and if a Lambert must be in-

† Sir Thomas Fairfax.

vited to follow the steps of a Cromwell, as well by the voice of honour, as by the sight of power and riches. Though it may seem to some fantastically, yet was it wisely, done of the Syracusans, to implead with the forms of their ordinary justice, to condemn and destroy, even the statues of all their tyrants: if it were possible to cut them out of all history, and to extinguish their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but, since they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever closed up without a scar, at least let us set such a mark upon their memory, that men of the same wicked inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting ignominy, than enticed by their momentary glories. And, that your highness may perceive, that I speak not all this out of any private animosity against the person of the late protector, I assure you, upon my faith, that I bear no more hatred to his name, than I do to that of Marius or Sylla, who never did me, or any friend of mine, the least injury;" and with that, transported by a holy fury, I fell into this sudden rapture:

Curst be the man (what do I wish? as though
The wretch already were not so;
But curst on let him be) who thinks it brave
And great, his country * to enslave;
Who seeks to overpoise alone
The balance of a nation;
Against the whole but naked state,
Who in his own light scale makes up with arms the weight:
Who of his nation loves to be the first,
Though at the rate of being worst;
Who would be rather a great monster, than
A well-proportion'd man,
The son of earth with hundred hands
Upon his three-pil'd mountain stands,
Till thunder strikes him from the sky;
The son of earth again in his earth's womb does lie.
What blood, confusion, ruin, to obtain
A short and miserable reign!
In what oblique and humble creeping wise
Does the mischievous serpent rise!
But even his forked tongue strikes dead:
When he has rear'd up his wicked head,
He murders with his mortal frown;
A basilisk he grows, if once he get a crown.
But no guards can oppose assaulting fears,
Or undermining tears,
No more than doors or close-drawn curtains keep
The swarming dreams out, when we sleep.
That bloody conscience, too, of his
(For, oh, a rebel red-coat 'tis)
Does here his early hell begin,
He sees his slaves without, his tyrant feels within.
Let, gracious God! let never more thine hand
Lift up this rod against our land!
A tyrant is a rod and serpent too,
And brings worse plagues than Egypt knew.

* *Country*.] This word, in the sense of *patria*, or as including in it the idea of a *civil constitution*, is always spelt by Mr. Cowley, I observe, with an *e* before *y*,—country;—in the sense of *rur*, without an *e*,—country; and this distinction, for the sake of perspicuity, may be worth preserving.—HURD.

What rivers stain'd with blood have been !
 What storm and hail-shot have we seen !
 What sores deform'd the ulcerous state !
 What darkness, to be felt, has buried us of late !
 How has it snatch'd our flocks and herds away !
 And made even of our sons a prey !
 What croaking sects and vermin has it sent,
 The restless nation to torment !
 What greedy troops, what armed power
 Of flies and locusts, to devour
 The land, which every where they fill !
 Nor fly they, Lord ! away ; no, they devour it still.
 Come the eleventh plague, rather than this should be ;
 Come sink us rather in the sea.
 Come rather pestilence, and reap us down ;
 Come God's sword rather than our own.
 Let rather Roman come again,
 Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane :
 In all the bonds we ever bore,
 We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept ; we never blush'd, before.
 If by our sins the divine justice be
 Call'd to this last extremity,
 Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent,
 To try, if England can repent.
 Methinks, at least, some prodigy,
 Some dreadful comet from on high,
 Should terribly forewarn the earth,
 As of good princes death, so of a tyrant's birth."

Here the spirit of verse beginning a little to fail, I stopt : and his highness, smiling, said, " I was glad to see you engaged in the enclosure of metre ; for, if you had staid in the open plain of declaiming against the word tyrant, I must have had patience for half a dozen hours, till you had tired yourself as well as me. But pray, countryman, to avoid this sciomachy, or imaginary combat with words, let me know, Sir, what you mean by the name of tyrant, for I remember that, among your ancient authors, not only all kings, but even Jupiter himself (your *juvans pater*) is so termed ; and perhaps, as it was used formerly in a good sense, so we shall find it, upon better consideration, to be still a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind ; at least, it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be justly applied to the person, who is now the subject of our discourse."

" I call him (said I) a tyrant, who either intrudes himself forcibly into the government of his fellow-citizens without any legal authority over them ; or who, having a just title to the government of a people, abuses it to the destruction or tormenting of them. So that all tyrants are at the same time usurpers, either of the whole, or at least of a part, of that power which they assume to themselves ; and no less are they to be accounted rebels, since no man can usurp authority over others, but by rebelling against them who had it before, or at least against those laws which were his superiors : and in all these senses, no history can afford us a more evident example of tyranny, or more out of all possibility of excuse or palliation, than that of the person whom you are pleas'd to defend ; whether we consider his reiterated rebellions against all his superiors, or his usurpation of the supreme power to himself, or his tyranny in the exercise of it : and, if lawful princes have been esteemed tyrants, by not containing themselves within the bounds of those laws which have been left them, as the sphere of their authority, by their forefathers, what shall we say of that man, who, having by right no power at all in this nation, could not content himself with that which had fa-

tified the most ambitious of our princes? nay, not with those vastly extended limits of sovereignty, which he (disdaining all that had been prescribed and observed before) was pleased (out of great modesty) to set to himself; not abtaining from rebellion and usurpation even against his own laws, as well as those of the nation?"

"Hold, friend, (said his highness, pulling me by my arm) for I see your zeal is transporting you again; whether the protector were a tyrant in the exorbitant exercise of his power, we shall see anon; it is requisite to examine, first, whether he were so in the usurpation of it. And I say, that not only he, but no man else, ever was, or can be so; and that for these reasons. First, because all power belongs only to God, who is the source and fountain of it, as kings are of all honours in their dominions. Princes are but his viceroys in the little provinces of this world; and to some he gives their places for a few years, to some for their lives, and to others (upon ends or deserts best known to himself, or merely for his undisputable good pleasure) he bestows, as it were, leases upon them, and their posterity, for such a date of time as is prefixed in that patent of their destiny, which is not legible to you men below. Neither is it more unlawful for Oliver to succeed Charles in the kingdom of England, when God so disposes of it, than it had been for him to have succeeded the Lord Strafford in the lieutenancy of Ireland, if he had been appointed to it by the king then reigning. Men are in both the cases obliged to obey him whom they see actually invested with the authority, by that sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without disputing or examining the causes, either of the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, because all power is attained, either by the election and consent of the people (and that takes away your objection of forcible intrusion); or else by a conquest of them (and that gives such a legal authority as you mention to be wanting in the usurpation of a tyrant); so that either this title is right, and then there are no usurpers, or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but usurpers, if you examine the original pretences of the princes of the world. Thirdly, (which, quitting the dispute in general, is a particular justification of his highness) the government of England was totally broken and dissolved, and extinguished by the confusions of a civil war; so that his highness could not be accused to have possessed himself violently of the ancient building of the commonwealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the ruins and ashes of the former; and he, who after a deplorable shipwreck, can with extraordinary industry gather together the dispersed and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no less wonderful art and felicity so rejoin them, as to make a new vessel more tight and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the command of her (even as his highness had) by the desire of the seamen and passengers themselves. And do but consider, lastly, (for I omit a multitude of weighty things, that might be spoken upon this noble argument) do but consider seriously and impartially with yourself, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable diligence and invincible courage, must of necessity have concurred in the person of that man, who, from so contemptible beginnings (as I observed before) and through so many thousand difficulties, was able not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute monarch of this nation, but to add to it the entire conquest of Ireland and Scotland (which the whole force of the world, joined with the Roman virtue, could never attain to); and to crown all this with illustrious and heroical undertakings and successes upon all our foreign enemies: do but (I say again) consider this, and you will confess, that his prodigious merits were a better title to imperial dignity, than the blood of an hundred royal progenitors; and will rather lament that he lived not to overcome more nations, than envy him the conquest and dominion of these."

"Whoever you are, said I (my indignation making me somewhat bolder) your discourse, methinks, becomes as little the person of a tutelar angel, as Cromwell's actions did that of a protector. It is upon these principles, that all the great crimes of the world have been committed, and most particularly those which I have had the misfortune to see in my own time, and in my own country. If these be to be allowed, we must break up human society, retire into the woods, and equally there stand upon our

guards against our brethren mankind, and our rebels the wild beasts. For, if there can be no presumption upon the rights of a whole nation, there can be none most certainly upon those of a private person; and, if the robbers of countries be God's vicegerents, there is no doubt but the thieves and bandits, and murderers, are his under-officers. It is true which you say, that God is the source and fountain of all power; and it is no less true, that he is the creator of serpents, as well as angels; nor does his goodness fail of its ends, even in the malice of his own creatures. What power he suffers the devil to exercise in this world, is too apparent by our daily experience; and by nothing more than the late monstrous iniquities which you dispute for, and patronize in England: but would you infer from thence, that the power of the devil is a just and lawful one; and that all men ought, as well as most men do, obey him? God is the fountain of all powers; but some flow from the right hand (as it were) of his goodness, and others from the left hand of his justice; and the world, like an island between these two rivers, is sometimes refreshed and nourished by the one, and sometimes over-run and ruined by the other; and (to continue a little farther the allegory) we are never overwhelmed with the latter, till, either by our malice or negligence, we have stopped and dammed up the former.

But to come a little closer to your argument, or rather the image of an argument, your similitude. If Cromwell had come to command in Ireland, in the place of the late Lord Strafford, I should have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the strength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the commission which he should first have shewed me from our common sovereign that sent him; and, if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in England; but that he was so far from being able to do, that, on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even public proclamations, from God Almighty, not to admit him.

Your second argument is, that he had the same right for his authority, that is the foundation of all others, even the right of conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquered by the person whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? Did we furnish him with arms, only to draw and try upon our enemies (as we, it seems, falsely thought them) and keep them for ever sheathed in the bowels of his friends? Did we fight for liberty against our prince, that we might become slaves to our servant? This is such an impudent pretence, as neither he nor any of his flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be spoken or thought of without passion, yet I shall, if you please, argue it more calmly than the case deserves.

The right, certainly, of conquest can only be exercised upon those against whom the war is declared, and the victory obtained. So that no whole nation can be said to be conquered, but by foreign force. In all civil wars, men are so far from stating the quarrel against their country, that they do it only against a person, or party, which they really believe, or at least pretend, to be pernicious to it; neither can there be any just cause for the destruction of a part of the body, but when it is done for the preservation and safety of the whole. It is our country that arms, our country that pays them, our country that authorizes the undertaking, and by that distinguishes it from rapine and murder; lastly, it is our country that directs and commands the army, and is indeed their general. So that to say, in civil wars, that the prevailing party conquers their country, is to say, the country conquers itself. And, if the general only of that party be the conqueror, the army, by which he is made so, is no less conquered than the army which is beaten, and have as little reason to triumph in that victory, by which they lose both their honour and liberty. So that, if Cromwell conquered any party, it was only that against which he was sent; and what that was, must appear by his commission. It was (says that) against a company of evil counsellors, and disaffected persons, who kept the king from a good intelligence and conjunction with his people. It was not then against the people. It is so far from being so, that even of that party which was beaten, the conquest did not belong to Cromwell, but to the parliament which employed him in their service, or rather indeed to the king and parliament, for whose service (if there

had been any faith in men's vows and protestations) the wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miserable conquest remain then in his majesty; and didst thou suffer him to be destroyed, with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by Savages and Canibals? Was it for king and parliament that we fought; and has it fared with them just as with the army which we fought against, the one part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that Cromwell was not a conqueror, but a thief and robber of the rights of the king and parliament, and an usurper upon those of the people. I do not here deny conquest to be sometimes (though it be very rarely) a true title; but I deny this to be a true conquest. Sure I am, that the race of our princes came not in by such a one. One nation may conquer another sometimes justly; and if it be unjustly, yet still it is a true conquest, and they are to answer for the injustice only to God Almighty (having nothing else in authority above them) and not as particular rebels to their country, which is, and ought always to be, their superior and their lord. If perhaps we find usurpation instead of conquest in the original titles of some royal families abroad (as no doubt there have been many usurpers before ours, though none in so impudent and execrable a manner) all I can say for them is, that their title was very weak, till, by length of time, and the death of all juster pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the only one.

Your third defence of his highness (as your highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his pretence of conquest; for then a man may say any thing. The government was broken; who broke it? It was dissolved; who dissolved it? It was extinguished; who was it, but Cromwell, who not only put out the light, but cast away even the very snuff of it? As if a man should murder a whole family, and then possess himself of the house, because it is better that he, than that only rats should live there. Jesus God! (said I, and at that word I perceived my pretended angel to give a start and trembled, but I took no notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked pretension, even though the whole family were destroyed; but the heirs (blessed be God!) are yet surviving, and likely to out-live all heirs of their dispossessors, besides their infamy. "Rode, caper, vitem, &c." There will be yet wine enough left for the sacrifice of those wild beasts, that have made so much spoil in the vineyard. But did Cromwell think, like Nero, to set the city on fire, only that he might have the honour of being founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a shadow of virtue in his wickedness; he meant only to rob more securely and more richly in midst of the combustion; he little thought then that he should ever have been able to make himself master of the palace, as well as plunder the goods of the commonwealth. He was glad to see the public vessel (the sovereign of the seas) in as desperate a condition as his own little canoe, and thought only, with some scattered planks of that great shipwreck, to make a better fisherboat for himself. But when he saw that, by the drowning of the master, (whom he himself treacherously knocked on the head, as he was swimming for his life) by the flight and dispersion of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining company, that all was abandoned to his pleasure; with the old bulk, and new mishapen and disagreeing pieces of his own, he made up, with much ado, that piratical vessel which we have seen him command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may best be judged by its perpetual leaking.

First, then (much more wicked than those foolish daughters in the fable, who cut their old father into pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft to make him young and lusty again) this man endeavoured to destroy the building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what materials, by what workmen, or what architect, it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dreamt himself to be able to revive that body which he had killed, yet it had been but the insupportable insolence of an ignorant mountebank; and thirdly, (which concerns us nearest) that very new thing, which he made out of the ruins of the old, is no more like the original, either for beauty, use, or duration, than an artificial plant, raised by the fire of a chemist, is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burnt, that out of the ashes of it he might produce an imperfect similitude of his own making.

Your last argument is such (when reduced to syllogism) that the major proposition of it would make strange work in the world, if it were received for truth; to wit, that he who has the best parts in a nation, has the right of being king over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the same family: what would become of us, when every man in England should lay his claim to the government? And truly, if Cromwell should have commenced his plea, when he seems to have begun his ambition, there were few persons besides, that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his deserts, I suppose, you will date from the same term that I do his great demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late calamities (for, as for his private faults before, I can only wish, and that with as much charity to him as to the public, that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for those of his latter days); and therefore we must begin the consideration of his greatness from the unlucky era of our own misfortunes; which puts me in mind of what was said less truly of Pompey the Great, "*Nostrâ miseriâ magnus es.*" But, because the general ground of your argumentation consists in this, that all men who are effecters of extraordinary mutations in the world, must needs have extraordinary forces of nature, by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a wheel; I shall speak first a few words upon this universal proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular examination of the eminences of that person which is in question.

I have often observed (with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence) that when the fulness and maturity of time is come, that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear, by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination; and, though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the Clock-house, striking, as it were, the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced, that the hand is moved by some secret, and, to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the current is then so violent, that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it; and none are so weak, but they may fail down with it. These are the spring-tides of public affairs, which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes:

—*Omnia fluminis*

*Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adestos,
Stirpésque raptas, & pecus & domos
Volventis unâ, non sile montium
Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ;
Cum fera diluvies quietos*

Irritat amnes.

HOR. 3 Carm. xxix.

And one man then, by maliciously opening all the sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this (though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so); but it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then and industry of mankind is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it. In such a time it was as this, that not all the wisdom and power of the Roman senate, nor the wit and eloquence of Cicero, nor the courage and virtue of Brutus, was able to defend their country, or themselves, against the unexperienced rashness of a beardless boy, and the loose rage of a voluptuous madman. The valour and prudent counsels on the one side are made fruitless, and the errors and cowardice on the other harmless, by unexpected accidents. The one general saves his life, and gains the whole world, by a very dream; and the other loses both at once, by a little mistake of the shortness of his sight. And though this be not always so, for we see that, in the translation of the great monarchies from one to another, it pleased God to make choice of the most eminent men in nature, as Cyrus, Alexander, Scipio and his contemporaries, for his chief instrument and actors in so admirable a work (the

end of this being, not only to destroy or punish one nation, which may be done by the worst of mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only be effected by great and virtuous persons; yet, when God only intends the temporary chastisement of a people, he does not raise up his servant Cyrus (as he himself is pleased to call him) or an Alexander (who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm) but he makes the Massaniellos, and the Johns of Leyden, the instruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakness of the means which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the serpents and the monsters of Africa, to correct the pride of the Egyptians; but called for his armies of locusts out of Ethiopia, and formed new ones of vermin out of the very dust; and because you see a whole country destroyed by these, will you argue from thence they must needs have had both the craft of foxes, and the courage of lions?

It is easy to apply this general observation to the particular case of our troubles in England: and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary chastisement of our sins, and not for a total abolishment of the old, and introduction of a new government, appears probable to me from these considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a judgment of the will of God in future events. First, because he has suffered nothing to settle or take root in the place of that, which hath been so unwisely and unjustly removed, that none of these untempered mortars can hold out against the next blast of wind, nor any stone stick to a stone, till that which these foolish builders have refused be made again the head of the corner. For, when the indisposed and long-tormented commonwealth has wearied and spent itself almost to nothing, with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of several mountebanks, it is to be supposed, it will have the wit at last to send for a true physician, especially when it sees (which is the second consideration) most evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long since) that no usurpation (under what name or pretext soever) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of those oppressions upon the people, which will at last tire out their patience, though it be great even to stupidity. They cannot be so dull (when poverty and hunger begins to whet their understanding) as not to find out this no extraordinary mystery, that it is madness in a nation to pay three millions a year for the maintaining of their servitude under tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their princes. This, I say, will not always lie hid, even to the slowest capacities; and the next truth they will discover afterwards is, that a whole people can never have the will, without having at the same time the power, to redeem themselves. Thirdly, it does not look (methinks) as if God had forsaken the family of that man, from whom he has raised up five children, of as eminent virtue, and all other commendable qualities, as ever lived perhaps (for so many together, and so young) in any other family in the whole world. Especially, if we add hereto this consideration, that by protecting and preserving some of them already through as great dangers as ever were past with safety, either by prince or private person, he has given them already (as we may reasonably hope it to be meant) a promise and earnest of his future favours. And lastly (to return closely to the discourse from which I have a little digressed) because I see nothing of those excellent parts of nature, and mixture of merit with their vices, in the late disturbers of our peace and happiness, that uses to be found in the persons of those who are born for the erection of new empires.

And, I confess, I find nothing of that kind, no not any shadow (taking away the false light of some prosperity) in the man whom you extol for the first example of it. And certainly, all virtues being rightly divided into moral and intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former, than by men's actions; or of the latter, than by their writings or speeches. As for these latter (which are least in merit, or rather which are only the instruments of mischief, where the other are wanting) I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called great, besides him we are now speaking of, who never left the memory behind him of one wise or witty apophthegm even amongst his domestic servants or greatest flatterers. That little in print,

which remains upon a sad record for him, is such, as a satire against him would not have made him say, for fear of transgressing too much the rules of probability. I know not what you can produce for the justification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular persons, and so many whole parties; which if you please to take notice of for the advantage of his intellectuals, I desire you to allow me the liberty to do so too when I am to speak of his morals. The truth of the thing is this, that if craft be wisdom, and dissimulation wit (assisted both and improved with hypocrisies and perjuries) I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that, as wise men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was fool enough to believe him at last: neither did any man seem to do it, but those who thought they gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actings of godliness grew at last as ridiculous, as if a player, by putting on a gown, should think he represented excellently a woman, though his beard at the same time were seen by all the spectators. If you ask me, why they did not hiss, and explode him off the stage; I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the actors and the door-keepers were too strong for the company. I must confess that by these arts (how grossly soever managed, as by hypocritical praying and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falsehoods and perjuries even diabolical) he had at first the good-fortune (as men call it, that is, the ill-fortune) to attain his ends; but it was because his ends were so unreasonable, that no human reason could foresee them; which made them, who had to do with him, believe, that he was rather a well-meaning and deluded bigot, than a crafty malicious impostor: that these arts were helped by an indefatigable industry (as you term it) I am so far from doubting, that I intended to object that diligence, as the worst of his crimes. It makes me almost mad, when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedness. If I were his son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other men were ordinarily asleep. How diligent the wicked are, the Scripture often tells us, "Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood," *Isai. lix. 7.* "He travels with iniquity," *Psal. vii. 14.* "He deviseth mischief upon his bed," *Psal. xxxiv. 4.* "They search out iniquity, they accomplish a diligent search," *Psal. lxiv. 6.* and in a multitude of other places. And would it not seem ridiculous, to praise a wolf for his watchfulness, and for his indefatigable industry in ranging all night about the country, whilst the sheep, and perhaps the shepherd, and perhaps the very dogs too, are all asleep?

The Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell;
There needs no noise at all t' awaken sin,
Th' adulterer and the thief his larum has within.

And, if the diligence of wicked persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an emphasis and exaggeration of their wickedness, I see not how their courage can avoid the same censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable designs can deserve that honourable name, I am sure, Faux and his fellow gunpowder friends, will have cause to pretend, though not an equal, yet at least the next place of honour; neither can I doubt but, if they too had succeeded, they would have found their applauders and admirers. It was bold unquestionably for a man in defiance of all human and divine laws (and with so little probability of a long impunity) so publicly and so outrageously to murder his master; it was bold with so much insolence and affront to expel and disperse all the chief partners of his guilt, and creators of his power; it was bold to violate so openly and so scornfully all acts and constitutions of a nation, and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to assume the authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking, so many parliaments; it was bold to trample upon the patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring countries; it was bold, I say, above all boldnesses, to usurp this tyranny to himself; and impudent above all impudences,

to endeavour to transmit it to his posterity. But all this boldness is so far from being a sign of manly courage (which dares not transgress the rules of any other virtue) that it is only a demonstration of brutish madness or diabolical possession. In both which last cases there are frequent examples to appear of such extraordinary force as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the actions of Cromwell; neither is it stranger to believe that a whole nation should not be able to govern him and a mad army, than that five or six men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness, but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater. It was boldly done of Nero to kill his mother, and all the chief nobility of the empire; it was boldly done, to set the metropolis of the whole world on fire, and undauntedly play upon his harp whilst he saw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that great person (for why should not he, too, be called so?) who wanted, when he was to die, that courage which could hardly have failed any woman in the like necessity.

It would look (I must confess) like envy, or too much partiality, if I should say that personal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we speak of; I am confident it was not: and yet I may venture, I think, to affirm, that no man ever bore the honour of so many victories, at the rate of fewer wounds and dangers of his own body; and though his valour might perhaps have given him a just pretension to one of the first charges in an army, it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a title to the command of three nations.

What then shall we say? that he did all this by witchcraft? He did so, indeed, in a great measure, by a sin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But, truly and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of his person, which might be thought to have produced those of his fortune, I can spy no other but extraordinary diligence and infinite dissimulation; and believe he was exalted above his nation, partly by his own faults, but chiefly for ours.

We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his labyrinths) to the supreme usurped authority; and because you say it was great pity he did not live to command more kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these. And we will divide the consideration into that of his foreign and domestic actions. The first of his foreign, was a peace with our brethren of Holland (who were the first of our neighbours that God chastised for having so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home): who would not imagine at first glimpse that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed, that his whole life could have made any parade of? but no man can look upon all the circumstances without perceiving, that it was purely the sale and sacrificing of the greatest advantages that this country could ever hope, and was ready to reap, from a foreign war, to the private interests of his covetousness and ambition, and the security of his new and unsettled usurpation. No sooner is that danger past, but this *Beatus Pacificus* is kindling a fire in the northern world, and carrying a war two thousand miles off westwards. Two millions a year (besides all the vales of his protectorship) is as little capable to suffice now either his avarice or prodigality, as the two hundred pounds were, that he was born to. He must have his prey of the whole Indies both by sea and land, this great alligator. To satisfy our *Anti-Solomon* (who has made silver almost as rare as gold, and gold as precious stones in his new Jerusalem) we must go, ten thousand of his slaves, to fetch him riches from his fantastical *Ophir*. And, because his flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate prince (the *Faustus*, as well as *Sylla*, of our nation, whom God never forsook in any of his undertakings), I desire them to consider, how, since the English name was ever heard of, it never received so great and so infamous a blow as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky *Faustus*; and herein let me admire the justice of God in this circumstance, that they who had enslaved their country (though a great army, which I wish may be observed by ours with trembling), should be so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty slaves. It was very ridiculous to see how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the con-

quest of Jamaica; as if a defeated army should have the impudence to brag afterwards of the victory, because, though they had fled out of the field of battle, yet they quartered that night in a village of the enemies. The war with Spain was a necessary consequence of this folly; and how much we have gotten by it, let the custom-house and exchange inform you; and, if he please to boast of the taking a part of the silver fleet (which indeed nobody else but he, who was the sole gainer, has cause to do), at least, let him give leave to the rest of the nation (which is the only loser) to complain of the loss of twelve hundred of her ships.

But because it may here perhaps be answered, that his successes nearer home have extinguished the disgrace of so remote miscarriages, and that Dunkirk ought more to be remembered for his glory, than St. Domingo for his disadvantage; I must confess, as to the honour of the English courage, that they were not wanting upon that occasion (excepting only the fault of serving at least indirectly against their master), to the upholding of the renown of their warlike ancestors. But for his particular share of it, who sat still at home, and exposed them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that, for less money than he, in the short time of his reign exacted from his fellow-subjects, some of our former princes (with the daily hazard of their own persons) have added to the dominion of England, not only one town, but even a greater kingdom than itself. And this being all considerable as concerning his enterprizes abroad, let us examine, in the next place, how much we owe him for his justice and good government at home.

And, first, he found the commonwealth (as they then called it) in a ready stock of about 800,000 pounds; he left the commonwealth (as he had the impudent raillery still to call it) some two millions and an half in debt. He found our trade very much decayed indeed, in comparison of the golden times of our late princes; he left it as much again more decayed than he found it: and yet not only no prince in England, but no tyrant in the world, ever sought out more base or infamous means to raise monies. I shall only instance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frightened from the execution (even he) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was decimation*; which was the most impudent breach of all public faith that the whole nation had given, and all private capitulations which himself had made, as the nation's general and servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all history, from any of the most barbarous generals of the most barbarous people. Which, because it has been most excellently and most largely laid open by a whole book written upon that subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleased to look upon that author, when you would recollect all the particulars and circumstances of the iniquity. The other design, of raising a present sum of money, which he violently pursued, but durst not put in execution, was by the calling in and establishment of the Jews at London; from which he was rebuted by the universal outcry of the divines, and even of the citizens too, who took it ill, that a considerable number at least amongst themselves were not thought Jews enough by their own Herod. And for this design, they say, he invented (oh Antichrist! *Herod* and *Herod*!) to sell St. Paul's to them for a synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reached to the purchase. And this, indeed, if he had done only to reward that nation, which had given the first noble example of crucifying their king, it might have had some appearance of gratitude: but he did it only for love of their mammon; and would have sold afterwards for as much more St. Peter's (even at his own Westminster) to the Turks for a *mosque*. Such was his extraordinary piety to God, that he desired he might be worshipped in all manners, excepting only that heathenish way of the Common-prayer book. But what do I speak of his wicked inventions for getting money; when every penny, that for almost five years he took every day from every man living in England, Scotland and Ireland, was as much robbery, as if it had been taken by a thief upon

* By *decimation*, is here meant, not the putting to death of every *tenth man* (which is the usual sense of this term), but the levying of the *tenth penny* on the estates of the Royalists. The word is so used by Sir John Denham. *HEROD*.

the highways? Was it not so? or can any man think that Cromwell, with the assistance of his forces and moss-troopers, had more right to the command of all men's purses, than he might have had to any one's, whom he had met and been too strong for upon a road? And yet, when this came, in the case of Mr. Coney*, to be disputed by a legal trial, he (which was the highest act of tyranny that ever was seen in England) not only discouraged and threatened, but violently imprisoned the counsel of the plaintiff; that is, he shut up the law itself close prisoner, that no man might have relief from, or access to it. And it ought to be remembered, that this was done by those men, who a few years before had so bitterly decried, and openly opposed, the king's regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little ship-money.

But, though we lost the benefit of our old courts of justice, it cannot be denied that he set up new ones; and such they were, that as no virtuous prince before would, so no ill one durst, erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offended against it; and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new ways how to proceed against offenders? The reason, which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this, is, because those things are now made crimes which were never esteemed so in former ages; and there must needs be a new court set up to punish that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming (as you call it) against these wickednesses (which if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the peroration), that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest, as things that are too many to be numbered, and must only be weighed in gross. Let any man shew me (for, though I pretend not to much reading, I will defy in all history), let any man shew me (I say) an example of any nation in the world (though much greater than ours), where there have, in the space of four years, been made so many prisoners, only out of the endless jealousies of one tyrant's guilty imagination. I grant you, that Marius and Sylla, and the accursed triumvirate after them, put more people to death; but the reason, I think, partly was, because in those times that had a mixture of some honour with their madness, they thought it a more civil revenge against a Roman, to take away his life, than to take away his liberty. But truly in the point of murder too, we have little reason to think that our late tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been set it in other countries. Our judges and our courts of justice have not been idle: and, to omit the whole reign of our late king (till the beginning of the war), in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three ears, I think the longest time of our worst princes scarce saw many more executions, than the short one of our blest reformer. And we saw, and smelt in our open streets (as I marked to you at first) the broiling of human bowels as a burnt-offering of a sweet savour to our idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the subtlest invention of his predecessors of Sicily) is more humane and more supportable, than his selling of Christians, Englishmen, gentlemen; his selling of them (oh monstrous! oh incredible!) to be slaves in America. If his whole life could be reproached with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of crimes in any of our tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or insinuating upon, so insolent and so execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent (though a just) passion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation, which I resolve to observe in this discourse with you.

These are great calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endured; for so it is, that the scorn, and mockery, and insultings of an enemy, are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry (unwittingly and ungracefully merry) with our sufferings: he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to shew his power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill besit mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws, the Petition of Right, and Magna Charta†. To-day, you should see him ranting so wildly, that nobody durst come

* Which the reader may see in Lord Clarendon, H. R. vol. iii. fol. p. 596. HURD.

† In the Case of Coney, before mentioned.

near h
This
only t
he w
ding
whole
he the
as not
call th
to it;
in the
mode.
house,
land a
of the
dirt an
that, v
such h
was hi
sure, s
uncen
suffere
but th
Londe

The
of mor
which
greate
seemed
grew a
his pal
late be
"Upl
juries
ours b
though
charity
and, b
an end
ambit
crop;
man t
have a
spoken
perhaps
had be
kingdo

Here
ragry,
"You
which
you ca
prince,

* Dan
† A r

COWLEY'S POEMS.

near him; the morrow, flinging of cushions, and playing at snow-balls, &c. This month, he assembles a parliament, and professes himself with humble only their servant and their minister; the next month he swears by the living, he will turn them out of doors, and he does so, in his princely way of threatening them, "Turn the buckles of their girdles behind them." The representative whole, nay of three whole nations, was in his esteem so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this? boldness or brutishness; rashness or phrensy? There is no name can come up to it; and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a parliament must be chosen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all cashiered still after the newest mode. Now he will govern by major-generals, now by one house, now by another house, now by no house; now the freak takes him, and he makes seventy peers of the land at one clap (*extempore*; and *flans pede in uno*); and, to manifest the absolute power of the potter, he chooses not only the worst clay he could find, but picks up even the dirt and mire, to form out of it his vessels of honour. It was said anciently of Fortune, that, when she had a mind to be merry and to divert herself, she was wont to raise up such kind of people to the highest dignities. This son of Fortune, Cromwell (who was himself one of the primest of her jests), found out the true *haut goût* of this pleasure, and rejoiced in the extravagance of his ways, as the fullest demonstration of his uncontrollable sovereignty. Good God! What have we seen? and what have we suffered? what do all these actions signify? what do they say aloud to the whole nation, but this (even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by heralds through the streets of London), "You are slaves and fools, and so I will use you!"

These are briefly a part of those merits which you lament to have wanted the reward of more kingdoms, and suppose that, if he had lived longer, he might have had them: which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe his seasonable dying to have been a greater good-fortune to him, than all the victories and prosperities of his life. For he seemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of his deceitful glories; his own army grew at last as weary of him as the rest of the people; and I never past of late before his palace (his, do I call it? I ask God and the king pardon), but I never passed of late before Whitehall, without reading upon the gate of it, "Mene Mene, Tekel Upharim*." But it pleased God to take him from the ordinary courts of men, and juries of his peers, to his own high court of justice; which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but small materials for the work of charity, especially if he designed even then to entail his own injustice upon his children, and, by it, inextricable confusions and civil wars upon the nation. But here's at last an end of him. And where's now the fruit of all that blood and calamity, which his ambition has cost the world? Where is it? Why, his son (you will say) has the whole crop; I doubt, he will find it quickly blasted; I have nothing to say against the gentleman†, or any living of his family; on the contrary, I wish him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet possession of his master's inheritance. Whatsoever I have spoken against his father, is that which I should have thought (though decency, perhaps, might have hindered me from saying it) even against mine own, if I had been so unhappy, as that mine, by the same ways, should have left me three kingdoms."

Here I stop; and my pretended protector, who, I expected, would have been very angry, fell a laughing, it seems at the simplicity of my discourse, for thus he replied: "You seem to pretend extremely to the old obsolete rules of virtue and conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether, from this vast prospect of three kingdoms you can shew me any acres of your own. But these are so far from making you a prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to see you so

* Dan. v. 25.

† A remarkable testimony to the blameless character of Richard Cromwell.

the highways? Was it not so? or can any man think that Cromwell, with the assistance of his forces and mofs-troopers, had more right to the command of all men's purses, than he might have had to any one's, whom he had met and been too strong for upon a road? And yet, when this came, in the case of Mr. Coney *, to be disputed by a legal trial, he (which was the highest act of tyranny that ever was seen in England) not only discouraged and threatened, but violently imprisoned the counsel of the plaintiff; that is, he shut up the law itself close prisoner, that no man might have relief from, or access to it. And it ought to be remembered, that this was done by those men, who a few years before had so bitterly decried, and openly opposed, the king's regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little ship-money.

But, though we lost the benefit of our old courts of justice, it cannot be denied that he set up new ones; and such they were, that as no virtuous prince before would, so no ill one durst, erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offended against it; and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new ways how to proceed against offenders? The reason, which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this, is, because those things are now made crimes which were never esteemed so in former ages; and there must needs be a new court set up to punish that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming (as you call it) against these wickednesses (which if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the peroration), that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest, as things that are too many to be numbered, and must only be weighed in gross. Let any man shew me (for, though I pretend not to much reading, I will defy in all history), let any man shew me (I say) an example of any nation in the world (though much greater than ours), where there have, in the space of four years, been made so many prisoners, only out of the endless jealousies of one tyrant's guilty imagination. I grant you, that Marius and Sylla, and the accursed triumvirate after them, put more people to death; but the reason, I think, partly was, because in those times that had a mixture of some honour with their madness, they thought it a more civil revenge against a Roman, to take away his life, than to take away his liberty. But truly in the point of murder too, we have little reason to think that our late tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been set it in other countries. Our judges and our courts of justice have not been idle: and, to omit the whole reign of our late king (till the beginning of the war), in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three ears, I think the longest time of our worst princes scarce saw many more executions, than the short one of our blest reformer. And we saw, and smelt in our open streets (as I marked to you at first) the broiling of human bowels as a burnt-offering of a sweet flavour to our idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the subtlest invention of his predecessors of Sicily) is more humane and more supportable, than his selling of Christians, Englishmen, gentlemen; his selling of them (oh monstrous! oh incredible!) to be slaves in America. If his whole life could be reproached with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of crimes in any of our tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or insisting upon, so insolent and so execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent (though a just) passion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation, which I resolve to observe in this discourse with you.

These are great calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endured; for so it is, that the scorn, and mockery, and insultings of an enemy, are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry (unwittingly and ungracefully merry) with our sufferings: he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to shew his power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill besit mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws, the Petition of Right, and Magna Charta†. To-day, you should see him ranting so wildly, that nobody durst come

* Which the reader may see in Lord Clarendon, H. R. vol. iii. fol. p. 596. HURD.

† In the Case of Coney, before mentioned.

near him; the morrow, flinging of cushions, and playing at snow-balls, with his servants. This month, he assembles a parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be only their servant and their minister; the next month he swears by the living God that he will turn them out of doors, and he does so, in his princely way of threatening, bidding them, "Turn the buckles of their girdles behind them." The representative of whole, nay of three whole nations, was in his esteem so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this? boldness or brutishness; rashness or phrensy? There is no name can come up to it; and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a parliament must be chosen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all cashiered still after the newest mode. Now he will govern by major-generals, now by one house, now by another house, now by no house; now the freak takes him, and he makes seventy peers of the land at one clap (*extempore*, and *sians pede in uno*); and, to manifest the absolute power of the potter, he chooses not only the worst clay he could find, but picks up even the dirt and mire, to form out of it his vessels of honour. It was said anciently of Fortune, that, when she had a mind to be merry and to divert herself, she was wont to raise up such kind of people to the highest dignities. This son of Fortune, Cromwell (who was himself one of the primest of her jests), found out the true *haut goût* of this pleasure; and rejoiced in the extravagance of his ways, as the fullest demonstration of his uncontrollable sovereignty. Good God! What have we seen? and what have we suffered? what do all these actions signify? what do they say aloud to the whole nation, but this (even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by heralds through the streets of London), "You are slaves and fools, and so I will use you!"

These are briefly a part of those merits which you lament to have wanted the reward of more kingdoms, and suppose that, if he had lived longer, he might have had them: which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe his seasonable dying to have been a greater good-fortune to him, than all the victories and prosperities of his life. For he seemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of his deceitful glories; his own army grew at last as weary of him as the rest of the people; and I never past of late before his palace (his, do I call it? I ask God and the king pardon), but I never passed of late before Whitehall, without reading upon the gate of it, "Mene Mene, Tekel Upharlin*." But it pleased God to take him from the ordinary courts of men, and juries of his peers, to his own high court of justice; which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but small materials for the work of charity, especially if he designed even then to entail his own injustice upon his children, and, by it, inextricable confusions and civil wars upon the nation. But here's at last an end of him. And where's now the fruit of all that blood and calamity, which his ambition has cost the world? Where is it? Why, his son (you will say) has the whole crop; I doubt, he will find it quickly blasted; I have nothing to say against the gentleman†, or any living of his family; on the contrary, I wish him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet possession of his master's inheritance. Whatsoever I have spoken against his father, is that which I should have thought (though decency, perhaps, might have hindered me from saying it) even against mine own, if I had been so unhappy, as that mine, by the same ways, should have left me three kingdoms."

Here I stopt; and my pretended protector, who, I expected, would have been very angry, fell a laughing, it seems at the simplicity of my discourse, for thus he replied: "You seem to pretend extremely to the old obsolete rules of virtue and conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether, from this vast prospect of three kingdoms you can shew me any acres of your own. But these are so far from making you a prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to see you so

* Dan. v. 25.

† A remarkable testimony to the blameless character of Richard Cromwell.

much as a justice of peace in your own country. For this, I perceive, which you call virtue, is nothing else but either the frowardness of a Cynic, or the laziness of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me at least artful dissimulation and unwearied diligence in my hero; and I assure you, that he, whose life is constantly drawn by those two, shall never be mislead out of the way of greatness. But I see you are a pedant and Platonical statesman, a theoretical commonwealth's-man, an Utopian dreamer. Was ever riches gotten by your golden mediocrities? or the supreme place attained to by virtues that must not stir out of the middle? Do you study Aristotle's politics, and write, if you please, comments upon them; and let another but practise Machiavel: and let us see then which of you two will come to the greatest preferment. If the desire of rule and superiority be a virtue (as sure I am it is more imprinted in human nature than any of your lethargical morals; and what is the virtue of any creature, but the exercise of those powers and inclinations which God has infused into it?) if that (I say) be virtue, we ought not to esteem any thing vice, which is the most proper, if not the only, means of attaining of it:

It is a truth so certain, and so clear,
That to the first-born man it did appear;
Did not the mighty-heir, the noble Cain,
By the fresh laws of nature taught, disdain
That (though a brother) any one should be
A greater favourite to God than he?
He strook him down; and so (said he) so fell
The sheep, which thou didst sacrifice so well.
Since all the fullest sheaves, which I could bring,
Since all were blasted in the offering,
Lest God should my next victim too despise,
The acceptable priest I'll sacrifice.
Hence, coward fears; for the first blood so spilt,
As a reward he the first city built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a grand-child of the Deity.
So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he staid;
One step of glory more he should have made,
And to the utmost bounds of greatness gone;
Had Adam too been kill'd, he might have reign'd alone.
One brother's death, what do I mean to name,
A small oblation to revenge and fame?
The mighty-soul'd Abimelec, to shew
What for high place a higher spirit can do,
A hecatomb almost of brethren slew,
And seventy times in nearest blood he dy'd
(To make it hold) his royal purple pride.
Why do I name the lordly creature man?
The weak, the mild, the coward woman, can,
When to a crown she cuts her sacred way,
All that oppose with manlike courage slay.
So Athaliah, when she saw her son,
And with his life her dearer greatness, gone,
With a majestic fury slaughter'd all
Whom high-birth might to high pretences call:
Since he was dead who all her power sustain'd,
Resolv'd to reign alone; resolv'd, and reign'd.
In vain her sex, in vain the laws, withstood,
In vain the sacred plea of David's blood;

H
beca
gues
style
doctr
whet
whet
no m
" P
world
shoul
nate a
the ne
the co
pounce

* This co
the author
the panegy
VOL. I

A noble and a bold contention, she
 (One woman) undertook with destiny.
 She to pluck down, destiny to uphold
 (Oblig'd by holy oracles of old)
 The great Jessian race on Judah's throne;
 Till 'twas at last an equal wager grown,
 Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by one.
 Tell me not, she herself at last was slain;
 Did she not first seven years (a life-time) reign?
 Seven royal years t' a public spirit will seem
 More than the private life of a Methusalem.
 'Tis godlike to be great; and, as they say,
 A thousand years to God are but a day,
 So to a man, when once a crown he wears,
 The coronation-day's more than a thousand years."

He would have gone on, I perceived, in his blasphemies, but that by God's grace I became so bold, as thus to interrupt him: "I understand now perfectly (which I guessed at long before) what kind of angel and protector you are; and, though your style in verse be very much mended * since you were wont to deliver oracles, yet your doctrine is much worse than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the face to publish; whether your long practice with mankind has increased and improved your malice, or whether you think us in this age to be grown so impudently wicked, that there needs no more art or disguises to draw us to your party."

"My dominion (said he hastily, and with a dreadful furious look) is so great in this world, and I am so powerful a monarch of it, that I need not be ashamed that you should know me; and, that you may see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inveterate malignant; and for that reason I shall take you along with me to the next garison of ours; from whence you shall go to the Tower, and from thence to the court of justice, and from thence you know whither." I was almost in the very pounces of the great bird of prey:

When, lo, ere the last words were fully spoke,
 From a fair cloud, which rather op'd than broke,
 A flash of light, rather than lightning, came,
 So swift, and yet so gentle, was the flame.
 Upon it rode (and, in his full career,
 Seem'd to my eyes no sooner there than here)
 The comeliest youth of all th' angelic race;
 Lovely his shape, ineffable his face.
 The frowns, with which he strook the trembling fiend,
 All smiles of human beauty did transcend;
 His beams of locks fell part dishevel'd down,
 Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a natural crown,
 Such as the British monarchs us'd to wear;
 If gold might be compar'd with angels' hair.
 His coat and flowing mantle were so bright,
 They seem'd both made of woven silver light:
 Across his breast an azure ruban went,
 At which a medal hung, that did present,
 In wondrous living figures, to the sight,
 The mystic champion's, and old dragon's, fight;

* This compliment was intended, not so much to the foregoing, as to the following verses; of which the author had reason to be proud, but, as being delivered in his own person, could not so properly make the panegyric. HUED.

And from his mantle's side there shone afar,
 A fix'd, and, I believe, a real star.
 In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
 No arms, but th' English bloody crosses, he bore,
 Which when he tow'rd's th' affrighted tyrant bent,
 And some few words pronounc'd (but what they meant,
 Or were, could not, alas! by me be known,
 Only, I well perceiv'd, Jesus was one)
 He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away
 Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.
 Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes
 (Robb'd, as he thinks unjustly, of his prize)
 Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws
 The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws:
 The shepherd fain himself would he assail,
 But fear above his hunger does prevail,
 He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone;
 He grins, as he looks back, and howls, as he goes on.

SEVERAL DISCOURSES,

BY WAY OF ESSAYS,

IN VERSE AND PROSE.

I.

OF LIBERTY.

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government: the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what estate of life does best seat us in the possession of it. This liberty of our own actions, is such a fundamental privilege of human nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the rebellion of Adam. He takes so much care for the intire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his providence nor eternal decree to break or infringe it. Now for our time, the same God, to whom we are but tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh part to be paid to him, as a small quit-rent, in acknowledgement of his title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he never gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it. This birth-right of mankind above all other creatures, some are forced by hunger to sell, like Esau, for bread and broth: but

the gr
 Thama
 are cont
 divided
 fell ther
 appear
 of argu

Let
 and aft
 " min
 a price
 they m
 aside, w
 ther inc

Pray
 nary fo
 nation v
 submit
 on the l
 beg voi
 to whis
 they sh
 day at
 they em
 they di
 Roman
 door!
 ambitio
 and atte
 Catiline
 Sylla's,
 ble of a
 all the
 he migh
 (though
 the char
 tion of
 rule of

" T
 and stre
 with th
 was fur
 and ind
 out of
 the mo
 sometin
 countre
 more r
 remark
 kindnes

* Frag
 Calio.

the greatest part of men make such a bargain for the delivery up of themselves, as Thamar did with Judah; instead of a kid, the necessary provisions for human life, they are contented to do it for rings and bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the ambitious, the covetous, and the voluptuous; and that all these men sell themselves to be slaves though to the vulgar it may seem a Stoical paradox, will appear to the wise so plain and obvious, that they will scarce think it deserves the labour of argumentation.

Let us first consider the ambitious; and those, both in their progress to greatness, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what Sallust * says, "Dominationis in alios servitium suum mercedem dant;" they are content to pay so great a price as their own servitude, to purchase the domination over others. The first thing they must resolve to sacrifice, is their whole time; they must never stop, nor ever turn aside, whilst they are in the race of glory, no not like Atalanta for golden apples. Neither indeed can a man stop himself if he would, when he is in this career:

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas †.

Pray, let us but consider a little, what mean, servile things men do for this imaginary food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief men of that nation which boasted most liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest Romans submit themselves, for the obtaining of a prætorship, or the consular dignity! They put on the habit of suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in dirt, through all the tribes, to beg voices; they flattered the poorest artificers; and carried a nomenclator with them, to whisper in their ear every man's name, lest they should mistake it in their salutations; they shook the hand, and kissed the cheek, of every popular tradesman; they stood all day at every market in the public places, to shew and ingratiate themselves to the rout; they employed all their friends to solicit for them; they kept open tables in every street; they distributed wine, and bread, and money, even to the vilest of the people. "En Romanos rerum dominos ‡!" Behold the masters of the world begging from door to door! This particular humble way of greatness is now out of fashion; but yet every ambitious person is still in some sort a Roman candidate. He must feast and bribe, and attend and flatter, and adore many beasts, though not the beast with many heads. Catiline, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than Sylla's, was yet so humble, for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all servants; to be a public bawd, to provide whores, and something worse, for all the young gentlemen of Rome, whose hot lusts and courage, and heads, he thought he might make use of. And, since I happen here to propose Catiline for my instance (though there be thousand of examples for the same thing), give me leave to transcribe the character which Cicero § gives of this noble slave, because it is a general description of all ambitious men, and which Machiavel perhaps would say ought to be the rule of their life and actions:

"This man (says he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial touches and strokes, that looked like the beauty of great virtues; his intimate conversation was with the worst of men, and yet he seemed to be an admirer and lover of the best; he was furnished with all the nets of lust and luxury, and yet wanted not the arms of labour and industry: neither do I believe that there was ever any monster of nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honourable persons; who more a favourite to the most infamous? who, sometimes, appeared a braver champion; who, at other times, a bolder enemy to his country? who more dissolute in his pleasures; who more patient in his toils? who more rapacious in robbing; who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, the arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of men, to retain it with great complaisance, to communicate all

* *Fragm. ed. Maittaire*, p. 116. † *Virg. Georg. i.* 514. ‡ *Virg. Æn. i.* 282. § *Crat. pro. M. Calp.*

things to them, to watch and serve all the occasions of their fortune, both with his money, and his interest, and his industry; and, if need were, not by sticking at any wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own nature and laveer with every wind; to live severely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: with this variety and multiplicity of his nature—as he made a collection of friendships with all the most wicked and restless of all nations; so, by the artificial simulation of some virtues, he made a shift to ensnare some honest and eminent persons into his familiarity. Neither could so vast a design as the destruction of this empire have been undertaken by him, if the immunity of so many vices had not been covered and disguised by the appearances of some excellent qualities.”

I see, methinks, the character of an Anti-Paul, “who became all things to all men,” that he might destroy all; who only wanted the assistance of fortune, to have been as great as his friend Cæsar was a little after him. And the ways of Cæsar to compass the same ends (I mean till the civil war, which was but another manner of setting his country on fire) were not unlike these, though he used afterward his unjust dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. Sallust therefore, who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such like gentlemen of his time, says ^a, “that it is the nature of ambition, to make men lyars and cheaters; to hide the truth in their breasts, and shew, like jugglers, another thing in their mouths: to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their own interest; and to make a good countenance without the help of a good will.” And can there be freedom with this perpetual constraint? what is it but a kind of rack, that forces men to say what they have no mind to?

I have wondered at the extravagant and barbarous stratagem of Zopirus, and more at the praises which I find of so deformed an action; who, though he was one of the seven grandees of Persia, and the son of Megabates, who had freed before his country from an ignoble servitude, slit his own nose and lips, cut off his own ears, scourged and wounded his whole body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled so inhumanly by Darius, be received into Babylon (then besieged by the Persians), and get into the command of it by the recommendation of so cruel a sufferance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the Babylonians suspected not his falsehood, that they might have cut off his hands too, and whipt him back again. But the design succeeded; he betrayed the city, and was made governor of it. What brutish master ever punished his offending slave with so little mercy, as ambition did this Zopirus? and yet how many are there, in all nations, who imitate him, in some degree, for a less reward; who, though they endure not so much corporal pain for a small preferment or some honour (as they call it), yet stick not to commit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatized! But you may say, though these be the most ordinary and open ways to greatness, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little-trodden paths too, through which some men find a passage by virtuous industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then, that industry must be such, as cannot consist with liberty, though it may with honesty.

Thou art careful, frugal, painful; we commend a servant so, but not a friend.

Well then, we must acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this ascent; but we are epicures and lords when once we are gotten up into the high places. This is but a short apprenticeship, after which we are made free of a royal company. If we fall in love with any beauteous woman, we must be content that they should be our mistresses whilst we woo them; as soon as we are wedded and enjoy, it is we shall be the masters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case of greatness: we enter into the bonds of it, like those of matrimony; we are bewitched with the outward and painted beauty, and take it for better or worse, before we know its true nature and interior inconveniencies. A great fortune (says Seneca) is a great servitude; but many are of

* De Bell. Catil. c. x.

that opinion which Brutus imputes (I hope, untruly*) even to that patron of liberty, his friend Cicero: "We fear (says he to Atticus) death, and banishment, and poverty, a great deal too much. Cicero, I am afraid, thinks these to be the worst of evils; and, if he have but some persons, from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honourable servitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honourable in so base and contemptible a condition." This was spoken as became the bravest man who was ever born in the bravest commonwealth. But with us generally, no condition passes for servitude, that is accompanied with great riches, with honours, and with service of many inferiors. This is but a deception of the sight through a false medium; for if a groom serve a gentleman in his chamber, that gentleman a lord, and that lord a prince; the groom, the gentleman, and the lord, are as much servants one as the other; the circumstantial difference of the one's getting only his bread and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsic to this matter, than the difference between a plain, a rich, and gaudy livery. I do not say, that he who sells his whole time and his own will for one hundred thousand, is not a wiser merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds; but I will swear, they are both merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that estate to which he was born. But this dependance upon superiors is but one chain of the lovers of power:

Amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ†.

Let us begin with him by break of day: for by that time he is besieged by two or three hundred suitors; and the hall and antichambers (all the out-works) possessed by the enemy: as soon as his chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the guards, for entrance. This is so essential a part of greatness, that whosoever is without it, looks like a fallen favourite, like a person disgraced, and condemned to do what he pleases all the morning. There are some who, rather than want this, are contented to have their rooms filled up every day with murmuring and cursing creditors, and to charge bravely through a body of them to get to their coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst duty, that of any one particular person who waits to speak with the great man, or the great man's, who waits every day to speak with all company.

Aliena negotia centum
Per caput, & circa saliunt latus‡—

a hundred businesses of other men (many unjust, and most impertinent) fly continually about his head and ears, and strike him in the face like Dorres. Let us contemplate him a little at another special scene of glory, and that is his table. Here he seems to be the lord of all nature: the earth affords him her best metals for his dishes, her best vegetables and animals for his food; the air and sea supply him with their choicest birds and fishes; and a great many men, who look like masters, attend upon him; and yet, when all this is done, even all this is but *table d'hôte*; it is crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many parasites and some spies, with the most burdensome sort of guests, the endeavourers to be witty.

But every body pays him great respect; every body commends his meat, that is, his money; every body admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his clerk of the kitchen, or his cook: every body loves his hospitality, that is, his vanity. But I desire to know why the honest inn-keeper, who provides a public table for his profit, should be of a mean profession; and he, who does it for his honour, a munificent prince. You will say, because one sells, and the other gives: nay, both sell, though for different things; the one for plain money, the other for I know not what jewels, whose value

* This parenthesis does honour to the writer's sense, as well as candour. HURD.

† Hor. 3 Od. iv. 79. ‡ Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 34.

is in custom and in fancy. If then his table be made "a snare" 'as the Scripture* speaks) "to his liberty," where can he hope for freedom? There is always, and every where, some restraint upon him. He is guarded with crowds, and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the positive parting with a little bow, the comparative at the middle of the room, the superlative at the door; and, if the person be *pan huper sebastus*, there is a hyper-superlative ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the stairs, or to the very gate: as if there were such rules set to these Leviathans, as are to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further†."

Perditur hæc inter misero lux ‡,

Thus wretchedly the precious day was lost.

How many impertinent letters and visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently! He never sets his foot beyond his threshold, unless, like a funeral, he have a train to follow him; as if, like the dead corpse, he could not stir, till the bearers were all ready. "My life (says Horace, speaking to one of these magnificos) is a great deal more easy and commodious than thine, in that I can go into the market, and cheapen what I please, without being wondered at; and take my horse and ride as far as Tarentum, without being missed." It is an unpleasant constraint to be always under the sight and observation, and censure, of others; as there may be vanity in it, so methinks there should be vexation, too, of spirit: and I wonder how princes can endure to have two or three hundred men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at dinner, and taking notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more lordly than the multitude of domestic servants; but even this too, if weighed seriously, is a piece of servitude; unless you will be a servant to them (as many men are), the trouble and care of yours in the government of them all, is much more than that of every one of them in their observance of you. I take the profession of a school-master to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a common-wealth; yet certainly all his fasces and tyrannical authority over so many boys takes away his own liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these particulars of the slavery of greatness: I shake but a few of their outward chains; their anger, hatred, jealousy, fear, envy, grief, and all the *et cætera* of their passions, which are the secret, but constant, tyrants and torturers of their life, I omit here, because, though they be symptoms most frequent and violent in this disease, yet they are common too in some degree to the epidemical disease of life itself.

But the ambitious man, though he be so many ways a slave (*o toties servus!*) yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the stage; he thinks himself a real prince in his masking-habit, and deceives too all the foolish part of his spectators: he is a slave *in saturnaliis*. The covetous man is a downright servant, a draught-horse without bells or feathers: *ad metalla damnatus*, a man condemned to work in mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to increase his misery, a worker there for he knows not whom: "He heapeth up riches, and knows not who shall enjoy them §;" it is only sure, that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He is an indigent, needy slave; he will hardly allow himself cloaths and board-wages:

Unciatum vix de demenso suo,
Suum defraudans genium, comparfit miser ||;

He defrauds not only other men, but his own genius; he cheats himself for money. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it as evident to every man's sight, as well as judgment.

It seems a more difficult work to prove that the voluptuous man too is but a servant: what can be more the life of a freeman, or, as we say ordinarily, of a gentleman,

* Ps. lxxix. 22. † Job xxxviii. 11. ‡ Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 59. § Ps. xxix. 6. || Phorm. Act I. Sc. i. ver. 41.

than to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I will tell you who is that true freeman, and that true gentleman; not he who blindly follows all his pleasures (the very name of *follower* is servile); but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindered by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the beast that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet, in the truth of the matter, I am at that time rather his man, than he my horse. The voluptuous men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the lustful and luxurious, who are both servants of the belly; the other, whom we spoke of before, the ambitious and the covetous, were *κακὰ θηρία*, *evil wild beasts*; these are *γαστέρες ἀργαί*, *slow bellies*, as our translation renders it, but the word *ἀργαί* (which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite significations) will bear as well the translation of *quick* or *diligent bellies*; and both interpretations may be applied to these men. Metrodorus said, "that he had learnt *ἀνθρώπῳ γαστρί χαρίζεσθαι*, to give his belly just thanks for all "his pleasures." This, by the calumniators of Epicurus's philosophy, was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their sayings; which, according to my charitable understanding, may admit a very virtuous sense, which is, that he thanked his own belly for that moderation in the customary appetites of it, which can only give a man liberty and happiness in this world. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great triumviri of the world; the covetous man, who is a mean villain, like Lepidus; the ambitious, who is a brave one, like Octavius; and the voluptuous, who is a loose and debauched one, like Mark Antony:

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibi que imperiosus*:

Not Oenomaus †, who commits himself wholly to a charioteer, that may break his neck; but the man,

Who governs his own course with steady hand;
 Who does himself with sovereign power command;
 Whom neither death nor poverty does fright;
 Who stands not awkwardly in his own light
 Against the truth; who can, when pleasures knock
 Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock;
 Who can, though honour at his gate should stay
 In all her masking cloaths, send her away,
 And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play.

}

This, I confess, is a freeman: but it may be said, that many persons are so shackled by their fortune, that they are hindered from enjoyment of that manumission which they have obtained from virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel, the weight of this objection: all I can answer to it is, that we must get as much liberty as we can, we must use our utmost endeavours, and, when all that is done, be contented with the length of that line which is allowed us. If you ask me, in what condition of life I think the most allowed; I should pitch upon that sort of people, whom King James was wont to call the happiest of our nation, the men placed in the country by their fortune above an high comtable, and yet beneath the trouble of a justice of peace; in a moderate plenty, without any just argument for the desire of increasing it by the care of many relations; and with so much knowledge and love of piety and philosophy (that is, of the study of God's laws, and of his creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be idle, though without business; and never to be melancholy, though without sin or vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious discourse with a prayer of mine in a copy of Latin verses, of which I remember no other part; and, (*pour faire bonne bouche*) with some other verses upon the same subject:

* Hor. 2 Sat. vii. 83.

† Virg. Georg. iii. 7.

"Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
 "Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultra
 "Sollicitas effundo preces; si quid datur ultra
 "Accipiam gratus; si non, contentus abibo."

For the few hours of life allotted me,
 Give me (great God!) but bread and liberty,
 I'll beg no more: if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
 I'll thankfully that overplus receive:
 If beyond this no more be freely sent,
 I'll thank for this, and go away content,

MARTIAL, LIB. I. EP. lvi.

"*Vota tui breviter,*" &c.

WELL then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
 The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend.
 He does not palaces nor manors crave,
 Would Be no lord, but less a lord would Have;
 The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
 He quarrels not with Heaven because 'tis small:
 Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,
 He loves of homely littleness the ease.
 Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
 And his dear hours in humble visits spend,
 When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may
 With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
 If there be man (ye gods!) I ought to hate,
 Dependance and attendance be his fate;
 Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,
 And very much a slave, and very proud:
 Thus he perhaps powerful and rich may grow;
 No matter, O ye gods! that I'll allow:
 But let him peace and freedom never see;
 Let him not love this life, who loves not me!

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. liii.

"*Vis fieri liber?*" &c.

WOULD you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say;
 Come on; I'll shew thee, friend, the certain way;
 If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
 While bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
 If thou the goodness of thy cloaths dost prize
 By thine own use, and not by others' eyes;
 If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
 In a small house, but a convenient shell;
 If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
 Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish;
 If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
 The Persian king's a slave compar'd with thee.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. lxxviii.

"Quod te nomine?" &c.

THAT I do you with humble bows no more,
 And danger of my naked head, adore;
 That I, who "Lord and master," cry'd erewhile,
 Salute you, in a new and different style,
 By your own name, a scandal to you now;
 Think not that I forget myself or you:
 By loss of all things, by all others sought,
 This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.
 A lord and master no man wants, but he
 Who o'er himself has no authority;
 Who does for honours and for riches strive,
 And follies, without which lords cannot live.
 If thou from fortune dost no servant crave,
 Believe it, thou no master need'st to have.

O D E.

UPON LIBERTY.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her seat;
 Her proper place, her only scene,
 Is in the golden mean,
 She lives not with the poor nor with the great.
 The wings of those Necessity has clipt,
 And they're in Fortune's bridewell whipt
 To the laborious task of bread;
 These are by various tyrants captive led.
 Now wild Ambition with imperious force
 Rides, reins, and spurs, them, like th' unruly horse;
 And servile Avarice yokes them now,
 Like toilsome oxen, to the plough;
 And sometimes Lust, like the misguided light,
 Draws them through all the labyrinths of night.
 If any few among the great there be
 From these insulting passions free,
 Yet we ev'n those, too, fetter'd see
 By custom, business, crowds, and formal decency;
 And, wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,
 Impertinencies round them flow:
 These are the small uneasy things
 Which about greatness still are found,
 And rather it molest than wound:
 Like gnats, which too much heat of summer brings;
 But cares do swarm there, too, and those have stings:
 As, when the honey does too open lie,
 A thousand wasps about it fly:
 Nor will the master ev'n to share admit;
 The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

Y

'Tis morning; well; I fain would yet sleep on;
 You cannot now; you must be gone
 To court, or to the noisy hall:
 Besides, the rooms without are crowded all;
 The stream of business does begin,
 And a spring-tide of clients is come in.
 Ah cruel guards, which this poor prisoner keep!
 Will they not suffer him to sleep?
 Make an escape; out at the postern flee,
 And get some blessed hours of liberty:
 With a few friends, and a few dishes, dine,
 And much of mirth and moderate wine.
 To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
 And steal one day out of thy life to live.
 Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven
 Has such a freedom always given!
 Why, mighty madman, what should hinder thee
 From being every day as free?

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
 Never did bird a spirit so mean and fordid bear,
 As to exchange his native liberty
 Of soaring boldly up into the sky,
 His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,
 When, and wherever he thought good,
 And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,
 For a more plentiful or constant food.
 Nor ever did ambitious rage
 Make him into a painted cage,
 Or the false forest of a well-hung room,
 For honour and preferment, come.
 Now, blessings on you all, ye heroic race,
 Who keep your primitive powers and rights so well,
 Though men and angels fell.
 Of all material lives the highest place
 To you is justly given;
 And ways and walks the nearest heaven.
 Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
 To boast, that we look up to it.
 Ev'n to the universal tyrant, Love,
 You homage pay but once a year:
 None so degenerate and unbirdly prove,
 As his perpetual yoke to bear;
 None, but a few unhappy household fowl,
 Whom human lordship does control;
 Who from their birth corrupted were
 By bondage, and by man's example here.
 He's no small prince, who every day
 Thus to himself can say;
 Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
 Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk;
 This I will do, here I will stay,
 Or, if my fancy call me away,
 My man and I will presently go ride
 (For we, before, have nothing to provide,

Nor, after, are to render an account)
 To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish mount.
 If thou but a short journey take,
 As if thy last thou wert to make,
 Business must be dispatch'd, ere thou canst part,
 Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
 A hundred horse and men to wait on thee,
 And many a mule, and many a cart;
 What an unwieldy man thou art!
 The Rhodian Colossus so
 A journey, too, might go.

Where honour, or where conscience, does not bind,
 Nor other law shall shackle me;
 Slave to myself I will not be,
 Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
 By my own present mind.
 Who by resolves and vows engag'd does stand
 For days, that yet belong to Fate,
 Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate,
 Before it falls into his hand:
 The bondman of the cloister so,
 All that he does receive, does always owe;
 And still, as time comes in, it goes away
 Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
 Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell,
 Which his hours-work, as well as hours, does tell!
 Unhappy, till the last, the kind releasing knell.
 If life should a well-order'd poem be
 (In which he only hits the white
 Who joins true profit with the best delight),
 The more heroic strain let others take,
 Mine the Pindaric way I'll make;
 The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and free.
 It shall not keep one settled pace of time,
 In the same tune it shall not always chime,
 Nor shall each day just to his neighbour rhyme;
 A thousand liberties it shall dispense,
 And yet shall manage all without offence
 Or to the sweetness of the sound, or greatness of the sense;
 Nor shall it never from one subject start,
 Nor seek transitions to depart,
 Nor its set way o'er stiles and bridges make,
 Nor thorough lanes a compass take,
 As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,
 When the wide air's a road for it.
 So the imperial eagle does not stay
 Till the whole carcase he devour,
 That's fallen into its power:
 As if his generous hunger understood
 That he can never want plenty of food,
 He only sucks the tasteful blood;
 And to fresh game flies cheerfully away;
 To kites, and meaner birds, he leaves the mangled prey.

II.

OF SOLITUDE.

"**N**UNQUAM minus solus, quam cum solus," is now become a very vulgar saying. Every man, and almost every boy, for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the excellent Scipio, who was without question a most eloquent and witty person, as well as the most wise, most worthy, most happy, and the greatest of all mankind. His meaning, no doubt, was this, that he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it, by solitude than by company; and, to shew that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome mistress of almost the whole world, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house, in the middle of a wood, near Linternum*, passed the remainder of his glorious life no less gloriously. This house Seneca went to see so long after with great veneration; and, among other things, describes his baths to have been of so mean a structure, that now, says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, "Poor Scipio understood not how to live." What an authority is here for the credit of retreat! and happy had it been for Hannibal, if adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by Scipio from the highest prosperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by Monsieur de Montagne, "That ambition itself might teach us to love solitude; "there is nothing does so much hate to have companions." It is true, it loves to have its elbows free, it detests to have company on either side; but it delights above all things in a train behind, aye, and ushers too before it. But the greatest part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble Roman, that if they chance at any time to be without company, they are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature, that men should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a mistress, all other persons are importunate and burthensome to them. "Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam lubens," they would live and die with her alone.

"Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis,

"Qua nulla humano fit via trita pede.

"Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ

"Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis †."

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has prest.
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

And yet our dear self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind, as Catullus expresses towards one of his mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unfociable humour ‡:

"Odi, & amo: quare id faciam fortasse requiris.

"Nescio; sed fieri sentio, & excrucior."

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know;
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts, in seeking how to avoid himself.

* Seneca Epist. lxxxvi. † 4 Tibull. xiii. 9. ‡ De amore suo, lxxxiii.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world, is a fit man to be alone; nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding; so that solitude can be well fitted, and sit right, but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair, than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets, in the midst of company; but, like robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us, when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the hands of devils. It is like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sowed into a bag, with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

The first work therefore that a man must do, to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is, the very eradication of all lusts; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself, while his affections are tied to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well-speaking, depends upon much practice; and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a God from a wild beast. Now, because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve, without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

“ O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis * ! ”

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise !

The first minister of state has not so much business in public, as a wise man has in private: if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature, under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, “ That a man does not know how to pass his time.” It would have been but ill-spoken by Methusalem in the nine hundred sixty-ninth year of his life; so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you will say, is work only for the learned; others are not capable either of the employments or diversifements that arrive from letters. I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But, if any man be so unlearned, as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary provisions for life), it is truly a great shame both to his parents and himself; for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all those gaps of our time: either music, or painting, or designing, or chemistry, or gardening, or twenty other things, will do it usefully and pleasantly; and, if he happen to set his affections upon poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately), that will over-do it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved.

“ — O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi

“ Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ † ? ”

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!

Hail, ye plebeian under-wood !

Where the poetic birds rejoice,

And for their quiet nests and plenteous food

Pay, with their grateful voice.

* “ O vita, misero longa, felici brevis ! ” † Virg. Georg. ii. 489.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat !
 Ye country-houses and retreat,
 Which all the happy gods so love,
 That for you oft they quit their bright and great
 Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
 Nature, the wisest architect,
 Who those fond artists does despise
 That can the fair and living trees neglect ;
 Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
 Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
 With all their wanton boughs dispute,
 And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
 Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
 Gilt with the sun-beams here and there ;
 On whose enamel'd bank I'll walk,
 And see how prettily they smile, and hear
 How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched and too solitary he,
 Who loves not his own company !
 He'll feel the weight of't many a day,
 Unless he call in sin or vanity
 To help to bear 't away.

Oh Solitude, first state of human-kind !
 Which blest remain'd, till man did find
 Ev'n his own helper's company.

As soon as two, alas ! together join'd,
 The serpent made up three.

Tho' God himself, through countless ages, thee
 His sole companion chose to be,
 Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,
 Before the branchy head of number's tree
 Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (tho' men think thine an unactive part)
 Dost break and time th'unruly heart,
 Which else would know no settled pace,
 Making it move, well-manag'd by thy art,
 With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scattered light
 Dost, like a burning-glass, unite ;
 Dost multiply the feeble heat,
 And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
 And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks, I see
 The monster London laugh at me ;
 I should at thee too, foolish city !
 If it were fit to laugh at misery ;
 But thy estate I pity.

This
 dication
 comm
 them.
 phrase

It is v
 and th

Yet w
 ceived

But th
 " vitan
 insensib
 The m
 bene vis
 world (
 pleasant
 content
 of ceren
 friends t
 nor kno
 visibly al

The con
 hearing
 fully rid
 to vanity

* Hor.
 † Virg.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,
 Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
 A village less than Islington wilt grow,
 A solitude almost.

III.

OF OBSCURITY.

"**N**AM neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis;
 "Nec vixit malè, qui natus moriensque fefellit *."

God made not pleasures only for the rich;
 Nor have those men without their share too liv'd,
 Who both in life and death the world deceiv'd.

This seems a strange sentence, thus literally translated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the men of business (for who else can deceive the world?); whereas it is in commendation of those who live and die so obscurely, that the world takes no notice of them. This Horace calls deceiving the world; and in another place uses the same phrase †,

"—Secretum iter & fallentis semita vitæ."

The secret tracts of the deceiving life.

It is very elegant in Latin, but our English word will hardly bear up to that sense; and therefore Mr. Broom translates it very well—

Or from a life, led, as it were, by stealth.

Yet we say in our language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes before us unperceived; and we may say well enough, out of the same author ‡,

Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine, we strive
 The cares of life and troubles to deceive.

But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive ourselves, as Quintilian says §, "*vitam fallere*," to draw on still, and amuse, and deceive, our life, till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal period, and fall into that pit which nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar saying, "*Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*," He has lived well, who has lain well hidden; which, if it be a truth, the world (I will swear) is sufficiently deceived: for my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of life is in *incognito*. What a brave privilege is it, to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know any body. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself,

A veil of thicken'd air around them cast,
 That none might know, or see them, as they pass'd ||.

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any); but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes

* Hor. I Ep. xvii. 9.

† Hor. I Ep. xviii. 123.

‡ 2 Sat. vii. 114.

§ Declam. de Apib.

|| Virg. Æn. i. 415.

me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good-fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or, "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as, "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship, than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good-fame, because it is the shadow of virtue: not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. Peter cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man, whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniencies of old-age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit): this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this "muta persona," I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

SENECA, EX THYESTE, ACT. II. CHOR.

"*Stet, quicumque volet potens,*" &c.

UPON the slippery tops of human state,
 The gilded pinnacles of fate,
 Let others proudly stand, and, for a while
 The giddy danger to beguile,
 With joy, and with disdain, look down on all,
 Till their heads turn, and down they fall,
 Me, O ye gods, on earth, or else so near
 That I no fall to earth may fear,
 And, O ye gods, at a good distance seat
 From the long ruins of the great.

Here, wrapt in th' arms of quiet let me lie;
 Quiet, companion of obscurity!
 Here let my life with as much silence slide,
 As time, that measures it, does glide.
 Nor let the breath of infamy, or fame,
 From town to town echo about my name.
 Nor let my homely death embroider'd be
 With scutcheon or with elegy.
 An old plebeian let me die,
 Alas! all then are such as well as I.
 To him, alas, to him, I fear,
 The face of death will terrible appear;
 Who, in his life flattering his senseless pride,
 By being known to all the world beside,
 Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
 Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

IV.

OF AGRICULTURE.

THE first wish of Virgil (as you will find anon by his verses) was to be a good philosopher; the second a good husbandman: and God (whom he seemed to understand better than most of the most learned heathens) dealt with him, just as he did with Solomon; because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else, which were subordinately to be desired. He made him one of the best philosophers, and best husbandmen; and, to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best poet: he made him, besides all this, a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer—

“O fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit!”

To be a husbandman, is but a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world; or rather, a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's.

But, since nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility, of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make, are the employments of a country life. It is, as Columella * calls it, “Res sine dubitatione proxima, & quasi ‘‘con sanguinea sapientie,’’ the nearest neighbour, or rather next in kindred, to philosophy. Varro says, the principles of it are the same which Ennius made to be the principles of all nature, Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of philosophy, than any one profession, art, or science, in the world besides: and therefore Cicero says †, the pleasures of a husbandman, “mihi ad sapientis vitam ‘‘proxime videntur accedere,’’ come very nigh to those of a philosopher. There is no other sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a panegyrist: The utility of it to a man's self; the usefulness, or rather necessity, of it to all the rest of mankind; the innocence, the pleasure, the antiquity, the dignity.

The Utility (I mean plainly the lucre of it) is not so great, now in our nation, as arises from merchandize and the trading of the city, from whence many of the best estates and chief honours of the kingdom are derived: we have no men now fetched from the plough to be made lords, as they were in Rome to be made consuls and dictators; the reason of which I conceive to be from an evil custom, now grown as strong

* Lib. I. c. i. † De Senect.

among us as if it were a law, which is, that no men put their children to be bred-up apprentices in agriculture, as in other trades, but such who are so poor, that when they come to be men, they have not wherewithal to set up in it, and so can only farm some small parcel of ground, the rent of which devours all but the bare subsistence of the tenant: whilst they who are proprietors of the land are either too proud, or, for want of that kind of education, too ignorant, to improve their estates, though the means of doing it be as easy and certain in this, as in any other track of commerce. If there were always two or three thousand youths, for seven or eight years, bound to this profession, that they might learn the whole art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be masters in it, by a moderate stock; I cannot doubt but that we should see as many aldermen's estates made in the country, as now we do out of all kind of merchandizing in the city. There are as many ways to be rich, and, which is better, there is no possibility to be poor, without such negligence as can neither have excuse nor pity; for a little ground will without question feed a little family, and the superfluities of life (which are now in some cases by custom made almost necessary) must be supplied out of the superabundance of art and industry, or condemned by as great a degree of philosophy.

As for the Necessity of this art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like speech, without which the society of men cannot be preserved: the others like figures and tropes of speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many nations have lived, and some do still, without any art but this: not so elegantly, I confess, but still they live; and almost all the other arts, which are here practised, are beholden to this for most of their materials.

The Innocence of this life is the next thing for which I commend it; and if husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are so free from the temptations of iniquity. They live by what they can get by industry from the earth; and others, by what they can catch by craft from men. They live upon an estate given them by their mother; and others, upon an estate cheated from their brethren. They live, like sheep and kine, by the allowances of nature; and others, like wolves and foxes, by the acquisitions of rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any offence to the great) that sheep and kine are very useful, and that wolves and foxes are pernicious creatures. They are, without dispute, of all men the most quiet, and least apt to be inflamed to the disturbance of the commonwealth: their manner of life inclines them, and interest binds them, to love peace: in our late mad and miserable civil wars, all other trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole troops, and raised up some great commanders, who became famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done: but I do not remember the name of any one husbandman, who had so considerable a share in the twenty years ruin of his country, as to deserve the curses of his countrymen.

And if great delights be joined with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of men, not to take them here, where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature; we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy: we walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice: our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects; which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here pleasure looks, methinks, like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot. Here is harmless and cheap plenty; there guilty and expenceful luxury.

I shall only instance in one delight more, the most natural and best-natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandman; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding: to see all his fields and gardens

covered with the beauteous creatures of his own industry; and to see, like God, that all his works are good:

“—Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; ipsi

“Agricolæ tacitum pertendant gaudia pectus*,”

On his heart-strings a secret joy does strike.

The Antiquity of his art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first men in the world, were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession, and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus* forbids us to hate husbandry; because,” says he, “the Most High “has created it.” We are all born to this art, and taught by nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance.

Behold the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk what we please of lilies, and lions rampant, and spread-eagles, in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*; but, if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of Columella, how it should come to pass that all arts or sciences (for the dispute, which is an art, and which a science, does not belong to the curiosity of us husbandmen) metaphysic, physick, morality, mathematics, logic, rhetoric, &c. which are all, I grant, good and useful faculties (except only metaphysick, which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even vaulting, fencing, dancing, attiring, cookery, carving, and such-like vanities, should all have public schools and masters; and yet that we should never see or hear of any man, who took upon him the profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary art.

A man would think, when he is in serious humour, that it were but a vain, irrational, and ridiculous thing for a great company of men and women to run up and down in a room together, in a hundred several postures and figures, to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore dancing was invented first, and only practised anciently, in the ceremonies of the heathen religion, which consisted all in mummery and madness; the latter being the chief glory of the worship, and accounted divine inspiration: this, I say, a severe man would think; though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part, now, of good-breeding. And yet, who is there among our gentry, that does not entertain a dancing-master for his children, as soon as they are able to walk? But, did ever any father provide a tutor for his son, to instruct him betimes in the nature and improvements of that land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a defect, in our manner of education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one college in each university were erected, and appropriated to this study, as well as there are to medicine and the civil law: there would be no need of making a body of scholars and fellows, with certain endowments, as in other colleges; it would suffice, if, after the manner of halls in Oxford, there were only four professors constituted (for it would be too much work for only one master, or principal, as they call him there) to teach these four parts of it: First, Aration, and all things relating to it. Secondly, Pasturage. Thirdly, Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, and Woods. Fourthly, all parts of Rural Oeconomy; which would contain the government of Bees, Swine, Poultry, Decoys, Ponds, &c. and all that which Varro calls “*villaticas passionēs*,” together with the sports of the field (which ought to be looked upon not only as pleasures, but as parts of house-keeping), and the domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by industry abroad. The business of these professors should not be, as is commonly practised in other arts, only to read pompous and

* Virg. *Æn.* l. 504, &c.

† Chap. vii. 15.

superficial lectures, out of Virgil's Georgics, Pliny, Varro, or Columella; but to instruct their pupils in the whole method and course of this study, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual succession of scholars, upon a moderate taxation for their diet, lodging, and learning, would be a sufficient constant revenue for maintenance of the house and the professors, who should be men not chosen for the ostentation of critical literature, but for solid and experimental knowledge of the things they teach; such men, so industrious and public-spirited, as I conceive Mr. Hartlib* to be, if the gentleman be yet alive: but it is needless to speak further of my thoughts of this design, unless the present disposition of the age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have further to say of the country life, shall be borrowed from the poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was born among the shepherds.

"Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine Musas

"Ducit, & immemores non sinit esse fui †."

The Muses still love their own native place;

'T has secret charms, which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their work; one might as well undertake to dance in a crowd, as to make good verses in the midst of noise and tumult.

As well might corn, as verse, in cities grow;

In vain the thankless glebe we plow and sow:

Against th'unnatural soil in vain we strive;

'Tis not a ground, in which these plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the nettles or thorns of satire, which grow most naturally in the worst earth; and therefore almost all poets, except those who were not able to eat bread without the bounty of great men, that is, without what they could get by flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the vices and vanities of the grand world,

— pariter viciisque jociſque

Altius humanis exerere cepit ‡,

into the innocent happiness of a retired life; but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their ever-living poems. Hesiod was the first or second poet in the world that remains yet extant (if Homer, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were contemporaries); and he is the first writer too of the art of husbandry: "he has contributed (says Columella) not a little to our profession;" I suppose, he means not a little honour, for the matter of his instructions is not very important; his great antiquity is visible through the gravity and simplicity of his style. The most acute of all his sayings concerns our purpose very much, and is couched in the reverend obscurity of an oracle. *Ἡμῶν ἡμῶν παρὶς*, The half is more than the whole. The occasion of the speech is this; his brother Perseus had, by corrupting some great men, (*βασιλεὺς δωροφάγους*, great bribe-eaters he calls them, gotten from him the half of his estate. It is no matter (says he); they have not done me so much prejudice as they imagine:

Νῆπιον, ἔδ' ἴσασιν, κ. τ. λ.

Unhappy they, to whom God has not reveal'd,
By a strong light which must their sense controule,
That half a great estate's more than the whole:
Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie
Of roots and herbs the wholesome luxury.

* A gentleman, of whom it may be enough to say, that he had the honour to live in the friendship of Alesse and Milton. The former of these great men address'd some letters to him, and the latter, his

"Treatise on Education." HURD.

† Ovid. 1 Ep. ex Pont. iii. 35.

‡ Ovid Fast. i. 300.

This I conceive to have been honest Hesiod's meaning. From Homer we must not expect much concerning our affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the country, nor enjoy the pleasures of it; his helpless poverty was likeliest to be sustained in the richest places; he was to delight the Grecians with fine tales of the wars, and adventures of their ancestors; his subject removed him from all commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to shew his good-will a little. For, though he could do us no honour in the person of his hero Ulysses (much less of Achilles), because his whole time was consumed in wars and voyages; yet he makes his father Laertes a gardener all that while, and seeking his consolation for the absence of his son in the pleasure of planting and even dunging his own grounds. Ye see he did not contemn us peasants; nay, so far was he from that insolence, that he always styles Eumæus, who kept the hogs, with wonderful respect, *δῖον ὑπόβουλον*, the divine swineherd: he could have done no more for Menelaus or Agamemnon. And Theocritus (a very ancient poet, but he was one of our own tribe, for he wrote nothing but pastorals) gave the same epithet to an husbandman,

— ἀμείβετο δῖος ἀγρότης *

The divine husbandman replied to Hercules, who was but δῖος, himself. These were civil Greeks, and who understood the dignity of our calling! Among the Romans we have, in the first place, our truly-divine Virgil, who, though by the favour of Mæcenæ and Augustus he might have been one of the chief men of Rome, yet chose rather to employ much of his time in the exercise, and much of his immortal wit in the praise and instructions, of a rustic life; who, though he had written before whole books of pastorals and georgics, could not abstain in his great and imperial poem from describing Evander, one of his best princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary countryman. He seats him in a throne of maple, and lays him but upon a bear's-skin; the kine and oxen ate lowing in his court-yard; the birds under the eaves of his window call him up in the morning; and when he goes abroad, only two dogs go along with him for his guard; at last, when he brings Æneas into his royal cottage, he makes him say this memorable compliment, greater than ever yet was spoken at the Escorial, the Louvre, or our Whitehall:

— “Hæc (inquit) limina victor

“Alcides subiit, hæc illum regia cepit:

“Aude, hospes, contemnere opes: & te quoque dignum

“Finge Deo, rebûsque veni non asper egenis †.”

This humble roof, this rustic court (said he)

Receiv'd Alcides, crown'd with victory:

Scorn not, great guest, the steps where he has trod;

But contemn wealth, and imitate a God.

The next man, whom we are much obliged to, both for his doctrine and example, is the next best poet in the world to Virgil, his dear friend Horace; who, when Augustus had desired Mæcenæ to persuade him to come and live domestically and at the same table with him, and to be secretary of state of the whole world under him, or rather jointly with him, for he says, “ut nos in epistolis scribendis adjuvet,” could not be tempted to forsake his Sabin, or Tiburtin manor, for so rich and so glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, such an example as this in the world, that he should have so much moderation and courage as to refuse an offer of such greatness, and the emperor so much generosity and good nature as not to be at all offended with his refusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the passages of this excellent author upon the several subjects which I treat of in this book, I must

* Idyll. xxv. ver. 51.

† Virg. Æn. viii. 365.

be obliged to translate half his works; of which I may say more truly than in my opinion he did of Homer;

Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planius & melius Chryippo & Crantore dicit *.

I shall content myself upon this particular theme with three only, one out of his Odes, the other out of his Satires, the third out of his Epistles; and shall forbear to collect the suffrages of all other poets, which may be found scattered up and down through all their writings, and especially in Martial's. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful pencil upon the beauties of a face that has been drawn before by so many great masters; especially, that I should dare to do it in Latin verses (though of another kind), and have the confidence to translate them. I can only say that I love the matter, and that ought to cover many faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

A TRANSLATION OUT OF VIRGIL.

GEORG. LIB. II. 458.

OH happy (if his happiness he knows)
The country swain, on whom kind Heaven bestows
At home all riches, that wise nature needs;
Whom the just earth with easy plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no morning tide of clients comes,
And fills the painted channels of his rooms,
Adoring the rich figures, as they pass,
In tapestry wrought, or cut in living brass;
Nor is his wool superfluously dy'd
With the dear poison of Assyrian pride:
Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly spoil
The native use and sweetness of his oil.
Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,
Free from th' alarms of fear, and storms of strife,
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of peace cover him round:
Through artless grots the murmuring waters glide;
Thick trees both against heat and cold provide,
From whence the birds salute him; and his ground
With lowing herds and bleating sheep does sound;
And all the rivers, and the forests nigh,
Both food and game, and exercise, supply.
Here a well-harden'd, active youth we see,
Taught the great art of cheerful poverty,
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
Some streaks of love, both human and divine;
From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
Still her last footsteps upon earth appear.
'Tis true, the first desire, which does control
All the inferior wheels that move my soul,
Is that the Muse me her high-priest would make,
Into her holiest scenes of mystery take,

* 1 Ep. ii. 3.

And open there, to my mind's purged eye,
 Those wonders, which to sense the gods deny :
 How in the moon such change of shapes is found,
 The moon, the changing world's eternal bound ;
 What shakes the solid earth, what strong disease
 Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient ease ;
 What makes the sea retreat, and what advance
 " (Varieties too regular for chance) ;"
 What drives the chariot on of winter's light,
 And stops the lazy waggon of the night.
 But, if my dull and frozen blood deny
 To send forth spirits, that raise a soul so high,
 In the next place, let woods and rivers be
 My quiet, though inglorious, destiny.
 In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid ;
 Cover me, gods, with Tempe's thickest shade.
 Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy, he,
 Who can through gross effects their causes see :
 Whose courage from the deeps of knowledge springs,
 Nor vainly fears inevitable things ;
 But does his walk of virtue calmly go
 Through all th' alarms of death and hell below.
 Happy ! but, next such conquerors, happy they,
 Whose humble life lies not in fortune's way.
 They unconcern'd, from their safe distant seat,
 Behold the rods and sceptres of the great ;
 The quarrels of the mighty without fear,
 And the descent of foreign troops, they hear ;
 Nor can ev'n Rome their steady course misguide,
 With all the lustre of her perishing pride.
 Them never yet did strife or avarice draw
 Into the noisy markets of the law,
 The camps of gown'd war ; nor do they live
 By rules of forms, that many madmen give.
 Duty for nature's bounty they repay,
 And her sole laws religiously obey.

Some with bold labour plow the faithless main,
 Some rougher storms in princes' courts sustain :
 Some swell up their slight sails with popular fame,
 Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name :
 Some their vain wealth to earth again commit ;
 With endless cares some brooding o'er it sit :
 Country and friends are by some wretches sold,
 To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold ;
 No price too high for profit can be shown ;
 Not brothers' blood, nor hazards of their own :
 Around the world in search of it they roam,
 It makes ev'n their antipodes their home ;
 Meanwhile, the prudent husbandman is found,
 In mutual duties striving with his ground,
 And half the year he care of that does take,
 That half the year grateful returns does make.
 Each fertile month does some new gifts present,
 And with new work his industry content.
 This the young lamb, that the soft fleece, doth yield ;
 This loads with hay, and that with corn, the field ;

All sorts of fruit crown the rich autumn's pride :
 And on a swelling hill's warm stony side,
 The powerful princely purple of the vine,
 Twice dy'd with the redoubled sun, does shine.
 In th' evening to a fair ensuing day,
 With joy he sees his flocks and kids to play:
 And loaded kine about his cottage stand,
 Inviting with known sound the milker's hand ;
 And when from wholesome labour he doth come,
 With wishes to be there, and wish'd-for home,
 He meets at door the softest human blisses,
 His chaste wife's welcome, and dear children's kisses.
 When any rural holidays invite
 His genius forth to innocent delight,
 On earth's fair bed, beneath some sacred shade,
 Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,
 He sings thee, Bacchus, patron of the vine ;
 The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,
 Not to the loss of reason, or of strength:
 To active games and manly sport, at length,
 Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see
 Who can the best at better trials be.
 From such the old Hetrurian virtue rose ;
 Such was the life the prudent Sabins chose :
 Such, Remus, and the god, his brother, led ;
 From such firm-footing Rome grew the world's head.
 Such was the life that, ev'n till now, does raise
 The honour of poor Saturn's golden days:
 Before men, born of earth, and buried there,
 Let-in the sea their mortal fate to share :
 Before new ways of perishing were sought ;
 Before unskillful death on anvils wrought ;
 Before those beasts, which human life sustain,
 By men, unless to the gods use, were slain.

 HOR. EPOD. ODE II.

HAPPY the man, whom bounteous gods allow
 With his own hands paternal grounds to plough !
 Like the first golden mortals happy, he,
 From business and the cares of money free !
 No human storms break off at land his sleep ;
 No loud alarms of nature, on the deep :
 From all the cheats of law he lives secure,
 Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure.
 Sometimes, the beauteous, marriageable vine
 He to the lusty bridegroom elm does join ;
 Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,
 And grafts new life into the fruitful wound ;
 Sometimes he shears his flock, and sometimes he
 Stores up the golden treasures of the bee.
 He sees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
 Whilst neighbouring hills lowe back to them again ;

And, when the season, rich as well as gay,
 All her autumnal bounty does display,
 How is he pleas'd th' increasing use to see
 Of his well-trusted labours bend the tree!
 Of which large shares, on the glad sacred days,
 He gives to friends, and to the gods repays.
 With how much joy does he, beneath some shade
 By aged trees' reverend embraces made,
 His careless head on the fresh green recline,
 His head uncharg'd with fear or with design.
 By him a river constantly complains,
 The birds above rejoice with various strains,
 And in the solemn scene their orgies keep,
 Like dreams, mix'd with the gravity of sleep;
 Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,
 And nought within against it shuts the gate.
 Nor does the roughest season of the sky,
 Or fullen Jove, all sports to him deny.
 He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,
 His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air;
 Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
 He drives into a toil the foaming boar;
 Here flies the hawk t' assault, and there the net
 To intercept, the travailing fowl, is set;
 And all his malice, all his craft, is shown
 In innocent wars on bealls and birds alone.
 This is the life from all misfortunes free,
 From thee, the great one, tyrant Love, from thee;
 And, if a chaste and clean, though homely, wife
 Be added to the blessings of this life—
 Such as the ancient sun-burnt Sabins were,
 Such as Apulia, frugal still, does bear—
 Who makes her children and the house her care,
 And joyfully the work of life does share,
 Nor thinks herself too noble or too fine
 To pin the sheepfold or to milch the kine;
 Who waits at door against her husband come
 From rural duties, late and wearied, home,
 Where she receives him with a kind embrace,
 A cheerful fire, and a more cheerful face;
 And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,
 And with domestic plenty loads the board;
 Not all the lustful shell-fish of the sea,
 Dress'd by the wanton hand of luxury,
 Not ortolans, nor godwits, nor the rest
 Of costly names that glorify a feast,
 Are at the princely tables better cheer,
 Than lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

A PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
 Close to plough'd ground, seated commodiously,

A a

His ancient and hereditary house,
 There dwelt a good substantial country mouse;
 Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
 Yet one who once did nobly entertain
 A city mouse, well-coated, sleek, and gay,
 A mouse of high degree, which lost his way,
 Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
 And arriv'd early, and belighted, there,
 For a day's lodging: the good hearty host
 (The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)
 Did all the stores produce, that might excite,
 With various tastes, the courtier's appetite.
 Fitches and beans, pease and oats, and wheat,
 And a large chesnut, the delicious meat
 Which Jove himself, were he a mouse, would eat.
 And, for a *baut goust*, there was mixt with these
 The swerd of bacon, and the coat of cheefe:
 The precious reliques which, at harvest, he
 Had gather'd from the reaper's luxury.
 Freely (said he) fall on, and never spare,
 The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.
 And thus at ease, on beds of straw, they lay,
 And to their genius sacrific'd the day:
 Yet the nice guest's Epicurean mind,
 (Though breeding made him civil seem and kind)
 Despis'd this country feast; and still his thought
 Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.
 Your bounty and civility (said he),
 Which I'm surpriz'd in these rude parts to see,
 Shews that the gods have given you a mind
 Too noble for the fate which here you find.
 Why should a soul, so virtuous and so great,
 Lose itself thus in an obscure retreat?
 Let savage beasts lodge in a country den;
 You should see towns, and manners know, and men;
 And taste the generous luxury of the court,
 Where all the mice of quality resort;
 Where thousand beauteous flies about you move,
 And, by high fare, are pliant made to love.
 We all, ere long, must render up our breath;
 No cave or hole can shelter us from death.
 Since life is so uncertain, and so short,
 Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.
 Come, worthy sir, come with me and partake
 All the great things that mortals happy make.
 Alas! what virtue hath sufficient arms
 To oppose bright honour, and soft pleasure's charms:
 What wisdom can their magic force repel?
 It draws this reverend hermit from his cell.
 It was the time, when witty poets tell,
 "That Phœbus into Thetis' bosom fell:
 "She blush'd at first, and then put out the light,
 "And drew the modest curtains of the night."
 Plainly the truth to tell, the sun was set,
 When to the town our wearied travellers get:

To a lord's house, as lordly as can be,
 Made for the use of pride and luxury,
 They come; the gentle courtier at the door
 Stops, and will hardly enter in before;
 But 'tis, sir, your command, and being so,
 I'm sworn t' obedience; and so in they go.
 Behind a hanging in a spacious room
 (The richest work of Mortelake's noble loom)
 They wait a while, their wearied limbs to rest,
 Till silence should invite them to their feast.
 "About the hour that Cynthia's silver light
 "Had touch'd the pale meridies of the night;"
 At last, the various supper being done,
 It happen'd that the company was gone
 Into a room remote, servants and all,
 To please their noble fancies with a ball.
 Our host leads forth his stranger, and does find
 All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
 Still on the table half-fill'd dishes stood,
 And with delicious bits the floor was strew'd.
 The courteous mouse presents him with the best,
 And both with fat varieties are blest.
 Th' industrious peasant every where does range,
 And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.
 Lo! in the midst of a well-freighted pye,
 They both at last glutted and wanton lie:
 When, see the sad reverse of prosperous fate,
 And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait!
 With hideous noise down the rude servants come,
 Six dogs before run barking into th' room;
 The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
 And hate the fullness, which retards their flight.
 Our trembling peasant wishes now, in vain,
 That rocks and mountains cover'd him again;
 Oh, how the change of his poor life he curst!
 This, of all lives (said he) is sure the worst:
 Give me again, ye gods, my cave and wood!
 With peace, let tares and acorns be my food!

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE TENTH EPISTLE OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

HORACE TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

HEALTH, from the lover of the country, me,
 Health, to the lover of the city, thee;
 A difference in our souls, this only proves;
 In all things else, we agree like married doves.
 But the warm nest and crowded dove-house thou
 Dost like; I loosely fly from bough to bough,
 And rivers drink, and all the shining day
 Upon fair trees or mossy rocks I play;

A a 2

In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
 From all that you equal with heaven admire;
 Like one at last from the priest's service fled,
 Loathing the honied cakes, I long for bread.
 Would I a house for happiness erect,
 Nature alone should be the architect,
 She'd built it more convenient than great,
 And doubtless in the country choose her seat,
 Is there a place doth better helps supply
 Against the wounds of winter's cruelty?
 Is there an air, that gentler does assuage
 The mad celestial dog's, or lion's, rage?
 Is it not there that sleep (and only there)
 Nor noise without, nor cares within, does fear?
 Does art through pipes a purer water bring,
 Than that, which nature strains into a spring?
 Can all your tap'stries, or your pictures, show
 More beauties, than in herbs and flowers do grow?
 Fountains and trees our wearied pride do please,
 Ev'n in the midst of gilded palaces.
 And in your towns, that prospect gives delight,
 Which opens round the country to our sight.
 Men to the good, from which they rashly fly,
 Return at last: and their wild luxury
 Does but in vain with those true joys contend,
 Which nature did to mankind recommend.
 The man who changes gold for burnish'd brass,
 Or small right gems for larger ones of glass,
 Is not, at length, more certain to be made
 Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
 Than he, who sells a solid good, to buy
 The painted goods of pride and vanity.
 If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,
 Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to lose;
 For, when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
 With trifles too, unwillingly we part.
 An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,
 More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,
 Than all the tumult of vain greatness brings
 To kings, or to the favourites of kings,
 The horned deer, by nature arm'd so well,
 Did with the horse in common pasture dwell;
 And, when they fought, the field it always wan,
 Till the ambitious horse begg'd help of man,
 And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
 Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain:
 But never after could the rider get
 From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
 So they, who poverty too much do fear,
 T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear;
 That they might power above their equals have,
 To cruel masters they themselves enslave.
 For gold, their liberty exchange'd we see,
 That fairest flower which crowns humanity*.

* The poet, as usual, expresses his own *feeling*: but he does more, he expresses it very classically. The allusion is to the ancient custom of wearing wreaths or garlands of flowers, on any occasion of joy and festivity. Hurd.

And all this mischief does upon them light,
 Only, because they know not how, aright,
 That great, but secret happiness, to prize,
 That's laid up in a little, for the wife :
 That is the best and easiest estate,
 Which to a man sits close, but not too strait ;
 'Tis like a shoe ; it pinches and it burns,
 Too narrow ; and too large, it overturns.
 My dearest friend ! stop thy desires at last,
 And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou hast :
 And, if me still seeking for more you see,
 Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
 Money was made, not to command our will,
 But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil :
 Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey :
 The horse doth with the horseman run away.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

LIB. VI. PLANTARUM.

BLEST be the man (and blest he is) whom e'er
 (Placed far out of the roads of hope or fear)
 A little field, and little garden, feeds :
 The field gives all that frugal nature needs ;
 The wealthy garden liberally bestows
 All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
 The specious inconveniencies, that wait
 Upon a life of business, and of state,
 He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)
 By fools desir'd, by wicked men possess'd.
 Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's praise)
 The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days ;
 Thus his wife life Abdolonymus spent :
 Th' ambassadors, which the great emperor sent
 To offer him a crown, with wonder found
 The reverend gardener hoeing off his ground ;
 Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
 From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went ;
 And oft he stopt, in his triumphant way,
 And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
 Not without sighs, Alas ! I there forsake
 A happier kingdom than I go to take !
 Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
 But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
 Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
 Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame.
 For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
 Presum'd, at wise Apollo's Delphic seat
 Presum'd, to ask, Oh thou, the whole world's eye,
 See'st thou a man that happier is than I ?
 The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
 Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,

In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be !
 We have heard, as yet, of no such king as he.
 And true it was, through the whole earth around
 No king of such a name was to be found.
 Is some old hero of that name alive,
 Who his high race does from the gods derive ?
 Is it some mighty general, that has done
 Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won ?
 Is it some man of endless wealth ? said he.
 None, none of these. Who can this Aglaüs be ?
 After long search, and vain enquiries past,
 In an obscure Arcadian vale at last
 (Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)
 Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen)
 This Aglaüs, who monarch's envy drew,
 Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
 This mighty Aglaüs, was labouring found,
 With his own hands, in his own little ground.
 So, gracious God ! (if it may lawful be,
 Among these foolish gods to mention thee)
 So let me act, on such a private stage,
 The last dull scenes of my declining age ;
 After long toils and voyages in vain,
 This quiet port let my tost vessel gain ;
 Of heavenly rest, this earnest to me lend,
 Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

V.

THE GARDEN.

TO J. EVELYN, ESQUIRE.

I NEVER had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature ;

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole and intire to lie,
 In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

Or, as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there

“ Studiis florere ignobilis oti : ”

(though I could wish that he had rather said, “ Nobilis oti,” when he spoke of his own.) But several accidents of my ill-fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity ; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish ; and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not yet arrived at my little Zoar. “ O let me escape thither (is it not a little one ?) and my soul shall live.” I do not look back yet ; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for

* Virg. Georg. iv. 564.

this seems a little too extravagant and pindarical for prose) what I mean by all this preface; it is to let you know, that though I have missed, like a chemist, my great end, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the bye; which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem; and thereby the honour of having my name so advantageously recommended to posterity, by the epistle you are pleased to prefix to the most useful book that has been written in that kind*, and which is to last as long as months and years.

Among many other arts and excellencies, which you enjoy, I am glad to find this favourite of mine the most predominant; that you choose this for your wife, though you have hundreds of other arts for your concubines; though you know them, and beget sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great legacies), yet the issue of this seems to be designed by you to the main of the estate; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestowed most charges upon its education: and I doubt not to see that book, which you are pleased to promise to the world, and of which you have given us a large earnest in your calendar, as accomplished, as any thing can be expected from an extraordinary wit, and no ordinary expences, and a long experience. I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden; and yet no man, who makes his happiness more public, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do, is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
With prudence, how to choose the best:
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd a right
(Things, which thou well dost understand;
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous weeds?
When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of heaven too did appear,
As far as earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift; first, ev'n before a wife,
For God, the universal architect,
'T had been as easy to erect

* Mr. Evelyn's "Kalendarium hortense" dedicated to Mr. Cowley—The title explains the propriety of the compliment, that this book was to last as long as months and years. Hous.

A Louvre or Escorial, or a tower
 That might with heaven communication hold,
 As Babel vainly thought to do of old :
 He wanted not the skill or power ;
 In the world's fabric those were shown,
 And the materials were all his own.
 But well he knew, what place would best agree
 With innocence, and with felicity :
 And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain ;
 If any part of either yet remain,
 If any part of either we expect,
 This may our judgment in the search direct ;
 God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.
 O blessed shades ! O gentle, cool retreat
 From all th' immoderate heat,
 In which the frantic world does burn and sweat !
 This does the lion-star, ambition's rage ;
 This avarice, the dog-star's thirst, assuage ;
 Every where else their fatal power we see,
 They make and rule man's wretched destiny :
 They neither set, nor disappear,
 But tyrannize o'er all the year ;
 Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
 The birds that dance from bough to bough,
 And sing above in every tree,
 Are not from fears and cares more free
 Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk, below,
 And should by right be singers too.
 What prince's choir of music can excel
 That, which within this shade does dwell ?
 To which we nothing pay or give ;
 They, like all other poets, live
 Without reward, or thanks, for their obliging pains :
 'Tis well if they become not prey :
 The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
 And a grave bass the murmuring fountains play ;
 Nature does all this harmony bestow,
 But to our plants, art's music too,
 The pipe, theorbo, and guittar, we owe ;
 The lute itself, which once was green and mute,
 When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,
 The trees danc'd round, and understood
 By sympathy the voice of wood.
 These are the spells, that to kind sleep invite,
 And nothing does within resistance make,
 Which yet we moderately take ;
 Who would not choose to be awake,
 While he's encompass'd round with such delight,
 To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight ?
 When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep*
 A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,
 She odorous herbs and flowers beneath him spread,
 As the most soft and sweetest bed ;

* Virg. *Æn.* i. 695.

Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.
 Who, that has reason, and his smell,
 Would not among roses and jafamine dwell,
 Rather than all his spirits choak
 With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
 And all th' uncleanness which does drown,
 In pestilential clouds, a populous town?
 The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
 Than all the female men, or women, there,
 Not without cause, about them bear.
 When Epicurus to the world had taught,
 That pleasure was the chiefest good
 (And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly understood)
 His life he to his doctrine brought,
 And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure sought :
 Whoever a true epicure would be,
 May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
 Vitellius's table, which did hold
 As many creatures as the ark of old ;
 That fiscal table, to which every day
 All countries did a constant tribute pay,
 Could nothing more delicious afford
 Than nature's liberality,
 Help'd with a little art and industry,
 Allows the meanest gardener's board.
 The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choofe,
 For which the grape or melon she would lose ;
 Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air
 Be lifted in the glutton's bill of fare,
 Yet still the fruits of earth we see
 Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.
 But with no sense the garden does comply,
 None courts, or flatters, as it does the eye.
 When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
 The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
 His royal southern guest to entertain ;
 Though she on silver floors did tread,
 With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
 To hide the metal's poverty ;
 Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,
 And nought around her could behold
 But silk and rich embroidery,
 And Babylonish tapestry,
 And wealthy Hiram's princely dye ;
 Though Ophir's starry stones met every where her eye ;
 Though she herself and her gay host were dress'd
 With all the shining glories of the East ;
 When lavish art her costly work had done,
 The honour and the prize of bravery
 Was by the garden from the palace won ;
 And every rose and lilly there did stand
 Better attir'd by nature's hand *.

The case thus judg'd against the king we see,
By one, that would not be so rich, though wiser far than he.

Nor does this happy place only dispense

Such various pleasures to the sense ;

Here health itself does live,

That salt of life, which does to all a relish give,

Its standing pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,

The body's virtue, and the soul's good-fortune, health.

The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,

Did its immortal head to heaven rear ;

It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood ;

Now, a small thorny shrub it does appear ;

Nor will it thrive too every where :

It always here is freshest seen ;

'Tis only here an ever-green.

If, through the strong and beauteous fence

Of temperance and innocence,

And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,

Any diseases passage find,

They must not think here to assail

A land unarm'd, or without a guard ;

They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,

Before they can prevail :

Scarce any plant is growing here,

Which against death some weapon does not bear.

Let cities boast, that they provide

For life the ornaments of pride :

But 'tis the country and the field,

That furnish it with staff and shield.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine

In a more bright and sweet reflection shine ?

Where do we finer strokes and colours see

Of the Creator's real poetry,

Than when we with attention look

Upon the third day's volume of the book ?

If we could open and intend our eye,

We all, like Moses, should espy

Ev'n in a bush the radiant Deity.

But we despise these his inferior ways

(Though no less full of miracle and praise):

Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze ;

The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,

Though these perhaps do, more than they,

The life of mankind sway.

Although no part of mighty nature be

More stor'd with beauty, power, and mystery ;

Yet, to encourage human industry,

God has so order'd, that no other part

Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

We no-where Art do so triumphant see,

As when it grafts or buds the tree :

In other things we count it to excel,

If it a docile scholar can appear

To Nature, and but imitate her well ;

It over-rules, and is her master, here.

It imitates her Maker's power divine,
 And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine :
 It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore
 To its blest state of Paradise before :
 Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
 O'er all the vegetable world command ?
 And the wild giants of the wood receive
 What law he's pleas'd to give ?

He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
 The gentler apple's winy juice ;
 The golden fruit, that worthy is
 Of Galatea's purple kifs :
 He does the savage hawthorn teach
 To bear the medlar and the pear :
 He bids the rustic plum to rear
 A noble trunk, and be a peach.
 Ev'n Daphne's coynefs he does mock,
 And weds the cherry to her stock,
 Though she refus'd Apollo's suit ;
 Ev'n she, that chaste and virgin tree,
 Now wonders at herself, to see
 That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

Methinks, I see great Dioclesian walk
 In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
 Which by his own imperial hands was made :
 I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
 With the ambassadors, who come in vain
 To entice him to a throne again.
 If I, my friends (said he) should to you show
 All the delights which in these gardens grow,
 'Tis likelier much, that you should with me stay,
 Than 'tis, that you should carry me away :
 And trust me not, my friends, if, every day,
 I walk not here with more delight,
 Than ever, after the most happy fight,
 In triumph to the capitol I rode,
 To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself, almost a god.

VI.

OF GREATNESS.

"SINCE we cannot attain to greatness (says the *Sieur de Montagne*) let us have our revenge by railing at it:" this he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason ; for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, separated and purged from the incommunities. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestered from it, and made one of the principal officers of state. But the reader may think that what I now say is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be, put to the trial : I can therefore only make my protestation,

If ever I more riches did desire
 Than cleanliness and quiet do require;
 If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
 With any wish, so mean as to be great;
 Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
 The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor-spirited fellow; but I am content, and, like Horace, thank God for being so.

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quódque pusilli
 Finxerunt animi.

I confess, I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little company, and a very little feast; and, if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty. I would neither wish that my mistress, nor my fortune, should be a *bona roba*, nor, as Homer uses to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the stateliness and largeness of her person; but as Lucretius says,

Parvola, pumilio, *Χαρίτων μίχα*, tota merum sal †.

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of Senecio's mind, whose ridiculous affectation of grandeur Seneca the elder † describes to this effect: Senecio was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humour grew at last into so notorious a habit, or rather disease, as became the sport of the whole town: he would have no servants, but huge, massy fellows; no plate or household-stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion: you may believe me, for I speak it without raillery, his extravagancy came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse-plums and pound-pears: he kept a concubine, that was a very giantess, and made her walk too always in chiopins, till at last, he got the surname of Senecio Grandio, which Messala said, was not his *cognomen*, but his *cognomentum*: when he declaimed for the three hundred Lacedæmonians, who alone opposed Xerxes's army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his arms, and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out, in a very loud voice; "I rejoice, I rejoice."—We wondered, I remember, what new great fortune had befallen his eminence. "Xerxes (says he) is all mine own. He, who took away the sight of the sea, with the canvas veils of so many ships"—and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's own burley way of nonsense.

This is the character that Seneca gives of this hyperbolical fop, whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are very few men who are not in some things, and to some degrees, *Grandios*. Is any thing more common, than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, that all the ostentation of our grandees is, just like a train, of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and inconvenient. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio*? how tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it! I do believe there is no king, who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation.

The mightiest princes are glad to fly often from these majestic pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them) as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible diversions and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children.

* I Sat. iv. 17.

† Lucr. iv. 1155.

‡ Suasoriarum Liber. Suas. II.

One of the most powerful and fortunate princes* of the world, of late, could find out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all human greatness (nay, that would not suffice, for they would be gods too), they certainly possessed it: and yet one of them, who styled himself lord and god of the earth, could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three hours in catching of flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godship had been Beelzebub †. One of his predecessors Nero, (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his appetite) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: this was one of his imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was, to sing and play upon a fiddle, in the habit of a minstrel, upon the public stage: he was prouder of the garlands that were given to his divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of prizes, than all his forefathers were, of their triumphs over nations: he did not at his death complain, that so mighty an emperor, and the last of all the Cæsarian race of deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end; but only cried out, "Alas, what pity it is, that so excellent a musician should perish in this manner ‡!" His uncle Claudius spent half his time at playing at dice; and that was the main fruit of his sovereignty. I omit the madnesses of Caligula's delights, and the execrable fordidness of those of Tiberius. Would one think that Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at nuts and bounding-stones, with little Syrian and Moorish boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this that Rome's best blood he spilt,

With so much falsehood, so much guilt?

Was it for this that his ambition strove

To equal Cæsar, first; and after, Jove?

Greatness is barren, rare, of solid joys;

Her merchandize (I fear) is all in toys;

She could not else, sure, so uncivil be,

To treat his universal majesty,

His new-created Deity,

With nuts, and bounding-stones, and boys.

But we must excuse her for this meagre entertainment; she has not really wherewithal to make such feasts as we imagine. Her guests must be contented sometimes with but slender cates, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become nauseous. When you have pared away all the vanity, what solid and natural contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred a year? Not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well: not so many choice dishes at every meal; but at several meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant: not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes; but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the master, though not for the tailor or valet de chambre: not such a stately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the costliest sorts of tapestry; but a convenient brick house, with decent wainscot, and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions) not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountain or cas-

* Louis XIII.—The Duke de Luynes, the Constable of France, is said to have gained the favour of this powerful and fortunate prince by training up singing birds for him. ANON.

† Beelzebub signifies the Lord of flies. COWLEY. ‡ — "Qualis artifex pereo!" Sueton. Nero.

cade-gardens; but herb, and flower, and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble nymph, or the urn of a river-god.

If, for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one; in the other liberty, tranquillity, security, and innocence. And when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you, before, but a ridiculous paradox, that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object,

“—sed quantum vertice ad auras
“Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit *.”

As far up towards heaven the branches grow,
So far the root sinks down to hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress: what a wonderful thing is this! Unless it degenerate into avarice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery:

Municipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex †.

This is the case of almost all great men, as well as of the poor king of Cappadocia: they abound with slaves, but are indigent of money. The ancient Roman emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme poverty. But yet with most of them it was much otherwise; and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their provinces. This fashion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their estates, two other thirds they must expend in vanity; so that they remain debtors for all the necessary provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of rapine: “as riches increase” (says Solomon) “so do the mouths that devour them ‡.” The master mouth has no more than before. The owner, methinks, is like Ocnus in the fable, who is perpetually winding a rope of hay, and an ass at the end perpetually eating it.

Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself: still, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the Pic of Teneriff, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old giants, are said to have made an heroical attempt of scaling heaven in despite of the gods: and they cast Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa: two or three mountains more, they thought, would have done their business: but the thunder spoilt all the work, when they were come up to the third story:

And what a noble plot was cross!

And what a brave design was lost!

A famous person of their offspring, the late giant of our nation, when, from the condition of a very inconsiderable captain, he had made himself lieutenant-general of an army of little Titans, which was his first mountain, and afterwards general, which was his second, and after that, absolute tyrant of three kingdoms,

* Virg. Georg. ii. 291.

† Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 39.

‡ Eccl. v. 11.

which was the third, and almost touched the heaven which he affected, is believed to have died with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a king, and the old formality of a crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the title of an emperor or a god. The reason of this is, that greatness has no reality in nature, being a creature of the fancy, a notion that consists only in relation and comparison: it is indeed an idol; but St. Paul teaches us, "that an idol is nothing in the world." There is in truth no rising or meridian of the sun, but only in respect to several places: there is no right or left, no upper-hand in nature; every thing is little, and every thing is great, according as it is diversely compared. There may be perhaps some village in Scotland or Ireland, where I might be a great man: and in that case I should be like Cæsar (you would wonder how Cæsar and I should be like one another in any thing); and choose rather to be the first man of the village, than second at Rome. Our country is called Great Britany, in regard only of a lesser of the same name; it would be but a ridiculous epithet for it, when we consider it together with the kingdom of China. That, too, is but a pitiful rood of ground, in comparison of the whole earth besides: and this whole globe of earth, which we account so immense a body, is but one point or atom in relation to those numberless worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite space of the sky which we behold.

The other many inconveniences of grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several chapters; and shall end this with an Ode of Horace, not exactly copied, but rudely imitated.

HORACE, LIB. III. ODE I.

"Odi profanum vulgus, &c."

HENCE, ye profane; I hate you all;
 Both the great vulgar, and the small.
 To virgin minds, which yet their native whiteness hold,
 Not yet discolour'd with the love of gold
 (That jaundice of the soul,
 Which makes it look so gilded and so foul),
 To you, ye very few, these truths I tell;
 The Muse inspires my song; hark, and observe it well.
 We look on men, and wonder at such odds
 'Twixt things that were the same by birth;
 We look on kings as giants of the earth,
 These giants are but pigmies to the gods.
 The humblest bush and proudest oak
 Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.
 Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and power,
 Have their short flourishing hour:
 And love to see themselves, and smile,
 And joy in their pre-eminence awhile;
 Ev'n so in the same land,
 Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand;
 Alas! death mows down all with an impartial hand.
 And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,
 Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles:
 If ye your eyes could upwards move
 (But ye, I fear, think nothing is above)

Ye would perceive by what a little thread

The sword still hangs over your head :
No tide of wine would drown your cares ;
No mirth or music over-noise your fears :
The fear of death would you so watchful keep,
As not t' admit the image of it, sleep.

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble too, as not to scorn

The meanest country cottages :

" His poppy grows among the corn."

The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.

'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in their mind ;

Darkness but half his work will do :

'Tis not enough ; he must find quiet too.

The man, who in all wishes he does make,
Does only nature's counsel take,

That wise and happy man will never fear

The evil aspects of the year ;

Nor tremble, though two comets should appear :

He does not look in almanacks, to see

Whether he fortunate shall be ;

Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,

And what they please against the world design,

So Jupiter within him shine.

If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,
God to your cares and fears will set no bound.

What would content you ? who can tell ?

Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got,

As if ye lik'd it well :

Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.

Go, level hills, and fill up seas,

Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please ;

But, trust me, when you have done all this,

Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

VII.

OF AVARICE.

THERE are two sorts of avarice : the one is but of a bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious appetite of gain ; not for its own sake, but for the pleasure of re-funding it immediately through all the channels of pride and luxury : the other is the true kind, and properly so called ; which is a restless and unsatiable desire of riches, not for any farther end or use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually increase them. The covetous man, of the first kind, is like a greedy ostrich, which devours any metal ; but it is with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect, it makes a shift to digest and excrete it. The second is like the foolish chough, which loves to steal money only to hide it. The first does much harm to mankind ; and a little good too, to some few : the second does good to none ; no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or angels, or rational men, for his actions : the second can give no

reason or colour, not to the devil himself, for what he does; he is a slave to Mammon without wages. The first makes a shift to be beloved; ay, and envied too by some people; the second is the universal object of hatred and contempt. There is no vice has been so pelted with good sentences, and especially by the poets, who have pursued it with stories, and fables, and allegories, and allusions; and moved, as we say, every stone to fling at it: among all which, I do not remember a more fine and gentleman-like correction, than that which was given it by one line of Ovid:

“Defunt luxuriæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.”

Much is wanting to luxury, all to avarice.

To which saying, I have a mind to add one member, and render it thus:

Poverty wants some, luxury many, avarice all things.

Somebody says * of a virtuous and wise man “that having nothing, he has all:” this is just his antipode, who, having all things, yet has nothing. He is a guardian eunuch to his beloved gold: “*audivi eos amatores esse maximos, sed nil potesse.*” They are the fondest lovers, but impotent to enjoy.

And, oh, what man's condition can be worse
Than his, whom plenty starves, and blessings curse;
The beggars but a common fate deplore,
The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never been any law made against him: against him do I say? I mean, for him: as there are public provisions made for all other madmen: it is very reasonable that the king should appoint some persons (and I think the courtiers would not be against this proposition) to manage his estate during his life (for his heirs commonly need not that care): and out of it to make it their business to see, that he should not want alimony besitting his condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel fingers. We relieve idle vagrants, and counterfeit beggars: but have no care at all of these really poor men, who are, methinks, to be respectfully treated, in regard of their quality. I might be endless against them, but I am almost choaked with the super-abundance of the matter; too much plenty impoverishes me, as it does them. I will conclude this odious subject with part of Horace's last satire, which take in his own familiar style:

I admire, Mæcenas, how it comes to pass,
That no man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that state
In which his own choice plants him, or his fate.
Happy the merchant, the old soldier cries:
The merchant, beaten with tempestuous skies,
Happy the soldier! one half-hour to thee
Gives speedy death, or glorious victory:
The lawyer, knockt up early from his rest
By restless clients, calls the peasant blest:
The peasant, when his labours ill succeed,
Envies the mouth, which only talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you'll say) that I want store
Of instances, if here I add no more;
They are enough to reach, at least a mile,
Beyond long orator Fabius's style.

* The author, well acquainted with the taste of his readers, would not disgust their delicacy by letting them know that this “somebody” was St. Paul, [2 Cor. vi. 10.]—Though the sense and expression would have done honour to Plato. HURD.

But hold, ye, whom no fortune e'er endears,
 Gentlemen, malecontents, and mutineers,
 Who bounteous Jove so often cruel call,
 Behold, Jove's now resolved to please you all.
 Thou soldier, be a merchant: merchant, thou
 A soldier be: and, lawyer to the plough.
 Change all your stations strait: why do they stay?
 The devil a man will change, now, when he may.
 Were I in general Jove's abused case,
 By Jove I'd cudgel this rebellious race:
 But he's too good; be all, then, as ye were;
 However, make the best of what ye are,
 And in that state be cheerful and rejoice,
 Which either was your fate, or was your choice.
 No, they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,
 And very miserable be awhile;
 But 'tis with a design only to gain
 What may their age with plenteous ease maintain.
 The prudent pismire does this lesson teach,
 And industry to lazy mankind preach:
 The little drudge does trot about and sweat,
 Nor does he strait devour all he can get;
 But in his temperate mouth carries it home
 A stock for winter, which he knows must come.
 And, when the rolling world to creatures here
 Turns up the deform'd wrong-side of the year,
 And shuts him in, with storms, and cold, and wet,
 He cheerfully does his past labours eat:
 O, does he so? your wise example, th' ant,
 Does not, at all times, rest and plenty want;
 But, weighing justly a mortal ant's condition,
 Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.
 Thee, neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold,
 From thy unnatural diligence can with-hold:
 To th' Indies thou would'st run, rather than see
 Another, though a friend, richer than thee.
 Fond man! what good or beauty can be found
 In heaps of treasure, buried under ground?
 Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,
 Thou would'st thyself, too, buried with them be:
 And what's the difference? is 't not quite as bad
 Never to use, as never to have had?
 In thy vast barns millions of quarters store;
 Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more
 Than mine does. Every baker makes much bread:
 What then? He's with no more, than others, fed.
 Do you within the bounds of nature live,
 And to augment your own you need not strive;
 One hundred acres will no less for you
 Your life's whole business, than ten thousand, do.
 But pleasant 'tis to take from a great store.
 What, man! though you're resolv'd to take no more
 Than I do from a small one? If your will
 Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill,
 To some great river for it must you go,
 When a clear spring just at your feet does flow?

Give me the spring, which does to human use
 Safe, easy, and untroubled stores produce ;
 He who scorns these, and needs will drink at Nile,
 Must run the danger of the crocodile,
 And of the rapid stream itself, which may,
 At unawares, bear him perhaps away.
 In a full flood Tantalus stands, his skin
 Wash'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within :
 He catches at the stream with greedy lips,
 From his toucht mouth the wanton torrent slips :
 You laugh now, and expand your careful brow ;
 'Tis finely said, but what's all this to you ?
 Change but the name, this fable is thy story,
 Thou in a flood of uselefs wealth dost glory,
 Which thou canst only touch, but never taste ;
 Th' abundance still, and still the want does last.
 The treasures of the gods thou would'st not spare :
 But when they're made thine own, they sacred are,
 And must be kept with reverence ; as if thou
 No other use of precious gold didst know,
 But that of curious pictures, to delight,
 With the fair stamp, thy virtuoso sight.
 The only true and genuine use is this,
 To buy the things which nature cannot miss
 Without discomfort ; oil and vital bread,
 And wine, by which the life of life is fed,
 And all those few things else by which we live :
 All that remains, is giv'n for thee to give.
 If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,
 The bitter fruits be, which fair riches bear ;
 If a new poverty grow out of store ;
 'The old plain way, ye gods ! let me be poor.

 PARAPHRASE ON HORACE, B. III. OD. XVI.

A TOWER of brass, one would have said,
 And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
 And guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,
 Might have preserv'd one innocent maidenhead.
 The jealous father thought he well might spare
 All further jealous care ;
 And, as he walk'd, t' himself alone he smil'd,
 To think how Venus' arts he had beguil'd ;
 And, when he slept, his rest was deep :
 But Venus laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.
 She taught the amorous Jove
 A magical receipt in love,
 Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,
 Than all his thunder did, and his almighty-ship before.
 She taught him love's elixir, by which art
 His godhead into gold he did convert :

No guards did then his passage stay,
 He pass'd with ease; gold was the word;
 Subtle as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
 Gold through doors and walls did pierce.
 The prudent Macedonian king,
 To blow up towns, a golden mine did spring.
 He broke through gates with his petar;
 'Tis the great art of peace, the engine 'tis of war;
 And fleets and armies follow it afar:
 The ensign 'tis at land, and 'tis the seaman's star.
 Let all the world slave to this tyrant be,
 Creature to this disguised deity,
 Yet it shall never conquer me.
 A guard of virtues will not let it pass,
 And wisdom is a tower of stronger brass.
 The Muses' laurel, round my temples spread,
 Does from this lightning's force secure my head:
 Nor will I lift it up so high,
 As in the violent meteor's way to lie.
 Wealth for its power do we honour and adore?
 The things we hate, ill-fate, and death, have more.
 From towns and courts, camps of the rich and great,
 The vast Xerxean army, I retreat,
 And to the small Laconic forces fly,
 Which hold the straits of poverty.
 Cellars and granaries in vain we fill,
 With all the bounteous summer's store,
 If the mind thirst and hunger still:
 The poor rich man's emphatically poor.
 Slaves to the things we too much prize,
 We masters grow of all that we despise.
 A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,
 Is all the wealth by nature understood.
 The monarch, on whom fertile Nile bestows
 All which that grateful earth can bear,
 Deceives himself, if he suppose
 That more than this falls to his share.
 Whatever an estate does beyond this afford,
 Is not a rent paid to the lord;
 But is a tax illegal and unjust,
 Exacted from it by the tyrant lust.
 Much will always wanting be,
 To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
 To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
 With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

VIII.

THE DANGERS OF AN HONEST MAN IN MUCH COMPANY.

IF twenty thousand naked Americans were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed Spaniards, I see little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves who are all furnished *cap à pé*, with the de-

defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an enemy.

The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool: and, if the injury went no farther than the being laugh'd at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil cannibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves; it is not unpleasant only, but dangerous, to him.

Do ye wonder that a virtuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand: neither is the solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild beasts. Man is to man all kind of beasts; a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous; there is some moderation and good-nature in the Toupinambaltians, who eat no men but their enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great boast of eloquence and philosophy, that they first congregated men dispers'd, united them into societies, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven; that we might have our woods and our innocence again, instead of our castles and our policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body: it is true, they have done so; they have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder, one another: they found them hunters and fishers of wild creatures; they have made them hunters and fishers of their brethren: they boast to have reduced them to a state of peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an art of war: they have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of vice, but they raised up that devil, which now they conjure and cannot bind: though there were before no punishments for wickedness, yet there was less committed, because there were no rewards for it.

But the men, who praise philosophy from this topic, are much deceived; let oratory answer for itself, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a swarm; it never was the work of philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them, when they were assembled; to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to unity again. Avarice and ambition only were the first builders of towns, and founders of empire; they said, "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth." What was the beginning of Rome, the metropolis of all the world? What was it, but a concourse of thieves, and a sanctuary of criminals? It was justly named by the augury of no less than twelve vultures, and the founder cemented his walls with the blood of his brother. Not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first town too in the world, and such is the original sin of most cities: their actual increase daily with their age and growth; the more people, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to enflame the contagion; which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no precepts can be sufficient preservatives, nor any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the infected.

We ought, in the choice of a situation, to regard above all things the healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the mind, rather than for the body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had antidote enough against this poison; nay, suppose further, we were always and at all points armed and provided, both

against the assaults of hostility, and the mines of treachery, it will yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in alarms; though we were compassed round with fire, to defend ourselves from wild beasts, the lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our guard, than the diligences of our enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his contraries, nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them; and that it is impossible to escape both the inconveniencies, without so much caution as will take away the whole quiet, that is the happiness, of his life.

Ye see then, what he may lose; but, I pray, what can he get there?

Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio *.

What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? he can neither understand nor speak the language of the place; a naked man may swim in the sea, but it is not the way to catch fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no nets, and use no deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly advice, which Martial gave to Fabian, when he met him newly arrived at Rome:

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought;
What has thee, Fabian, to the city brought?
Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canst play,
Nor with false whispers th' innocent betray:
Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get
A living by thy industry and sweat;
Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,
Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.
But you're a man of learning, prudent, just;
A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust.
Why you may stay and live unenvied here;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all these were in the case, yet the very sight of uncleanness is loathsome to the cleanly; the sight of folly and impicity, vexatious to the wise and pious.

Lucretius†, by his favour, though a good poet, was but an ill-natured man, when he said, it was delightful to see other men in a great storm: and no less ill natured should I think Democritus, who laughed at all the world, but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in that kind of mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to Bedlam, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagancy of so many various madneses; which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholy, but even sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand madmen abroad, without any perturbation; though, to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of human blessings, of riches, honours, beauty, even of wit itself, should pity the abuse of them, more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great roads of human life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that), that he had better strike into some private path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, “ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum,” that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the sons of Adam. But, whither shall we fly then? into the deserts, like the ancient Hermits?

—Quà terra patet, fera regnat Erinny,

In facinus jurasse putes—‡

* Juv. Sat. iii. 41.

† Lucr. lib. ii.

‡ Ovid. Metam. i. 241.

One would think that all mankind had bound themselves by an oath to do all the wickedness they can; that they had all (as the scripture speaks) "fold themselves to sin:" the difference only is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought, when I first went to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age; I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Phil. Sydney in Arcadia, or of Monsieur d'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon; and began to consider with myself, which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsea: but, to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia or La Forest; that, if I could not content myself with any thing less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster-hall. I ask again, then, whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The world may so come in a man's way, that he cannot choose but salute it; he must take heed, though, not to go a whoring after it. If, by any lawful vocation, or just necessity, men happen to be married to it, I can only give them St. Paul's advice: "Brethren, the time is short; it remains, that they, that have wives, be as though they had none.—But I would that all men were even as I myself."

In all cases, they must be sure, that they do *mundum ducere*, and not *mundo nubere*. They must retain the superiority and headship over it: happy are they, who can get out of the sight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led so much as into temptation; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next market-town in their country.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

DE SENE VERONENSI, QUI SUBURBIUM NUNQUAM EGRESSUS EST.

"*FELIX, qui patriis, &c.*"

HAPPY the man, who his whole time doth bound
Within th' inclosure of his little ground.
Happy the man, whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
He never dangers either saw or fear'd:
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.
No change of consuls marks to him the year,
The change of seasons is his calendar.
The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows.
He measures time by land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighbouring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.

He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
 And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.
 Does with a like concernment notice take
 Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake.
 Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
 And sees a long posterity of boys.
 About the spacious world let others roam,
 The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

IX.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE, AND UNCERTAINTY
OF RICHES.

IF you should see a man, who were to cross from Dover to Calais, run about very busy and solicitous, and trouble himself many weeks before in making provisions for his voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a timorous and impertinent coxcomb? A man, who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all conveniences and even superfluities, is to angels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage, that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a strait betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*.

We are all *ἰφίμαροι* (as Pindar calls us), creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space; as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even bread for no longer a time. The sun ought not to set upon our covetousness, no more than upon our anger; but, as to God Almighty a thousand years are as one day, so, in direct opposition, one day to the covetous man is as a thousand years; "tam brevi fortis jaculatur zeno multa," so far he shoots beyond his butt: one would think, he were of the opinion of the Millennaries, and hoped for so long a reign upon earth. The patriarchs before the flood, who enjoyed almost such a life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it; they, who lived nine hundred years, scarcely provided for a few days; we, who live but a few days, provide at least for nine hundred years. What a strange alteration is this of human life and manners! and yet we see an imitation of it in every man's particular experience; for we begin not the cares of life, till it be half spent, and still increase them, as that decreases.

What is there among the actions of beasts so illogical and repugnant to reason? When they do any thing, which seems to proceed from that which we call reason, we disdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a natural instinct: and are not we fools, too, by the same kind of instinct? If we could but learn to "number our days" (as we are taught to pray that we might), we should adjust much better our other accounts; but, whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end, too. Horace advises very wisely, and in excellent good words,

—Spatio brevi

Spem longam refecit—*

from a short life cut off all hopes that grow too long. They must be pruned away like suckers, that choak the mother-plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place, to the same sense,

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam †;

* Carm. xi. 6. † Ibid. iv. 15.

which Seneca does not mend, when he says, "Oh! quanta dementia est spes longas inchoantium!" but he gives an example there of an acquaintance of his, named Senecio, who, from a very mean beginning, by great industry in turning about of money through all the ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary riches, but died on a sudden, after having supped merrily, "In ipso actu benè cedentium rerum, in ipso procurentis fortunæ impetu," in the full course of his good fortune, when she had a high tide, and a stiff gale, and all her sails on; upon which occasion he cries, out of Virgil*, "Inferre nunc, Melibæe, piro; pone ordine vites!"

————— Go, Melibæus, now,
Go graff thy orchards, and thy vineyards plant;
Behold the fruit!

For this Senecio I have no compassion, because he was taken, as we say, *in ipso facto*, still labouring in the work of avarice; but the poor rich man in St. Luke (whose case was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me; for he seems to have been satisfied at last, he confesses he had enough for many years, he bids his soul take its ease; and yet for all that, God says to him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; and the things thou hast laid up, who shall they belong to †?" Where shall we find the causes of this bitter reproach and terrible judgment? We may find, I think, two; and God, perhaps, saw more. First, that he did not intend true rest to his soul, but only to change the employments of it from avarice to luxury; his design is, to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of resting; the fullness of his old barns had not sufficed him, he would stay till he was forced to build new ones: and God meted out to him in the same measure; since he would have more riches than his life could contain, God destroyed his life, and gave the fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away sometimes the man from his riches, and no less frequently riches from the man: what hope can there be of such a marriage, where both parties are so tickle and uncertain? by what bonds can such a couple be kept long together?

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,

Or, what is worse, be left by it?

Why dost thou load thyself, when thou'rt to fly,

Oh man, ordain'd to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,

Thou who art under ground to lie?

Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,

For death, alas! is sowing thee.

Suppose, thou fortune couldst to tameness bring,

And clip or pinion her wing;

Suppose, thou could'st on fate so far prevail,

As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet death at all that subtilty will laugh;

Death will that foolish gardener mock,

Who does a slight and annual plant engraff

Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;

A mighty husband thou would'st seem;

Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while

Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be

In business, that concerns not thee!

* Buc. i. 74.

† Luke xii. 20.

For when to future years thou' extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

Wifely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock, which summer's wealth affords:
In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
How vain were such an industry!

Of power and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuse our cheated sight,
If it of life the whole small time would stay,
And be our sunshine all the day;

Like lightning, that, begot but in a cloud
(Though shining bright, and speaking loud)
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh scene of fortune, which dost fair appear
Only to men that stand not near!
Proud poverty, that tinsel bravery wears!
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep;
In a weak boat trust not the deep;
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying rise;
Pity great men, great things despise.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark;
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound,
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

X.

THE DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

A LETTER TO MR. S. L.

I AM glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But nevertheless (you say, which *but* is "ærgo mera," a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person, whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) "cum dignitate otium." This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty. The seeking for a fortune then, is but a desperate after-game: it is a hundred to one, if a man sling two sixes and recover all; especially, if his hand be no luckier than mine.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for, if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, bountiful person) to recommend to him, who had made so many men rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; "but I intreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is, not to add any thing to his estate, but to take something from his desires."

The sum of this is, that, for the uncertain hopes of some conveniences, we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary: especially, when the use of those things, which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplied; but the loss of time, never recovered: nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet, when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*," the play is not worth the expence of the candle: after having been long toll in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and top-gallants;

—*utere velis,*
Totos pande sinus—*

A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a band, and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility. I think, your counsel of "*Festina lente*" is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate, well-bred gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his enemies; and therefore I prefer Horace's advice before yours,

—*sapere aude,*
Incipe—

Begin; the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey. Varro† teaches us that Latin proverb, "*portam itineri longissimam esse*:" but to return to Horace,

"—*Sapere aude:*
"Incipe: vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,
"Rusticus expectat, dum labitur annis: at ille
"Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum ‡."

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream, which stopt him, should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of expedition above all others) was so far from this folly, that when-ever, in a journey, he was to cross any river, he never went one foot out of his way for a bridge, or a ford, or a ferry; but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over: and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to happiness. Stay, till the waters are low; stay, till some boats come by to transport you; stay till a bridge be built for you; you had even as good stay, till the river be quite past. Persius (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore, I say, I know to be not

* Juv. i. 130.

† Lib. i. Agric.

‡ I Ep. ii. 40.

a good poet) has an odd expression of these procrastinators, which, methinks is full of fancy:

"Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
"Egerit hos annos."

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And still a new to-morrow does come on;
We by to-morrows draw up all our store,
Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your "Otium cum dignitate," and "Festina lente," and three or four other more of your new Latin sentences: if I should draw upon you all my forces out of Seneca and Plutarch upon this subject, I should overwhelm you; but I leave those, as *Triarii*, for your next charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an epigrammatist, your special good friend; and so, *vale*.

MARTIAL, LIB. V. EPIGR. lix.

"*Cras te victurum, cras dicis, Posthume, semper;*" &c.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
'To-morrow I will live, the fool does say:
'To-day itself's too late; the wise liv'd yesterday.

MARTIAL, LIB. II. EPIGR. xc.

"*Quintiliane, vega moderator summe juvenis,*" &c.

WONDER not, Sir (you who instruct the town
In the true wisdom of the sacred gown)
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out till I grow rich and old.
Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haste enough to live.
Let him defer it, whose preposterous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his heir;
Who does his father's bounded stores despise:
And whom his own too never can suffice:
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or rooms that shine with aught but constant fire.
I well content the avarice of my sight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleasures abroad, the sport of nature yields,
Her living fountains, and her smiling fields;
And then at home, what pleasure is 't to see
A little, cleanly, cheerful, family!
Which if a chaste wife crown, no less in her
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer.

Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
 No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
 Thus let my life slide silently away,
 With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

XI.

OF MYSELF.

IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous or remarkable on the defective side. But, besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation, of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world, or the glories or business of it, were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy-days and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar; in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part, which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
 Not from great deeds, but good alone;
 Th' unknown are better than ill known:

Rumour can ope the grave.
 Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
 Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
 And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
 Than palace; and should sitting be
 For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
 With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
 Horace might envy in his Sabin field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
 For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
 These unbought sports, this happy state,
 I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
 But boldly say each night,
 To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
 Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace *); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stamp'd first, or rather engraved, these characters in me: they were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe, I can tell the particular little chance that fill'd my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion) but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found every where there (though my understanding had little to do with all this): and, by degrees, with tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that, I think, I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop. Yet, I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses, of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts); yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and the beauty, which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well; but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it: a storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found any where; though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not obtain from renewing my old school-boy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

Well then †; I now do plainly see
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then propos'd to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country; which I thought in that case I might easily have compass'd, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arriv'd to extraordinary fortunes: but I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself; and I think Apollo inspir'd me in the truth, though not in the elegance, of it:

* 3 Od. xxix. 41.

† We have these verses, under the name of *The Wife*, in the *Mistress*.

"Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
 "Nor at th' exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar,
 "Content thyself with the small barren praise,
 "Which neglected verse does raise."

She spake; and all my years to come
 Took their unlucky doom.
 Their several ways of life let others chuse,
 Their several pleasures let them use;
 But I was born for Love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
 Such I began, such am, and so must end.
 The star, that did my being frame,
 Was but a lambent flame,
 And some small light it did dispense,
 But neither heat nor influence.

No matter, Cowley; let proud Fortune see,
 That thou canst her despise, no less than she does thee.

Let all her gifts the portion be
 Of folly, lust, and flattery,
 Fraud, extortion, calumny,
 Murder, infidelity,
 Rebellion and hypocrisy.

Do thou not grieve nor blush to be,
 As all th' inspired tuneful men,
 And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer down to Ben.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it *à corps perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man, who says to his soul, "Take thy ease;" I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine: yet I do neither repent, nor alter my course. "Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum:" nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

—"Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
 "Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
 "Hortique Sylvæque, animâ remanente, relinquam."

Nor by me e'er shall you,
 You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
 You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
 You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
 As long as life itself forsakes not me.

But this is a very pretty ejaculation.—Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humour to the last.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EPIGR. XLVII.

"*Vitam que faciunt beatiorum,*" &c.

SINCE, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see
 A true receipt of happiness from me;

These are the chief ingredients, if not all :
 Take an estate neither too great or small,
 Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call :
 Let this estate from parents' care descend ;
 The getting it too much of life does spend :
 Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
 A fair encouragement for industry.
 Let constant fires the winter's fury tame ;
 And let thy kitchen's be a vestal flame.
 Thee to the town let never suit at law,
 And rarely, very rarely, business, draw.
 Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
 In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.
 Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
 Without which all the composition's vain.
 In the same weight prudence and innocence take,
 Ana of each does the just mixture make.
 But a few friendships wear, and let them be
 By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
 Instead of art and luxury in food,
 Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
 If any cares into thy day-time creep,
 At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.
 Let rest, which nature does to darkness wed,
 And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
 Be satisfied and pleas'd with what thou art,
 Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part ;
 Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
 And neither fear, nor wish, th' approaches of the last.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EPIGR. xcvi.

"*Sape loquar nimium gentes,*" &c.

ME, who have liv'd so long among the great,
 You wonder to hear talk of a retreat :
 And a retreat so distant, as may show
 No thoughts of a return, when once I go.
 Give me a country, how remote foe'er,
 Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,
 Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
 And all the solid use of riches knows.
 The ground about the house maintains it, there ;
 The house maintains the ground about it, here ;
 Here even hunger's dear ; and a full board
 Devours the vital substance of the lord.
 The land itself does there the feast bestow,
 The land itself must here to market go.
 Three or four suits one winter here does waste,
 One suit does there three or four winters last.
 Here every frugal man must oft be cold,
 And little luke-warm fires are to you sold.
 There fire's an element, as cheap and free,
 Almost, as any of the other three.

Stay you then here, and live among the great,
 Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.
 When all the bounties here of men you score,
 The place's bounty there shall give me more.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS*.

- " Hic, o viator sub lare parvulo
 " Couleius hic est conditus, hic jacet ;
 " Defunctis humani laboris
 " Sorte, supervacuâ que vitâ.
 " Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
 " Et non inerti nobilis otio,
 " Vanoque dilectis popello
 " Divitiis animosus hostis.
 " Possis ut illum dicere mortuum ;
 " En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit :
 " Exempta sit curis, viator,
 " Terra sit illa levis, precare.
 " Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
 " Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus
 " Herbisque odoratis corona
 " Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem."

A

PROPOSITION

FOR THE

ADVANCEMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY†.

THE COLLEGE.

THAT the philosophical college be situated within one, two, or (at farthest) three miles of London ; and if it be possible to find that convenience, upon the side of the river, or very near it.

* See a translation of this Epitaph among the poems of Mr. Addison.

† Ingenious men delight in dreams of reformation.—In comparing this *Proposition* of Cowley, with that of Milton, addressed to Mr. Hartlib, we find that these great poets had amused themselves with some exalted, and, in the main, congenial fancies, on the subject of education : that, of the *two* plans proposed, this of Mr. Cowley was better digested, and is the *less* fanciful ; if a preference in this respect can be given to either, when both are manifestly Utopian : and that our universities, in their present form, are well enough calculated to answer all the reasonable ends of such institutions ; provided we allow for the unavoidable defects of them, when drawn out into practice. HURD.

That the revenue of this college amount to four thousand pounds a year.

That the company received into it be as follows:

1. Twenty philosophers or professors. 2. Sixteen young scholars, servants to the professors. 3. A chaplain. 4. A bailiff for the revenue. 5. A manciple or purveyor for the provisions of the house. 6. Two gardeners. 7. A master-cook. 8. An under-cook. 9. A butler. 10. An under-butler. 11. A surgeon. 12. Two lungs, or chemical servants. 13. A library-keeper who is likewise to be apothecary, druggist, and keeper of instruments, engines, &c. 14. An officer to feed and take care of all beasts, fowl, &c. kept by the college. 15. A groom of the stable. 16. A messenger, to send up and down for all uses of the college. 17. Four old women, to tend the chambers, to keep the house clean, and such-like services.

That the annual allowance for this company be as follows: 1. To every professor, and to the chaplain, one hundred and twenty pounds. 2. To the sixteen scholars, twenty pounds apiece; ten pounds for their diet, and ten pounds for their entertainment. 3. To the bailiff, thirty pounds, besides allowance for his journeys. 4. To the purveyor, or manciple, thirty pounds. 5. To each of the gardeners, twenty pounds. 6. To the master-cook, twenty pounds. 7. To the under-cook, four pounds. 8. To the butler, ten pounds. 9. To the under-butler, four pounds. 10. To the surgeon, thirty pounds. 11. To the library-keeper, thirty pounds. 12. To each of the lungs, twelve pounds. 13. To the keeper of the beasts, six pounds. 14. To the groom, five pounds. 15. To the messenger, twelve pounds. 16. To the four necessary women, ten pounds. For the manciples' table, at which all the servants of the house are to eat, except the scholars, one hundred and sixty pounds. For three horses for the service of the college, thirty pounds.

All which amounts to three thousand two hundred eighty-five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the house and gardens, and operatories, and instruments, and animals, and experiments of all sorts, and all other expences, seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable sum for the great uses to which it is designed, but that I conceive the industry of the college will in a short time so enrich itself, as to get a far better stock for the advance and enlargement of the work when it is once begun: neither is the continuance of particular men's liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encouraged by the sight of that public benefit which will accrue to all mankind, and chiefly to our nation, by this foundation. Something likewise will arise from leases and other casualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the professors, or any other use besides that of the search of nature, and by it the general good of the world; and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the institution, as likewise for the protection and encouragement of the company, it is proposed:

That some person of eminent quality, a lover of solid learning, and no stranger in it, be chosen chancellor or president of the college; and that eight governors more, men qualified in the like manner, be joined with him, two of which shall yearly be appointed visitors of the college, and receive an exact account of all expences, even to the smallest, and of the true estate of their public treasure, under the hands and oaths of the professors resident.

That the choice of professors in any vacancy belong to the chancellor and the governors; but that the professors (who are likeliest to know what men of the nation are most proper for the duties of their society) direct their choice, by recommending two or three persons to them at every election: and that, if any learned person within his majesty's dominions discover, or eminently improve, any useful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground, for his reward and the encouragement of others, be preferred, if he pretend to the place, before any body else.

That the governors have power to turn out any professor, who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the society.

That the college be built after this, or some such manner: That it consist of three fair quadrangular courts, and three large grounds, inclosed with good walls behind them. That the first court be built with a fair cloister; and the professors' lodgings, or rather little houses, four on each side, at some distance from one another, and with little gardens behind them, just after the manner of the Chartreux beyond sea. That the inside of the cloister be lined with a gravel-walk, and that walk with a row of trees; and that in the middle there be a parterre of flowers and a fountain.

That the second quadrangle, just behind the first, be so contrived, as to contain these parts: 1. A chapel. 2. A hall, with two long tables on each side, for the scholars and officers of the house to eat at, and with a pulpit and forms at the end for the public lectures. 3. A large and pleasant dining-room within the hall, for the professors to eat in, and to hold their assemblies and conferences. 4. A public school-house. 5. A library. 6. A gallery to walk in, adorned with the pictures or statues of all the inventors of any thing useful to human life; as printing, guns, America, &c. and of late in anatomy, the circulation of the blood, the milky veins, and such-like discoveries in any art, with short elogies under the portraitures: as likewise the figures of all sorts of creatures, and the stuffed skins of as many strange animals as can be gotten. 7. An anatomy-chamber, adorned with skeletons and anatomical pictures, and prepared with all conveniences for dissection. 8. A chamber for all manner of drugs, and apothecaries' materials. 9. A mathematical chamber, furnished with all sorts of mathematical instruments, being an appendix to the library. 10. Lodgings for the chaplain, surgeon, library-keeper, and purveyor, near the chapel, anatomy-chamber, library, and hall.

That the third court be on one side of these, very large, but meanly built, being designed only for use, and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the kitchen, butteries, brew-house, bake-house, dairy, lardry, stables, &c. and especially great laboratories for chemical operations, and lodgings for the under-servants.

That behind the second court be placed the garden, containing all sorts of plants that our soil will bear; and at the end of a little house of pleasure, a lodge for the gardener, and a grove of trees cut out into walks.

That the second inclosed ground be a garden, destined only to the trial of all manner of experiments concerning plants, as their melioration, acceleration, retardation, conservation, composition, transmutation, coloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by art, either for use or curiosity, with a lodge in it for the gardener.

That the third ground be employed in convenient receptacles for all sorts of creatures which the professors shall judge necessary for their more exact search into the nature of animals, and the improvement of their uses to us.

That there be likewise built, in some place of the college where it may serve most for ornament of the whole, a very high tower for observation of celestial bodies, adorned with all sorts of dials, and such-like curiosities; and that there be very deep vaults made under ground, for experiments most proper to such places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the charity or generosity of this age to extend to; and we do not design this after the model of Solomon's house in my Lord Bacon (which is a project for experiments that can never be experimented), but propose it within such bounds of expence as have often been exceeded by the buildings of private citizens.

OF THE PROFESSORS, SCHOLARS, CHAPLAIN, AND OTHER OFFICERS.

THAT of the twenty professors four be always travelling beyond seas, and sixteen always resident, unless by permission upon extraordinary occasions; and every one so absent, leaving a deputy behind him to supply his duties.

That the four professors itinerant be assigned to the four parts of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, there to reside three years at least; and to give a constant account of all things that belong to the learning, and especially natural experimental philosophy, of those parts.

That the expence of all dispatches, and all books, simples, animals, stones, metals, minerals, &c. and all curiosities whatsoever, natural or artificial, sent by them to the college, shall be defrayed out of the treasury, and an additional allowance (above the 120*l.*) made to them as soon as the college's revenue shall be improved.

That, at their going abroad, they shall take a solemn oath, never to write any thing to the college but what, after very diligent examination, they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an error.

That the sixteen professors resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of natural experimental philosophy, to consist of the mathematics, mechanics, medicine, anatomy, chemistry, the history of animals, plants, minerals, elements; &c.; agriculture, architecture, art military, navigation, gardening; the mysteries of all trades, and improvement of them; the facture of all merchandizes; all natural magic or divination; and briefly all things contained in the catalogue of natural histories annexed to my Lord Bacon's Organon.

That once a day, from Easter till Michaelmas, and twice a week, from Michaelmas to Easter, at the hours in the afternoon most convenient for auditors from London, according to the time of the year, there shall be a lecture read in the hall, upon such parts of natural experimental philosophy, as the professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honourably.

That two of the professors, by daily, weekly, or monthly turns, shall teach the public schools, according to the rules hereafter prescribed.

That all the professors shall be equal in all respects (except precedency, choice of lodging, and such-like privileges, which shall belong to seniority in the college); and that all shall be masters and treasurers by annual turns; which two officers, for the time being, shall take place of all the rest, and shall be "*arbitri duarum mensarum*."

That the master shall command all the officers of the college, appoint assemblies or conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double voice; and in his absence the treasurer, whose business is to receive and disburse all monies by the master's order in writing (if it be an extraordinary), after consent of the other professors.

That all the professors shall sup together in the parlour within the hall every night, and shall dine there twice a week (to wit, Sundays and Thursdays) at two round tables, for the convenience of discourse; which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve their studies and professions; and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable talk, shall be the duty of the two *arbitri mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the servant-scholars to read to them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at table: that it shall belong likewise to the said *arbitri mensarum* only, to invite strangers; which they shall rarely do, unless they be men of learning or great parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous meetings of acquaintance.

That the professors resident shall allow the college twenty pounds a year for their diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an assembly, or conference, concerning the affairs of the college, and the progress of their experimental philosophy.

That, if any one find out anything which he conceives to be of consequence, he shall communicate it to the assembly, to be examined, experimented, approved, or rejected.

That, if any one be author of an invention that may bring-in profit, the third part of it shall belong to the inventor, and the two other to the society; and besides if the thing be very considerable, his statue or picture, with an elogy under it, shall be placed in the gallery, and made a denison of that corporation of famous men.

That all the professors shall be always assigned to some particular inquisition (besides the ordinary course of their studies), of which they shall give an account to the assembly; so that by this means there may be every day some operation or other made in all the arts, as chemistry, anatomy, mechanics, and the like; and that the college shall furnish for the charge of the operation.

That there shall be kept a register under lock and key, and not be seen but by the professors, of all the experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the trial.

That the popular and received errors in experimental philosophy (with which, like weeds in a neglected garden, it is now almost all over-grown) shall be evinced by trial, and taken notice of in the public lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and beget new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the foundation) the college shall give an account in print, in proper and ancient Latin, of the fruits of their triennial industry.

That every professor resident shall have his scholar to wait upon him in his chamber and at table; whom he shall be obliged to breed up in natural philosophy, and render an account of his progress to the assembly, from whose election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the care of his education and the just and civil usage of him.

That the scholar shall understand Latin very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek, before he be capable of being chosen into the service; and that he shall not remain in it above seven years.

That his lodging shall be with the professor whom he serves.

That no professor shall be a married man, or a divine, or lawyer in practice; only physic he may be allowed to prescribe, because the study of that art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so great, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary practice.

That the professors shall, in the college, wear the habit of ordinary masters of art in the universities, or of doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendship with one another; and that the assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary mulct upon any one who shall be proved to have entered so far into a quarrel as to give uncivil language to his brother-professor; and that the perseverance in any enmity shall be punished by the governors with expulsion.

That the chaplain shall eat at the master's table (paying his twenty pounds a year as the others do); and that he shall read prayers once a day at least, a little before supper-time; that he shall preach in the chapel every Sunday morning, and catechize in the afternoon the scholars and the school-boys; that he shall every month administer the holy sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his auditors with the controversies of divinity, but only teach God in his just commandments, and in his wonderful works.

THE SCHOOL.

THAT the school may be built so as to contain about two hundred boys.

That it be divided into four classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven; because we suppose that the children sent hither, to be initiated in things as well as words, ought to have past the two or three first, and to have attained the age of about thirteen years, being already well advanced in the Latin grammar and some authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay any thing for their teaching; and that, if any professor shall be convicted to have taken any money in consideration of his pains in the school, he shall be expelled with ignominy by the governors; but if any persons of great estate and quality, finding their sons much better proficients in learning here, than boys of the same age commonly are at other schools, shall not think fit to receive an obligation of so near concernment without returning some marks of acknowledgment,

they may, if they please, (for nothing is to be demanded) bestow some little rarity or curiosity upon the society, in recompense of their trouble.

And, because it is deplorable to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing, or rather casting away, six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly :

That a method be here established, for the infusing knowledge and language at the same time into them ; and that this may be their apprenticeship in natural philosophy. This, we conceive, may be done, by breeding them up in authors, or pieces of authors, who treat of some parts of nature, and who may be understood with as much ease and pleasure, as those which are commonly taught ; such are, in Latin, Varro, Cato, Columella, Pliny, part of Celsus and of Seneca, Cicero de Divinatione, de Natura Deorum, and several scattered pieces, Virgil's Georgics, Grotius, Nemesianus, Manilius : And, because the truth is, we want good poets (I mean we have but few), who have purposely treated of solid and learned, that is, natural matters (the most part indulging to the weakness of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of love, or with the fables of gods and heroes), we conceive that one book ought to be compiled of all the scattered little parcels among the ancient poets that might serve for the advancement of natural science, and which would make no small or unuseful or unpleasant volume. To this we would have added the morals and rhetorics of Cicero, and the institutions of Quintilian ; and for the comedians, from whom almost all that necessary part of common discourse, and all the most intimate proprieties of the language, are drawn, we conceive, the boys may be made masters of them, as a part of their recreation, and not of their task, if once a month, or at least once in two, they act one of Terence's Comedies, and afterwards (the most advanced) some of Plautus's ; and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enjoined, and most innocent pleasures they can be allowed. As for the Greek authors, they may study Nicander, Oppianus (whom Scaliger does not doubt to prefer above Homer himself, and place next to his adored Virgil), Aristotle's history of animals, and other parts, Theophrastus and Dioscorides of plants, and a collection made out of several both poets and other Grecian writers. For the morals and rhetoric, Aristotle may suffice, or Hermogenes and Longinus be added for the latter. With the history of animals they should be shewed anatomy as a divertisement, and made to know the figures and natures of those creatures which are not common among us, disabusing them at the same time of those errors which are universally admitted concerning many. The same method should be used to make them acquainted with all plants ; and to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern geography, the understanding of the globes, and the principles of geometry and astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in Latin and English, as the Romans did in Greek and Latin ; and in all this travail be rather led on by familiarity, encouragement, and emulation, than driven by severity, punishment, and terror. Upon festivals and play-times, they should exercise themselves in the fields, by riding, leaping, fencing, mustering, and training, after the manner of soldiers, &c. And, to prevent all dangers and all disorders, there should always be two of the scholars with them, to be as witnesses and directors of their actions ; in foul weather, it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.

Upon Sundays, and all days of devotion, they are to be a part of the chaplain's province.

That, for all these ends, the college so order it, as that there may be some convenient and pleasant houses thereabouts, kept by religious, discreet, and careful persons, for the lodging and boarding of young scholars ; that they have a constant eye over them, to see that they be bred up there piously, cleanly, and plentifully, according to the proportion of the parents' expences.

And that the college, when it shall please God, either by their own industry and success, or by the benevolence of patrons, to enrich them so far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, shall, at their own charges, erect and

maintain some house or houses for the entertainment of such poor men's sons, whose good natural parts may promise either use or ornament to the commonwealth, during the time of their abode at school; and shall take care that it shall be done with the same conveniences as are enjoyed even by rich men's children (though they maintain the fewer for that cause), there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, sordid, and hospital-like education.

CONCLUSION.

IF I be not much abused by a natural fondness to my own conceptions (that *σοφισμὸς* of the Greeks which no other language has a proper word for) there was never any project thought upon, which deserves to meet with so few adversaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well-selected persons in such a condition of life, that their whole business and sole profession may be to study the improvement and advantage of all other professions, from that of the highest general even to the lowest artizan? who shall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and industry, to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other ends; first, to weigh, examine, and prove, all things of nature delivered to us by former ages; to detect, explode, and strike a censure through all false monies with which the world has been paid and cheated so long; and (as I may say) to set the mark of the college upon all true coins, that they may pass hereafter without any farther trial: secondly, to recover the lost inventions, and, as it were, drowned lands of the ancients: thirdly, to improve all arts which we now have: and lastly, to discover others which we yet have not: and who shall, besides all this (as a benefit by the bye), give the best education in the world (purely *gratis*) to as many men's children as shall think fit to make use of the obligation? Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in a state or religion; but is indifferently to be embraced by all differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good institutions have done) even of degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this proposition shall encounter with no enemies: the only question is, whether it will find friends enough to carry it on from discourse and design to reality and effect; the necessary expences of the beginning (for it will maintain itself well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible, in order to so vast a work), that it may seem hopeless to raise such a sum out of those few dead relics of human charity and public generosity which are yet remaining in the world.

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS,

BY THE HONOURABLE

SIR JOHN DENHAM,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

AFTER the delivery of your royal father's person into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the queen-mother that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me; and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the queen (his majesty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his affairs: But, sir, I will not launch into an history, instead of an epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was, that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before (being those to Sir R. Fanthaw); and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England, and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more; alledging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him, and at his departure from Hampton Court, he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London, to send to him and receive from him all his letters from and to all his correspondents at home and abroad, and I was furnished with nine several cyphers in order to it: which trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded; but about nine months after being discovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, I happily escaped both for myself, and those that held correspondence with me. That time was too hot and busy for such idle speculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your majesty in Holland and France, you were pleased sometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our banishment, which now and then fell not short of your majesty's expectation.

After, when your majesty, departing from St. Germain's to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old master's commands till this summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts, which the new apparitions of foreign invasion and domestic discontent gave us: but these clouds being

now hap
lapse, it
is apt to
same; a
or Home
greater a
that fix
charm aw
the defor
the parts
to clear a
of this n
do more
latter par
have seen
make it a
their darl
ditatis ca
it an hum
mistress, a
reverence
ries much
experience
or public
reputation
two of my

now happily blown over, and our sun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the epidemical disease of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth; yet Socrates, Aristotle, and Cato did the same; and Scaliger faith, that fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a dedication, for those epistles are commonly greater absurdities than any that come after; for what author can reasonably believe, that fixing the great name of some eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away censure, and that the first leaf should be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it? neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the parts of this body have already had your majesty's view, and having past the test of so clear and sharp-sighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from your majesty, will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for those latter parts which have not yet received your majesty's favourable aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me (for I dare not trust my own judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with most of mankind, who never forsake their darling vices, till their vices forsake them; and that this divorce was not Frigiditatis causa, but an act of choice, and not of necessity. Therefore, Sir, I shall only call it an humble petition, that your majesty will please to pardon this new amour to my old mistress, and my disobedience to his commands, to whose memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a serious reflection upon that wise advice, it carries much greater weight with it now, than when it was given; for when age and experience has so ripened man's discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or public affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty, airy reputation of being *Nimis Poeta*; and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my predecessors did, saying,

“*Splendidis longum valedico nugis.*”

“*Hic versus & cætera ludicra pono.*”

Your majesty's most faithful
and loyal subject, and most
dutiful and devoted servant,

JOHN DENHAM.

P O E M S

BY

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
 Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
 Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
 Those made not poets, but the poets those.
 And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
 So where the Muses and their train resort,
 Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
 A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
 Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
 Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
 More boundless in my fancy than my eye:
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
 That lies between, and first salutes the place
 Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
 That, whether 'tis a part of earth or sky,
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
 Aspiring mountain, or defending cloud.
 Paul's the late theme of such a * Muse, whose
 flight
 Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height.
 Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or
 fire,
 Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
 Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
 Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
 Under his proud survey the city lies,
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise;
 Whose state and wealth, the business and the
 crowd,
 Seems at this distance but a darker cloud:
 And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
 No other in effect than what it seems:
 Where, with like haste, though several ways, they
 run,
 Some to undo, and some to be undone;
 While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,
 Are each the other's ruin, and increase;
 As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
 Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.

* Mr. Waller.

2

Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content!
 To be at once secure, and innocent.
 Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwell,
 Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
 Into my eye, and doth itself present
 With such an easy and unfore'd ascent,
 That no stupendous precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes:
 But such a rise as doth at once invite
 A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight.
 Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
 Sate meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
 Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
 To be the basis of that pompous load,
 Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears.
 But Atlas only which supports the spheres.
 When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance
 'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
 Mark'd-out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
 'T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
 Folly or blindness only could refuse.
 A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
 The gods' great mother, when her heavenly race
 Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
 Among that numerous, and celestial host,
 More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
 Immortal book record more noble names.
 Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
 Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
 Whether to Caesar, Albanact, or Brute,
 The British Arthur, or the Danish Cnut,
 (Though this of old no less contest did move,
 Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)
 (Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fate,
 As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
 But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
 Not to recount those several kings, to whom
 It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
 But thee, great * Edward, and thy greater Son,
 (The lilies which his father wore, he won)

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

And thy * Bellona, who the comfort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
Sheto thy triumph led one captive * king,
And brought that son, which did the second †
bring.

Then didst thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less.
Than the design, has been the great success:
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as power to act her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives
were,

In after-times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty power,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour:
To whom their better fate reserves what'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear;
That blood, which thou and thy great grandfire
shed,

And all that since these latter nations bled,
Had been unsplilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt, had been his own.
When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretell, and prophecy of him,
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd.
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Indies itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell: (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury, or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? They were his own
much more:

But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor;
Who, having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conscience, is a slave to fame:
Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils:
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell;

* Queen Philippa.

† The kings of France and Scotland.

And like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance;
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotion are?

Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and
fear,

Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance
hold,

Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring.
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay.
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil:
But god-like his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While he fair besom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not
dull;

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the * stars and bathe the gods.

* The Forest.

Here nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight;
To the wife maker's, than beholder's sight.
Though these delights from several causes move;
For so our children, thus our friends we love)
Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord, which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness, moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle cloaths; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd:
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous
flames?

'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece; to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
'To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound:
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had giv'n this false alarm, but freight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true,
Betray'd in all his strength, the wood beset;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;

With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chafers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wife,
Or chafes him from thence, or from him flies.
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs, and his loves;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath
Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafe are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for
blood.

So towards a ship the oar-sinn'd galleys ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair:
So fares the stag, among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, when his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can defy
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls:
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly,
From his unerring hand, then, glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent, and happy chase,
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,

Fair liberty
To lawless
When in th
Which was
Here was
All marks o
Tyrant and
The happie
Happy, wh
When king
Therefore
Wanting th
The subject
Th' advant
Till kings,
And even t
" Who giv
" Not than
" b
Thus king
hole
Fast made
And popula
More than
Ran to the
Made both
When a ca
Or snows d
The husba
Their gree
But if with
His chance
No longer
First to a t
Stronger an
And know
flood

DES

SECOND

WR

THE p
long, b
long m
fines b
Ting, r

WH
T
Malm
Our in

Fair liberty pursued,* and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier stile of king and subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same center move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took, the more to crave:
Till kings, by giving give themselves away,
And even that power, that should deny, betray,
"Who gives constrain'd but his own fear reviles,
"Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts,
"but spoils."

Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,

First made their subjects, by oppression, bold:
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-raisd banks secure
Their greedy hopes; and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new, or narrow course;
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
But to a torrent, then a deluge swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his
shores.

THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

AN ESSAY ON THE
SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE first Book speaks of Æneas's voyage by sea, and how, being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feast, desired him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this Book.

WHILE all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state;
Mourn, when you command us to our review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,

* Runny Mead.

And all those sorrows to my sense restore,
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more:
Not the most cruel of our conquering foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly
The sad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
And the declining stars to rest invite;
Yet since 'tis your command, what you so well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By fate repell'd and with repulses tir'd,
The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,
A fabric like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return; this fame
Divulges, then within the heath's vast womb
The choice and flower of all their troops entomb;
In view the isle of Tenedos, once high,
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie,
(Now but an unsecure and open bay)
Thither by stealth the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ sail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;
All through th' unguarded gates with joy resort
To see the slighted camp, the vacant port.
Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles; here
The battle join'd, the Grecian fleet rode there;
But the vast pile th' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reason in their wonder lose.
And first Thymetes moves (urg'd by the power
Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;
But Capys and the graver sort thought fit
The Greeks suspected present to commit
To seas or flames, at least to search and bore
The sides, and what that space contains to explore.
Th' uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided stands, till from the tower, enrag'd
Lacoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, what desperate frenzy's this, (oh friends)
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a design, their gifts but a deceit;
For our destruction 'twas contriv'd, no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force; yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts?
Their swords less danger carry than their gifts.
(This said) again the horse's side his spear
He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear,
Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans not his own; and had not fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had
stood.

Meanwhile a fetter'd prisoner to the king
With joyful shouts the Dardan shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himself betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,
Or of his death or his design assur'd.
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the rest.
Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
What land, what sea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,

Incessant Troy a wretched captive seeks
 To sacrifice; a fugitive, the Greeks.
 To pity this complaint our former rage
 Converts, we now enquire his parentage,
 What of their counsels or affairs he knew:
 Then fearless he replies, great king, to you
 All truth I shall relate: nor first can I
 Myself to be of Grecian birth deny;
 And though my outward state misfortune hath
 Depress'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
 You may by chance have heard the famous name
 Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
 Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,
 Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly flew,
 Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
 And me to his commands did recommend,
 While laws and councils did his throne support,
 I but a youth, yet some esteem and port
 We then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft
 (Things known I speak) he was of life bereft:
 Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
 Till now, disdaining his unworthy end,
 I could not silence my complaints, but vow'd
 Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
 My wish'd return to Greece; from hence his hate,
 From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date:
 Old guilt fresh malice gives; the people's ears
 He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
 And then the prophet to his party drew.
 But why do I these thankless truths pursue;
 Or why defer your rage? on me, for all
 The Greeks, let your revenging fury fall.
 Ulysses this, th' Atridae this desire
 At any rate. We strait are set on fire
 (Unpractis'd in such mysteries) to enquire
 The manner and the cause, which thus he told,
 With gestures humble, as his tale was bold.
 Oft have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tir'd
 With tedious war, a stolen retreat desir'd,
 And would to heaven they'd gone: but still dis-
 may'd

By seas or skies, unwillingly they stay'd.
 Chiefly when this stupendous pile was rais'd,
 Strange noises fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
 Dispatch Eurypylus t' enquire our fates,
 Who thus the sentence of the gods relates;
 A virgin's slaughter did the storm appease,
 When first towards Troy the Grecians took the
 seas;

Their safe retreat another Grecian's blood
 Must purchase. All at this confounded stood:
 Each thinks himself the man, the fear on all
 Of what, the mischief but on one can fall.
 Then Calchas (by Ulysses first inspir'd)
 Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;
 Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
 Inspir'd as he, and did my fate foretel)
 Ten days the prophet in suspense remain'd,
 Would no man's fate pronounce; at last, constrain'd
 By Ithacus, he solemnly design'd
 Me for the sacrifice; the people join'd
 In glad consent, and all their common fear
 Determine in my fate; the day drew near,
 The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
 With holy wreaths; then I confess I found

The means to my escape, my bonds I brake,
 Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
 Amongst the sedges all the night lay hid,
 Till they their sails had hoist (if so they did).
 And now, alas! no hope remains for me
 My home, my father, and my sons to see,
 Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
 And punish, for my guilt, their innocence.
 Those gods who know the truths I now relate,
 That faith which yet remains inviolate
 By mortal men; by these I beg, redress
 My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress.
 And now true pity in exchange he finds
 For his false tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.
 Then spake the king, Be ours, who'er thou art;
 Forget the Greeks. But first the truth impart,
 Why did they raise, or to what use intend
 This pile? to a war-like, or religious end?
 Skillful in fraud (his native art), his hands
 Toward heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from
 bands.

Ye pure aethereal flames, ye powers ador'd
 By mortal men, ye altars, and the sword
 I fear'd; ye sacred fillets that involv'd
 My destin'd head, grant I may stand absolv'd
 From all their laws and rights, renounce all name
 Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim;
 Only, O Troy, preserve thy faith to me,
 If what I shall relate preserveth thee.
 From Pallas' favour, all our hopes, and all
 Counsels and actions took original,
 Till Diomed (for such attempts made fit
 By dire conjunction with Ulysses' wit)
 Assaults the sacred tower, the guards they slay
 Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
 The fatal image; straight with our success
 Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express
 Her just disdain, her flaming eyes did throw
 Flashes of lightning, from each part did flow
 A briny sweat, thrice brandishing her spear,
 Her statue from the ground itself did rear;
 Then, that we should our sacrilege restore,
 And re-convey their gods from Argos' shore,
 Calchas persuades, till then we urge in vain
 The fate of Troy. To measure back the main
 They all consent, but to return again,
 When reforc'd with aids of gods and men.
 Thus Calchas; then, instead of that, this pile
 To Pallas was design'd; to reconcile
 Th' offended power, and expiate our guilt;
 To this vast height and monstrous stature built,
 Left, through your gates receiv'd, it might receive
 Your vows to her, and her defence to you.
 But if this sacred gift you disesteem,
 The cruel plagues (which heaven divert on them)
 Shall fall on Priam's state: but if the horse
 Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,
 A league 'gainst Greece all Asia shall contract:
 Our sons then suffering what their fires would set
 Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
 A feigned tear destroys us, again whom
 Tyldes nor Achilles could prevail,
 Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand fall.
 This seconded by a most sad portent,
 Which credit to the first imposture lent;

Lacoe
 Devote
 Who
 Above
 and fl
 Their v
 And g
 Now la
 A breac
 Amaz
 Laocoon
 Each p
 Then h
 They se
 His nee
 Their p
 With d
 Then
 From
 Since
 To
 Under
 We lo
 July
 With Li
 The ge
 We all
 A sp
 w
 Built by
 Thus, all
 Some dra
 With roll
 Big with
 Some dan
 It enters
 Oh Troy,
 Three tin
 Of arms
 Of fate, w
 Cassandra
 Finds no
 The share
 in facts t
 Now by t
 Night's h
 Which he
 lov
 The city i
 When from
 A light, b
 Their flier
 When Sing
 Opens the
 To the fre
 Ulysses, St
 Down by a
 Attilas, P
 And Epeus
 The gates
 win
 Oppress, su

Laocoon, Neptune's priest, upon the day
Devoted to that god, a bull did slay.
When two prodigious serpents were descri'd,
Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face divide;
Above the deep they raise their scaly crests,
And stem the flood with their erected breasts,
Their winding tails advance, and steer their course,
And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues there
came

A dreadful hiss, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they pursue, and first entwine
Each preying upon one; his tender sons;
Then him, who armed to their rescue runs,
They seiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
His neck twice compassing, and twice his waist:
Their poisonous knots he strives to break and tear,
While flame and blood his sacred wreaths besmear;
Then singly roars, as when th' enraged bull
From his altar flies, and from his wounded skull
Stems the huge ax; the conquering serpents fly
To Pallas' altar, and there lie
Under her feet, within her shield's extent.
We to our fears, conclude this fate was sent
Jolly on him, who struck the sacred oak
With his accursed lance. Then to invoke
The goddess, and let in the fatal horse,
We all consent.

A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud
wall,

Built by the gods, by her own hands doth fall;
Thus, all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and some the monster drive
With rolls and levers: thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with songs and
rhimes,

Some dance, some hale the rope; at last let down
It enters with a thundering noise the town.
Oh Troy, the seat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it struck, as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, yet blinded by the power
Of fate, we place it in the sacred tower.
Cassandra then foretells th' event, but she
Finds no belief (such was the gods' decree.)
The altars with fresh flowers we crown, and waste
In feasts that day, which was (alas!) our last.
Now by the revolution of the skies,
Night's sable shadows from the ocean rise,
Which heaven and earth, and the Greek frauds
involv'd,

The city in secure repose dissolv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive squadron steers
Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,
When Sinon (sav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horse, and through the unlock'd doors
To the free air the armed freight restores:
Ulysses, Stenelus, Tifander, slide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
Atides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was:
The gates they seize; the guards, with sleep and
wine
Opprest, surprize, and then their forces join.

'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair
Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care;
(The gods' best gift) when, bath'd in tears and
blood,

Before my face lamenting Hector stood,
His aspect such when soil'd with bloody dust,
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were
thrust

By his insulting foe; O how transform'd,
How much unlike that Hector, who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils; when he, among
A thousand ships, (like Jove) his lightning flung!
His horrid beard and knotted tresses flood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood:
Intransigent I lay, then (weeping) said, the joy,
The hope and stay of thy declining Troy;
What region held thee, whence, so much desir'd,
Art thou restor'd to us consum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths; but what sad cause con-
founds

Thy once fair looks, or why appear those wounds?
Regardless of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
Fly from the flame, O goddess-horn, our walls
The Greeks possess, and Troy confounded falls
From all her glories; if it might have stood
By any power, by this right hand it should.
What man could do, by me for Troy was done,
Take here her reliques and her gods, to run
With them thy fate, with them new walls ex-
pect,

Which, tost on seas, thou shalt at last erect:
Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire,
Her holy wreaths and her eternal fire.
Meanwhile the walls with doubtful cries resound
From far (for shady coverts did surround
My father's house); approaching still more near
The clash of arms, and voice of men we hear:
Rous'd from my bed, I speedily ascend
The houses tops, and listening there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds conspiring force,
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents raging course
Bears down th' opposing oaks, the fields destroys,
And mocks the plough-man's toil, th' unlook'd-
for noise

From neighbouring hills th' amaz'd shepherd hears;
Such my surprize, and such their rage appears.
First fell thy house, Ucalegon, then thine
Delphobus, Sigaean seas did shine
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets dreadful
sound

The louder groans of dying men confound;
Give me my arms, I cry'd, resolv'd to throw
Myself 'mong any that oppos'd the foe.
Rage, anger, and despair at once suggest,
That of all deaths, to die in arms was best.
The first I met was Pantheus, Phcebus' priest,
Who 'scaping with his gods and reliques fled,
And towards the shore his little grandchild led;
Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what
place

Made good? but sighing, he replies, Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;
But the last period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come: our glory and our power

Incenſed Jove transfers to Grecian hands;
The foe within the burning town commands;
And (like a ſmother'd fire) an unſeen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horſe:
Inſulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thouſands more than e'er from Argos came
Poſſeſs the gates, the paſſes, and the ſtreets,
And theſe the ſword o'er takes, and thoſe it meets.
The guard nor fights nor flies; their fate ſo near
At once ſuſpends their courage and their fear.
Thus by the gods, and by Atreides' words
Inſpir'd, I make my way through fire, through
ſwords.

Where noiſes, tumults, outcries and alarms,
I heard; firſt Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet, who knew us (for the moon did ſhine);
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Choroebus, Mygdon's ſon,
Who, by the love of fair Caſſandra won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;
Unhappy whom the threats could not diſſuade
Of his prophetic ſpouſe;
Whom when I ſaw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I ſaid, Brave ſpirits (but in vain)
Are you reſolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes? the ſtate of our affairs
You ſee: the gods have left us, by whoſe aid
Our empire ſtood; nor can the flame be ſlaid:
Then let us fall amidſt our foes; this one
Relief the vanquiſh'd have, to hope for none.
Then reinforce'd, as in a ſtormy night
Wolves urg'd by their raging appetite
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n ſo among
Foes, fire, and ſwords, t' aſſured death we paſs,
Darkneſs our guide, deſpair our leader was.
Who can relate that evening's woes and ſpoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city, which ſo long had flouriſh'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houſes, temples, walls.
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom,
Their hearts at laſt the vanquiſh'd re-aſſume;
And now the victors fall: on all ſides fears,
Groans and pale death in all her ſhapes appears:
Androgeus firſt with his whole troop was caſt
Upon us, with civility miſplac'd;
Thus greeting us, You loſe, by your delay,
Your ſhare, both of the honour and the prey;
Others the ſpoils of burning Troy convey
Back to thoſe ſhips, which you but now forſake.
We making no return; his ſad miſtake
Too late he finds: as when an unſeen ſnake
A traveller's unwary foot hath preſt,
Who trembling ſtarts, when the ſnake's azure creſt
Swoln with his riſing anger, he eſpies,
So from our view ſurpriz'd Androgeus lies.
But here an eaſy victory we meet:
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
While fortune our firſt enterprize did aid,
Encourag'd with ſucceſs, Choroebus ſaid,
O friends, we now by better fates are led,
And in the fair path they lead us, let us tread.
Firſt change your arms, and their diſtincti-
ons bear;
The ſame, in foes, deſcit and virtue are.

Then of his arms Androgeus he diſeſts,
His ſword, his ſhield he takes and plumed creſts,
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the reſt, all glad
Of the occaſion, in freſh ſpoils are clad.
Thus mixt with Greeks, as if their fortune ſtill
Follow'd their ſwords, we fight, purſue, and kill.
Some re-aſcend the horſe, and he whoſe ſides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their ſafer guard, their ſhips retire:
But vain's that hope, 'gainſt which the gods con-
ſpire;

Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Caſſandra, from Minerva's fatal ſhrine
Dragg'd by the hair, caſting towards heaven, in
vain,

Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did ſtrain;
Choroebus, at the ſpectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidſt the foes; we thus engag'd,
To ſecond him, among the thickeſt ran;
Here firſt our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a ſhower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour:
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who
knew

Caſſandra's reſcue) us for Trojans ſlew.

Then from all parts Ulyſſes, Ajax then,
And then th' Atreide, rally all their men;
As winds that meet from ſeveral coaſts, conteſt,
Their priſons being broke, the ſouth and weſt,
And Eurus on his winged courſes born,
Triumphing in their ſpeed, the woods are torn,
And chaſing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from the bottom; then all thoſe
Who in the dark our fury did eſcape,
Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and ſhape,
And diſſering dialect: then their numbers ſwell
And grow upon us; firſt Choroebus fell
Before Minerva's altar, next did bleed
Juſt Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends; nor the, Pantheus, thy piety,
Nor conſecrated mitre, from the ſame
Ill fate could ſave; my country's funeral flame
And Troy's cold aſhes I atteſt, and call
To witneſs for myſelf, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did, and deſerv'd no leſs, my fate to find.
Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias
Slowly retire; the one retarded was
By feeble age, the other by a wound;
To court the cry directs us, where we found
Th' aſſault ſo hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the reſt ſecure from foes or fear:
The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets
caſt

Over their heads, ſome ſcaling-ladders plac'd
Againſt the walls, the reſt the ſteps aſcend,
And with their ſhields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold faſt
The battlement; on them the Trojans caſt
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; ſuch arms as theſe
Now hopeleſs, for their laſt defence they ſeize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient ſtate,
They tumble down; and now againſt the gate

Of th' inner court their growing force they bring :
 Now was our last effort to save the king,
 Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
 A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
 Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd
 (The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
 When to the aged king, her little son
 She would present); through this we pass, and run
 Up to the highest battlement, from whence
 The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
 A tower so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
 Stood on the roof, from whence we could descry
 All Ilium—both the camps, the Grecian fleet;
 This where the beams upon the columns meet,
 Weloson, which like thunder from the cloud
 Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud.
 But others still succeed : meantime, nor stones
 Nor any kind of weapons cease
 Before the gate in gilded armour shone
 Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new grown,
 Who fed on poisonous herbs all winter lay
 Under the ground, and now reviews the day
 Fresh in his new apparel, proud and young,
 Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
 And hits his scaly breast against the sun;
 With him his father's squire, Automedon,
 And Periphas who drove his winged steeds,
 Enter the court; whom all the youth succeeds
 Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands slung
 Up to the roof, Pyrrhus himself among
 The foremost with an axe an entrance hews
 Through beams of solid oak, then freely views
 The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,
 Where Priam and the ancient monarchs fate.
 At the first gate an armed guard appears;
 But th' inner court with horror, noise, and tears,
 Confus'dly fill'd the women's shrieks and cries
 Echo'd vaults re-echo to the skies;
 Mournful wandering through the spacious rooms
 He race and kiss the post: then Pyrrhus comes
 And of his father, neither men nor walls
 Can sustain, the torn port-cullis falls,
 From the hinge their strokes the gates divorce,
 Here the way they cannot find, they force.
 Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows
 Above his banks, th' opposing dams o'erthrows,
 Depopulates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
 Shepherds and felds, the foaming surges sweep.
 And now between two sad extremes I stood,
 He Pyrrhus and th' Atridae drunk with blood,
 And th' hapless queen amongst an hundred
 Slaves,
 As Priam quenching from his wounds those flames
 Which his own hands had on the altar laid;
 Then they the secret cab nets invade,
 Where stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
 Of inter-trace, the golden posts, whose tops
 Of hollock posts adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
 Or to the fire, or to the fire a prey.
 Now Priam's fate perhaps you may enquire :
 Seeing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,
 And his own palace by the Greeks possess'd,
 Arms and disus'd his trembling limbs invest;
 Thus on his foes he throws himself alone,
 Not for their fate, but to provoke his own :
 Yet, II.

There stood an altar open to the view
 Of heaven, near which an aged laurel grew,
 Whose shady arms the household gods embrac'd;
 Before whose feet the queen herself had cast
 With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
 As doves whom an approaching tempest drives
 And frights into one flock; but having spy'd
 Old Priam clad in youthful arms, she cried,
 Alas, my wretched husband, what pretence
 To bear those arms, and in them what defence?
 Such aid such times require not, when again
 If Hector were alive, he liv'd in vain;
 Or here we shall a sanctuary find,
 Or as in life we shall in death be join'd.
 Then weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
 And on the sacred sea the king she plac'd.
 Meanwhile Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Elysing the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
 Through foes and swords, and ranges all the court
 And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
 Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
 And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.
 The king (though him so many deaths incluse)
 Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation shows;
 The gods requite thee (if within the care
 Of those above th' affairs of mortals are)
 Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
 Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen :
 Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'd to be
 Thy father) so inhuman was to me;
 He blusht, when I the rights of arms implor'd,
 To me my Hector, me to Troy restor'd :
 This said, his feeble arm a javelin slung,
 Which on the sounding shield, scarce entering
 rung.
 Then Pyrrhus; Go a messenger to hell
 Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
 The acts of his degenerate race. So through
 His son's warm blood the trembling king he
 drew
 To th' altar; in his hair one hand he wreath'd;
 His sword the other in his bosom sheath'd.
 Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
 With such a signal and peculiar fate,
 Under so vast a ruin, not a grave,
 Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have :
 He whom such titles swell'd, such power made
 proud,
 To whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd,
 On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
 A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

ON THE
 EARL OF STRAFFORD'S
 TRIAL AND DEATH.

GREAT Strafford! worthy of that name,
 Though all
 Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,
 Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
 Which too much merit did accumulate :
 G g

As chemists gold from brass by fire would draw,
 Pretends are into treason forg'd by law.
 His wisdom such, at once it did appear
 Three kingdoms wonder, and three kingdoms fear;
 While single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
 Each had an army, as an equal foe.
 Such was his force of eloquence, to make
 The hearers more concern'd than he that spake;
 Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
 And none was more a looker-on than he;
 So did he move our passions, some were known
 To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
 Now private pity strove with public hate,
 Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate:
 Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
 He's not too guilty, but too wise to live;
 Lest seem those facts which treason's nick-name
 bore,

Than such a fear'd ability for more.
 They after death their fears of him express,
 His innocence and their own guilt confess.
 Their legislative frenzy they repent:
 Enacting it should make no precedent.
 This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not lose
 Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
 Death from their fears, than safety from his own,
 That his last action all the rest might crown.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,
 ON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM*.

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a slight so
 strong?
 So high above all vulgar eyes? so long?
 One single rapture scarce itself confines
 Within the limits of four thousand lines:
 And yet I hope to see this noble heat
 Continue, till it makes the piece compleat,
 That to the latter age it may descend,
 And to the end of time its beams extend.
 When poetry joins profit with delight,
 Her images should be most exquisite,
 Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
 Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise;
 Therefore the patterns man should imitate
 Above the life our masters should create.
 Herein, if we consult with Greece and Rome, 15
 Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;

* The Honourable Edward Howard, by his poem called "The British Princess," engaged the attention of by far the most eminent of his contemporaries; who played upon his vanity, as the Wits of half a century before had done on that of Thomas Coryat, by writing extravagant compliments on his works. See Butler's, Waller's, Sprat's, and Dorset's verses, in their respective volumes; and in the "Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, 1780," vol. iii. p. 105, are other verses on the same subject by Martin Clifford, and the Lord Vaughan. N.

Though mighty raptures we in Homer find,
 Yet, like himself, his characters were blind:
 Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
 But his sublimed thoughts to Heaven were rais'd.
 Who reads the honours which he paid the gods, 21
 Would think he had beheld their blest abodes;
 And, that his hero might accomplish'd be,
 From divine blood he draws his pedigree.
 From that great judge your judgment takes its law,
 And by the best original does draw 20
 Bonduca's honour, with those heroes Time
 Had in oblivion wrapt, his saucy crime;
 To them and to your nation you are just,
 In raising up their glories from the dust; 30
 And to Old England you that right have done,
 To show, no story nobler than her own.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

HENRY LORD HASTINGS. 1650.

READER, preserve thy peace; those busy eyes
 Will weep at their own sad discoveries;
 When every line they add improves thy loss,
 Till having view'd the whole, they sum a cross;
 Such as derides thy passions' best relief, 5
 And scorns the succours of thy easy grief.
 Yet, lest thy ignorance betray thy name
 Of man and pious, read and mourn: the shame
 Of an exemption, from just sense, doth show
 Irrational, beyond excess of woe. 10
 Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,
 Manhood, unexcus'd, pay that tribute here,
 Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
 Dust far more precious than in India's veins:
 Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies 15
 That which compleats the age's tyrannies:
 Who weak to such another ill appear,
 For what destroys our hope, secures our fear.
 What sin unexpiated, in this land
 Of groans, hath guided so severe a hand? 20
 The late great victim* that your altars knew,
 Ye angry gods, might have excus'd this new
 Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light
 Of virtue, to inform our steps aright;
 By whose example good, condemned we 25
 Might have run on to kinder destiny.
 But, as the leader of the herd fell first
 A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst
 Of insatiate vengeance for past crimes; so none
 But this white-sattled youngling could atone, 30
 By his untimely fate, that impious smoke,
 That sullied earth, and did Heaven's pity choke.
 Let it suffice for us, that we have lost
 In him, more than the widow'd world can boast
 In any lamp of her remaining clay. 35
 Fair as the grey-ey'd morn he was: the day,
 Youthful and climbing upwards still, imparts
 No haste like that of his increasing parts;

* King Charles the First.

Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light
Was seen as full of comfort, and as bright. 40
Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
That only wanted immortality
To make him perfect, now submits to night,
In the black bosom of whose sable spite,
He leaves a cloud of flesh behind, and flies, 45
Refin'd, all ray and glory to the skies.

Great faint! shine there in an eternal sphere,
And tell those powers to whom thou now draw'st
near,

That by our trembling sense, in HASTINGS dead,
Their anger and our ugly faults are read; 50
The short lines of whose life did to our eyes
Their love and majesty epitomize.
Tell them, whose stern decrees impose our laws,
The scathed grave may close her hollow jaws;
Though sin search nature, to provide her here 55
A second entertainment half so dear,
She'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,
Till Time present her with the Universe.

ON

MY LORD CROFT'S AND MY JOURNEY

INTO POLAND,

FROM WHENCE WE BROUGHT £.10,000 FOR HIS
MAJESTY, BY THE DECIMATION OF HIS
SCOTTISH SUBJECTS THERE.

TOLE, tole,
Gentle bell, for the soul
Of the pure ones in Pole,
Which are damn'd in our scroul.
Who having felt a touch
Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
Which though it was not much,
Yet their stubbornness was such,
That when we did arrive,
'Gainst the stream we did strive;
They would neither lead nor drive:

Nor lend
An ear to a friend,
Nor an answer would send
To our letter so well penn'd.

Nor assist our affairs
With their monies nor their wares,
As their answer now declares,
But only with their prayers.

Thus they did persist
Did and said what they list,
Till the dyet was dismiss;
But then our breach they list.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They should pay one in ten,
The dyet said, Amen.

And because they are loth
To discover the troth,
They must give word and oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

Thus the constitution
Condemns them every one,
From the father to the son.

But John
(Our friend) Molleson
Thought us to have out-gone
With a quaint invention.

Like the prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before,
Of the mischiefs in store,
Ay, and thrice as much more.

And with that wicked lye,
A letter they came by
From our king's majesty.

But fate
Brought the letter too late,
'Twas of too old a date
To relieve their damn'd state.

The letter's to be seen,
With seal of wax so green,
At Dantzige, where 't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print,
Must also pay his hint.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick
But the messenger fell sick.

Had it later been wrote,
And sooner been brought,
They had got what they fought,
But now it serves for nought.

On Sandys they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full then thousand pound.

ON

MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW'S RETURN

FROM VENICE,

AND

MR. WILLIAM MURREY'S

FROM SCOTLAND.

OUR resident Tom,
From Venice is come,
And hath left the statesman behind him:
Talks at the same pitch,
Is as wise, is as rich;
And just where you left him, you find him.

But who says he was not
A man of much plot,
May repent that false accusation;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The farce of his negotiation.

Before you were told
How Satan * the old
Came here with a beard to his middle;
Though he chang'd face and name,
Old Will was the same,
At the noise of a can and a fiddle.

These statesmen, you believe,
Send straight for the snave,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no wine,
Which is a shrewd sign
That all's not so well as it should be.

These three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of banishment, debts, or dying:
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears;
But their angry stars still defying.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor sobriety sad;
But of that they are seldom in danger;
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague they're at home;
The good fellow is no where a stranger.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,
BEING INVITED FROM CALAIS TO BOLOGNE,
TO EAT A PIG.

ALL on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian flover,
Little admiral John
To Bologne is gone,
Whom I think they call old Loven.
Hadt thou not thy fill of carting,
Will Aubrey, count of Oxon,
When nose lay in breech,
And breech made a speech,
So often cry'd a pox on?
A knight by land and water
Esteem'd at such a high rate,
When 'tis told in Kent,
In a cart that he went,
They'll say now, hang him pirate.
Thou might'st have ta'en example,
From what thou read'st in story;
Being as worthy to sit
On an amboling tit
As thy predecessor Dory.

* Mr. W. Murray.

But oh! the roof of linen,
Intended for a shelter!
But the rain made an afs
Of tilt and canvas;
And the snow, which you know is a melter,

But with thee to inveigle
That tender stripling Afcot,
Who was soak'd to the skin,
Through druggot so thin,
Having neither coat nor waitcoat.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
Defy'd cart so base,
For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

Nor did he like the omen,
For fear it might be his doom
One day for to sing,
With gullet in string,
—A hymn of Robert Wiidom.

But what was all this business?
For sure it was important:
For who rides i' th' wet
When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a sport on't.

To a goodly fat sow's baby,
O John, thou hadst a malice,
The old driver of swine
That day sure was thine,
Or thou hadst not quitted Calais.

NATURA NATURATA.

WHAT gives us that fantastic fit
That all our judgment and our wit
To vulgar custom we submit?

Treason, theft, murder, and all the rest
Of that foul legion we so detest,
Are in their proper names express'd.

Why is it then thought sin or shame,
Those necessary parts to name,
From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires;
With love enslaving our desires,
Finds engines fit to quench those fires:

Death she abhors; yet when men die,
We're present: but no slander-by
Looks on when we that loss supply.

Forbidden wars sell twice as dear;
Ev'n sack prohibited last year,
A most abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raise, by that device,
Of those commodities the price.

Thus reason's shadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led astray,
From nature, both her guide and way.

SARPEDON'S SPEECH TO GLAUCUS.
IN THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

THUS to Glaucus spake
Divine Sarpedon, since he did not find
Others, as great in place, as great in mind.
Above the rest why is our pomp, our power,
Our flocks, our herds, and our possessions more?
Why all the tributes land and sea affords
Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous
boards?

Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilst music charms their ears.
Why, as we pass, do those on Xanthus' shore,
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We stand the first; that when our Lycians see
Our brave examples, they admiring say,
Behold our gallant leaders! These are they
Deserve the greatness; and unenvy'd stand:
Since what they act, transcends what they com-
mand.

Could the declining of this fate (oh friend)
Our date to immortality extend?
Or if death fought not them who seek not death,
Would I advance? or should my vainer breath
With such a glorious folly thee inspire?
But since with fortune nature doth conspire,
Since age, disease, or some less noble end,
Though not less certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common sacrifice to honour fall.

MARTIAL. EPIGRAM.

PRYTHEE-die and set me free,
Or else be
Kind and brisk, and gay like me;
I pretend not to the wife ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the precise ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or sharp replies,
If wife thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartie, Repartie,
So what I'm doing.

Prythee why the room so dark?
Not a spark
Left to light me to the mark;
I love day-light and a candle,
And to see, and to see,
As well as handle.

Why so many bolts and locks,
Cats and smocks,
And those drawers with a pox?
I could wish, could nature make it,
Nakedness, nakedness
Hid were naked.

But if a mistress I must have,
Wife and grave,
Let her so herself behave
All the day long Susan civil,
Pap by night, pap by night,
Or such a devil.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE,
AGAINST
LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

LOVE! in what poison is thy dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know, but they who feel the smart.

It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

Love to our citadel resorts,
Through those deceitful fally-ports,
Our sentinels betray our forts.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains,
To change his pleasure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

May not a prison, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a slave.

How happy he that loves not, lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives,
To fortune who no hostage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneasy; finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife, or wanton boy,
May all those generous thoughts destroy.

Then he lays-by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.

Though still his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

But death in all her forms appears,
From every thing he sees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he bears.

Love, making all things else his foes,
Like a fierce torrent, overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

• His father and son.

This was the cause the poets sung
Thy mother from the sea was sprung,
But they were mad to make thee young.

Her father, not her son, art thou:
From our desires our actions grow;
And from the cause th' effect must flow.

Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandfire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the God of Love.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion)'s flaming shield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is;
But less than nothing, if it miss.

When matches Love alone projects,
The cause transcending the effects,
That wild-fire's quench'd in cold neglects.

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best,
Where Love's of blindness dispossess,
By perspectives of interest.

Though Solomon with a thousand wives,
To get a wife successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

Old Rome of children took no care,
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

Love, drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes; and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut our appetites.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, avarice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear.

Yet timorous deer, and harmless sheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of nature cease to keep.

Who then can blame the amorous boy,
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own, set fire on Troy?

Such is the world's preposterous fate,
Amongst all creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man's that savage beast whose mind,
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

ON

MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S DEATH, AND BURIAL

AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd:
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foretells;
The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the poets' god, inspires;
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines:
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays:
But curst be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest part:
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets, and of orators:
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the golden fleece;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' æth'rial clouds he flies,
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much,
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe:

Astigid husbands jealous are,
 When they believe their wives too fair.
 His English streams so pure did flow,
 As all that saw and tasted know.
 But for his Latin vein, so clear,
 Strong, full, and high it doth appear,
 That were immortal Virgil here,
 Him for his judge, he would not fear;
 Of that great portraiture, so true
 A copy, pencil never drew.
 My Muse her song had ended here,
 But both their Genus straight appear,
 Joy and amazement her did strike,
 Two twins she never saw so like.
 'Twas taught by wife Pythagoras,
 One look might through more bodies pass.
 Seeing such transmigration there,
 She thought it not a fable here.
 Such a resemblance of all parts,
 Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
 Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
 And shew the world this parallel:
 Fixt and contemplative their looks,
 Still turning over Nature's books:
 Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
 Where profit and delight combine;
 They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
 Rustic philosophy rehearse.
 When heroes, gods, or god-like kings,
 They praise, on their exalted wings
 To the celestial orbs they climb,
 And with th' harmonious spheres keep time:
 Nor did their actions fall behind
 Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
 Each drew fair characters, yet none
 Of these they feign'd, excels their own.
 Both by two generous princes lov'd,
 Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd.
 Yet having each the same desire,
 Both from the busy throng retire.
 Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
 Could not to propagate their kind:
 Yet though both fell before their hour,
 Time on their offspring hath no power,
 Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
 Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

A SPEECH AGAINST PEACE,
 AT THE
 CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of "I went from England."

BUT will you now to peace incline,
 And languish in the main design,
 And leave us in the lurch?
 I would not monarchy destroy,
 But as the only way t' enjoy
 The ruin of the church.

Is not the bishops' bill deny'd,
 And we still threaten'd to be try'd?

You see the king embraces
 Those counsels he approv'd before:
 Nor doth he promise, which is more,
 That we shall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
 (For 'tis no secret now) the plot
 Was Saye's and mine together:
 Did I for this return again,
 And spend a winter there in vain,
 Once more t' invite them hither?

Though more our money than our cause
 Their brotherly assistance draws,
 My labour was not lost.
 At my return I brought you thence
 Necessity, their strong pretence,
 And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my country bring
 To help their knight against their king,
 And raise the first sedition?
 Though I the business did decline,
 Yet I contriv'd the whole design,
 And sent them their petition.

So many nights spent in the city
 In that invisible Committee,
 The wheel that governs all.
 From thence the change in church and state,
 And all the mischief bears the date
 From Haberdashers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to despair,
 Upon the king to cast the war,
 To make the world abhor him,
 Because the rebels us'd his name?
 Though we ourselves can do the same,
 While both alike were for him.

Then the same fire we kindled here
 With what was given to quench it there,
 And wisely lost that nation:
 To do as crafty beggars use,
 To maim themselves, thereby t' abuse
 The simple man's compassion.

Have I so often past between
 Windsor and Westminster, unseen,
 And did myself divide:
 To keep his excellence in awe,
 And give the parliament the law?
 For they knew none beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach
 Our zealous ignorants to preach,
 And did their lungs inspire;
 Gave them their texts, shew'd them their parts,
 And taught them all their little arts,
 To sing abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
 And say the cavaliers are beaten,
 To stroke the people's ears;
 Then straight when victory grows cheap,
 And will no more advance the heap,
 To raise the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
 And now our act the preacher tells,

To edify the people;
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal use
The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again,
And must we now give o'er,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this mischief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where's the necessity to fight,
That breaks both law and oath?
They'll say they fight not for the cause,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us against them both.

Either the cause at first was ill,
Or being good, it is so still;
And thence they will infer,
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worst,
That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go afunder:
But while the wicked starve, indeed
The saints have ready at their need
God's providence, and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail:
When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our least of praise,
Since a new state we could not raise,
To have destroy'd the old.

'Then let us stay and fight, and vote,
Till London is not worth a groat;
Oh 'tis a patient beast!
When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We'll have the spoil at least.

TO THE
FIVE MEMBERS OF THE HONOURABLE
HOUSE OF COMMONS,

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS.

AFTER so many concurring petitions
From all ages and sexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to present our follies
To Pym, Stroude, Haflerig, Hampden, and Holles.
Though set form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petitions find great approbation:
Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their souls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the bless'd form you have taught us,
We thank you first for the ills you have brought us:
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.

Next in course, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege (like the rest of our nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
Hangs not on an ordinance, or power legislative.
And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please,
Without fear of a prison or pursuivants fees.
Next, that we only may lye by authority;
But in that also you have got the priority.
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical license, and always did claim it.
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth;
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty;
This art some poet, or the devil has taught ye:
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both houses have made it.
But that trust above all in poets reposed,
That kings by them only are made and depose'd,
'This though you cannot do, yet you are willing:
But when we undertake deposing or killing,
They're tyrants and monsters; and yet tamen the
poet

Takes full revenge on the villains that do it:
And when we resume a sceptre or crown,
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
But is't not presumption to write verses to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas, what are they but poems in prose?
And between those and ours there's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the
sense:

But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it;
And though you are modest and seem to abhor it,
'I has done you good service, and thank Hell
for it:

Although the old maxim remains still in force,
That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd
course,

If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made,
Nay even so far as undoing will do it,
You have made King Charles himself a poet:
But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows,
Already you have had too much of his prose.

A WESTERN WONDER.

DO you not know, not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Western Wonder?
When a hundred and ten flew five thousand
men,

With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hepton was slain, again and again,
Or else my author did lye;
With a new Thanksgiving, for the dead who are
living,
To God, and his servant Childleigh.

But now on which side was this miracle try'd,
I hope we at last are even;
For Sir Ralph and his knaves are risen from their
graves,
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was
lame
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought; but a running
gout,
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For now he outruns his arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him;
But they follow after; unless he takes water,
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath cost, and Stamford hath lost,
Goes deep in the sequestrations;
These wounds will not heal, with your new great
scal,
Nor Jepson's declarations.

Now, Peters and Case, in your prayer and grace,
Remember the new Thanksgiving;
Hac and his wife, now dig for your life,
Or shortly you'll dig for your living.

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

YOU heard of that Wonder, of the Lightning
and Thunder,
Which made the lye so much the louder:
Now list to another, that miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of Powder.

O what a damp it struck through the camp!
But as for honest Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies, without beard or eyes,
But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book, which the News-mon-
ger took
From the Preaching Ladies letter,
Where in the first place, stood the Conqueror's
face,
Which made it shew much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Bristol they say you may find him,
Great William the Con, so fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post, save all that was lost,
But alas, we are past deceiving
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving.

This made Mr. Case, with a pitiful face,
In the pulpit to fall a weeping.
Though his mouth utter'd lyes, truth fell from
his eyes,
Which kept the Lord-mayor from sleeping.

Vol. II.

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops,
For the laws not your cause, you that loath 'em;
Left Essex should start, and play the second part
Of the worshipping Sir John Hotham.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER,

OR,

A PROPER NEW BALLAD

OF CERTAIN CARNAL PASSAGES BETWIXT A
QUAKER AND A COLT, AT HORSLEY, NEAR
COLCHESTER, IN ESSEX.

To the tune of "Tom of Bedlam."

ALL in the land of Essex,
Near Colchester the zealous,
On the side of a bank,
Was play'd such a prank,
As would make a stone-horse jealous.

Help Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,
For brother Green's a stallion:
Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian?

Even to our whole profession
A scandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with disdain,
Amongst the profane,
How brother Green was mounted.

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which though our saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd cavalier
E'er play'd such a Christmas gambol!

Had thy flesh, O Green, been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd,
Hadst thou sweeten'd thy gums
With pottage of plums,
Or profane minc'd pye hadst swallow'd:

Roll'd up in wanton swine's flesh,
The fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fullness of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the devil have so rid through thee.

But, alas! he had been feasted
With a spiritual collation,
By our frugal mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And sup on an exhortation.

'Twas mere impulse of spirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal:
Filly foal, quoth he,
My bride thou shalt be:
And how this is lawful, learn all:

Hh

For if no respect of persons
Be due 'mongst sons of Adam,
In a large extent,
Thereby may be meant
That a Mare's as good as a Madam.

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet vail'd, nor kifs'd her,
But took her by force,
For better for worse,
And us'd her like a sister.

Now when in such a saddle
A faint will needs be riding,
Though we dare not say
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some back-sliding?

No surely, quoth James Naylor,
'Twas but an insurrection
Of the carnal part,
For a Quaker in heart
Can never lose perfection.

For (as our * masters teach us)
The intent being well directed,
Though the devil trepan
The Adamical man,
The saint stands uninfected.

But, alas! a Pagan jury
Ne'er judges what's intended;
Then say what we can,
Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be suspended.

And our adopted sister
Will find no better quarter,
But when him we enrol
For a Saint, Filly Foal
Shall pass herself for a Martyr.

Rome, that spiritual Sodom,
No longer is thy debtor,
O Colchester, now
Who's Sodom but thou,
Even according to the Letter?

A S O N G.

MORPHEUS, the humble God, that dwells
In Cottages and smoky Cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful God,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethæan lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?

* The Jesuits.

Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

ON

MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

SO shall we joy, when all whom beasts and
worms
Have turn'd to their own substances and forms:
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold more than at first entire;
As now we do, to see all thine thy own
In this my Muse's resurrection,
Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race, more
wounds

Hath suffer'd, than Aëdon from his hounds;
Which first their brains, and then their belly fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged, from her urn
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies does return
T' accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abused age,
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it:
Who, not content like felons to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase the coin.
But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other mens dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit—
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy nature did bestow
On Shakespeare's gentler Muse, in thee full
grown

Their graces both appear, yet so that none
Can say here Nature ends and Art begins,
But mixt like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, so like, so much the same,
None, this mere Nature, that mere Art can name:
'Twas this the ancients meant; Nature and Skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,
UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF
PASTOR FIDO.

SUCH is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write translate.
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modesty or choice.

While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand

Free from the blemish of an artless hand.
Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem
Less honour to create, than to redeem.
Nor ought a genius less than his that writ,
Attempt translation; for transplanted wit,
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are:
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit but a vital heat.
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but pruer to his fame.
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low,
Let it in thine own to make it rise and flow;
Witely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray't his music to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unfinew'd length:
Yet, after all, (lest we should think it thine)
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their
own.

That master's hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder stroke express
A vary'd posture, or a flattering dress;
He could have made those like, who made the
rest,
But that he knew his own design was best.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

SIR JOHN POOLEY

AND

MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL. TO thee, dear Tom, myself addressing,
Most querimoniously confessing,
That I of late have been compressing.

Destitute of my wonted gravity,
I perpetrated arts of pravity,
In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puissance,
For some venereal rejoissance,
I got (as one may say) a nuisance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, cousin Pooley,
And in plain English tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look so blue? 'Tis not
your hard words will avail you,
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you speak plainly what doth ail you.
When young, you led a life monastic,
And wore a vest ecclesiastic;
Now in your age you grow fantastic.

POOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality
Set fire on label of mortality.

The faces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a distillation,
Through th' instrument of propagation.

KIL. Then, cousin, (as I guess the matter)
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are shot 'twixt wind and water.

Your style has such an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That even your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once so æconomic,
Quitting the thrifty style laconic,
Turn prodigal in makeronic.

Yet be of comfort, I shall send-a
Person of knowledge, who can mend-a
Disaster in your nether end-a—

But you that are a man of learning,
So read in Virgil, so discerning,
Methinks towards fifty should take warning.

Once in a pit you did * miscarry,
That danger might have made one wary;
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

POOL. Give me not such disconsolation,
Having now cur'd my inflammation,
To ulcerate my reputation.

Though it may gain the ladies favour,
Yet it may raise an evil favour
Upon all grave and staid behaviour.

And I will rub my Mater Pia,
'To find a rhyme to Gonorrhœia.
And put it in my Litania.

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION

OF

A MODERN AUTHOR

UPON THE GAME OF CHESS.

A Tablet stood of that absterfive tree,
Where Æthiop's swarthy bird did build
her nest,
Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Afric's prudent beast.

* Hunting near Paris, he and his horse fell into
a quarry.
H h 2

Two kings like Saul, much taller than the rest,
 Their equal armies draw into the field;
 Till one take th' other prisoner they contest;
 Courage and fortune must to conduct yield.
 This game the Persian Magi did invent,
 The force of Eastern wisdom to express;
 From thence to busy Europeans sent,
 And styl'd by modern Lombards pensive Chefs.
 Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome report,
 Penthesilea Priam did oblige;
 Her Amazons, his Trojans taught this sport,
 To pass the tedious hours of ten years siege.
 There she presents herself, whilst kings and peers
 Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona fights;
 Yet maiden modesty her motions steers,
 Nor rudely skips o'er bishops heads like knights.

THE

PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

HAVING at large declar'd Jove's embassy,
 Cyllenius from Æneas straight doth fly;
 He loth to disobey the God's command,
 Nor willing to forsake this pleasant land,
 Asham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,
 But more afraid to take a solemn leave;
 He many ways his labouring thoughts revolves,
 But fear o'ercoming shame, at last resolves
 (Instructed by the God of Thieves *) to steal
 Himself away, and his escape conceal.
 He calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,
 That at the port they privately should meet;
 And some dissembled colour to project,
 That Dido should not their design suspect:
 But all in vain he did his plot disguise;
 No art a watchful lover can surprize.
 She the first motion finds; Love though most sure,
 Yet always to itself seems unsecure.
 That wicked fame which their first love pro-
 claim'd,
 Foretells the end: the queen with rage inflam'd,
 Thus greets him: Thou dissembler, would'st
 thou fly
 Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously?
 Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
 Nor thee the fate of dying Dido move?
 And in the depth of winter in the night,
 Dark as thy black designs to take thy flight,
 To plow the raging seas to coasts unknown,
 The kingdom thou pretend'st to, not thy own!
 Were Troy restor'd, thou should'st mistrust a wind
 False as thy vows, and as thy heart unkind.
 Fly'st thou from me? By these dear drops of
 brine
 I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
 By our espousals, by our marriage-bed,
 If all my kindness aught have merited;
 If ever I stood fair in thy esteem,
 From ruin me and my lost house redeem.

* Mercury.

Cannot my prayers a free acceptance find?
 Nor my tears soften an obdurate mind?
 My fame of chastity, by which the skies
 I reach'd before, by thee extinguish'd dies.
 Into my borders now Iarbas falls,
 And my revengeful brother scales my walls;
 The wild Numidians will advantage take,
 For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forsake.
 Hadst thou before thy flight but left with me
 A young Æneas, who, resembling thee,
 Might in my sight have sported, I had then
 Not wholly lost, nor quite deserted been;
 By thee, no more my husband, but my guest,
 Betray'd to mischiefs, of which death's the least.
 With fixed looks he stands, and in his breast
 By Jove's command, his struggling care sup-
 presseth.

Great queen, your favours and desert so great,
 Though numberless, I never shall forget;
 No time, until myself I have forgot,
 Out of my heart Eliza's name shall blot:
 But my unwilling flight the Gods enforce,
 And that must justify our sad divorce.
 Since I must you forsake, would Fate permit,
 To my desires I might my fortune fit;
 Troy to her ancient splendour I would raise,
 And where I first began, would end my days.
 But since the Lycian Lots, and Delphic God
 Have destin'd Italy for our abode;
 Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre) enjoy,
 Why should not Latium us receive from Troy?
 As for my son, my father's angry ghost
 Tells me his hopes by my delays are cross'd,
 And mighty Jove's ambassador appear'd
 With the same message, whom I saw and heard;
 We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
 But much the more when all complaints are vain;
 I call to witness all the Gods, and thy
 Beloved head, the coast of Italy
 Against my will I seek.

Whilst thus he speaks, she rolls her sparkling
 eyes,

Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies;
 Thy mother was no Goddess, nor thy stock
 From Dardanus, but in some horrid rock,
 Perfidious wretch, rough Caucasus thee bred,
 And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.
 Dissimulation I shall now forget,
 And my reserves of rage in order set.
 Could all my prayers and soft entreaties force
 Sighs from his breast, or from his look remorse?
 Where shall I first complain? can mighty Jove
 Or Juno such impieties approve?
 The just Alirza sure is fled to hell;
 Nor more in earth, nor heaven itself will dwell.
 Oh Faith! him on my coasts by tempest cast,
 Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd;
 His men from famine, and his fleet from fire
 I rescued: Now the Lycian Lots conspire
 With Phœbus; now Jove's envoy through the air
 Brings dismal tidings; as if such low care
 Could reach their thoughts, or their repose disturb!
 Thou art a false impostor, and a fourbe;
 Go, go, pursue thy kingdom through the main,
 I hope, if Heaven her justice still retain,

Thou
 Where
 I'll follow
 My gh
 And wh
 That
 This
 Conduc
 Yet rest
 Beholds
 When g
 To mak
 Ah cru
 Poor m
 To tear
 Of a fre
 That sh
 Thus to
 Dear si
 So mov
 Therefo
 Thou h
 He tru
 Thou h
 Tell hi
 My fle
 I never
 To this
 A gent
 A happ
 The cou
 Nor th
 All tha
 Till I f
 Some p
 Till wi
 If thy
 Or two
 Thus f
 Condol
 But his
 The fir
 As wh
 From l
 An age
 Grows
 Is over
 As his
 So low
 And to
 He sn
 All the
 Then
 Anne,
 There
 Thith
 All cu
 We m
 She g
 Than
 And h
 Auror
 And o

Thou shalt be wreck'd, or cast upon some rock,
Where thou the name of Dido shalt invoke :
I'll follow thee in funeral flames, when dead
My ghost shall thee attend at board and bed,
And when the Gods on thee their vengeance show,
That welcome news shall comfort me below.

This saying, from his hated sight she fled,
Conducted by her damsels to her bed ;
Yet reflex she arose, and looking out,
Beholds the fleet, and hears the seamen shout :
When great Æneas pass'd before the guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah cruel Love ! to what dost thou enforce
Poor mortal breasts ! Again she hath recourse
To tears and prayers, again she feels the smart
Of a fresh wound from his tyrannic dart.
That she no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her sister she herself apply'd :
Dear sister, my repentment had not been
So moving, if this fate I had foreseen ;
Therefore to me this last kind office do,
Thou hast some interest in our scornful foe,
He trusts to thee the counsels of his mind,
Thou his soft hours, and free access canst find :
Tell him I sent not to the Ælian coast
My fleet to aid the Greeks ; his father's ghost
I never did disturb : ask him to lend
To this, the last request that I shall send,
A gentle ear ; I wish that he may find
A happy passage, and a prosperous wind,
The contract I don't plead, which he betray'd,
Nor that his promis'd conquest be delay'd ;
All that I ask is but a short reprieve,
Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve ;
Some pause and respite only I require,
Till with my tears I shall have quench'd my fire.
If thy address can but obtain one day
Or two, my death that service shall repay.
Thus she intreats ; such messages with tears
Condoling Anne to him, and from him bears :
But him no prayers, no arguments can move ;
The Fates resist, his ears are stop'd by Jove.
As when fierce northern blasts from th' Alps
descend,
From his firm roots with struggling gusts to rend
An aged sturdy oak, the rattling sound
Grows loud, with leaves and scatter'd arms the
ground
is over-laid ; yet he stands fixt, as high
As his proud head is rais'd towards the sky,
So low towards hell his roots descend. With
prayers
And tears the Hero thus assail'd, great cares
He smother in his breast, yet keeps his post,
All their addresses and their labour lost.
Then she deceives her sister with a smile :
Anne, in the inner court erect a pile ;
Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay,
Thither our fatal marriage-bed convey ;
All cursed monuments of him with fire
We must abolish (so the Gods require.)
She gives her credit for no worse effect
Than from Sichæus' death she did suspect,
And her commands obeys.
Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed,
And o'er the world her blushing rays did spread ;

The Queen beheld, as soon as day appear'd,
The navy under sail, the haven clear'd ;
Thrice with her hand her naked breast she knocks,
And from her forehead tears her golden locks.
O Jove, she cry'd, and shall he thus delude
Me and my realm ! why is he not pursu'd ?
Arm, arm, she cry'd, and let our Tyrians board
With ours his fleet and carry fire and sword ;
Leave nothing unattempted to destroy
That perjurd race, then let us die with joy.
What if th' event of war uncertain were ?
Nor death, nor danger, can the desperate fear.
But oh too late ! this thing I should have done,
When first I plac'd the traitor on my throne.
Behold the faith of him who sav'd from fire
His honour'd household Gods, his aged fire
His pious shoulders from Troy's flames did
bear ;

Why did I not his carcase piece-meal tear,
And cast it in the sea ? why not destroy
All his companions, and beloved boy
Ascanius ? and his tender limbs have dress'd,
And made the father on the son to feast ?
Thou Sun, whose lustre all things here below
Surveys ; and Juno, conscious of my woe ;
Revengeful Furies, and Queen Hecate,
Receive and grant my prayer ? If he the sea
Must needs escape, and reach th' Ausonian land,
If Jove decree it, Jove's decree must stand ;
When landed, may he be with arms oppress'd
By his rebelling people, be distress'd
By exile from his country, be divorc'd
From young Ascanius' sight, and be enforc'd
To implore foreign aids, and lose his friends
By violent and undeserv'd ends !
When to conditions of unequal peace
He shall submit, then may he not possess
Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
I' th' sands, when he before his day shall fall !
And ye, oh Tyrians, with immortal hate
Pursue this race, this service dedicate
To my deplored ashes, let there be
'Twixt us and them no league nor amity.
May from my bones a new Achilles rise,
That shall infest the Trojan Colonies
With fire and sword, and famine, when at length
Time to our great attempts contributes strength ;
Our seas, our shores, our armies theirs oppose,
And may our children be for ever foes !
A ghastly paleness death's approach portends,
Then trembling she the fatal pile ascends ;
Viewing the Trojan reliques, she unsheath'd
Æneas' sword, not for that use bequeath'd :
Then on the guilty bed she gently lays
Herself, and softly thus lamenting prays ;
Dear reliques, whilst that Gods and Fates give
leave,
Free me from care, and my glad soul receive.
That date which Fortune gave, I now must end,
And to the shades a noble ghost descend.
Sichæus' blood, by his false brother spilt,
I have reveng'd, and a proud city built ;
Happy, alas ; too happy I had liv'd,
Had not the Trojan on my coast arriv'd.
But shall I die without revenge ? yet die
Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly.

My conscious foe my funeral fire shall view
 From sea, and may that open him pursue!
 Her fainting hand let fall the sword besmear'd
 With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd;
 Through all the court the fright and clamours rise,
 Which the whole city fills with fears and cries,
 As loud as if her Carthage, or old Tyre
 The foe had enter'd, and had set on fire.
 Amazed Anne with speed ascends the stairs,
 And in her arms her dying sister rears:
 Did you for this, yourself and me beguile?
 For such an end did I erect this pile?
 Did you so much despise me, in this fate
 Myself with you not to associate?
 Yourself and me, alas! this fatal wound
 The senate, and the people, doth confound.
 I'll wash her wound with tears, and at her death
 My lips from hers shall draw her parting breath.

Then with her vest the wound she wipes and
 dries;
 Thrice with her arm the Queen attempts to
 rise,
 But her strength failing, falls into a swoond,
 Life's last efforts yet striving with her wound;
 Thrice on her bed she turns, with wandering sight
 Seeking, the groans when she beholds the light.
 Then Juno, pitying her disastrous fate,
 Sends Iris down, her pangs to mitigate.
 (Since, if we fall before th' appointed day,
 Nature and Death continue long their fray.)
 Iris descends; this fatal lock (says she)
 To Pluto I bequeath, and set thee free;
 Then clips her hair: Cold numbness straight be-
 reaves
 Her corpse of sense, and th' air her soul receives.

OF PRUDENCE.

GOING this last summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin original of this translation, which (being out of print) I had never seen before; when I looked upon it, I saw that it had formerly passed through two learned hands, not without approbation; which were Ben Jonson and Sir Kenelm Digby; but I found it (where I shall never find myself) in the service of a better master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more; for I love not to improve the honour of the living, by impairing that of the dead; and my own profession hath taught me not to erect new superstructures upon an old ruin. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise, wherein an old Monk had cloathed it, and to make as becoming a new vest for it as I could.

The author was a person of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched since with the sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was contemporary to Petrarch, and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Tasso; which shews that the age they lived in was not so unlearned as that which preceded, or that which followed.

The author wrote upon the four Cardinal Virtues; but I have translated only the two first, not to turn the kindness I intended to him into an injury; for the two last are little more than repetitions and recitals of the first; and (to make a just excuse for him) they could not well be otherwise, since the two last virtues are but descendants from the first; Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Justice.

WISDOM's first progress is, to take a view
 What's decent or indecent, false or true.
 He's truly prudent, who can separate
 Honest from vile, and still adhere to that;
 Their difference to measure, and to reach,
 Reason well rectify'd must nature teach.
 And these high scrutinies are subjects fit
 For man's all-searching and enquiring wit;
 That search of knowledge did from Adam flow;
 Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to show.

Wisdom of what herself approves, makes choice,
 Nor is led captive by the common voice.
 Clear-sighted Reason Wisdom's judgment leads,
 And Sense, her vassal, in her footsteps treads.
 That thou to Truth the perfect way may'st know,
 To thee all her specific forms I'll show;
 He that the way to honesty will learn,
 First what's to be avoided must discern.
 Thyself from flattering self-conceit defend,
 Nor what thou dost not know, to know pretend.

Some secrets deep in abstruse darkness lie;
To search them thou wilt need a piercing eye.
Nor rashly therefore to such things assent,
Which undeciv'd, thou after may'st repent;
Study and time in these must thee instruct,
And others old experience may conduct.
Wisdom herself her ear doth often lend
To counsel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal scales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'st chuse safely that which most doth
weigh;

'Tis not secure, this place or that to guard,
If any other entrance stand unbarr'd;
He that escapes the serpent's teeth may fail,
If he himself secures not from his tail.
Who faith, who could such ill events expect?
With shame on his own counsels doth reflect.
Most in the world doth self-conceit deceive,
Who just and good, whate'er they act, believe;
To their wills wedded, to their errors slaves,
No man (like them) they think himself behaves.
This stiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reason's lure descend.
Fathers sometimes their children's faults regard
With pleasure, and their crimes with gifts reward.
Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,
Virgil and Titian (self-admiring) slight;
Then all they do, like gold and pearl appears,
And other actions are but dirt to theirs.
They that so highly think themselves above
All other men, themselves can only love;
Reason and virtue, all that man can boast
O'er other creatures, in those brutes are lost.
Observe (if thee this fatal error touch,
Thou to thyself contributing too much)
Those who are generous, humble, just, and wise,
Who not their gold, nor themselves idolize;
To form thyself by their example learn
(For many eyes can more than one discern);
But yet beware of counsels when too full,
Number makes long disputes and graveness dull;
Though their advice be good, their counsel wise,
Yet length still loses opportunities:
Debate destroys dispatch; as fruits we see
Rot, when they hang too long upon the tree;
In vain that husbandman his seed doth sow,
If he his crop not in due season mow.
A general sets his army in array
In vain, unless he fight, and win the day.
'Tis virtuous action that must praise bring forth,
Without which slow advice is little worth.
Yet they who give good counsel, praise deserve,
Though in the active part they cannot serve:
In action, learned counsellors their age,
Profession, or disease, forbids t' engage.
Nor to philosophers is praise deny'd
Whole wise instructions after-ages guide;
Yet vainly most their age in study spend;
No end of writing books, and to no end:
Beating their brains for strange and hidden things,
Whole knowledge, nor delight nor profit brings;
Themselves with doubt both day and night perplex,
Nor gentle reader please, or teach, but vex.
Books should to one of these four ends conduce
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

What need we gaze upon the spangled sky?
Or into matter's hidden causes pry?
To describe every city, stream, or hill
I' th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill?
What is 't to hear a sophister, that pleads,
Whoby the ears the deceiv'd audience leads?
If we were wise, these things we should not
mind,

But more delight in easy matters find.
Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do:
The way (if no digression's made) is even,
And free access, if we but ask, is given.
Then seek to know those things which make us
best,

And having found them, lock them in thy breast;
Enquiring then the way, go on, nor slack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole age in these enquiries waste,
And die like fools before one step they've past;
'Tis strange to know the way, and not t' advance,
That knowledge is far worse than ignorance.
The learned teach, but what they teach, not do;
And standing still themselves, make others go.
In vain on study time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.
The foldier that philosopher well blam'd,
Who long and loudly in the schools declaim'd;
Tell (said the foldier) venerable sir,
Why all these words, this clamour, and this stir?
Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day?
Whilst one says only yea, and t' other nay.
Oh, said the doctor, we for wisdom toil'd,
For which none toils too much: the foldier smil'd;
You're grey and old, and to some pious use
This mass of treasure you should now reduce:
But you your store have hoarded in some bank,
For which the infernal spirits shall you thank.
Let what thou learnest be by practice shown,
'Tis said that wisdom's children make her known.
What's good doth open to th' enquirer stand,
And itself offers to th' accepting hand;
All things by order and true measures done,
Wisdom will end, as well as she begun.
Let early care thy main concerns secure,
Things of less moment may delays endure:
Men do not for their servants first prepare,
And of their wives and children quit the care;
Yet when we're sick, the doctor's fetcht in haste,
Leaving our great concernment to the last.
When we are well, our hearts are only set
(Which way we care not) to be rich or great:
What shall become of all that we have got?
We only know that us it follows not;
And what a trifle is a moment's breath,
Laid in the scale with everlasting death!
What's time, when on eternity we think?
A thousand ages in that sea must sink;
Time's nothing but a word, a million
Is full as far from infinite as one.
To whom thou much dost owe, thou much must
pay,
Think on the debt against th' accounting-day;
God, who to thee reason and knowledge lent,
Will ask how these two talents have been spent.

Let not low pleasures thy high reason blind,
 He's mad, that seeks what no man e'er could find.
 Why should we fondly please our sense, wherein
 Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of sin?
 What thoughts man's reason better can become,
 Than th' expectation of his welcome home?
 Lords of the world have but for life their lease,
 And that too (if the lesser please) must cease.
 Death cancels nature's bonds, but for our deeds
 (That debt first paid) a strict account succeeds;
 If here not clear'd, no suretyship can bail
 Condemned debtors from th' eternal gaol.
 Christ's blood's our balm; if that cure us here,
 Him, when our judge, we shall not find severe;
 His yoke is easy when by us embrac'd,
 But loads and galls, if on our necks 'tis cast.
 Be just in all thy actions; and if join'd
 With those that are not, never change thy mind:
 If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
 But wind about, till you have topp'd the hill;
 To the same end men several paths may tread,
 As many doors into one temple lead;
 And the same hand into a fist may close,
 Which instantly a palm expanded shows:
 Justice and faith never forsake the wife,
 Yet may occasion put him in disguise;
 Not turning like the wind, but if the state
 Of things must change, he is not obstinate;
 Things past, and future; with the present weighs,
 Nor credulous of what vain rumour says.
 Few things by wisdom are at first believ'd,
 An easy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd:
 For many truths have often past for lies,
 And lies as often put on truth's disguise:
 As flattery too oft like friendship shows,
 So them who speak plain truth we think our foes.
 No quick reply to dubious questions make,
 Suspense and caution still prevent mistake.
 When any great design thou dost intend,
 Think on the means, the manner, and the end:
 All great concerns must delays endure;
 Rashness and haste make all things insecure;
 And if uncertain thy pretensions be,
 Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty;
 But if to unjust things thou dost pretend,
 Ere they begin let thy pretensions end.
 Let thy discourse be such, that thou may'st give
 Profit to others, or from them receive:
 Instruct the ignorant; to those that live
 Under thy care, good rules and patterns give;
 Nor is't the least of virtues, to relieve
 Those whom afflictions or oppressions grieve,
 Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love:
 But less condemn whom thou dost not approve;
 Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth
 wrong,

And too sharp censure shews an evil tongue:
 But let inviolate truth be always dear
 To thee; e'en before friendship, truth prefer.
 Than what thou mean'st to give, still promise less:
 Hold fast thy power thy promise to increase.
 Look forward what's to come, and back what's
 past,

Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd:
 What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess,
 Thou then wilt be secure of the success;

Yet be not always on affairs intent,
 But let thy thoughts be easy and unbent:
 When our minds eyes are disengag'd and free,
 They clearer, farther, and distinctly see;
 They quicken sloth, perplexities untie,
 Make roughness smooth, and hardness mollify;
 And though our hands from labour are releas'd,
 Yet our minds find (ev'n when we sleep) no rest.
 Search not to find how other men offend,
 But by that glass thy own offences mend;
 Still seek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
 (So it be learning) or from whence it come.
 Of thy own actions others judgments learn;
 Often by small, great matters we discern:
 Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show;
 We may our ends by our beginnings know.
 Let none direct thee what to do or say,
 Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway;
 Let not the pleasing many thee delight;
 First judge, if those whom thou dost please, judge
 right.

Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
 Nor to know things, whose knowledge is forbid;
 Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn
 round

Standing, and whence no safe descent is found:
 In vain his nerves and faculties he strains
 To rise, whose raising unsecure remains:
 They whom desert and favour forwards thrust,
 Are wise, when they their measures can adjust.
 When well at ease, and happy, live content,
 And then consider why that life was lent;
 When wealthy, show thy wisdom not to be
 To wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.
 Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,
 Which nor a witness nor a judge might know.
 The highest hill is the most slippery place,
 And Fortune mocks us with a smiling face.
 And her unsteady hand hath often plac'd
 Men in high power, but seldom holds them fast;
 Against her then her forces Prudence joins,
 And to the golden mean herself confines.
 More in prosperity is reason lost
 Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost:
 Before fair gales not all our sails we bear,
 But with side winds into safe harbours steer;
 More ships in calms on a deceitful coast,
 Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.
 Who casts out threats and frowns, no man deceives,
 Time for resistance and defence he gives;
 But flattery still in sugar'd words betrays,
 And poison in high-tasted meats conveys;
 So Fortune's smiles unguarded man surprize,
 But when she frowns, he arms, and her defies.

OF JUSTICE.

THIS the first sanction nature gave to man,
 Each other to assist in what they can;
 Just or unjust, this law for ever stands,
 All things are good by law which she commands;
 The first step, man towards Christ must justly live,
 Who't 'as himself, and all we have, did give:

In vain
 If his de
 So much
 Justice fr
 God t
 Whose
 In that
 The sun
 And he t
 Does not
 Virtue J
 'Tis not
 We live
 Whilst t
 Wife Pl
 The fuc
 Nor are
 But sever
 He that
 May wit
 If fortune
 'Gainst fr
 And whe
 Method a
 First to o
 The secon
 Next to w
 And to ou
 Then we
 Or age, di
 'Mongst
 mo
 Our justic
 To such, v
 Thy debt
 As Helio
 And a mo
 But yet t
 Mischief a
 Such mod
 That thou
 That liber
 Which ma
 And no ac
 Do nothing
 Justice mu
 But fraud
 Fraud in th
 But justice
 But he's
 Who is a w
 Not only
 But evil w
 Truth just
 Truth abov
 Though no
 He sees an
 And yet ou
 Sometimes

In vain doth man the name of just expect,
 If his devotions he to God neglect;
 So much we reverence God, as first to know
 Justice from him, not from ourselves, doth flow;
 God those accepts, who to mankind are friends,
 Whose justice far as their own power extends;
 In that they imitate the power divine,
 The sun alike on good and bad doth shine;
 And he that doth no good, although no ill,
 Does not the office of the just fulfil.
 Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer,
 'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear;
 We live not only for ourselves to care,
 Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share.
 Wise Plato said, the world with men was stor'd,
 That succour each to other might afford;
 Nor are those succours to one sort confin'd,
 But several parts to several men assign'd;
 He that of his own stores no part can give,
 May with his counsel or his hands relieve.
 If fortune make thee powerful, give defence
 'Gainst fraud, and force, to naked innocence:
 And when our justice doth her tributes pay,
 Method and order must direct the way:
 First to our God we must with reverence bow;
 The second honour to our prince we owe;
 Next to wives, parents, children, sit respect,
 And to our friends and kindred we direct:
 Then we must those who groan beneath the weight
 Of age, disease, or want commiserate:
 'Mongst those whom honest lives can recom-
 mend,
 Our justice more compassion should extend;
 To such, who thee in some distress did aid,
 Thy debt of thanks with interest should be paid:
 As Hesiod sings, spread waters o'er thy field,
 And a most just and glad increase 'twill yield.
 But yet take heed, lest doing good to one,
 Mischief and wrong be to another done;
 Such moderation with thy bounty join,
 That thou may'st nothing give, that is not thine;
 That liberality's but cast away,
 Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay:
 And no access to wealth let rapine bring;
 Do nothing that's unjust, to be a king.
 Justice must be from violence exempt,
 But fraud's her only object of contempt.
 Fraud in the fox, force in the lion dwells;
 But justice both from human hearts expels;
 But he's the greatest monster (without doubt)
 Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.
 Not only ill injurious actions are,
 But evil words and slanders bear their share.
 Truth justice loves, and truth injustice fears,
 Truth above all things a just man revere:
 Though not by oaths we God to witness call,
 He sees and hears, and still remembers all;
 And yet our attestations we may wrest,
 Sometimes to make the truth more manifest;

If by a lye a man preserve his faith,
 He pardon, leave, and absolution hath;
 Or if I break my promise, which to thee
 Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
 All things committed to thy trust conceal,
 Nor what's forbid by any means reveal.
 Express thyself in plain, not doubtful words,
 That ground for quarrels or disputes affords:
 Unless thou find occasion, hold thy tongue;
 Thyself or others, careless talk may wrong.
 When thou art called into public power,
 And when a crowd of suitors throng thy door,
 Be sure no great offenders 'scape their dooms;
 Small praise from lenity and remissness comes:
 Crimes pardon'd, others to those crimes invite,
 Whilst lookers-on severe examples fright:
 When by a pardon'd murderer blood is spilt,
 The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt;
 Who accuse rigour, make a gross mistake,
 One criminal pardon'd may an hundred make:
 When justice on offenders is not done,
 Law, government, and commerce, are o'er-
 thrown;
 As besieg'd traitors with the foe conspire,
 To unlock the gates, and set the town on fire.
 Yet lest the punishment th' offence exceed,
 Justice with weight and measure must proceed:
 Yet when pronouncing sentence, seem not glad,
 Such spectacles, though they are just, are sad;
 Though what thou dost, thou ought'st not to
 repent,
 Yet human bowels cannot but relent:
 Rather than all must suffer, some must die;
 Yet nature must condole their misery.
 And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
 Thou may'st not these condemn, and those ab-
 solve.
 Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind,
 Nor cruelty, nor mercy, change her mind;
 When some escape for that which others die,
 Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.
 A fine and slender net the spider weaves,
 Which little and light animals receives;
 And if she catch a common bee or fly,
 They with a piteous groan and murmur die;
 But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
 They tear her cords like Sampson, and escape;
 So like a fly the poor offender dies;
 But, like the wasp, the rich escapes and flies.
 Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
 The punishment beyond the crime extend;
 Or after warning the offence forget;
 So God himself our failings doth remit.
 Expect not more from servants than is just,
 Reward them well, if they observe their trust;
 Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
 Since God and nature them our brothers made;
 If his offence be great, let that suffice;
 If light, forgive, for no man's always wise.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

P R E F A C E.

My early Mistress, now my ancient Mâse,
That strong Circæan liquor cease t' infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth,
Now stoop with dis-enchanting wings to truth;
As the dove's flight did guide *Aeneas*, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning shoots
To heaven her branches, and to hell her roots.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the
cast,
He his own image on the clay impress;
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience (for the world was new),
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence, nor th' offence;
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before;
And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood, arts to Chaldaea fell,
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and instructor was;
From thence did learning into *Ægypt* pass:
Moses in all th' *Ægyptian* arts was skill'd,
When heavenly power that chosen vessel fill'd;
And we to his high inspiration owe,
That what was done before the flood, we know.
From *Ægypt*, arts their progress made to Greece,
Wrapt in the fable of the golden fleece.
Musæus, first, then *Orpheus*, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities;
To many gods, they taught devotion,
Which were the distinct faculties of one;
Th' Eternal cause, in their immortal lines,
Was taught, and poets were the first divines:
God Moses first, then David did inspire,
To compose anthems for his heavenly quire;
To th' one the style of friend he did impart,
On th' other stamp the likeness of his heart:
And Moses, in the old original,
Even God the poet of the world doth call.
Next those old Greeks, *Pythagoras* did rise,
Then *Socrates*, whom th' oracle call'd wise;
The divine *Plato* moral virtue shews,
Then his disciple *Aristotle* rose,
Who nature's secrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great soul our novelists impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds;
The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits;
Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held,
Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,

Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome;
Then wheresoe'er her conquering eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread;
And as in this our microcosm, the heart
Heat, spirit, motion, gives to every part;
So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
All her own virtues through the universe.
Here some digression I must make, t' accuse
Thee, my forgetful and ingrateful Muse.
Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy
flight,

And not to thy great ancestor do right?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those, who say the sun hath never shin'd;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight, who taught the world to see.
They who *Minerva* from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's skull the Muses' hive;
And from his brain, that *Helicon* distill,
Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old *Anacreon*, *Hesiod*, *Theocrite*,
Must we forget, nor *Pindar*'s lofty flight.
Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.
When great *Augustus* made war's tempests cease,
His halycon days brought forth the arts of peace;
He still in his triumphant chariot shines,
By *Horace* drawn, and *Virgil*'s mighty lines.
'Twas certainly mysterious that the * name
Of prophets and of poets is the same;
What the Tragedian † wrote, the late success
Declares was inspiration, and not guess:
As dark a truth that author did unfold,
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:
“ At last the ocean shall unlock ‡ the bound
“ Of things, and a new world by *Tiphys* found,
“ Then ages far remote shall understand
“ The isle of *Thule* is not the farthest land.”
Sure God, by these discoveries, did design
That his clear light through all the world should
shine,
But the obstruction from that discord springs
The prince of darkness made 'twixt Christian kings
That peaceful age with happiness to crown,
From heaven the Prince of Peace himself came
down;
Then the true Sun of Knowledge first appear'd,
And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd.
The heavy cause of th' old accursed flood
Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood.
His passion, man from his first fall redeem'd;
Once more to paradise restor'd we seem'd;
Satan himself was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him loose again.
Still the old sting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the serpent, as he tempted man;
Then hell sends forth her furies, *Avarice*, *Pride*,
Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy, their guide,
Though the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd;
Though the apostles these events foretold,
Yet even the shepherd did devour the fold:

* Vates. † Seneca. ‡ The Prophecy.

The fisher to convert the world began,
 The pride convincing of vain-glorious man;
 But soon his followers grew a sovereign lord,
 And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's sword,
 Which still maintains for his adopted son
 Vast patrimonies, though himself had none;
 Wasting the text to the old giants' sense,
 That heaven, once more, must suffer violence.
 Then subtle doctors scriptures made their prize,
 Casuists, like cocks, struck out each other's eyes;
 Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,
 And into atoms truth anatomiz'd.
 Then Mahomet's crescent, by our feuds encreast,
 Bled the learn'd remainders of the east:
 That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
 Made mother ignorance devotion's dame:
 Then, he whom Lucifer's own pride did swell,
 His faithful emissary, rose from hell
 To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand,
 Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns did stand,
 And before that exalted idol, all
 (Whom we call Gods on earth) did prostrate fall.
 Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,
 From lazy cells, where superstition bred,
 Which, link'd with blind obedience, so encreast,
 That the whole world, some ages, they oppress;
 Till through those clouds the sun of knowledge
 brake,

And Europe from her lethargy did wage;
 Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
 That they their churches' nursing fathers were.
 When Lucifer no longer could advance
 His works on the false ground of ignorance.
 New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
 Then his well-study'd master-piece he plays;
 Loyola, Luther, Calvin he inspires,
 All kindles with infernal flames their fires,
 And their forerunner (conscious of th' event)
 Printing, his most pernicious instrument!
 Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
 Into the press from ruin'd cloysters leapt;
 No longer by implicit faith we err,
 Whilst every man's his own interpreter;
 No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
 By elders, from their ends create their God;
 But seven wise men the ancient world did know,
 We scarce know seven who think themselves
 not so.

When man learn'd undress'd religion,
 We were commanded to be all as one;
 They disputes that union have calcul'd,
 Almost as many minds as men we find,
 And when that flame finds combustible earth,
 Those *saturn* fires and meteors take their birth,
 Legions of sects and insects come in throngs;
 To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
 So were the centaurs of Ixion's race,
 Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
 And such the monsters of Chimæra's kind,
 Lions before, and dragons were behind.
 Then from the clashes between popes and kings,
 Debate, like sparks from flints' collision, springs.
 As Jove's loud thunder-bolts were forg'd by heat,
 The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat;
 All the rich mines of learning ransack'd are,
 To furnish ammunition for this war;

Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
 And double edges on our passions sets;
 'Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst,
 That the best things corrupted, are the worst;
 'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge, hurl'd
 Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world;
 That sun like this (from which our sight we have)
 Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave;
 And when thick mists of doubts obscure his beams,
 Our guide is error, and our visions dreams;
 'Twas no false heraldry, when madness drew
 Her pedigree from those who too much knew;
 Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
 Like guns o'er-charg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils;
 When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
 'Tis weak and fragile like Arachne's line:
 True piety, without cessation to
 By theories, the practice part is lost,
 And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
 Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit;
 Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
 The atheist looking on, enjoys the spoils.
 Through seas of knowledge we our course advance,
 Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;
 And these discoveries make us all confess
 That sublimary science is but guess,
 Matters of fact to man are only known,
 And what seems more is mere opinion;
 The standers-by see clearly this event,
 All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent;
 With their new light our bold inspectors press
 Like Cham, to shew their father's nakedness,
 By whose example, after-ages may
 Discover, we more naked are than they;
 All human wisdom, to divine, is folly;
 This truth, the wisest man made melancholy;
 Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
 But to be sure we are deceiv'd brings grief:
 Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not so,
 Is pleas'd; and patient, till the truth he know.
 Our God, when heaven and earth he did create,
 Form'd man, who should of both participate;
 If our lives motions theirs must imitate,
 Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
 When, like a bridegroom from the east, the sun
 Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run;
 Into earth's spongy veins the ocean sinks,
 Those rivers to replenish which he drinks;
 So learning, which from reason's fountain springs,
 Back to the source, some secret channel brings.
 'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
 To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

OF OLD AGE.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO TO CATO.

THOUGH all the actions of your life are
 crown'd
 With wisdom, nothing makes them more renown'd.

Than that those years, which others think extreme,
Nor to yourself, nor us uneasy seem;
Under which weight most, like th' old giants,
groan,

When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown.

CATO What you urge, Scipio, from right reason flows;

All parts of age seem but then some to those
Who virtue's and true wisdom's happiness
Cannot discern; but they who those possess,
In what's impos'd by nature find no grief,
Of which our age is (next our death) the chief,
Which though all equally desire t' obtain,
Yet when they have obtain'd it, they complain;
Such our inconstancies and follies are,
We say it steals upon us unawares:
Our want of reasoning these false measures makes,
Youth runs to age, as childhood youth overtakes.
How much more grievous would our lives appear,
To reach th' eighth hundred, than the eightieth year?

Of what, in that long space of time hath past,
To foolish age will no remembrance last.
My age's conduct when you seem t' admire,
(Which that it may deserve, I much desire)
'Tis my first rule, on nature, as my guide
Appointed by the Gods, I have rely'd;
And nature (which all acts of life designs)
Not like ill poets, in the last declines:
But some one part must be the last of all,
Which, like ripe fruits, must either rot, or fall.
And this from nature must be gently borne,
Else her (as giants did the Gods) we scorn.

LÆL. But, sir, 'tis Scipio's and my desire,
Since to long life we gladly would aspire,
That from your grave instructions we might hear,

How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CAT. This I resolv'd before, but now shall do
With great delight, since 'tis requir'd by you.

LÆL. If to yourself it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,
That as old travellers the young instruct,
Your long, our short experience may conduct.

CAT. 'Tis true (as the old proverb doth relate)
Equals with equals often congregate.
Two consuls (who in years my equals were)
When senators, lamenting I did hear,
That age from them had all their pleasures torn,
And them their former suppliants now scorn:
They, what is not to be accus'd, accuse,
Not others, but themselves their age abuse;
Else this might me concern, and all my friends,
Whose cheerful age, with honour, youth attends,
Joy'd that from pleasure's slavery they are free,
And all respects due to their age they see.
In its true colours this complaint appears
The ill effect of manners, not of years;
For on their life no grievous burthen lies,
Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wife;
But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind,
Not any easy part in life can find.

LÆL. This I believe; yet others may dispute,
Their age (as yours) can never bear such fruit

Of honour, wealth, and power, to make them sweet,
Nor every one such happiness can meet.

CAT. Some weight your argument, my Lælius,
bears,

But not so much as at first sight appears.
This answer by Themistocles was made,
(When a Seriphan thus did him upbraid,
You those great honours to your country owe,
Not to yourself)—Had I at Seripho
Been born, such honour I had never seen,
Nor you, if an Athenian you had been:
So age, cloath'd in indecent poverty,
To the most prudent cannot easy be;
But to a fool, the greater his estate,
The more uneasy is his age's weight.
Age's chief arts, and arms, are to grow wise,
Virtue to know, and known to exercise;
All just returns to age then virtue makes,
Nor her in her extremity forsakes;
The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.
I (when a youth) with reverence did look
On Quintus Fabius, who Tarentum took;
Yet in his age such cheerfulness was seen,
As if his years and mine had equal been;
His gravity was mixt with gentleness,
Nor had his age made his good-humour less;
Then was he well in years (the same that he
Was consul, that of my nativity)
(A stripling then) in his fourth consulate
On him at Capua I in arms did wait.
I five years after at Tarentum won
The quæstorship, and then our love began;
And four years after, when I prætor was,
He pleaded, and the Cincian law did pass.
With useful diligence he us'd t' engage,
Yet with the temperate arts of patient age
He breaks fierce Hannibal's insulting heats;
Of which exploits thus our friend Lælius treats,
He by delay restor'd the commonwealth,
Nor preserv'd rumour before public health.

THE ARGUMENT.

"When I reflect on age, I find there are

"Four causes, which its misery declare.

"1. Because our body's strength it much impairs:

"2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs:

"3. Next, that our sense of pleasure it deprives:

"4. Last, that approaching death attends our lives.

"Of all these several causes I'll discourse,

"And then of each, in order, weigh the force."

THE FIRST PART.

THE old from such affairs is only freed,
Which vigorous youth, and strength of body
need;
But to more high affairs our age is lent,
Most properly when heats of youth are spent.
Did Fabius, and your father Scipio
(Whose daughter my son married), nothing do?
Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii;
Whose courage, counsel, and authority,
The Roman commonwealth restor'd, did boast,
Nor Appius, with whose strength his sight was lost,

Who when the senate was to peace inclin'd
 With Pyrrhus, shew'd his reason was not blind.
 Whither's our courage and our wisdom come?
 When Rome itself conspires the fate of Rome:
 The rest with ancient gravity and skill
 He spakè (for his oration's extant still.)
 'Tis seventeen years since he had consul been
 The second time, and there were ten between?
 Therefore their argument's of little force,
 Who age from great employments would divorce,
 As in a ship some climb the shrouds, t' unfold
 The sail, some sweep the deck, some pump the
 hold;

Whilst he that guides the helm, employs his skill,
 And gives the law to them, by sitting still.
 Great actions less from courage, strength, and speed,
 Than from wise counsels and commands, proceed,
 Those arts age wants not, which to age belong,
 Not heat, but cold experience, makes us strong.
 A consul, tribune, general, I have been,
 All sorts of war I have past through, and seen;
 And now grown old, I seem t' abandon it,
 Yet to the senate I prescribe what's best.
 I every day 'gainst Carthage war proclaim,
 (For Rome's destruction hath been long her aim)
 Nor shall I cease till I her ruin see,
 Which triumph may the Gods design for thee;
 That Scipio may revenge his grandsire's ghost,
 Whose life at Cannæ with great honour lost
 Is on record, nor had he weary'd been
 With age, if he an hundred years had seen,
 He had not us'd excursions, spears, or darts,
 But counsel, order, and such aged arts;
 Which, if our ancestors had not retain'd,
 The senate's name our council had not gain'd.
 The Spartans to their highest Magistrate
 The name of Elder did appropriate:
 Therefore his fame for ever shall remain,
 How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,
 With vigilant conduct, when that sharp reply
 He gave to Salinator, I stood by,
 Who to the castle fled, the town being lost,
 Yet he to Maximus did vainly boast,
 'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
 'Tis true, had you not lost, I had not gain'd.
 And as much honour on his gown did wait,
 As on his arms, in his fifth consulate.
 When his colleague Carvilius slept aside,
 The tribune of the people would divide
 To them the Gallic and the Picene field,
 Against the senate's will, he will not yield;
 When being angry, boldly he declares
 Those things were acted under happy stars,
 From which the commonwealth found good effects,
 But otherwise they came from bad aspects.
 Many great things of Fabius I could tell,
 But his son's death did all the rest excel;
 (His gallant son, though young, had consul been)
 His funeral oration I have seen
 Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,
 I all the old philosophers despise.
 Though he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,
 Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;
 When feasting with his private friends at home,
 Such counsel, such discourse, from him did come,

Such science in his art of augury,
 No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;
 Knowledge of all things present and to come,
 Remembering all the wars of ancient Rome,
 Nor only there, but all the world's beside:
 Dying in extreme age, I prophesy'd
 That which is come to pass, and did discern
 From his survivors I could nothing learn.
 This long discourse was but to let you see,
 That this long life could not uneasy be.
 Few like the Fabii or the Scipio's are
 Takers of cities, conquerors in war.
 Yet others to like happy age arrive,
 Who modest, quiet, and with virtue live:
 Thus Plato writing his philosophy,
 With honour after ninety years did die.
 Th' Athenian story writ at ninety-four
 By Isocrates, who yet liv'd five years more;
 His master Gorgias at the hundredth year
 And seventh, not his studies did forbear:
 And, ask'd, why he no sooner left the stage,
 Said, he saw nothing to accuse old age.
 None but the foolish, who their lives abuse,
 Age, of their own mistakes and crimes, accuse.
 All commonwealths (as by records is seen)
 As by age preserv'd, by youth destroy'd have
 been.

When the tragedian Nævis did demand,
 Why did your commonwealth no longer stand?
 'Twas answer'd, that their senators were new,
 Foolish and young, and such as nothing knew.
 Nature to youth hot rashness doth dispense,
 But with cold prudence age doth recompense;
 But age, 'tis said, will memory decay,
 So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
 Or, if by nature it be dull and slow:
 Themistocles (when ag'd) the names did know
 Of all th' Athenians; and none grow so old,
 Not to remember where they hid their gold.
 From age such art of memory we learn,
 To forget nothing, which is our concern;
 Their interest no priest nor forcerer
 Forgets, nor lawyer, nor philosopher;
 No understanding memory can want,
 Where wisdom studious industry doth plant.
 Nor does it only in the active live,
 But in the quiet and contemplative;
 When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
 Was by his sons before the judges brought,
 Because he pay'd the Muses such respect,
 His fortune, wife, and children to neglect;
 Almost condemn'd, he mov'd the judges thus,
 Hear, but instead of me, my Oedipus:
 The judges hearing with applause, at th' end
 Freed him, and said, no fool such lines had penn'd.
 What poets and what orators can I
 Recount! what princes in philosophy!
 Whose constant studies with their age did strive,
 Nor did they those, though those did them survive.
 Old husbands I at Sabinum know,
 Who for another year dig, plough, and sow;
 For never any man was yet so old,
 But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
 Cæcilius vainly said, each day we spend
 Discovers something, which must needs offend;

But sometimes age may pleasant things behold,
 And nothing that offends: He should have told
 This not to age, but youth, who oftener see
 What not alone offends, but hurts, than we:
 That I in him, which he in age, condemn'd,
 That us it renders odious and condemn'd.
 He knew not virtue, if he thought this truth;
 For youth delights in age, and age in youth.
 What to the old can greater pleasure be,
 Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to see;
 When they with reverence follow where we lead,
 And in strait paths by our directions tread!
 And ev'n my conversation here I see,
 As well receiv'd by you, as yours by me.
 'Tis disingenuous to accuse our age
 Of idleness, who all our powers engage
 In the same studies, the same course to hold;
 Nor think our reason for new arts too old.
 Solon the sage his progress never ceas'd,
 But still his learning with his days increas'd;
 And I with the same greediness did seek,
 As water when I thirst, to swallow Greek;
 Which I did only learn, that I might know
 Those great examples which I follow now:
 And I have heard that Socrates the wife,
 Learn'd on the lute for his last exercise.
 Though many of the ancients did the same,
 To improve knowledge was my only aim.

THE SECOND PART.

NOW int' our second grievance I must break,
 "That loss of strength makes understanding
 "weak."

I grieve no more my youthful strength to want,
 Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;
 Then with that force content which nature gave,
 Nor am I now displeas'd with what I have.
 When the young wrestlers at their sport grew
 warm,
 Old Milo wept, to see his naked arm;
 And cry'd, 'twas dead: Trifler, thine heart, and
 head,
 And all that's in them (not thy arm) are dead;
 This folly every looker-on derides,
 To glory only in thy arms and sides.
 Our gallant ancestors let fall no tears,
 Their strength decreasing by increasing years.
 But they advanc'd in wisdom every hour,
 And made the commonwealth advance in power.
 But orators may grieve, for in their sides,
 Rather than heads, their faculty abides;
 Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
 And still my own sometimes the senate hear.
 When th' old with smooth and gentle voices plead,
 They by the ear their well-pleas'd audience lead.
 Which, if I had not strength enough to do,
 I could (my Lælius, and my Scipio)
 What's to be done, or not be done, instruct,
 And to the maxims of good life conduct.
 Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
 Of men) your grandfire the great African,

Were joyful, when the flower of noble blood
 Crowded their dwellings, and attending stood,
 Like oracles their counsels to receive,
 How in their progress they should act, and live.
 And they whose high examples youth obeys,
 Are not despised, though their strength decays,
 And those decays (to speak the naked truth,
 Though the defects of age) were crimes of youth.
 Intemperate youth (by sad experience found)
 Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.
 Cyrus, though ag'd (if Xenophon say true);
 Lucius Metellus (whom when young I knew)
 Who held (after his second consulate)
 Twenty-two years the high pontificate;
 Neither of these, in body or in mind,
 Before their death the least decay did find.
 I speak not of myself, though none deny
 To age, to praise their youth, the liberty:
 Such an unwasted strength I cannot boast,
 Yet now my years are eighty-four almost:
 And though from what it was my strength is far,
 Both in the first and second Punic war,
 Nor at Thermopylae, under Glabrio,
 Nor when I consul into Spain did go;
 But yet I feel no weakness, nor hath length
 Of winters quite enervated my strength;
 And I, my guest, my client, or my friend,
 Still in the courts of justice can defend:
 Neither must I that proverb's truth allow,
 "Who would be ancient, must be early so."
 I would be youthful still, and find no need
 To appear old, till I was so indeed.
 And yet you see my hours not idle are,
 Though with your strength I cannot mine com-
 pare;

Yet this centurion's doth your's surmount.
 Not therefore him the better man I count.
 Milo, when entering the Olympic game,
 With a huge ox upon his shoulder came.
 Would you the force of Milo's body find,
 Rather than that of Pythagoras's mind?
 The force which nature gives with care retain.
 But, when decay'd, 'tis folly to complain;
 In age to wish for youth is full as vain,
 As for a youth to turn a child again.
 Simple and certain nature's ways appear,
 And she sets forth the seasons of the year.
 So in all parts of life we find her truth,
 Weakness to childhood, rashness to our youth;
 To elder years to be discreet and grave,
 Then to old age maturity she gave.
 (Scipio) you know, how Massinissa bears
 His kingly port at more than ninety years:
 When marching with his foot, he walks all night;
 When with his horse, he never will alight;
 Though cold, or wet, his head is always bare;
 So hot, so dry, his aged members are.
 You see how exercise and temperance
 Ev'n to old years a youthful strength advance,
 Our law (because from age our strength retires)
 No duty which belongs to strength requires.
 But age doth many men so feeble make,
 That they no great design can undertake:
 Yet, that to age not singly is apply'd,
 But to all man's infirmities beside.

THE THIRD PART.

That Scipio, who adopted you, did fall
 Into such pains, he had no health at all;
 Who else had equal'd Africanus' parts,
 Exceeding him in all the liberal arts:
 Why should those errors then imputed be
 To age alone, from which our youth's not free?
 Every disease of age we may prevent,
 Like those of youth, by being diligent.
 When sick, such moderate exercise we use,
 And diet, as our vital heat renews;
 And if our body thence refreshment finds
 Then must we also exercise our minds.
 If with continual oil we not supply
 Our lamp, the light for want of it will die:
 Though bodies may be tir'd with exercise,
 No weariness the mind could e'er surprize.
 Cælius the comedian, when of age
 He represents the follies on the stage;
 They're credulous, forgetful, dissolute,
 Neither those crimes to age he doth impute,
 But to old men to whom those crimes belong.
 Lust, petulance, rashness, are in youth more
 strong,

Than age, and yet young men those vices hate,
 Who virtuous are, discreet, and temperate:
 And so what we call dotage, seldom breeds
 In bodies, but where nature sows the seeds.
 There are five daughters, and four gallant sons,
 In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,
 With a most numerous family beside;
 Whom he alone, though old and blind, did guide,
 Yet his clear-sighted mind was still intent,
 And to his business like a bow stood bent:
 By children, servants, neighbours, so esteem'd,
 He not a master, but a monarch seem'd.
 All his relations his admirers were,
 His sons paid reverence, and his servants fear;
 The order and the ancient discipline
 Of Romans did in all his actions shine.
 Authority kept up old age secures,
 Whose dignity as long as life endures.
 Something of youth I in old age approve,
 But more the marks of age in youth I love.
 Who this observes, may in his body find
 Decrepit age, but never in his mind.
 The seven volumes of my own reports,
 Whence are all the pleadings of our courts;
 All noble monuments of Greece are come
 Unto my hands, with those of ancient Rome.
 The pontifical, and the civil law,
 I study still, and thence orations draw,
 And to confirm my memory, at night,
 What I hear, see, or do, by day, I still recite.
 These exercises for my thoughts I find,
 These labours are the chariots of my mind.
 To serve my friends, the senate I frequent,
 And there, what I before digested, vent.
 Which only from my strength of mind proceeds,
 Not any outward force of body needs:
 Which, if I could not do, I should delight
 On what I would to ruminate at night.
 Who in such practices their minds engage,
 Nor fear nor think of their approaching age;
 Which by degrees invisibly doth creep:
 Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep.

NOW must I draw my forces 'gainst that host
 Of pleasures, which i' th' sea of age are lost.
 O thou most high transcendent gift of age!
 Youth from its folly thus to disengage.
 And now receive from me that most divine
 Oration of that noble Tarentine,
 Which at Tarentum I long since did hear;
 When I attended the great Fabius there.
 Ye gods! was it man's nature, or his fate,
 Betray'd him with sweet pleasure's poison'd
 bait?

Which he, with all designs of art or power,
 Doth with unbridled appetite devour:
 And as all poisons seek the noblest part,
 Pleasure possesses first the head and heart;
 Intoxicating both, by them, she finds,
 And burns the sacred temples of our minds.
 Furies, which reason's divine chains had bound,
 (That being broken) all the world confound.
 Lust, murder, treason, avarice, and hell
 Itself broke loose, in reason's palace dwell:
 Truth, honour, justice, temperance, are fled,
 All her attendants into darkness led.
 But why all this discourse? when pleasure's rage
 Hath conquer'd reason, we must treat with age.
 Age undermines, and will in time surprize
 Her strongest forts, and cut off all supplies;
 And, join'd in league with strong necessity,
 Pleasure must fly, or else by famine die.
 Flaminius, whom a consulship had grac'd,
 (Then censor) from the senate I displac'd;
 When he in Gaul, a consul, made a feast,
 A beauteous courtesan did him request
 To see the cutting off a prisoner's head;
 This crime I could not leave unpunished,
 Since by a private villainy he stain'd
 That public honour, which at Rome he gain'd.
 Then to our age (when not to pleasures bent)
 This seems an honour, not disparagement.
 We, not all pleasures, like the Stoics, hate;
 But love and seek those which are moderate.
 (Though divine Plato thus of pleasures thought,
 They us, with hooks and baits, like fishes caught)
 When quæstor to the gods, in public halls
 I was the first who set up festivals.
 Not with high tastes our appetites did force,
 But fill'd with conversation and discourse;
 Which feasts Convivial Meetings we did name:
 Not like the ancient Greeks, who, to their shame,
 Call'd it a Computation, not a feast;
 Declaring the worst part of it the best.
 Those entertainments I did then frequent
 Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment:
 But now I thank my age, which gives me ease
 From those excesses; yet myself I please
 With cheerful talk to entertain my guests,
 (Discourses are to age continual feasts)
 The love of meat and wine they recompense,
 And cheer the mind, as much as those the sense.
 I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
 The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young;
 Nor 'gainst all pleasures proclaim open war,
 To which, in age, some natural motions are.

And still at my Sabinum I delight
 To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
 But we the sense of gust and pleasure want,
 Which youth at full possesses, this I grant;
 But age seeks not the things which youth requires,
 And no man needs that which he not desires.
 When Sophocles was ask'd, if he deny'd
 Himself the use of pleasures, he reply'd,
 I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me
 From that fierce tyrant's insolence set free.
 But they, whom pressing appetites constrain,
 Grieve when they cannot their desires obtain.
 Young men the use of pleasure understand,
 As of an object new, and near at hand:
 Though this stands more remote from age's sight
 Yet they behold it not without delight:
 As ancient soldiers, from their duties eas'd,
 With sense of honour and rewards are pleas'd;
 So from ambitious hopes and lusts releas'd,
 Delighted with itself, our age doth rest.
 No part of life's more happy, when with bread
 Of ancient knowledge, and new learning fed.
 All youthful pleasures by degrees must cease:
 But those of age ev'n with our years increase.
 We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,
 But free from surfeits our repose is found.
 When old Fabricius to the Samnites went,
 Ambassador, from Rome to Pyrrhus sent,
 He heard a grave philosopher maintain,
 That all the actions of our life were vain,
 Which with our sense of pleasure not conspir'd;
 Fabricius the philosopher desir'd,
 That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,
 And to the Samnites the same doctrine preach;
 Then of their conquest he should doubt no more,
 Whom their own pleasures overcame before.
 Now into rustic matters I must fall,
 Which pleasure seems to me the chief of all,
 Age no impediment to those can give,
 Who wisely by the rules of nature live.
 Earth (though our mother) cheerfully obeys
 All the commands her race upon her lays.
 For whatsoever from our hand she takes,
 Greater or less, a vast return she makes.
 Nor am I only pleas'd with that resource,
 But with her ways, her method, and her force:
 The seed her bosom (by the plough made fit)
 Receives, where kindly she embraces it,
 Which, with her genuine warmth diffus'd and spread,
 Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
 Then gives it motion, life, and nourishment,
 Which from the root through nerves and veins
 are sent,
 Streight in a hollow sheath upright it grows,
 And, form receiving, doth itself disclose:
 Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded spikes
 Guard it from birds, as with a stand of pikes.
 When of the vine I speak, I seem inspir'd,
 And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd;
 At nature's god-like power I stand amaz'd,
 Which such vast bodies hath from atoms rais'd.
 The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,
 Can cloath a mountain, and o'er shade a plain:

But thou, dear vine, forbid'st me to be long,
 Although thy trunk be neither large nor strong,
 Nor can thy head (not helpt) itself sublime,
 Yet, like a serpent, a tall tree can climb;
 Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine,
 Prove thy support, and all its strength is thine.
 Though nature gave not legs, it gave thee hands,
 By which thy prop the proudest cedar stands:
 As thou hast hands, so hath thy offspring wings,
 And to the highest part of mortals springs.
 But lest thou should'st consume thy wealth in vain,
 And starve thyself to feed a numerous train,
 Or like the bee (sweet as thy blood) design'd
 To be destroy'd to propagate his kind,
 Lest thy redundant and superfluous juice
 Should fading leaves instead of fruits produce,
 The pruner's hand, with letting blood, must
 quench

Thy heat, and thy exuberant parts retrench:
 Then from the joints of thy prolific stem
 A swelling knot is rais'd (call'd a gem),
 Whence, in short space, itself the cluster shows,
 And from earth's moisture mixt with sun-beams
 grows.

I th' spring, like youth, it yields an acid taste,
 But summer doth, like age, the sourness waste;
 Then cloath'd with leaves, from heat and cold
 secure,
 Like virgins, sweet, and beauteous, when mature.
 On fruits, flowers, herbs, and plants, I long could
 dwell,

At once to please my eye, my taste, my smell;
 My walks of trees, all planted by my hand,
 Like children of my own begetting stand.
 To tell the several natures of each earth,
 What fruits from each most properly take birth:
 And with what arts to enrich every mold,
 The dry to moisten, and to warm the cold.
 But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
 Nature by art we nobly meliorate;
 As Orpheus' music wildest beasts did tame,
 From the four crab the sweetest apple came:
 The mother to the daughter goes to school,
 The species changed, doth her laws o'er-rule;
 Nature herself doth from herself depart,
 (Strange transmigration!) by the power of art.
 How little things give law to great! we see
 The small bud captivates the greatest tree.
 Here even the power divine we imitate,
 And seem not to beget, but to create.
 Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beasts, the
 tame

For food and profit, and the wild for game.
 Excuse me when this pleasant string I touch,
 (For age, of what delights it, speaks too much)
 Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,
 The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,
 Great Curias, his remaining days did spend,
 And in this happy life his triumphs end.
 My farm stands near, and when I there retire,
 His and that age's temper I admire:
 The Samnites chiefs, as by his fire he fate,
 With a vast sum of gold on him did wait;
 Return, said he, your gold I nothing weigh,
 When those, who can command it, me obey:

This my assertion proves, he may be old,
And yet not fordid, who refuses gold.
In summer to sit still, or walk, I love,
Near a cool fountain, or a shady grove.
What can in winter render more delight,
Than the high sun at noon, and fire at night?
While our old friends and neighbours feast and
play,

And with their harmless mirth turn night to day,
Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,
And part of what they lent, return t' our gods.
That honour and authority which dwells
With age, all pleasures of our youth excels.
Observe, that I that age have only prais'd
Whose pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,
And that (for which I great applause receiv'd)
As a true maxim hath been since believ'd.

That most unhappy age great pity needs,
Which to defend itself new matter pleads;
Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
But our past life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our age those happy fruits present.
Those things to age most honourable are,
Which easy, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, consulting, compliment, resort,
Crouding attendance to, and from the court.

And not on Rome alone this honour waits,
But on all civil and well-govern'd states.
Lyfander pleading in his city's praise,
From thence his strongest arguments did raise,
That Sparta did with honour age support,
Paying them just respect at stage, and court.
But at proud Athens youth did age out-face,
Nor at the plays would rise, or give them place.
When an Athenian stranger of great age
Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the stage,
To him the whole assembly rose, and ran
To place and ease this old and reverend man,
Who thus his thanks returns, Th' Athenians know
What's to be done; but what they know, not do.
Here our great senate's orders I may quote,
The first in age is still the first in vote.
Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command
In competition with great years may stand.
Why should our youth's short transient pleasures
dare

With age's lasting honours to compare?
On the world's stage, when our applause grows
high,

For acting here life's tragic-comedy,
The lookers-on will say we act not well,
Unless the last the former scenes excel:
But age is froward, uneasy, scrupulous,
Hard to be pleas'd, and parsimonious;
But all those errors from our manners rise,
Not from our years; yet some morosities
We must expect since jealousy belongs
To age of scorn, and tender sense of wrongs:
Yet those are mollify'd, or not discern'd,
Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
So the Twins humours, in our Terence, are
Unlike, this harsh and rude, that smooth and fair.
Our nature here is not unlike our wine,
Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine;

Vol. II.

So age's gravity may seem severe,
But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear.
Of age's avarice I cannot see
What colour, ground, or reason there should be:
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice some title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what the spring had sown;
And with the providence of bees, or ants,
Prevent with summer's plenty, winter's wants,
But age scarce sows, till death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap;
Afraid to be so once, she's always poor,
And to avoid a mischief makes it sure.
Such madness, as for fear of death to die,
Is, to be poor for fear of poverty.

THE FOURTH PART.

NOW against (that which terrifies our age)
The last, and greatest grievance, we engage;
To her, grim death appears in all her shapes,
The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.
Fond, foolish man! with fear of death surpris'd,
Which either should be wish'd for, or despis'd;
This, if our souls with bodies death destroy;
That, if our souls a second life enjoy.
What else is to be fear'd; when we shall gain
Eternal life, or have no sense of pain?
The youngest in the morning are not sure,
That till the night their life they can secure,
Their age stands more expos'd to accidents
Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:
Death's force (with terror) against nature strives,
Nor one of many to ripe age arrives.
From this ill fate the world's disorders rise,
For if all men were old they would be wise;
Years and experience our forefathers taught,
Them under laws, and into cities brought:
Why only should the fear of death belong
To age, which is as common to the young?
Your hopeful brothers, and my son, to you
(Scipio) and me, this maxim makes too true:
But vigorous youth may his gay thoughts erect
To many years, which age must not expect;
But when he sees his airy hopes deceiv'd;
With grief he says, Who this would have believ'd?
We happier are than they, who but desir'd
To possess that, which we long since acquir'd.
What if our age to Nestor's could extend?
'Tis vain to think that lasting, which must end;
And when 'tis past, not any part remains
Thereof, but the reward which virtue gains.
Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,
Nor what is past, nor what's to come, we know:
Our date, how short soe'er, must us content;
When a good actor doth his part present,
In every act he our attention draws,
That at the last he may find just applause;
So (though but short) yet we must learn the
Of virtue, on this stage to act our part;
True wisdom must our actions to direct,
Not only the last plaudit to expect:

K k

Yet grieve no more, though long that part should last,

Than husbandmen, because the spring is past.
The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,

But autumn makes them ripe, and fit for use:
So age a mature mellowness doth set
On the green promises of youthful heat.
All things which nature did ordain are good,
And so must be receiv'd and understood.
Age, like ripe apples, on earth's bosom drops,
While force our youth, like fruits untimely, crops;
The sparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
As when huge streams are pour'd on raging fires;
But age unforc'd falls by her own consent,
As coals to ashes, when the spirit's spent;
Therefore to death I with such joy resort,
As seamen from a tempest to their port.
Yet to that port ourselves we must not force,
Before our pilot, nature, steers our course.
Let us the causes of our fear condemn,
Then death at his approach we shall condemn.
Though to our heat of youth our age seems cold,

Yet, when resolv'd, it is more brave and bold.
Thus Solon to Pisistratus reply'd,
Demanded, on what succour he rely'd,
When with so few he boldly did engage;
He said, he took his courage from his age.
Then death seems welcome, and our nature kind,
When leaving us a perfect sense and mind,
She (like a workman in his science skill'd)
Pulls down with ease, what her own hand did build.

That art which knew to join all parts in one,
Makes the least violent separation.
Yet though our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We must not force them till themselves they break.

Pythagoras bids us in our station stand,
Till God, our general, shall us disband.
Wife Solon dying, wish'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he still might live.
Yet wiser Ennius gave command to all
His friends, not to bewail his funeral;
Your tears for such a death in vain you spend,
Which strait in immortality shall end.
In death if there be any sense of pain,
But a short space, to age it will remain.
On which, without my fears, my wishes wait,
But timorous youth on this should meditate:
Who for light pleasure this advice rejects,
Finds little, when his thoughts he recollects.
Our death (though not its certain date) we know;
Nor whether it may be this night or no:
How then can they contented live, who fear
A danger certain? and none knows how near.
They err, who for the fear of death dispute,
Our gallant actions this mistake confute.
Thee, Brutus, Rome's first martyr I must name,
The Curtii bravely divid'd the gulph of flame:
Attilius sacrific'd himself, to save
That faith, which to his barbarous foes he gave;
With the two Scipio's did thy uncle fall,
Rather than fly from conquering Hannibal.

The great Marcellus (who restored Rome)
His greatest foes with honour did intomb.
Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach? whence no return they knew:
Must then the wife, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th' unlearn'd
forbear?

Satiety from all things else doth come,
Then life must to itself grow wearisome.
Those trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauseous to the young man's appetite;
And from those gaieties our youth requires
To exercise their minds, our age retires.
And when the last delights of age shall die,
Life in itself will find satiety.

Now you, my friends, my sense of death shall hear,
Which I can well describe, for he stands near.
Your father, Lælius, and your's, Scipio,
My friends, and men of honour, I did know;
As certainly as we must die, they live
That life which justly may that name receive:
Till from these prisons of our flesh releas'd,
Our souls with heavy burthens lie oppress'd;
Which part of man from heaven falling down,
Earth, in her low abyss, doth hide and drown,
A place so dark to the celestial light,
And pure eternal fire's quite opposite.

The Gods through human bodies did disperse
An heavenly soul, to guide this universe;
That man, when he of heavenly bodies saw
The order, might from thence a pattern draw:
Nor this to me did my own dictates show,
But to the old philosophers I owe.

I heard Pythagoras, and those who came
With him, and from our country took their name;
Who never doubted but the beams divine,
Deriv'd from Gods, in mortal breasts did shine.
Nor from my knowledge did the ancients hide
What Socrates declar'd, the hour he dy'd;
He th' immortality of souls proclaim'd,
(Whom th' oracle of men the wisest nam'd.)
Why should we doubt of that, whereof our sense
Finds demonstration from experience?
Our minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that's mortal can so swiftly move.
Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an instant all that's past collect.
Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature, but immortal, can impart.
Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cause that motion owes;
And therefore that, no end can overtake,
Because our minds cannot themselves forsake.
And since the matter of our soul is pure,
And simple, which no mixture can endure
Of parts, which not among themselves agree;
Therefore it never can divided be.
And nature shews (without philosophy)
What cannot be divided, cannot die.
We ev'n in early infancy discern,
Knowledge is born with babes before they learn.
Ere they can speak, they find so many ways
To serve their turn, and see more arts than days
Before their thoughts they plainly can express.
The words and things they know are numberless.

Which nature only, and no art could find,
 But what she taught before, she call'd to mind.
 These to his sons (as Xenophon records)
 Of the great Cyrus were the dying words;
 "Fear not when I depart (nor therefore mourn)
 "I shall be no where, or to nothing turn:
 "That soul, which gave me life, was seen by none,
 "Yet by the actions it design'd, was known;
 "And though its sight no mortal eye shall see,
 "Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.
 "That soul, which can immortal glory give
 "To her own virtues, must for ever live.
 "Can you believe, that man's all knowing mind
 "Can to a mortal body be confin'd?
 "Though a foul foolish prison her immature
 "On earth, the (when escap'd) is wife and pure.
 "Man's body, when dissolv'd, is but the same
 "With beasts, and must return from whence it
 "came;
 "But whence into our bodies reason flows,
 "None sees it, when it comes, or where it goes.
 "Nothing resembles death so much as sleep,
 "Yet then our minds themselves from slumber
 "keep.
 "When from their fleshly bondage they are free,
 "Then what divine and future things they see!
 "Which makes it most apparent whence they
 "are,
 "And whither they shall hereafter be, declare."
 This noble speech the dying Cyrus made.
 Me, Scipio, shall no argument persuade,
 Thy grandfire, and his brother, to whom Fame
 Gave, from two conqueror'd parts o' th' world,
 their name,
 Nor thy great grandfire, nor thy father Paul,
 Who fell at Cannæ against Hannibal;
 Nor I (for 'tis permitted to the ag'd
 To boast their actions) had so oft engag'd
 In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought,
 That only Fame our virtuous actions bought;
 'Twere better in soft pleasures and repose
 Ingloriously our peaceful eyes to close:
 Some high assurance hath possess'd my mind,
 After my death an happier life to find.
 Unless our souls from the immortals came,
 What end have we to seek immortal fame?
 All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,
 Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.
 The foolish and short-sighted die with fear,
 That they go no-where, or they know not where.
 The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,
 Before the parts, some happy port descries.

My friends, your fathers I shall surely see;
 Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
 But such as before ours did end their days;
 Of whom we hear, and read, and write their
 praise.

This I believe: for were I on my way,
 None should persuade me to return, or stay:
 Should some god tell me, that I should be born,
 And cry again, his offer I would scorn;
 Atham'd, when I have ended well my race,
 To be led back to my first starting-place.
 And since with life we are more griev'd than
 joy'd,

We should be either satisfy'd or cloy'd:
 Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
 As many wise and learn'd have done before;
 Nor can I think such life in vain is lent,
 Which for our country and our friends is spent.
 Hence from an inn, not from my home I pass,
 Since nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
 Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
 That peaceful and divine assembly see:
 Not only those I nam'd I there shall greet,
 But my own gallant, virtuous Cato meet.
 Nor did I weep, when I to ashes turn'd
 His belov'd body, who should mine have burn'd.
 I in my thoughts beheld his soul ascend,
 Where his fixt hopes our interview attend:
 Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief
 From age, which is of my delights the chief.
 My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd,
 (That I man's soul immortal have believ'd)
 And if I err, no power shall dispossess
 My thoughts of that expected happiness.
 Though some minute philosophers pretend,
 That with our days our pains and pleasures end.
 If it be so, I hold the safer side,
 For none of them my error shall deride.
 And if hereafter no rewards appear,
 Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here.
 If those, who this opinion have despis'd,
 And their whole life to pleasure sacrific'd,
 Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,
 Too late will wish, that me they had believ'd.
 If souls no immortality obtain,
 'Tis fit our bodies should be out of pain.
 The same uneasiness which every thing
 Gives to our nature, life must also bring.
 Good acts, if long, seem tedious; so is age,
 Acting too long upon this earth her stage.
 Thus much for age, to which when you arrive,
 That joy to you, which it gives me, 'twill give.

ELEGIA
dem
Author's Pro
The Bookfell
of 1674
To the Bish
The Author

J U

To the Rea
CONSTANT
The Echo
The Song
The Letter
Constantia
The Song

THE TRA

To the R
Master,
School-
Pyramus a
The Song
Epitaph

SYLVA:

MAD

De felici
In feliciss
Upon th
An Eleg
moural
Duch
State
An Eleg
and C
of Li
A Drea
On his
Song, o
A Vote
A Poet
To the
To his
A. I

COWLEY'S POEMS.

E LEGIA dedicatoria, ad illustrissimam Aca-	Page	An Elegy on the Death of John Littleton,	Page
demiam Cantabrigiensem	iii	Esquire, Son and Heir to Sir Thomas Lit-	
Author's Preface to the Edition of 1656	v	tleton, who was drowned leaping into the	
The Bookfeller's Advertisement to the edition		water to save his younger brother	15
of 1674	xi	A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed	
To the Bishop of Lincoln	ibid	Virgin, written in Latin by the Right Wor-	
The Author's Preface to his Juvenile Poems	xii	shipful Dr. A.	16
JUVENILE POEMS.		Ode I. On the praise of Poetry	ibid
To the Reader	i	II. That a pleasant Poverty is to be pre-	
CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS	ibid	ferred before discontented Riches	17
The Echo	2	III. To his Mistress	ibid
The Song	3	IV. On the uncertainty of Fortune.	A
The Letter. Philetus to Constantia	5	translation	ibid
Constantia to Philetus	6	V. In Commendation of the time we	
The Song	ibid	live, under the reign of our gra-	
THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF PYRAMUS		cious King Charles	ibid
AND THISBE	7	VI. Upon the Shortness of Man's Life.	18
To the Right Worshipful, my very loving		An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge	ibid
Master, Mr. Lambert Osbolston, Chief		MISCELLANIES.	
School-Master of Westminster School	ibid	The Motto	ibid
Pyramus and Thisbe	ibid	Ode. Of Wit	19
The Song	8	To the Lord Falkland, for his safe Return	
Epitaph	9	from the Northern Expedition against the	
SYLVA: OR DIVERS COPIES OF VERSES		Scots	ibid
MADE UPON SUNDRY OCCASIONS.		On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton	20
De felici partu Reginae Mariæ	10	On the Death of Mr. Jordan, Second Master	
In felicissimam Reginae Mariæ fertilitatem	ibid	at Westminster School	ibid
Upon the happy Birth of the Duke	ibid	On his Majesty's Return out of Scotland	21
An Elegy on the Death of the Right Ho-		On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandyke, the	
nourable Dudley Lord Carleton, Viscount		famous Painter	ibid
Dorchester, late Principal Secretary of		Prometheus ill-painted	22
State	11	Ode	ibid
An Elegy on the Death of my loving Friend		Friendship in absence	ibid
and Cousin Mr. Richard Clarke, Gent. late		To the Bishop of Lincoln, upon his Enlarge-	
of Lincoln's-Inn	ibid	ment out of the Tower	ibid
A Dream of Elysium	12	To a Lady who made Poesies for Rings	23
On his Majesty's Return out of Scotland	ibid	Prologue to the Guardian: before the Prince	ibid
Song, on the same	13	The Epilogue	24
A Vote	ibid	On the Death of Mr. William Hervey	ibid
A Poetical Revenge	14	Ode. In imitation of Horace's Ode	25
To the Dutchess of Buckingham	ibid	In Imitation of Martial's Epigram	ibid
To his very much honoured God-father Mr.		The Chronicle. A Ballad	26
A. B.	15	To Sir William Davenant, upon his two first	
		Books of Gondibert, finished before his Voy-	
		age to America	ibid

CONTENTS.

An answer to a copy of Verses sent me to Jersey	27
The Tree of Knowledge, that there is no knowledge. Against the Dogmatists	ibid
Reason, the use of it in divine matters	28
On the Death of Mr. Crashaw	ibid
A Poem on the late Civil War	29
The Puritan and the Papist. A Satire	34
The Character of an holy Sister	36

ANACREONTIQUES: OR, SOME COPIES OF VERSES, TRANSLATED PARAPHRASTICALLY OUT OF ANACREON.

I. Love	37
II. Drinking	ibid
III. Beauty	ibid
IV. The Duel	ibid
V. Age	38
VI. The Account	ibid
VII. Gold	ibid
VIII. The Epicure	ibid
IX. Another	ibid
X. The Grasshopper	39
XI. The Swallow	ibid
Elegy upon Anacreon, who was choaked by a grape-stone	ibid

VERSES WRITTEN ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Christ's Passion, taken out of a Greek Ode, written by Mr. Masters, of New College, in Oxford	40
Ode on Orinda's Poems	41
Ode upon occasion of a copy of Verses of my Lord Broghill's	42
Ode. Mr. Cowley's Book presenting itself to the University Library of Oxford	ibid
Ode. Sitting and drinking in the Chair made out of the Relics of Sir Francis Drake's Ship	43
Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres	44
Ode. Upon Dr. Harvey	45
Ode, from Catullus. Acme and Septimius	ibid
Ode upon his Majesty's Restoration and Return	46
On the Queen's repairing Somerset-house	50
The Complaint	51
On Colonel Tuke's Tragi-Comedy, "The Adventures of Five Hours"	52
On the Death of Mrs. Katharine Philips	ibid
Hymn to Light	53
To the Royal Society	54
Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's Ship, presented to the University Library of Oxford, by John Davis, of Deptford, Esquire,	56
Prologue to "The Cutter of Colman-Street"	ibid

THE MISTRESS, OR SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE-VERSES.

The Request	ibid
The Thralldom	57

The Given Love	57
The Spring	58
Written in Juice of Lemon	ibid
Inconstancy	59
Not Fair	ibid
Platonic Love	ibid
The Change	ibid
Clad all in White	60
Leaving me, and then loving many	ibid
My Heart discovered	ibid
Answer to the Platonics	61
The Vain Love. Loving one first because she could love Nobody, afterwards loving her with Desire	ibid
The Soul	ibid
The Passions	61
Wisdom	ibid
The Despair	ibid
The Wish	63
My Diet	ibid
The Thief	ibid
All-over Love	64
Love and Life	ibid
The Bargain	ibid
The Long Life	ibid
Counsel	65
Resolv'd to be below'd	ibid
The same	ibid
The Discovery	66
Against Fruition	ibid
Love undiscovered	ibid
The given Heart	ibid
The Prophet	67
The Resolution	ibid
Called Inconstant	ibid
The Welcome	ibid
The Heart fled again	68
Women's Superstition	ibid
The Soul	ibid
Echo	ibid
The Rich Rival	ibid
Against Hope	69
For Hope	ibid
Love's Ingratitude	ibid
The Frailty	70
Coldness	ibid
Enjoyment	ibid
Sleep	ibid
Beauty	71
The Parting	ibid
My Picture	ibid
The Concealment	ibid
The Monopoly	72
The Distance	ibid
The Increase	ibid
Love's Visibility	73
Looking on, and discoursing with, his Mistress	ibid
Resolved to love	ibid
My Fate	ibid
The Heart-breaking	74
The Usurpation	ibid
Maidenhead	ibid
Impossibilities	75
Silence	ibid

The Diff
The Inco
Her Nar
Weeping
Discretio
The Wal
Counsel
The Cur
The Sepa
The Tre
Her Unb
The Gaz
The Incu
Honour
The inno
Dialogue
Verses up
Bathing i
Love giv
The Forc
Epigram
PINDAR
TION
O
Preface
The secon
The First
The Prais
race's se
The Refu
The Musc
To Mr. F
Ditney
Brutus
To Dr. Sc
Life and R
The Extol
To the Ne
Life
The xxiv
The Plagu
DAVIDE
TROU
Davidic

CONTENTS.

The Dissembler	-	75
The Inconstant	-	ibid
Her Name	-	76
Weeping	-	ibid
Discretion	-	ibid
The Waiting-maid	-	ibid
Counsel	-	ibid
The Cure	-	ibid
The Separation	-	ibid
The Tree	-	ibid
Her Unbelief	-	78
The Gazers	-	ibid
The Incurable	-	ibid
Honour	-	ibid
The innocent Ill	-	79
Dialogue	-	ibid
Verles upon a lost Wager	-	80
Bathing in the River	-	ibid
Love given over	-	ibid
The Force of Love	-	81
Epigram on the Power of Love	-	ibid

PINDARIC ODES, WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE AND MANNER OF THE ODES OF PINDAR.

Preface	-	82
The second Olympic Ode of Pindar	-	83
The First Nemean Ode of Pindar	-	85
The Praise of Pindar. In Imitation of Horace's second Ode, B. IV.	-	86
The Resurrection	-	87
The Muse	-	ibid
To Mr. Hobbes	-	88
Destiny	-	89
Brutus	-	ibid
To Dr. Scarborough	-	90
Life and Fame	-	91
The Extasy	-	ibid
To the New Year	-	92
Life	-	53
The xxxivth Chapter of the Prophet Isaiah	-	ibid
The Plagues of Egypt	-	94

DAVIDEIS, A SACRED POEM OF THE TROUBLES OF DAVID. IN FOUR BOOKS.

David's, Book I.	-	98
Book II.	-	106
Book III.	-	113
Book IV.	-	123

A Discourse, by Way of Vision, concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell	135
---	-----

SEVERAL DISCOURSES, BY WAY OF ESSAYS, IN VERSE AND PROSE.

I. Of Liberty	154
Martial, Lib. I. Ep. lvi.	160
Martial, Lib. II. Ep. liii.	ibid
Martial, Lib. II. Ep. lxxviii.	161
Ode upon Liberty	ibid
II. Of Solitude	164
III. Of Obscurity	167
Seneca, ex Thieste, A& II. Chor.	168
IV. Of Agriculture	169
A Translation out of Virgil. Georg. Lib. II.	174
Hor. Epod. Ode II.	176
The Country Mouse. A Paraphrase upon Horace, Book II. Sat. vi.	177
A Paraphrase upon the 10th Epistle of the first Book of Horace	179
The Country Life. Lib. IV. Plantarum	181
V. The Garden. To J. Evelyn, Esquire	182
VI. Of Greatness	187
Horace, Lib. III. Ode I.	191
VII. Of Avarice	192
A Paraphrase on Horace, B. III. Od. xvi.	195
VIII. The Dangers of an honest Man in much Company	196
Claudian's Old Man of Verona	199
IX. The Shortness of Life, and Uncertainty of Riches	200
X. The Danger of Procrastination. A Letter to Mr. S. L.	202
Martial, Lib. V. Epigr. lix.	204
Martial, Lib. II. Epigr. xc.	ibid
XI. Of Myself	205
Martial, Lib. X. Epigr. xlvii.	207
Martial, Lib. X. Epigr. xcvi.	208
Epitaphium vivi Auctoris	209
A Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy	ibid
The College	ibid
Of the Professors, Scholars, Chaplain, and other Officers	211
The School	213
The Conclusion	215

CONTENTS.

DENHAM'S POEMS.

	Page		Page
COOPER'S Hill	218	On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death, and Burial amongst the Ancient Poets	230
The Destruction of Troy, an Essay on the second Book of Virgil's <i>Æneis</i>	221	A Speech against Peace, at the Close Committee	231
On the Earl of Strafford's Trial and Death	225	To the five Members of the Honourable House of Commons; the humble Petition of the Poets	232
To a Person of Honour, on his incomparable Poem	226	A Western Wonder	ibid
Elegy on the Death of Henry Lord Hastings, 1650	ibid	A Second Western Wonder	233
On my Lord Croft's and my Journey into Poland, from whence we brought 10,000 <i>l.</i> for his Majesty, by the Decimation of his Scottish Subjects there	227	News from Colchester; or, a proper new Ballad	ibid
On Mr. Thomas Killigrew's Return from his Embassy from Venice, and Mr. William Murray's from Scotland	ibid	A Song	234
To Sir John Mennis, being invited from Calais to Bologne to eat a Pig	228	On Mr. John Fletcher's Works	ibid
Natura Naturata	ibid	To Sir Richard Fanshawe, upon his Transla- tion of <i>Paster Fido</i>	ibid
Sarpedon's Speech to Glaucus in the 12th book of Homer	229	A Dialogue between Sir John Pooley and Mr. Thomas Killigrew	235
Epigram from Martial	ibid	An occasional Imitation of a modern Author upon the Game of Chess	ibid
Friendship and single Life, against Love and Marriage	ibid	The Passion of Dido for <i>Æneas</i>	236
		Of Prudence	238
		Of Justice	240
		The Progress of Learning	242
		Cato Major of Old Age. A Poem	244

M

THE
an
poem or
to set off
mous mo
and const
they wou
Spanish p
have also
trivial an
of syllabl
jingling f
and all ge
though it
ample set
troubles

This first
lois the
fall, th
drawin
out of
the po
ing int
pos'd
filliest
der-str
him w
Satan
They
the id
directs
lastly
ancien
creati
proph
affoci
out of
VOL

MILTON'S WORKS.

PARADISE LOST.

THE VERSE.

THE measure is English heroic verse without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rhyme both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rhyme so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action pass'd over, the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now falling into Hell, describ'd here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurs'd) but in a place of utter darkness, fiercest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: They rise, their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and a new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.

BOOK I.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant; what in me is dark
Illumin, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favor'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Tortures him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serr'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side
One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he; but O thou fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battel on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.
So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.
O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, indanger'd Heav'n's perpetual king,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;

Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and heav'nly essences
 Can perish: for the mind and spi'rit remains
 Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
 But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
 Of force believe almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'er-pow'r'd such force as ours)
 Have left us this our spi'rit and strength entire
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of war, whate'er his business be,
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend reply'd.
 Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labor must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil;
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
 But see the angry victor hath recall'd
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of Heav'n: the sulphurous hail
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
 And re-assembling our afflicted Powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
 If not what resolution from despair.
 Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
 With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As when the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
 Leviathan, which God of all his works

Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:
 Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway fo'n
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
 Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell,
 With fixed anchor in his skaly rind
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
 So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
 On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
 In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
 Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
 Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a sing'd bottom all involv'd
 With stench and smoke: Such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
 Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood
 As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
 Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
 Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
 That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be' it so, since he
 Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
 Whom reas'on hath equal'd, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
 Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
 Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet

Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
As we ere while, aſtounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious highth.

He ſcarce had ceas'd when the ſuperior Fiend
Was moving tow'ard the ſhore; his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round, 285
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Through optic glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views
At evening from the top of Feſolè,

Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands, 290
Rivers or mountains in her ſpotty globe.

His ſpear, to equal which the tall'eſt pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
Of ſome great ammiral, were but a wand,

He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps 295
Over the burning marle, not like thoſe ſteps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime

Smote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with fire:
Nathleſs he ſo indur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflam'd ſea he ſtood, and call'd 300

His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
In Vallombroſa, where th' Etrurian ſhades

High over-arch'd imbrow'r; or ſcatter'd ſedge
Aſote, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd 305
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coaſt, whoſe waves o'erthrew

Buſiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perſidious hatred they purſued
The ſojourners of Goſhen, who beheld

From the ſafe ſhore their ſtoting carcaſes 310
And broken chariot wheels: ſo thick beſtrown
Abjeſt and loſt lay theſe, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell reſounded. Princes, Potentates, 315
Warriors, the ſlow'rot of Heav'n, once your's, now loſt,
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſeiſe

Eternal Spi'rits; or have ye choſ'n this place
After the toil of battel to repoſe

Your wearied virtue, for the eaſe you find 320
To ſlumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abjeſt poſture have ye ſworn
To adore the conqueror? who now beholds

Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood 325
With ſcatter'd arms and enſigns, till anon
His ſwift purſuers from Heav'n gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down

Thus drooping or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulph.

Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they ſprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,

Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake. 335
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they ſoon obey'd

Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's ſon, in Egypt's evil day,

Wav'd round the coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung

Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad Angels ſeen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell 345
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding fires;

Till, as a ſignal giv'n, th' up-liſted ſpear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their courſe, in even balance down they light

On the firm brimſtone, and fill all the plain; 350
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to paſs

Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous ſons
Came like a deluge on the ſouth, and ſpread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan ſands. 355

Forthwith from every ſquadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haſte where ſtood
Their great commander; Godlike ſhapes and forms

Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Pow'rs that e'ſt in Heaven ſat on thrones; 360
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and raſ'd

By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the ſons of Eve
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,

Through God's high ſuſſerance for the trial of man,
By falſities and lies the greateſt part
Of mankind they corrupted to forſake

God their Creator, and th' inviſible
Glory of him that made them to transform 370
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,

And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world. 375

Say, Muſe, their names then known, who firſt, who laſt,
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth

Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand, 380
While the promiſcuous crowd ſtood yet aloof.
The chief were thoſe who from the pit of Hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, duſt fix

Their ſeats long after next the ſeat of God,
Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd 385
Among the nations round, and duſt abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd

Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within its ſanctuary itſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things

His holy rites and ſolemn feaſts profan'd, 390
And with their darkneſs duſt affront his light.
Firſt Moloch, horrid king, beſtrem'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears,

Though for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſ'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite

Worſhip't in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Baſan, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt Arnon. Nor content with ſuch

Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart 400
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right againſt the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove

The pleaſant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell. 405

Next Chien
From Aro
Of South
And Hor
The flow
And Ele
Poor his
Israel in Si
To do him
Yet thence
Ev'n to th
Of Moloch
Till good J
With thele
Of old Eup
Egypte from
Of Baſil
Theſe fem
Can either
And uncon
Not ty'd on
Nor found
Like cumb
Dilated or
Can execut
And work
For thoſe t
Their livin
His righte
To beſial
Bow'd dou
Of deſpical
Came Atto
Aſtarte, q
To whoſe
Sidonian
In Sion al
Her temple
By that ux
Beguill'd b
To idols fo
Whole an
The Syrian
Iramorou
While ſmo
Ran purple
Of Thamm
Infected Si
Whole wa
Ezekiel fa
His eye ſu
Of alienat
Who mou
Maim'd
In his own
Where he
Dagon his
And down
Reard in
Of Paleſti
And Acca
Him follo
Was fair
Of Abban
He alſo ap
A leper on
Alas his f
God's altar

Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
 Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
 The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410
 And Eleale to the Asphaltic pool.
 Poor his other name, when he entic'd
 Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd 415
 Ev'n to that hill of scandal, by the grove
 Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
 With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
 Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,
 These feminine. For Spirits when they please
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure, 425
 Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their aery purposes, 430
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low 435
 Bow'd down in battel, sunk before the spear
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phoenicians call'd
 Astarte, queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns;
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood
 Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
 By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,
 Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445
 To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450
 Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
 Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led 455
 His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers:
 Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man
 And downward fish: yet had his temple high
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon, 465
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful feat
 Was fair Damascus on the fertile banks
 Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.
 He also against the house of God was bold: 470
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
 Ahaz his foolish conqueror, whom he drew
 God's altar to disparage and displace
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offerings, and adore the Gods 475
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
 A crew who under names of old renown,
 Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
 With monstrous shapes and forceries abus'd
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek 480
 Their wand'ring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
 The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485
 Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,
 Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd
 From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
 Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.
 Belial came last, than whom a Spi'rit more lewd 490
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for itself; to him no temple stood
 Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
 In temples and at altars, when the priest
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd 495
 With lust and violence the house of God;
 In courts and palaces he also reigns
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
 And injury and outrage: and when night 500
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
 In Gibeon, when the hospitable door
 Expos'd amaton to avoid worse rape. 505
 These were the prime in order and in might;
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd:
 Th' Ionian Gods, of Javan's issue held
 Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth,
 Their boasted parents: Titan Heav'n's first-born, 510
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
 His own and Rhea's son like measure found;
 So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top 515
 Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
 Their highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
 Of Doneland; or who with Saturn old
 Fled o'er Adria to th' Hesperian fields, 520
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.
 All these and more came flocking; but with looks
 Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost 525
 In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast
 Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530
 Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
 His mighty standard: that proud honor clam'd
 Azzel as his right, a Cherub tall;
 Wh' forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd 535
 Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
 Scaphic arms and trophies; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540
 At which the universal host up sent

A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air
 With orient colours waving: with them rose
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorder; such as rais'd
 To highth of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
 Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
 Breathing united force with fixed thought
 Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
 Advanc'd in view they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose: He through the armed files
 Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverses
 The whole battalion views, their order due,
 Their viſages and stature as of Gods:
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
 Glories: for never since created man
 Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Varr'd-on by cranes; though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 Fix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what rebounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son
 Begirt with British and Armoric knight;
 And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
 Just in Aspromont or Montalban,
 Limasco, or Marocco, or Trebifond,
 Whom Biferia sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 In Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Their dread commander: he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent
 Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, not appear'd
 Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of glory' obscur'd; as when the sun new risen
 Looks through the horizontal misty air
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
 In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd

Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pine,
 With singed top their stately growth though bare
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
 With all his peers: attention held him mute.
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O Myriads of immortal Spi'rits, O Powers
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change
 Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of Gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
 Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?
 For me be witness all the host of Heaven,
 If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
 Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custom, and his regal state
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New war, provok'd; our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not: that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new-worlds; whereof so rise
 There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favor equal to the sons of Heaven:
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial Spi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd
 For who can think submission? War then, War
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out-slew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
 Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
 Against the High'est, and fierce with grasped arms
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.
 There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
 A numerous brigad hasten'd: as when bands
 Of pioneers with spade and pickax arm'd
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,

Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
 Mammon, the least erected Spi'rit that fell
 From Heav'n, for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
 Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
 Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd
 In vision beatific: by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
 Ranck'd the center, and with impious hands
 Ruls'd the bowels of their mother earth
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
 And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690
 That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame, 695
 And strength, and art, are easily out-done
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.
 Night on the plain in many cells prepar'd, 700
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Suck'd from the lake, a second multitude
 With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
 As in an organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of pipes the found-board breathes.
 Amon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave; nor did they want 715
 Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven;
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine
 Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat 720
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fix'd her stately highth, and straight the doors
 Opening their brazen folds discover wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth 725
 And level pavement: from the arch'd roof
 Pendent by subtle magic many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets sod
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
 And some the architect; his hand was known
 In Heav'n by many a tow'rd structure high,
 Where Scepter'd Angels held their residence,
 And sat as princes, whom the supreme King 735
 Exalted to such pow'r, and gave to rule,
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land

Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell 740
 From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star, 745
 On Lemnos th' Ægean ile: thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
 T' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent 750
 With his industrious crew to build in Hell.
 Mean while the winged heralds by command
 Of sovrain pow'r, with awful ceremony
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclame
 A solemn council forthwith to be held 755
 At Pandemonium, the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
 From every band and squared regiment
 By pace or choice the worthiest; they anon
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came 760
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
 Worst ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
 Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry 765
 To mortal combat, or career with lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
 Bruh'd with the hiss of rustling winds. As bees
 In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the smooth plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
 Their state affairs. So thick the aery croud 775
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the signal given,
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless, like that pygmean race 780
 Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side
 Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785
 Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal Spi'rits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large 790
 Though without number still amidst the hall
 Of that infernal court. But far within,
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat 795
 A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
 Frequent and full. After short silence then
 And summons read, the great consult began.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: Some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is preferred, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honor'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them shut, and who fate there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great gulph between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far,
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
 Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
 To that bad eminence; and from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain war with Heav'n, and by success untaught
 His proud imaginations thus display'd.
 Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heaven,
 For since no deep within her gulph can hold
 Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
 I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
 Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n
 Did first create your leader, next free choice,
 With what besides, in council or in fight,
 Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw

Envy from each inferior; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? where there is then no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction; for none sure will clame in Hell
 Piecedence, none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then
 Tounion, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Sure to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
 Whether of open war or covert guile,
 We now debate; who can advise, may speak.
 Heceas'd, and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
 That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair: 45
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less
 Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
 Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
 He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake: 50
 My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.

For whi
 Millions
 The fig
 Hear'd a
 Accept
 The pri
 By our
 Arm'd v
 O'er He
 Turning
 Against
 Of his a
 Infernal
 Black fir
 Among h
 Mix'd wi
 His own
 The way
 With up
 Let such
 Of that fo
 That in o
 Up to our
 To us is a
 When the
 Insulting
 With wh
 We funk
 Th' event
 Our stron
 To our de
 Fear to be
 Than to d
 In this ab
 Where pa
 Must exer
 The vassal
 Inexorabl
 Calls us to
 We should
 What fear
 His utmo
 Will eithe
 To nothing
 Than misf
 Or if our
 And canno
 On this sid
 Our pow'r
 And with
 Though in
 Which, if
 He ende
 De-p'rate
 To less th
 Belial, in
 A fairer p
 For dignit
 But all wa
 Dropt Ma
 The better
 Matured
 To vice in
 Timorous
 And with
 I should
 As not bel
 VOL. I

For while they sit contriving, shall the rest
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay? no, let us rather choose, 60
 Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engin he shall hear 65
 Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels, and his throne itself
 Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend 75
 Up to our native seat; descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction; if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse 85
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
 Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus
 We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd, 95
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, happier far
 Than miserable to have eternal being;
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. 105
 He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desperate revenge, and battel dangerous
 To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low; 115
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began.
 I should be much for open war, O Peers,
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd 120

Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
 When he who most excels in fact of arms,
 In what he counsels and in what excels 125
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what revenge? the tow'rs of Heaven are fill'd
 With arm'd watch, that render all access 130
 Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
 Incamp their legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise 135
 With blackest infurrection, to confound
 Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy
 All incorruptible would on his throne
 Sit unpolled, and th' ethereal mould
 Incapable of stain would soon expel 140
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate
 Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us, that must be our cure, 145
 To be no more; sad cure! for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
 Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
 Say they who counsel war, we are decreed, 160
 Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 What when we fled amain, pursued and struck 165
 With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake? that fire was worse.
 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
 Awak'd should blow them into sev'nfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? or from above
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175
 Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd 180
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespir'd, unpitied, unrepriev'd, 185
 Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike

My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
 Views all things at one view? he from Heav'n's highth
 All these our motions vain sees and derides; 190
 Not more almighty to resist our might
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here 195
 Chains and these torments? better these than worse
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
 The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust 200
 That fo ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
 And ventrous, if that fail them, shrink and fear 205
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our supreme foe in time may much remit 210
 His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
 Not mind us not-offending, satisfy'd
 With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires,
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome 215
 Their noxious vapor, or inur'd not feel,
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:
 Besides what hope the never ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe. 225
 Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
 Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.
 Either to disenthroned the king of Heaven
 We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
 Our own right left: him to unthroned we then
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
 The former vain to hope argues as vain
 The latter: for what place can be for us 235
 Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supreme
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
 And publish grace to all, on promise made
 Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
 Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 For'd Hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
 Curv'd foyran, and his altar breathes
 Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers, 245
 Our servile offerings? This must be our task
 In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
 Eternity so spent in worship paid
 To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
 Ly force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
 Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
 Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255

Hard liberty before the easy yoke
 Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
 We can create, and in what place foe'er 260
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
 Through labor and endurance. This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
 Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd, 265
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
 Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell!
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light
 Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence; and what can Heav'n show more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements, these piercing fires 275
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
 Into their temper; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how in safety best we may 280
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war.—Ye have what I advise.
 He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285
 The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance
 Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest: Such applause was heard 290
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace: for such another field
 They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire 295
 To found this nether empire, which might rise
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heaven.
 Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat and public care;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood 305
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.
 Thrones and Imperial Pow'rs, Offspring of 310
 Heav'n,
 Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,
 And know not that the king of Heav'n hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat,
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
 Banded against his throne, but to remain 320
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd

His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In high or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part 325
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron scepter rule
Us here, as with his golden throne in Heaven.
What fit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflict'd? and what peace can we return, 335
But to our pow'r hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dang'rous expedition to invade
Heav'n whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place, 345
(if ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more 350
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold, 355
Or substance, how indued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heaven's high arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd, 360
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess 365
All our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Herd'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss, 375
Faced so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
Pleas'd his devilish counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves 385
His glory to augment. The bold design
Plac'd highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
Will o'ice more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neigh'ring
arms 395
And opportune excursion we may chance
Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air, 400
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we
send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, 405
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentineries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415
The weight of all and our last hope relies.
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and
each
In others count'nance read his own dismay
Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav'n-warring champions could be
found
So hardy as to proffer or accept 425
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchical pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.
O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones, 430
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seis'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers, 445
And this imperial sovereignty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with power, if ought pro-
pos'd.
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share

Of hazard as of honor, due alike
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
 High honor'd fits? Go therefore, mighty Powers,
 Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease
 The present misery, and render Hell
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
 Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
 Deliverance for us all: this enterprise 465
 None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
 The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
 Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd
 Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd; 470
 And so refus'd might in opinion stand
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But
 they
 Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose; 475
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone; and as a God
 Extol him equal to the High'est in Heav'n:
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
 That for the general safety he despis'd
 His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory' excites;
 Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal. 485
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief:
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'er-
 spread
 Heav'n's cheerful face, the frowning element 490
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower;
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening beam; the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy; that hill and valley rings. 495
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree
 Of creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace;
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction wait. 505
 The Stygian counsel thus dissolv'd; and forth
 In order came the grand infernal peers:
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
 Alone th' antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
 Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme,
 And God-like imitated state; him round
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
 With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpets regal ended the great result: 515
 Tow'ards the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to their mouths the founding alchemy
 By heralds voice explain'd; the hollow' abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
 With deafning shout return'd them loud acclaim.
 Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat
 rais'd
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers
 Disband, and; wand'ring, each his several way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts; and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
 Part on the plain; or in the air sublime,
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend;
 As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields; 550
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
 As when to warn proud cities war appears
 Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battel in the clouds, before each van 555
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
 Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others with vast Typhrean rage more fell
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 560
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
 As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
 And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 565
 Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of battel; and complain that fate 570
 Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.
 Their song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
 Suspended Hell; and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense),
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 575
 And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory' and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy: 580
 Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdur'd breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
 Another part in squadrons and grofs bands, 570
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon 580
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe the river of oblivion rolls
 Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets, 585

Forgets both
 Beyond this
 Lies dark and
 Of whirlwind
 Thaws not
 Of ancient
 A gulph prot
 Bewixt Dam
 Where amic
 Burns fire,
 Thither by h
 At certain re
 Are brought
 Of fierce ext
 From beds o
 Their soft et
 Immoveable
 Periods of ti
 They ferry o
 Bot. to and
 And with an
 The temptin
 In sweet for
 All in one m
 But fate wit
 Medusa with
 The sword, an
 All taste of
 The lip of T
 In confus'd
 With shudd
 View'd first
 No rest: the
 They pass'd
 O'er many a
 Rocks, cave
 of de
 A universe
 Created ev
 Where all li
 Perverse, al
 Abominable
 Than fables
 Gorgons, an
 Mean wh
 Satan with
 Puts on swi
 Explores hi
 He scours th
 Now shaves
 Up to the f
 As when fa
 Hangs in
 Close fallin
 Of Ternate
 Their spic
 Through th
 Ply stemm
 Far off the
 Hell bound
 And thrice
 brat
 Three iron
 Impenetrat
 Yet uncon
 On either
 The one s
 But ended

Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this floor a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
 Of ancient pile; or else deep snow and ice,
 A gulph profound as that Serbonian bog
 Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
 Burns frost, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595
 Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen roud,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this Lethæan sound
 Box to and fro, their sorrow to augment 605
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
 In confusion march forlorn, th' adventurous bands 615
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades
 of death,
 A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
 Gorgons, and Hydra's, and Chimæra's dire.
 Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
 Satan with thoughts inflam'd of high'st design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high. 635
 As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the Isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood 640
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole. So seem'd
 Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were
 brass,
 Three iron, three of adamantin rock,
 Impenetrable, impass'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair, 650
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold

Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting: about her middle round
 A cry of Hell hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
 Within unseen. Far less abhor'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts 660
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
 In secret riding through the air she comes,
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon 665
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as night, 670
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on:
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving onward came as fast 675
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
 Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began. 680
 Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee: 685
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.
 To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
 Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons
 Conjur'd against the High'st, for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695
 And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,
 Hell-doom'd; and breath'st defiance here and scorn
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
 Left with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unselt before.
 So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold 705
 More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
 Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
 Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In th' arctic sky and from his horrid hair 710
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
 Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown
 Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
 With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell

Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they flood; 730

For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky forcerefs that sat
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key, 725
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, the cry'd,
Against thy only Son? What fury, O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy Father's head? and know'st for
whom; 730

For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.
She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735
Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd.

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee, 740
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me Father; and that phantasm call'st my Son;
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee. 745

T' whom thus the portress of Hell gate reply'd.
Hast thou forgotten me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's king,

All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide, 755
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddes arm'd

Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me sin, and for a sign 760
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most adverse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing

Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 765
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd

(For what could else?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout 770
Through all the empyræan: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall

I also; at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780

At last this odious offspring whom thou feest
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew

Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back refounded Death.
I fled, but he pursued, (though more, it seems, 790
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,

And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 795
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour 805
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, thun 810
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd
smooth.

Dear Daughter, since thou clam'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire 820
change

Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of; know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of Spi'rits, that in our just pretences arm'd 825
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void im-
mense

To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss

In the pourlious of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Left Heav'n furcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils: Be this or ought
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odors; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and 845
Death

Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famin should be fill'd, and blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd

His mother had, and thus bespake her fire.

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850
And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful king
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantin gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born, 860
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey 865
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian Powers 875
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host 885
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood and like a furnace mouth
Cutt forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Unfathomable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
height,
And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold 895
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
Far hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions
 fierce,
Bare here for mastery, and to battel bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag 900
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or
slow,
Swarm populous, un-number'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise 905
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him nigh arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss, 910
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd

Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain 915
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona
storms,
With all her battering engins bent to raze
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements 925
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
Audacious; but that feat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land, nigh founder'd on he fares, 940
Treading the crude confidence, half on foot,
Half-fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspean, who by stealth 945
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or
rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever Power 955
Or Spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bord'ring on light; when strait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavillion spread 960
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Aides, and the dreaded name
Of Damogorgon; Rumor next and Chance, 965
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy, 970
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
What readiest path leads where your gloomy
bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal king

Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound; direct my course;
 Directed no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey) and once more
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night;
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
 With faltering speech and visage impos'd,
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heav'n's king, though over-

throw'n.
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence if all I can will serve
 That little which is left so to defend,
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
 Weakening the scepter of old Night: first Hell
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
 Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
 To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;
 So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
 Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset
 And more indanger'd than when Argopass'd

980 Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks:
 Or when Ulysses on the larbord shunn'd
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
 So he with difficulty and labor hard
 Mov'd on: with difficulty and labor he;
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
 Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely indur'd a bridge of wondrous length
 From Hell continued reaching th' utmost orb
 Of this frail world; by which the Spirits perverse
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
 As from her outmost works a broken foe
 With tumult less and with less hostile din, 1040
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
 And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
 Gladly the port, though shrouds, and tackle torn;
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
 With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
 Of living saphir, once his native seat; 1050
 And fast by hanging in a golden chain
 This pendent world in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
 Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
 Accurs'd, and in a curst hour he hies. 1055

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

God
 she
 per
 crea
 purp
 but
 felt
 cann
 offer
 prog
 for
 a ra
 exalt
 him
 and
 most
 what
 ed at
 passa
 first
 desire
 him

HAIL
 On of th'
 May I ex
 And neve
 Dwell fro
 Bright est
 Or hear't
 Whole fo
 Before th
 Of God,
 The rising
 Won from
 Vol. I

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the Majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man; the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey; and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wand'ring he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.

HAIL holy Light, off-spring of Heav'n first-born,
 Of th' Eternal coeternal beam!
 May I express thee' unblam'd? since God is light,
 And never-but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
 Before the Heav'n's thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.

Vol. II,

Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
 Escap'd the stygian pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight 15
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
 With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 [2 D]

Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
'Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shades covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had th' almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits
High thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view;
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son; on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament;
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air,
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, fellest thou what rage
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Thro' all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly to'wards the new created world,
And Man there plac'd, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,

By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert
For Man will harken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall,
He and his faithless progeny: Whose fault
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who stood and them who
fall'd;

Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praise could they re-
ceive?

What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also' is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly' accuse
Their maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-ruled
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow' of fate,
Or ought by me immutably foreseen,

They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge and what they choose: for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they inthrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd
By th' other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy' and justice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory excel,
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance
fill'd

All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spi'rits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace,
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Incompass'd shall rebound thee ever blest.
For should Man finally be lost, should Man,
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that he from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge

Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155
 Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
 His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell 160
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165
 Be question'd and blasphem'd without defense.
 To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
 O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
 Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew 175
 His laps'd pow'rs, though forfeit and intrall'd
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe,
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
 All his deliverance, and to none but me.
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
 To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endeavor'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain, 196
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
 Thus my long sufferance and my day of grace
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.
 But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of Heaven, 205
 Affecting God-head, and so losing all,
 To expiate his treason, hath nought left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 For to destruction sacred and devote,
 He with his whole posterity must die,
 Die he or justice must; unless for him 210
 Some other able, and as willing pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say, heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such
 love?
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear? 216
 He ask'd; but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.
 Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
 Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
 Atonement for himself or offering meet.
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring: 235
 Behold me then: me for him, life for life,
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
 Account me Man; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and his glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
 Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage;
 Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
 Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245
 All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and
 stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead Hell captive mangle Hell, and show 255
 The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
 Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
 And reconciliation; wrath shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 265
 His words here ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
 To mortal man, above which only shone
 Filial obedience; as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
 Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
 All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither
 tend
 Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd.
 O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou 275
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works, nor Man the least,
 Though last created; that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280
 Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,

Their nature also to thy nature join;
 And he thyself Man among men on earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room 285
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restor'd
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce 291
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die, 295
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate, 300
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying 306
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310
 Far more than great or high; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory's abounds,
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal king; all power
 I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits; under thee as head supreme
 Thrones, Principedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I re-
 duce; 320
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that hide
 In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
 When thou attended gloriously from Heaven
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim 325
 Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages, to the general doom
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
 Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
 Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall
 dwell, 335
 And after all thy tribulations long
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds;
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
 Then thou thy regal Sceptre shalt lay by,
 For regal Sceptre then no more shall need, 340
 God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
 Adore the Son, and honor him as me.
 No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
 The multitude of Angels with a shout 345

Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
 With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
 Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the
 ground 350
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold:
 Immortal amaranth, a flow'r which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offense 355
 To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there
 grows,
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life
 And where the river of bliss through midst of
 Heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream;
 With these that never fade the Spirits elect 360
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with
 beams,
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they
 took, 365
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preambles sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well cou'd join 370
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.
 Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible 375
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380
 Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, divine similitude, 384
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
 Impres'd the effulgence of his glory abides;
 Transus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
 He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein
 By thee created, and by thee threw down 391
 Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd. 396
 Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.
 Not so on Man: Him through their malice fall'n,
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd, 405
 He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife

Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
 For Man's offense. O unexampled love, 410
 Love no where to be found less than Divine!
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415
 Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd 420
 From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
 Acan alighted walks: a globe far off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatening storms 425
 Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud:
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.
 As when a vulture on Imaus bred, 431
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearling kids
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the
 springs 435
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams:
 Bet in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
 So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
 Alone, for other creature in this place
 Living or lifeless to be found was none;
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up higher like aereal vapours flew 445
 Of all things transitory' and vain, when sin
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or th' other life; 450
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
 All th' unaccomplish'd work of Nature's hand,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd, 456
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Full final dissolution, wander here,
 Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have
 dream'd;
 These argent fields more likely habitants, 460
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
 Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
 First from the ancient world those giants came
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
 The builders next of Babel on the plain 466
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
 Others came single: he who to be deem'd
 A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames, 470

Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
 Pluto's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
 Cleombrotus: and many more too long,
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friers 474
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;
 And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd; 480
 They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fix'd,
 And that crystallin sphere whose balance weighs
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd:
 And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485
 Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
 A violent cross wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
 Into the devious air; then might ye see
 Cows, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost
 And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
 The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd 495
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
 All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500
 His travel'd steps: far distant he descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high;
 At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace gate, 505
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
 Dreaming by night under the open sky, 514
 And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heav'n.
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd 520
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss: 525
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
 Wider by far than that of after-times
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
 Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear, 531
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
 From Parnassus the fount of Jordan's flood 535
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land

Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were
set

To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair 540
That scal'd up steps of gold to Heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of chearful dawn 545
Obtains the brow of some high climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd, 550
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder feis'd, though after Heav'n seen,
The Spi'rit malign, but much more envy feis'd,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas 560
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His sight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone 565
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there 570
He stay'd not to inquire: above them all
The golden sun in splendor likest Heaven
Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell, 575
Or longitude,) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580
Days, months and years, tow'ards his all-chearing
lamp

Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585
Shoots invisable virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucid orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw. 590
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing ir' on with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear; 595
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, or the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone or like to that, which here below 600
Philosophers in vain so long have fought,

In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbeck to his native form. 605
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
The arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humor mix'd, 610
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of color glorious, and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615
But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body' opaque can fall; and the air
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar 625
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders sledge with wings
Lay waving round; on some great charge em-
ploy'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spi'rit impure, as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise the happy seat of Man,
His journey's end and our beginning wee.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay: 635
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a color'd plume sprinkled with gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright, 645
Ere he drew nigh his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
The Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th'
Earth

Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.
Uriel, for thou of those seven Spi'rits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright, 655
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree 660
Like honor to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All those his wond'rous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favor, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 665

Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
 Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell
 In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell; 670
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze
 Or open admiration him behold,
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd;
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
 That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675
 The universal Maker we may praise;
 Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
 To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss,
 Created this new happy race of Men
 To serve him better: wife are all his ways. 680
 So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through Heav'n and 685
 Earth:
 And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems: which now for once beguil'd
 Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held 690
 The sharpest-sighted Spi'rit of all in Heaven;
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd.
 Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know
 The works of God, thereby to glorify 695
 The great Work-master, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
 Contented with report hear only' in Heav'n:
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance always with delight.
 But what created mind can comprehend 705
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite

That brought them forth, but hid their causes
 deep?
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,
 This world's material mold, came to a heap: 710
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
 Swift to their several quarters halted then
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
 And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven 716
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course; 720
 The rest in circuit walls this universe.
 Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
 With light from hence, though but reflected,
 shines;
 That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
 His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere 725
 Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring
 moon
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid
 Timely' interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,
 With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,
 Adam's abode, those lofty shades his tower. 734
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.
 Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
 As to superior Spi'rits is wont in Heaven,
 Where honor due and reverence none neglects,
 Took leave, and tow'ard the coast of earth be- 739
 neath,
 Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
 Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
 Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden describ'd; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escap'd the deep, and pass'd at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O For that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to th' inhabitants on earth! that now, 5
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and escap'd,
Haply so escap'd his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind. 10
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 15
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engin back recoils

Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him; for within him Hell 20
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must
ensue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;
Sometimes tow'ards Heav'n and the full-blazing
sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower: 30
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.
O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,

Look'd from thy sole dominion like the God
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call, 35
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down 40
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king:
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard, 45
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
 I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher 50
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind 55
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
 O had his pow'ful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what t' accuse,
 But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
 Is then his love accus'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
 Nay curs'd be thou: since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell; 75
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80
 None left but by submission; and that word
 Dismay forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the Spi'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaints
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
 With diadem and scepter high advanc'd, 90
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery: such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent, and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state; how soon
 Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon un- 95
 say
 What sign'd submission swore? ease would recant
 VOL. II.

Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead 105
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewel remorse: all good to me is lost;
 Evil be thou my good; by thee at least 110
 Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
 As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.
 Thus while he spake, each passion doom'd his 115
 face;
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair;
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
 For heav'nly minds from such dissemblance foul 120
 Are ever clear. Whence he soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooch'd with outward calm,
 Artificer of fraud; and was the first 125
 That practis'd falsehood under faintly show,
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
 Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down
 The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount 130
 Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen, 135
 So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head 140
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access deny'd; and over head up grew
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm, 145
 A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
 The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung:
 Which to our general sight gave prospect large 150
 Into his nether empire neigh'ring round.
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees loaden with fair fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow, 155
 When God hath show'r'd the earth; so lovely
 seem'd
 That landkip: And of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 160
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
 Fanning their odoriferous wings disperse
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail

Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160
 Mozaubic, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabeau odor: from the fishy shore
 Of Araby the blest; with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a
 league

Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend 166
 Who came their bane, though with them better
 pleas'd

Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume
 That drove him, though enamour'd, from the
 spouse

Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170
 From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
 Sat in had journey'd on, perforce and slow;
 But further way found none, so thick intwin'd,
 As one continued brake, the undergrowth 175
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
 All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:
 One gate there only was, and that look'd else
 On th' other side: which when th' arch felon saw,
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180
 At one slight bound high over leap'd all bound
 Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
 In hurdled cotes amid the field secure, 186
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:

Or as a thief bent to unhord the cash
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
 So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
 So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
 The middle tree and highest there that grew, 195
 Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
 To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
 Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
 For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge
 Of immortality. So little knows 201

Any, but God alone, to value right
 The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views 205
 To all delight of human sense expos'd
 In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
 A Heav'n on Earth: for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in th' east
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line 210
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telfassar: in this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd; 215
 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 220
 Our death the tree of knowledge grew fast by,

Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy 224
 hill

Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden mound high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill 230

Water'd the garden; thence united fell 230
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account; 235
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
 How from that saphir fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades 240
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
 Flow'rs, worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245
 Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: Thus was this
 place

A happy rural seat of various view;
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and
 balm,

Others whose fruit burn'd with golden rind
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 Or palmy hillot; or the flow'ry lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255
 Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; mean while murmur'ing waters fall
 Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake, 261
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
 Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
 Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis 270
 Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet
 grove

Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
 Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian ile 275
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 Hid Amalthea and her florid son
 Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280
 Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
 True Paradise, under the Ethiop line

By Nil
 A whol
 From th
 Saw un
 Of liv
 Two of
 Godlike
 In nake
 And wo
 The im
 Truth,
 (Severe
 Whence
 Not equ
 For contr
 For solit
 He for C
 His fair
 Absolute
 Round f
 Clait'rin
 She as a
 Her una
 Disfivel
 As the v
 Sabie
 And by
 Yielded
 And swe
 Nor thos
 Then wa
 Of natur
 Sim-bred,
 With sho
 And bani
 Simplicit
 So pass'd
 Of God
 So hand
 That ever
 Adam the
 His sons,
 Under a
 Stood wh
 They fat
 Of their
 To recon
 More eas
 More gra
 Nestarin
 Velded t
 On the fo
 The favor
 Still as th
 Nor gent
 Wanted,
 Fair coup
 Alone as
 All beas
 In wood
 Sporting
 Dandled
 Gombol
 To make
 His lith

By Nilus head, inclos'd with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend 285
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange.
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honor clad,
 In naked majesty seem'd lords of all, 290
 And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine,
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
 (Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd)
 Whence true authority in men; though both 295
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
 For contemplation he and valor form'd,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
 He for God only, she for God in him:
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd 300
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 She as a veil down to the slender waist
 Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore 305
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of nature's works, honor dishonorable,
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind 315
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill: 320
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met;
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green 325
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down; and after no more toil
 Of their sweet gard'ning labor than suffic'd
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330
 More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
 Nectarin fruits which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
 The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind 335
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befits
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd 340
 All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gambol'd before them: th' unwieldy elephant 345
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
 His lithe proboscis; close the serpent fly

Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unherded; others on the grafs 350
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing fat,
 Or bedward ruminating; for the sun
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
 To th' ocean iles, and in th' ascending scale
 Of Heav'n the stars that usher evening rose: 355
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.
 O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
 Into our room of blifs thus high advanc'd
 Creatures of other mold, earth-born perhaps, 360
 Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath 365
 pour'd.
 Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
 Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370
 Long to continue, and this high feat your Heaven
 Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
 As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
 Though I unpitied: League with you I seek, 375
 And mutual amity so strait, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
 Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me, 380
 Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,
 And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous offspring; if no better place, 385
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd,
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
 Honor and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhor.
 So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree 395
 Down he alights among the sportive herd
 Of those four-footed kinds; himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and unespied 399
 To mark what of their state he more might learn
 By word or action mark'd about them round
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft 405
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
 Grip'd in each paw: when Adam first of men
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow. 410
 Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,

Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite; 415
That rais'd us from the dust and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other service than to keep 420
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou
know'st

God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
Confer'd upon us, and dominion given 430
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, sea, and air. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights: 435
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these
flowers,

Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy 445
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Præminent by so much odds, while thou
Like comfort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd 450
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite 460
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd;
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answer'ing looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 465
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd

Mother of human race. What could I do, 475
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
Till I esp'y'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild, 479
Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him
thou art,

His flesh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee clame
My other half. With that thy gentle hand
Seis'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast 495
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds 500
That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
Inparadis'd in one another's arms, 505
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least, 510
Still unfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it seems;
One fatal tree there stands of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance? is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith? 520
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design 525
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd; 530
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring spirit of Heav'n by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while you
may,

Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with fly circumspection, and began

Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale,
his roari.

Mean while in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun 540
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Between these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night; 550
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even 555
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impress the air, and shows the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know, 565
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his airy gait:
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him: one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find. 575

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitst,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580
Well known from Heav'n; and since meridian
hour

No creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'er-leap'd these earthly bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585

But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now
rais'd 590

Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less volubil earth,
By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there 595
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;

Silence accompanied; for beast and bird, 600
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were sunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphirs: Hesperus, that led 605
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair Comfort, th'
hour 610

Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long 616
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways; 620
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.

To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform 625
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green,

Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst 635
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;

God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;

All seasons and their change, all please alike. 640
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,

When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth 645
After soft show'rs: and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night

With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when the ascends 650
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun

On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers:
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night

With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, 655
Or glittering star-light without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd:
Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve, 660
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow evening, and from land to land

In order, though to nations yet unborn,
In order, though to nations yet unborn,

Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
 Left total darkness should by night regain 665
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only inlighten, but with kindly heat
 Of various influence foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's mere potent ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were
 none, 675
 That Heav'n would want spectators, God want
 praise:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night: how often from the steep 680
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to others note,
 Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds 686
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking, hand in hand along they pass'd
 On to their blissful bow'r; it was a place 690
 Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side 695
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
 wrought

Mosaic; underfoot the violet, 700
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
 Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower 705
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet smelling herbs
 Enwouded Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710
 And heav'nly quires the hymenean sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like 715
 In sad event, when to th' unwifer son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnar'd
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd 721
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and
 heaven,

Which they beheld, the moon's refulgent globe,
 And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,

Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, 725
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 735

This said unanimous, and other rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
 Handed they went; and, eas'd the putting off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740
 Strait side by side were laid; nor turn'd I ween
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
 Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
 Whatever hypocrites austere talk
 Of purity and place and innocence, 745
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
 Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
 But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?
 Hail wedded Love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety 751
 In Paradise of all things common else.

By three adul't'rous lust was driv'n from men
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
 Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 760
 Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd, 766
 Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or ferenate, which the starv'd lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
 These lull'd by nightingales embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
 Show'r'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep

on,
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest, if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more. 775
 Now had night measur'd with her shadowy cone
 Half way up hill this vast sublunary vault,
 And from their ivory port the Cherubini
 Forth issuing at th' accusom'd hour stood arm'd
 To their night watches in warlike parade, 780
 When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south;
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
 Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785
 From these, two strong and subtle Spi'rits he call'd
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in
 charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no
nook; 789

But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen.
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?)
escap'd

The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; thence to the bow'r direct
In search of whom they fought; him there they
found

Squat, like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint

Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise 805
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride,
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810

Touch'd lightly; for no fallshood can indure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815

Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air:
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
Back steep those two fair Angels half amaz'd 820
So sudden to behold the grisly king;

Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.
Which of those rebel Spi'rits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,
Why fast thou like an enemy in wait, 825

Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
Know ye not then, said Satan fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answer'ing scorn with
scorn.

Think not, revolted Spi'rit, thy shape the same, 835
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840

But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.
So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845

Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pin'd;

His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd 850
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sencer not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do 855
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain: awe from above had quell'd 860
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding
guards

Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud. 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gait 870
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where
found, 875

How buffed, in what form and posture couch'd.
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880
By thy example, but have pow'r and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow,
Gabriel, thou hast in Heav'n th' esteem of wife,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from
Hell,

Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no
doubt, 890
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to
change

Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895
But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm. 901

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
Disdainfully half smiling thus reply'd.
O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wife,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905
And now returns him from his prison escap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wife
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither

Unlicens'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
 So wife he judges it to fly from pain 910
 However, and to 'scape his punishment.
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
 Sev'nfold and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 915
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
 Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
 Less hardy to endure? courageous Chief! 920
 The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alledg'd
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd frowning
 stern.

Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain, 925
 Insulting Angel: well thou know'st I stood
 Thy fiercest, when in battel to thy aid
 The blasting volied thunder made all speed,
 And seconded thyself not dreaded spear.
 But still thy words at random, as before, 930
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves
 From hard assays and ill successes past
 A faithful leader, not to hazard all
 Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:
 I therefore, I alone first undertook 935
 To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
 This new created world, whereof in Hell
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
 To settle here on earth, or in mid air; 940
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
 High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight. 945

To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd.
 To say and strait unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,
 Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.
 Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve 955
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supreme?
 And thou, fly-hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once sawn'd, and cring'd, and servily ador'd
 Heav'n's awful monarch? wherefore but in hope
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign? 961
 But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;
 Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,

Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
 The facil gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains, 970
 Proud liminary Cherub, but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's king
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
 Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
 In progress through the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
 Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
 Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
 Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On t' other side Satan alarm'd 985
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
 Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
 What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful
 deeds 990

Might have ersu'd, nor only Paradise
 In this commotion, but the starry cope
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
 At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995
 Th' eternal to prevent such horrid fray
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
 Betwixt Aftrea and the Scorpion sign,
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
 The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air 1000
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
 Battels and realms: in these he put two weights
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st
 mine; 1006

Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then
 To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
 Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled
 now

To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light,
 how weak,

If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
 Murr'm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

Morni
 com
 doo
 of l
 his
 Para
 the
 him
 Rap
 Ada
 fir
 the p
 only

NOW
 N Adv
 When A
 Was aery
 And ten
 so
 Of leaves
 Lightly d
 Of birds
 His won
 With tref
 As throng
 leaning
 Hang ova
 Beauty, v
 Shot forth
 Mild, as
 Her hand
 My fairest
 Heav'n's
 Awake;
 Calls us;
 Our tende
 What dro
 How natu

VOL

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labors: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

NOW morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was aery light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapors bland, which th' only
found 5

Of leaves and fuming tillis, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek, 10
As through unquiet rest; he on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice 15
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colors, how the bee

Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing thus she spake.

O soul in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night 30
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offense and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night: methought 35
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire? 45
In whose sight all things joy, with ravisment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;

And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree 51
Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day :
And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from
Heaven 55

By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gaz'd ;
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor Man ? is knowledge so despis'd ? 60
Or envy' or what reserve forbids to taste ?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here ?
'This said, he paus'd not, but with ventrous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted ; me damp horror chill'd 65
At such hold words vouch'd with a deed so bold :
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men : 70
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows ;
The author not impair'd, but honor'd more ?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also : happy though thou art, 75
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be :
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd ; the pleasant savory smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various : wond'ring at my sight and change
'To this high exaltation ; suddenly 90
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep ; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream ! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.

Best image of myself and dearer half, 95
'The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally ; nor can I like
'This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear ;
Yet evil whence ? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the soul 100
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief ; among these fancy next
Her office holds ; of all external things,
'Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes, 105
'Which reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes 110
To imitate her : but misjoining shapes,
Wild works produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.

Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream, 115
But with addition strange ! yet be not sad.
Evil into the Mind of God or Man
May come and go, so un approv'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind : Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream, 120
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene,
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world ;
And let us to our fresh employments rise 125
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was
●hear'd,

But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair ;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.

But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim, 140
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145
In various stile ; for neither various stile
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
Unmediated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp 150
To add more sweetness ; and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair ; thyself how wond'rous then !
Unspeaking, who first above these heavens 155
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160
Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night, 166
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,

And ye
In my
His prai
Air, an
Of Na
Perpetu
And now
Vary to
Ye Mife
From hi
Till the f
in honor
Whether
Or wet
Riding o
His prais
Breathe
With eve
Fountain
Melodius
Join voic
That sing
Bear on
Ye that in
The earth
Witn's is
To hill or
Made vo
Hail univ
To give u
Have gat
Disperfe
So pray
firm peac
On to the
Among sv
Of fruit-t
Their pa
Fruitless
To wed hi
Her marr
Her dow'n
His barren
With pity
Raphael,
To travel
His marri
Raphae
Stan from
Hath rais
This nigh
In them a
Go theref
Converse
Thou find
To respie
Or with r
As may a
Happines
Left to hi
Yet mutat
He ferv
His dang
I ate fall
The fall o

And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd-up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 180
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise 185
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 190
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow, 195
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls: ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Mute vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still 205
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm. 210
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine 215
To wed her elm; the spous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heav'n's high king, and to him call'd 221
Raphael, the sociable Spi'rit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secur'd
His marriage with the sev'ntimes-wedded maid.
Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell scap'd through the darksome gulf
How rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd 226
This night the human pair, how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade 230
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To refresh his day-labor with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his pow'r left free to will, 235
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 241
The fall of others from like state of bliss;

By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Left wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprised, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd. 245
So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd: but from among
Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic
quires, 251
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work 255
Divine the sovran Architect had fram'd.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd, however small, he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glass 261
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens 265
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till within soar 270
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he seems
A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph wing'd; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair 280
Girt like a starry zone his waste, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumies, that heav'nly fragrance
fill'd 286
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high in honor rise;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 295
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.
Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted sun 300
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam
needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
2 [F] 2

For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not dissolvent thirst 305
Of nect'rous draughts between, from milky
stream,

Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn 310
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great benefit from
Heaven

To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive 315

Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by disburdening grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd
mold,

Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes: 325
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such
choice

To entertain our Angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth
God hath dispens'd his bounties as in Heaven. 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring 335
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing mother yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths 345
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strows the ground
With rose and odors from the shrub unsam'd. 349

Mean while our primitive great fire, to meet
His God-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long 355
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam though not aw'd,
Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior nature, bowing low, 360
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while

To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us 365
Two' only, who yet by sovran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline. 370

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild.

Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heaven,
To visit thee; lead on then where thy bower 375
O'er shades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge

They came, that like Pomona's arbor smil'd
With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant smells; but

Eve

Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380
Than Wood Nymph, or the fairest Goddess
feign'd

Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no veil
She needed; virtue proof, no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel hail
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd 386
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,

Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,

And on her ample square from side to side 395
All autumn pil'd, though spring and autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;

No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste

These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,

To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400
The earth to yield; unsavory food perhaps
To spiritual natures; only this I know,

That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part 405
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found

No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,

As doth your rational; and both contain 410
Within them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch,

taste,

Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.

For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed; of elements 415

The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires

Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd 420
Vapors not yet into her substance turn'd.

Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.

The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense 425
In humid exhalations, and at even

Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees

Of life
Yield n

We br
Cover

Varied
As may

Think
And to

The An
Of The

Of real
To tran

Throug
Of footy

Can tur
M. tal

As from
Minute

With p
Deservi

Then h
Enamou

Love un
Was un

Thus

Not bur
In Adam

Giv'n hi
Of thing

Who dw
Transfe

Divine
Exceed

Thus to
Inhab

Thy fav
Under w

To enter
Food no

As that
At Hea

To wi

O Adam

All thin

If not de

Such to

Indued

Of subst

But mor

As near

Each in

Till bod

Proporti

Springs

More as

Spirits o

Man's n

To vital

To intel

Fancy a

Reason

Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each
 morn
We brush mellifluous dew, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights, 431
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common glofs 435
Of Theologians; but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through Spi'rits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal th' empiric alchemist 440
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Mindst' d naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence 445
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell. 450
Thus when with meats and drinks they had suf-
 fici'd,
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass
Giv'n him by this great conference to know
Of things above his world, and of their being 455
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high pow'r so far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd. 460
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favor, in this honor done to Man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 465
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed: yet what
 compare?
To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
If not depriv'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475
As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the
 leaves 480
More airy, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,
To vital spi'rits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense, 485
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,

Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
Is oldest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same. 490
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance: time may come, when Men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare; 495
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505
To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.
O favourable Spi'rit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From center to circumference, whereon 510
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert, 515
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?
To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God; 520
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere 525
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity:
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him 530
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand 535
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none; freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not: in this we stand or fall: 540
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!
To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts

Affur'd me', and still assure: though what thou
tell'st

Hath pass'd in Heav'n, some doubt within me
move,

But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;

And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n. 560

Thus Adam made request; and Raphaël
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoin'st me', O prime of men,
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits 565

Of warring Spirits? how without remorse
The ruin of so many glorious once

And perfect while they stood? how last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps

Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good 570
This is dispens'd; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,

By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best; though what if Earth

Be but the shadow' of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these Heav'ns now roll, where

Earth now rests
Upon her center pois'd; when on a day

(For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day

As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal
host

Of Angels by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585

Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
Under their Hierarchs in orders bright:

Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear

Scream in the air, and for distinction serve 590
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd

Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs

Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,

Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light, 600
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow-
ers,

Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare

My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605

At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myself have sworn to him shall bow

All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:
Under his great vice-gerent reign abide

United as one individual soul 610
For ever happy: Him who disobeys,
Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,

Cast out from God, and blessed vision, falls,
Into' utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All seem'd well pleas'd; all seem'd, but were not
all.

That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill;

Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620
Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem;

And in their motions harmony divine 625
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own
ear

Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd
(For we have also' our evening and our morn,

We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn

Desirous; all in circles as they stood, 631
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With Angels food, and rubied nectar flows

In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.

On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flow'rs
crown'd, 636

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure

Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who show'd

With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy, 641
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and

shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had

chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there

In darker veil) and roseate dews dispos'd 646
All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far

Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng,

Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend 651
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,

Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in their

course 655
Melodious hymns about the sovran throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd

Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,

If not the first Arch-Angel, great in power, 660
In favor and præminence, yet fraught
With envy' against the Son of God, that day

Honor'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear

Through pride that sight, and thought himself
impair'd. 665

Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour

Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave

Unworshipt, unobey'd the throne supreme 670

Contemptu

Awak'ning

Sleep't

c

Thy eye-lid

Of jester

Of Heav'n

Wail wout

Beh wak'ing

Thy sleep

New laws

rail

In us who

What doul

To utter is

Of all thos

Tell them

Her shadow

And all w

Homewar

The quart

He enter

The great

Who ipoc

Intens to

So spake

Ed in due

Of his aff

Or severa

Under hir

That the

Now ere c

The great

Tells the

Ambiguou

Or want i

The won

Of their g

His name

His count

The star

Drew afte

Mean wh

Abiruse

And from

Nigdy i

Rebellion

Among t

Were ba

And fini

Son,

In fall re

Nearly i

Of our c

We mea

Of duty

Isling,

Iquit to

Nor so

to battel

Let us

With sp

in our

This ou

To w

Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awaking, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, Companion dear, what sleep can
close

Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675
Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thus to me thy thoughts
Went, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Beh waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seem'st impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may
raise 680

Is who serve, new counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
To utter is not safe. Affirmable thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste, 686
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
For entertainment to receive our king 690

The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

Suspake the false Arch Angel, and insus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695
Of his associate: he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent Powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd Heaven,
The great hierarchal standard was to move; 701
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to found
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd

The wonted signal, and superior voice 705
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven:
His countenance, as the morning star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host.
Mean while th' eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abused thoughts, from forth his holy mount
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree;
And smiling to his only Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full splendence, Heir of all my might, 720
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we clame
Of deity or empire; such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his throne 725
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battle, what our pow'r is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ 730
In our defense, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.
To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear,

Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event 740
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.

So spake the Son; but Satan with his powers
Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night, 745
Or stars of morning, dew drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their triple degrees; regions to which 750
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globe
Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the north 755
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call 760
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heaven, 765
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their king,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Powers,

If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross'd 775
All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult, how we may best
With what may be devis'd of honors new 780
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how indur'd
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect 785
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of Heav'n possess'd before 790
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchy over such as live by right 795
His equals, if in pow'r and splendor less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce

Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuse
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.

Thus far his bold discourse without controul
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd, 806
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810
Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounce'd and sworn,
That to his only Son by right indued 815
With regal scepter, every soul in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
Confess him rightful king? Unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign, 820
One over all with unsucceeded power.

Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of
Heaven 824

Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state under one head more near 830
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom 835
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee; and all the Spi'rits of Hea-
ven

By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory
nam'd

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Powers, 840
Essential Pow'rs; nor by his reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made; since he the head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
His laws our laws; all honor to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease 846
The incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,
While pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd 850
Th' Apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd.

That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the
work

Of secondary hands, by talk transferr'd
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
Doctrin which we would know whence learn'd:
who saw 856

When this creation was? remember'st thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rai'd 860
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own; our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th' almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carry to th' anointed King; 870
And fly, ere evil Intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite host; nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875
Incompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O Spi'rit accurs'd,
Forfaken of all good: I see thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall; 885
That golden scepter, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, left the wrath 890
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know. 895

So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, untir'd, 900
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought; 905
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under night: He calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder: but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends MESSIAH his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that victory: He in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the deep: MESSIAH returns with triumph to his Father.

ALL night the dreadful Angel unpursued
Through Heav'n's wide champain held his
way; till morn,
With'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Open'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through
Heaven
Constant vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obnoxious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the Heav'n, tho' darkness there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the
morn
Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold
Appar'd; from before her vanish'd night,
Shineth through with orient beams; when all the
plain
Cover'd with thick imbattel'd squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in prospect, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly Powers, who him receiv'd

With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not lost: On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.
Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go Michael of celestial armies prince,
And thou in military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight,

Equal in number to that Godless crew
Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms 50
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heaven
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall 55

So spake the sovran voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow: 60
At which command the Powers militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrat join'd
Of union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65
Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds
Under their God-like leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor straitning vale, nor wood, nor stream di-
vides 70

Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon'd over Eden to receive 75
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province
wide

Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded Pow'rs of Satan halting on 85
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day by fight, or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne

To set the envier of his state, the proud 89
Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid way: though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
And in fierce huffing meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanirous, as sons of one great sire 95

Hymning th' eternal Father: but the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought:
High in the midst exalted as a God
Th' Apostate in his sun bright chariot sat, 100
Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front 105

Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold: 110
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood

Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the High-
est

Should yet remain, where faith and reality 115
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and
might

There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to fight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd 120
Unsound and false; nor is it ought but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath won
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so 125
Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposit, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd. 130
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have
reach'd

The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms; 136
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow 140
Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone 145
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all; my sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands
err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first fought for, thou return'st 151
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose 155
A third part of the Gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigor divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that Liberty and Heaven
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now 165
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring Spi'rits, train'd up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend, 169
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find

Oferring, from the path of truth remote :
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of servitude to serve whom God ordains, 175
 Or Nature : God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
 Thyself not free, but to thyself intrall'd ;
 Yet lowly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom ; let me serve
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd ; 185
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect : mean while
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no light, 191
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
 Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd ; the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear uplay'd ; as if on earth 195
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd their mightiest ; ours joy fill'd, and
 shout, 200

Prelude of victory, and fierce desire
 Of battel : whereat Michael bid sound
 Th' Arch-Angel trumpet ; through the vast of
 Heaven

It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Halleluiah to the High'st : nor stood at gaze 205
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock : now storming fury rose,
 And clamor such as heard in Heav'n till now
 Was never ; arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
 Of brazen chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise
 Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.

So under fiery cope together rush'd 215
 Both battels main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage ; all Heaven
 Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
 Had to her center shook. What wonder ? when
 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought 220
 On either side, the least of whom could wield
 These elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions : how much more of power

Army against army numberless to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;
 Had not th' eternal King omnipotent
 From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
 And limited their might ; though number'd such
 As each divided legion might have seem'd 230
 A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
 A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battel, open when, and when to close 235

The ridges of grim war : no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argued fear ; each on himself rely'd,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory : deeds of eternal fame 240
 Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread
 That war and various, sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, when soaring on main wing
 Tormented all the air ; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire : long time in even scale 245
 The battel hung ; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and
 fell'd 250

Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway
 Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand
 He hasten'd, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield, 255
 A vast circumference : At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestin war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began 261

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself 265
 And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion ! how hast thou infill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
 And faithful, now prov'd false ! But think not
 here

To trouble holy rest ; Heav'n casts thee out
 From all her confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 275
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broils,
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280

So spake the Prince of Angels ; to whom thus
 The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind
 Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
 Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with
 threats

To chase me hence ? err not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we stile
 The strife of glory ; which we mean to win, 290
 Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell
 Thou fablest, here however to dwell free
 If not to reign : mean while thy utmost force,
 And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
 I fly not, but have fought thee far and nigh. 295
 They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
 Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue

Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such highth 300
 Of Godlike pow'r? for likest Gods they seem'd,
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
 Now wav'd their fiery fwords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
 Blaz'd opposit, while expectation stood 306
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd,
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion; such as, to set forth 310
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition in mid sky
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
 Together both with next to' almighty arm 316
 Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
 That might determin, and not need repeat,
 As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
 In might or swift prevention: but the sword 320
 Of Michael from the armoury of God
 Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut fier; nor stay'd, 325
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering shar'd
 All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so fore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him: but th' ethereal substance
 clos'd, 330
 Not long divisible; and from the gash
 A stream of nect'rous humor issuing flow'd
 Sanguin, such as celestial Spi'rits may bleed,
 And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
 Defense, while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
 From off the files of war; there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame, 340
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for Spi'rits that live through-
 out
 Vital in every part, not as frail man 345
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
 Cannot but by annihilating die;
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air!
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
 They limb themselves, and color, shape or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
 Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
 And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array 356
 Of Moloch furious king; wh'd him defy'd,
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon 360

Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
 Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
 Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmadai, 365
 Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their
 flight,
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and
 mail.
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370
 Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
 Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth; but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven, 375
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
 For strength from truth divided and from just,
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory' aspires
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385
 And now their mightiest quell'd, the battel
 swerv'd,
 With many an intread gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390
 And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd,
 Then first with fear surpriz'd and sense of pain,
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear or flight or pain.
 Far otherwise the inviolable Saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd; 400
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes; not to have sinn'd,
 Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, though from their place by violence
 mov'd. 405
 Now night her course began, and over Heaven
 Inducing darkness, grateful trace impos'd,
 And silence on the odious din of war:
 Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
 Victor and vanquish'd: on the foughten field 410
 Michael and his Angels prevalent
 Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
 Far in the dark dislodg'd; and void of rest, 415
 His potentates to council call'd by night;
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began.
 O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
 Not to be overpower'd, Companions dear, 420
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,

Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
 (And if one day, why not eternal days?)
 What Heaven's Lord had pow'rfullest to send 425
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
 Some disadvantage we indur'd and pain, 431
 Till nownot known, but known as soon condemn'd;
 Since now we find this our empyreal form
 Incapable of mortal injury,
 Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound, 435
 Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd.
 Of evil then so small, as easy think
 The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none: if other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds and understanding found,
 Due search and consultation will disclose. 445

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
 Nitroch, of Principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
 And cloudy in aspect thus answer'd spake. 450
 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil 455
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
 Valor or strength, though matchless, quell'd with
 pain

Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive, overturns
 All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend 465
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
 Ourselves with like defense, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.
 Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this ethereous mold whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
 With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems and gold;
 Whose eye so superficially surveys 476
 These things, as not to mind from whence they
 grow

Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd
 With Heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light? 481
 These in their dark nativity the deep
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame;
 Which isto hollow engines long and round

Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth 486
 From far with thund'ring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
 The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Nor long shall be our labor; yet ere dawn,
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd. 495
 He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
 Inlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
 To be th' inventor mis'd; so easy it seem'd
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have
 thought 500

Impossible: yet haply of thy race
 In future days, if malice should abound,
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
 With devilish machination, might devise
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men 505
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew:
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands
 Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510
 Th' originals of nature in their crude
 Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd: 515
 Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls
 Of missile ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unespied.

Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,
 Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms 525
 The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
 Of golden panoply, resplendent host,
 Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-arm'd
 scour,

Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in halt: him soon they met
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in flow
 But firm battalion; back with speediest fail
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, 535
 Came fly'ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
 He comes, and settled in his face I see 540
 Sad resolution and secure: let each
 His adamantin coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
 Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower, 545
 But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them aware themselves; and soon

In order, quit of all impediment,
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward mov'd imbattel'd: when behold 550
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching grofs and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast 560
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
But that I doubt; however witness Heaven,
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed stand, 565
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended: when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd: 570
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tip with fire; while we suspense 580
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose
roar 586

embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor host 590
level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might
stand,

Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have easily as Spi'rits evaded swift 596
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Soul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serr'd files.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow 601
doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire 605
Of thunder: back defeated to return
they worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these victors proud?
Meanwhile they fierce were coming, and when we,

To entertain them fair with open front 611
And breast (what could we more?) propounded
terms

Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell.
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps 616
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamefome mood,
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand; 625
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, highten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might 630
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them
arms 635

Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven 640
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpe they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loosning to and fro
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands: Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those curst engines triple-row 650
They saw them whirl'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions
arm'd; 655
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and
bruise'd

Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such pris'n, though Spi'rits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown. 661
The rest in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills up tore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread; 670
Had not th' almighty Father, where he sits

Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all : advis'd :
That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675
To honor his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd : whence to his Son
Th' assessor of his throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd, 680
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
'Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven, 685
Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame
These disobedient : fore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd ;
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath
wrought

Insensibly, for I suspend their doom ;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found :
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do, 695
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which
makes

Wild work in Heav'n, and dange'rous to the main.
Two days are therefore past ; the third is thine ;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare ; 705
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's might, 710
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep :
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and Messiah his anointed king.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full ; he all his Father full express'd 720
Ineffably into his face receiv'd ;
And thus the filial Godhead answer'd spake.

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son, I always thee, 725
As is most just ; this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfil'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Scepter and pow'r, thy giving, I assume, 730
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st :
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on

Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735
Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740
Whom to obey is happiness entire.

Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeign'd Halleluiahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief. 745

So said, he o'er his scepter bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat ;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heav'n : forth rush'd with
whirlwind sound

The chariot of paternal Deity, 750
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic shapes ; four faces each
Had wondrous ; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beril, and careering fires between ; 756

Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a saphir throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the show'ry arch.
He in celestial panoply all arm'd 760

Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended ; at his right hand victory
Sat eagle-wing'd ; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,

And from about him fierce effusion roll'd 765
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire :
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came ; far off his coming shone ;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God : half on each hand were seen :

He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime 771
On the crystallin sky, in saphir thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen ; them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd 775
Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in Heaven ;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their Head imbodied all in one.

Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd ; 780
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious ; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd, 785
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.

In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell !
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent ? 790
They harden'd more by what might most reclame,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy ; and aspiring to his highth,
Stood reibattel'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last ; and now
To final battel drew, disdainig flight,

Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake. 800

Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battel rest;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause.
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 805

Invincibly; but of this curst crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:

Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude: stand only and behold 810

God's indignation on these Godless pour'd
By me; not you but me they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in Heav'n supreme
Kingdom and pow'r and glory appertains, 815

Hath honor'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;

That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battel which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820

They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;

Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.
So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd

His count'nance too severe to be beheld, 825

And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings

With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound

Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. 830

He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels

The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon

Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand 835

Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd

Plagues; they astonish'd all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;

O'er shields and helms and helmeted heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate, 841

That with'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.

Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the four-fold visag'd Four 845

Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;

One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire

Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd, 851

Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd

His thunder in mid voly; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven: 855

The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd

Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds

And crystal wall of Heaven, which opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd 861

Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous fight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse

Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they
threw

Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit. 866

Hell heard th' unfufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heaven, and would have fled

Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870

Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall

Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last

Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire 876

Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd

Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes 880

Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood

Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,

Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King. 886

Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign: he celebrated rode

Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd 890

On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on
Earth,

At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895

What might have else to human race been hid;
The discord which beset, and war in Heaven

Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd

With Satan; he who envies now thy state, 900

Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him

Bereav'd of happiness thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery;

Which would be all his solace and revenge, 905

As a despite done against the most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.

But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard

By terrible example the reward 910

Of disobedience; firm they might have stood
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that
name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasus wing.
The meaning, not the name I call: for thou 5
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wildom thy sister, and with her didst play 10
In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring; with like safety guided down 15
Return me to my native element:
Left from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on th' Aelian field I fall
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn. 20
Hail yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More late I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd 25
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn 30
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
Urania, and sit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance

VOL. II.

Of Bacchus and his revelers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 35
To rapture, till the savage clamor drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heav'nly, sue an empty dream.
Say Goddess, what ensued when Raphael, 40
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasy, by what befel in Heaven
To those apostates, lest the like befal
In Paradise to Adam or his race, 45
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wand'ring. He with his comforted Eve 50
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange, things to their
thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heaven,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss 55
With such confusion: but the evil soon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this
world
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began.

2 [H]•

When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within Eden or without was done 65
Before his memory, or one whose drouth
Yet scarce allay'd ill eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favor sent
Down from the empyrean to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not
reach : 75

For which to th' infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sovran will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd
Gently for our instruction to impart 81
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Design to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known, 85
How first began this Heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid earth, what cause 90
Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest
Through all eternity so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Abso'lv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
What we not to explore the secrets ask 95
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep; suspense in Heaven,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears, 100
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of Nature from the unapparent deep :
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch, 106
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought :
And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild. 110
'This also thy request with caution ask'd
Obtain : though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer 116
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing : such communion from above
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain 120
To ask, nor let thine own invention hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven :
Enough is left besides to search and know. 125
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know

In measure what the mind may well contain ;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly', as nourishment to wind. 130

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of Angels, than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135
Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of deity supreme, us dispossess'd,
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no
more ;

Yet far the greater part have kept, I see 145
Their station, Heav'n yet populous retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites :
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150
Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race 155
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd,
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to
Earth, 160

One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Mean while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heaven.
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it done :
My overshadowing Spi'rit and might with thee 165
I send along ; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
Infinite, nor vacuous the space.
Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire, 170
And put not forth my goodness which is free
To act or not, necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect. 175
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven, 180
When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will ;
Glory they sung to the most High, good-will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace :
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight 185
And th' habitations of the just ; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, instead
Of Spi'rits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190

His good
So far
On his g
Girt wit
Of majes
Immen
About his
Cherub
And Vir
From th
Myriads
Against
Celestial
Spontane
Attendan
Her ever
On golde
The King
And Spiri
On heav
They view
Outrageo
Up from t
And surges
Heav'n's
Silence,
pe
Said then
Nor stay
Upfist,
Far into C
For Chaos
Follow'd
Creation,
Then stay
He took t
In God's
This univ
One foot
Round the
And said,
This be th
Thus God
Matter ur
Cover'd t
His brood
And vital
Through
The black
Adverse t
Like thin
Disparted
And Fart
Let the
Ethereal
Sprung fr
To journe
Spher'd in
Was not
Sopurn'd
And light
Divided :
He nam'd
Nor pass
By the ce

His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies : Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love 195

Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd

From th' armoury of God, where ſtand of old 200
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth

Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide 205
Her ever during gates, harmonious ſound'd
On golden hinges moving, to let forth

The King of Glory in his pow'ful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs 211

Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heav'n's highth, and with the center mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep,
peace, 216

Said then th' omnific Word, your diſcord end :
Nor ſtay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Upſifted, in paternal glory rode

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn; 220
For Chaos heard his voice : him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his night.

Then ſtay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd 225
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumscribe
This univerſe, and all created things :

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds
This be thy juſt circumference, O world, 231

Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter uniform'd and void : Darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' abyſs : but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outſpread,

And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth 236
Throughout the fluid maſs, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverſe to life : then founded, then conglob'd

Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place 240
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air,
And Earth ſelf-balan'd on her center hung.

Let there be light, ſaid God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure
Sprung from the deep, and from her native eaſt 246

To journey through the aery gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the ſun
Was not; ſhe in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God ſaw the light was good;

And light from darkneſs by the hemisphere 250
Divided : light the day, and darkneſs night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt day ev'n and morn :

Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the celeſtial quires, when orient light

Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld; 255
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and
ſhout

The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning
prais'd

God and his works, Creator him they ſung,
Both when firſt evening was, and when firſt morn.

Again, God ſaid, Let there be firmament 261
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters : and God made

The firmament, expanſe of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd 265
In circuit to the uttermoſt convex
Of this great round : partition firm and ſure,

The waters underneath from thoſe above
Dividing : for as earth, ſo be the world
Built on circumſiſuous waters calm, in wide 270

Chryſtallin ocean, and the load miſrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, left fierce extremes
Contiguous might diſtemper the whole frame :

And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament : So even
And morning chorus ſung the ſecond day. 275

The earth was form'd but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryo immature involv'd,
Appear'd not : over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm

Prolific humor ſoft'ning all her globe, 280
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Sate with genial moiſture, when God ſaid,
Be gather'd now ye waters under Heaven

Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear 285
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky :

So high as heav'd the tumid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters : thicker they 290

Halted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on duſt conglobing from the dry;
Part riſe in cryſtal wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command

impres'd 295
On the ſwift floods : as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou haſt heard)
Troop to their ſtandard, ſo the watry throng,

Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withſtood them rock or hill, 300

But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With ſerpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the waſhy ooſe deep channels wore;

Eaſy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
Ail but within thoſe banks, where rivers now 305
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.

The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd ſeas :

And ſaw that it was good, and ſaid, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant graſs, herb yielding ſeed,

And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind, 311
Whoſe ſeed is in herſelf upon the earth.
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare earth, till then

Deſert and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender graſs, whoſe verdure
clad 315

Her universal face with pleasant green :
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd
 Opening their various colors, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
 The smelling gourd, up flood the corny reed 321
 Imbattel'd in her field, and th' humble shrub,
 And bush with frizled hair implicit: last
 Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
 Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were
 crown'd, 326

With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
 With borders long the rivers: that earth now
 Seem'd like to Heaven, a seat where Gods might
 dwell,

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
 None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which ere it was in th' earth
 God made, and every herb, before it grew 336
 On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
 So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights
 High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide 340
 The day from night; and let them be for signs,
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
 And let them be for lights as I ordain
 Their office in the firmament of Heaven
 To give light on the earth; and it was so. 345
 And God made two great lights, great for their use
 To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night altera; and made the stars,
 And set them in the firmament of Heaven
 To illuminate the earth, and rule the day 350
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying his great work, that it was good:
 For of celestial bodies first the sun
 A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first, 355
 Though of ethereal mold: then form'd the moon
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
 And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field:
 Of light by far the greater part he took
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive 361
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
 Hither as to their fountain other stars
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, 365
 And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen.
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the
 gray

Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd
 Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon
 But opposit in level'd west was set 376
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light

From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines, 380
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose, 385
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth
 day.

And God said, Let the waters generate
 Reptil with spawn abundant, living soul:
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
 Display'd on the open firmament of Heaven. 390
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every bird of wing after his kind;
 And saw that it was good, and blest'd them,
 saying, 395

Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas
 And lakes and running streams the waters fill;
 And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
 With fry innumerable swarm; and shoals 400
 Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in flocks that oft
 Bank the mid sea: part single or with mate
 Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through
 groves

Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance 405
 Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
 Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,
 And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk 410
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait
 Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
 Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
 Mean while the tepid caves, and seas and shores
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that
 soon

Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and hedge
 They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air
 sublime 421

With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
 On cliffs and cedar tops their cryes build:
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise 425
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Their airy caravan high over seas
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
 Easing their flight; so fleers the prudent crane
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air 431
 Flotes, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd
 plumes:

From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
 Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale 435
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:

Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck
 Between her white wings manling proudly, rows
 Her slate with oary feet; yet oft they quit 440
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower
 The mid aerial sky: Others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train
 Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue 445
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
 Evening and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.
 The sixth, and of creation last arose 449
 With evening harp and matin, when God said,
 Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
 Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
 Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and strait
 Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms, 455
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose
 As from his lair the wild beast where he wons
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 460
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds sprung.
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free 464
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
 In hillocks. the swift stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mold
 Behemoth biggest born of earth upheav'd 471
 His vastness: fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,
 As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
 The river-horse and scaly crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans 476
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
 These as a line their long dimension drew, 480
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
 Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
 The parsimonious emmet, provident 485
 Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd
 Pattern of just equality perhaps
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
 Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
 With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
 And thou their natures know'st, and gave them
 names,
 Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field, 495
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
 Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand 500

First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely finish'd; air, water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was
 walk'd

Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
 There wanted yet the master work, the end 505
 Of all yet done: a creature who not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but indu'd
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven, 511
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief
 Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent 516
 Eternal Father, (for where is not he
 Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
 In our similitude, and let them rule 520
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
 This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
 The breath of life; in his own image he 526
 Created thee, in the image of God
 Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
 Male he created thee, but thy consort
 Female for race; then blest'd mankind, and said,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth, 331
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
 And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
 Wherever thus created, for no place 535
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste;
 And freely all their pleasaunt fruit for food 540
 Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth
 yields,
 Variety without end; but of the tree,
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
 Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou
 dy'st;

Death is the penalty impos'd, beware, 545
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
 So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day: 550
 Yet not till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created world
 Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd 555
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air 560
 Refounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
 The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung,

The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung, 565
Open, ye Heav'n's, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men 570
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending: He through Hea-

ven,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led, 575
To God's eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest 580
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the se-

venth
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high seated top, the imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure, 586
The filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great Father, for he also went
Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting, blest'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe, 595
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds
Fuming from golden censers hid the mount. 600
Creation and the six days acts they sung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite

Thy pow'r; what thought can measure thee, or
tongue

Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant Angels; thee that day 605
Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? easily the proud attempt
Of Spi'rits apostate and their counsels vain 610
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil 615
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another Heaven
From Heaven gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of Men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy 625
Men,

And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers 630
Holy and just: thrice happy if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the empyréan rung
With halleluiahs: Thus was sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd 635
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity
Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st
Ought, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to
hear;

Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.

What thanks sufficient, or what recompence 5

Equal have I to render thee, divine

Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd

The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd

This friendly condescension to relate

Things else by me unsearchable, now heard 10

With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,

With glory attributed to the high

Creator? something yet of doubt remains,

Which only thy solution can resolve.

When I behold this goodly frame, this world 15

Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute

Their magnitudes, this earth, a spot, a grain,

An atom, with the firmament compar'd

And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll 20

Spaces incomprehensible (for such

Their distance argues and their swift return

Diurnal) merely to officiate light

Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,

One day and night, in all their vast survey

Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire, 25

How nature wise and frugal could commit

Such disproportions, with superfluous hand

So many nobler bodies to create,

Greater so manifold to this one use,

For ought appears, and on their orbs impose 30

Such restless revolution day by day

Repeated, while the sedentary earth,

That better might with far less compass move,

Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains

Her end without least motion, and receives, 35

As tribute, such a sumless journey brought

Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;

Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our fire, and by his count'nance seem'd

Entr'ing on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve

Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight, 41

With lowliness majestic from her seat,

And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,

Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,

To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom, 45

Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,

And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.

Yet went she not, as not with such discourse

Delighted, or not capable her ear

Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd, 50

Adam relating, she sole auditress:

Her husband the relator she prefer'd

Before the Angel, and of him to ask

Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix

Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55

With conjugal caresses; from his lip

Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now

Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?

With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went, 60

Not unattended, for on her as queen

A pomp of winning graces waited still,

And from about her shot darts of desire

Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.

And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd

Benevolent and facil thus reply'd. 65

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heaven

Is as the book of God before thee set,

Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn

His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:

This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, 70
 Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest
 From Man or Angel the great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
 Rather admire; or, if they list to try 75
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield 80
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appearances, how gird the sphere
 With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess, 85
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journeys run,
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
 The benefit: consider first, that great 90
 Or bright infers not excellence: the earth
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
 Nor glist'ring, may of solid good contain
 More plenty than the sun that barren shines,
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect, 95
 But in the fruitful earth; there first receiv'd
 His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
 Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.
 And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak 100
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far;
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
 An edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest 105
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
 That to corporeal substances could add 109
 Speed almost spiritual; me thou think'st not slow,
 Who since the morning hour set out from Heaven
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
 In Eden, distance inexpressible
 By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
 Admitting motion in the Heav'n's, to show 115
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
 God to remove his ways from human sense,
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
 If it presume, might err in things too high, 121
 And no advantage gain. What if the sun
 Be center to the world, and other stars
 By his attractive virtue and their own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds? 125
 Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then
 hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In fix thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
 The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
 Insensibly three different motions move? 130
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
 Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,
 Or save the sun his labor, and that swift
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel 135
 Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
 If earth industrious of herself fetch day
 Traveling east, and with her part averse
 From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light 140
 Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star
 Inlightning her by day, as she by night
 This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
 Fields and inhabitants: Her spots thou seest 145
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
 Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
 Allotted there; and other suns perhaps
 With their attendant moons thou wilt descry
 Communicating male and female light, 150
 Which two great sexes animate the world,
 Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.
 For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
 By living soul, desert and desolate,
 Only to thine, yet scarce to contribute 155
 Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,
 Whether the sun predominant in Heaven 160
 Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,
 He from the east his flaming road begin,
 Or she from west her silent course advance
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
 On her soft axle, while she paces even, 165
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
 Wherever plac'd, let him dispose: joy thou 170
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
 And thy fair Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high
 To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
 Live, in what state, condition, or degree, 176
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
 Not of Earth only but of highest Heaven.
 To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
 How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure 180
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
 And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares, 185
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves
 Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions
 vain.
 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,
 That not to know at large of things remote 191
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence, 195
 And renders us in things that most concern
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.

Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise 200
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.
Ther I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance : now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard; 205
And day is not yet spent ; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply :
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven, 210
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labor, at the hour
Of sweet repast ; they satiate, and soon fill
Though pleasant, but thy words with grace di-
vine 215
imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.
To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly
meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent ; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd 220
Inward and outward both, his image fair :
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
Attend thee, and each word, each motion forms ;
Nor lest think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire 225
Gladly into the ways of God with Man :
For God we see hath honor'd thee, and set
On Man his equal love : say therefore on ;
For I that day was absent, as beset,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230
Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell ;
Squar'd in full legion such command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest he incens'd at such eruption bold, 235
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Nor that they durst without his leave attempt,
But as he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong ; 241
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Ternment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light 245
Ere sabbath evening : so we had in charge.
But thy relation now ; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with
mine.
So spake the Godlike Pow'r, and thus our fire.
For Man to tell how human life began 250
Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Indue'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep
Sift on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed. 256
Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,

VOL. II.

As thitherward endeavoring, and upright 260
Stood on my feet ; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmur'ing streams : by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or
flew, 264
Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes
ran
With supple joints, as lively vigor led :
But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
Knew not ; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake ;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
What'er I saw. 'Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and
Plains ; 275
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures ! tell
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here ?
Not of myself, by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in pow'r præminent ;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whi-
ther,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd, 285
On a green shady bank profuse of flowers
Pensive I sat me down ; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My droufed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state 290
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :
When suddenly flood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd : One came, me thought, of shape di-
vine, 295
And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First Father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd, 300
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain ; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I
saw 305
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each
tree
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stir'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat ; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310
Had lively shadow'd : Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell 315
Submits : he rear'd me, and Whom thou sought'st
I am,

2 [I]

Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat : 320
 Of every tree that in the garden grows
 Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth :
 But of the tree whose operation brings
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, 325
 Amid the garden by the tree of life,
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
 And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
 'The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 'Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die, 330
 From that day mortal, and this happy state
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect 336
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
 Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
 To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
 Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl,
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
 After their kinds; I bring them to receive
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 With low subjection; understand the same 345
 Of fish within their watry residence,
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 Their element to draw the thinner air.
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 Approaching two and two, these cowering low 350
 With blandishment, each bird sloop'd on his wing.
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
 Their nature, with such knowledge God induc'd
 My sudden apprehension: but in these
 I found not what methought I wanted still; 355
 And to the heav'nly vision thus presum'd.
 O by what name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
 Surpass'st far my naming, how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this universe, 360
 And all this good to man? for whose well-being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me
 I see not who partakes. In solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone, 365
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
 'Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.
 What call'st thou solitude? is not the earth
 With various living creatures, and the air 370
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? know'st thou not
 Their language and their ways? they also know,
 And reason not contemptibly; with these
 Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
 So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd 376
 So ord'ring. I with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation thus reply'd.
 Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power.
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 380
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,

And these inferior far beneath me set?
 Among unequals what society
 Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity
 The one intense, the other still remiss
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate 390
 All rational delight, wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoice
 Each with their kind, lion with lions;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape; 396
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.
 Where to th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd,
 A nice and subtle happiness I see
 Thou to thyself propolest, in the choice 400
 Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone 405
 From all eternity, for none I know
 Second to me or like, equal much less.
 How have I then with whom to hold converse
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those
 To me inferior, infinite descents 410
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
 He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain
 The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee 415
 Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,
 But in degree, the cause of his desire
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou
 Shouldst propagate, already infinite, 420
 And through all numbers absolute, though one;
 But Man by number is to manifest
 His single imperfection, and beget
 Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
 In unity defective, which requires 425
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
 Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
 Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
 Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt
 Of union or communion, deify'd; 435
 I by conversing cannot these erect
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
 Thus I imbolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
 This answer from the gracious voice divine. 436
 Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
 And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,
 Expressing well the spi'rit within thee free, 440
 My image, not imparted to the brute,
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
 And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,
 Knew it not good for Man to be alone, 445
 And no such company as then thou saw'st

Intended thee, for trial only brought,
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet :
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.
 He ended, or I heard no more, for now
 My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th'
 highth,
 In that celestial colloquy sublime, 455
 As with an object that excels the sense
 Dazled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell 460
 Of fancy my internal sight, by which
 Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took 465
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And life-blood streaming fresh ; wide was the
 wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd :
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;
 Under his forming hands a creature grew, 470
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd
 now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before, 475
 And into all things from her air inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 She disappear'd, and left me dark ; I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure : 480
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable : On she came,
 Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen, 485
 And guided by his voice, nor uniform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites :
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud. 490
 This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts, nor envieth. I now see 495
 None of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
 Before me ; Woman is her name, of Man
 Extracted ; for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere ;
 And they shall be one heart, one flesh, one soul.
 She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty, 501
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
 The more desirable, or to say all, 505
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd ;
 I follow'd her, she what was honor knew,

And with obsequious majesty approv'd
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower 510
 I led her blessing like the morn : all Heaven,
 And happy constellations on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence ; the earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;
 Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs 515
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
 On this hill top, to light the bridal lamp. 520
 Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss
 Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
 In all things else delight indeed, but such
 As us'd or not, works in the mind no change, 525
 Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and
 flowers,
 Walks, and the melody of birds ; but here
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,
 Transported touch ; here passion first I felt, 530
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
 Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
 Against the charm of beauty's pow'ful glance.
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
 Not proof enough such object to sustain, 535
 Or from my side subducing, took perhaps
 More than enough ; at least on her bestow'd
 Too much of ornament, in outward show
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.
 For well I understand in the prime end 540
 Of nature her th' inferior, in the mind
 And inward faculties, which most excel,
 In outward also her resembling less
 His image who made both, and less expressing
 The character of that dominion given 545
 O'er other creatures ; yet when I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
 And in herself complete, so well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best ; 550
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discountenance'd, and like folly shows ;
 Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made 555
 Occasionally ; and to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.
 To whom the Angel with contracted brow. 560
 Accuse not nature, she hath done her part ;
 Do thou but think, and be not dissident
 Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
 By attributing over much to things 565
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
 An outside ? fair no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love,
 Not thy subjection : weigh with her thyself ; 570
 Then value : Oft-times nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right

Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou
know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows : 575
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honor thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wife
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight 580
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move. 585
What high'er in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious, is the scale 591
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.
To whom thus half abash'd Adam reply'd. 595
Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair 605
More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore feil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variouſly representing; yet still free 610
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;

Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;
Love not the heav'nly Spi'rits, and how their love
Express they, by looks only, or do they mix 616
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy, and without love no happiness. 621
Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars; 625
Easier than air with air, if Spi'rits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting sun 630
Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant lies
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep 634
His great command; take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons,
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the Blest : stand fast; to stand or fall 640
Free in thy own arbitrement it lies
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part, 645
Go heav'nly Guest, ethereal Messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be' honor'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind 650
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.
So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bow.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Sata
P
th
co
sh
en
A
th
de
de
ga
to
Se
eat
or
A
per
in
of

No
To sit
Rural
Venial
Those
Disloy
And d
Now a
Anger
That b
Sin an
Death
Not let
Of fier
Thrice
Of Tu
Or Ne
Perple
He say

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan having compass'd the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labors, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each laboring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect, or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above allover creatures. Eve wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attain'd both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat: she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass eats also of the fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

NO more of talk where God or Angel guest
 With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake
 Rural repast, permitting him the while
 Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change 5
 Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
 Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
 And disobedience: on the part of Heaven
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,
 Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given, 10
 That brought into this world a world of woe,
 Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery
 Death's harbinger: Sad task, yet argument
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath
 Of fierce Achilles on his foe pursu'd 15
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
 Of Turnus for Lavinia discous'd,
 Or Neptune's ire or Juno's, that so long
 Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's son;
 If answerable stile I can obtain 20

Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd
 And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse: 25
 Since first this subject for heroic song
 Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect 30
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights
 In battels feign'd; the better fortitude
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom
 Unsung; or to describe races and games
 Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds; 35
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
 At joust and torneament; then marshal'd feast
 Serv'd up in hall with sewers, and seneschals;
 The skill of artifice or office mean,
 Not that which justly gives heroic name 40

To person or to poem. Me of these
Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years damp my intended wing 45
Depress'd, and much they may, if all be mine
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter 50
Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round:
When Satan who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent 55
On Man's destruction, mauge what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the earth, cautious of day,
Since Uriel regent of the sun descry'd 60
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
That kept their watch; thencefull of anguish driven,
The space of sev'n continued nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times cross'd the car of night 65
From pole to pole, traversing each colure;
On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
From entrance or Cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the
change, 70

Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life;
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan involv'd in rising mist, then fought 75
Where to lie hid; sea he had search'd and land
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and in length
Went from Orontes to the ocean barr'd 80
At Darien, thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search, and with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
The Serpent subtlest beast of all the field. 86
Him after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90
From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding, which in other beasts observ'd
Doubt might beget of diabolic power 95
Active within beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built 100
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worse would build?
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heavens
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,

Light above light, for thee alone, as seems, 105
In thee concentrating all their precious beams
Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven
Is center, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receiv'st from all those orbs; in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue' appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth 111
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought, sweet interchange 115
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest
crown'd,

Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120
Torment within me', as from the hateful siege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my
state.

But neither here seek I, nor nor in Heaven
To dwell, unless by mast'ring Heav'n's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myself less miserable 126
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd, 130
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;
In woe then; that destruction wide may range:
To me shall be the glory sole among 135
Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
What he Almighty stil'd, six days and nights
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than since I in one night freed 140
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd 145
More Angels to create, if they at least
Are his created, or to spite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original, 150
With heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service Angel wings, 155
And flaming ministers to watch and tend
Their earthly charge: Of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may find 160
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I who erst contended
With Gods to sit the high'est, am now constrain'd
Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime, 165
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of Deity aspir'd;

But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last 170
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils;
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favorite 175
Of Heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on 180
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles:
Nor yet in horrid shade or dismal den, 185
Nor noont yet, but on the grassy herb
Fearless unscar'd he slept: in at his mouth
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
With act intelligential; but his sleep 190
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.
Now when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that
breathe,

From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill 196
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work: for much their work
outgrew

The hands dispatch of two gard'ning so wide,
And Eve first to her husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labor still to dress 205
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleasant task injoin'd, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labor grows
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present;
Let us divide our labors, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct 216
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:
For while so near each other thus all day 220
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our day's work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd. 225
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.
Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear,
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts
employ'd

How we might best fulfil the work which here 230
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd 235
Labor, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food, 240
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
These paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint
hands

Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide 245
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us: but if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return. 250
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envyng our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame 255
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need; 260
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our féalty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side 265
That gave thee being, still shades thee and
protects.

The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst indures.
To whom the virgin majesty of Eve, 270
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.
Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's
Lord,

That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn, 275
And from the parting Angel over-heard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe 280
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers 285
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy
breast,

Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear?
To whom with healing words Adam reply'd. 290

Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire :
Not dissident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itself, intended by our foe. 295
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least
asperges

The tempted with dishonor foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation : thou thyself with scorn
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong, 300
Though ineffectual found : misdeem not then,
If such affront I labor to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light. 305
Nor thou his malice and false guile condemn ;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels ; nor think superfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue, in thy sight 310
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength ; while shame, thou looking
on,

Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.
Why shouldst thou not like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose 316
With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd ?
So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love ; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere, 320
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not indued
Single with like defense, wherever met, 325
How are we happy, still in fear of harm ?
But harm precedes not sin : only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity : his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonor on our front ; but turns 330
Foul on himself ; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us ? who rather double honor gain
From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,
Favor from Heav'n, our witness, from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd 335
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd ?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin'd.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so, 340
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd.
O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them ; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left 345
Of all that he created, much less Man,
Or ought that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force ; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power :
Against his will he can receive no harm. 350
But God left free the will, for what obeys
Reason, is free, and reason he made right,
But bid her well be ware, and still erect,

Left by some fair appearing good surpris'd
She dictate false, and misinform the will 333
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet 360
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me 365
Thou sever not : trial will come unsought.
Would thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience ; th' other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest ?
But if thou think trial unsought may find 370
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go ; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more ;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For God tow'ards thee hath done his part, so thine.

So spake the patriarch of mankind ; but Eve
Persisting, yet submiss, though last, reply'd.
With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd, 381
The willing I go, nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek ;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train, 387
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and Goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with such gard'ning tools as art yet rude, 391
Guileless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime, 395
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, she to him as oft engag'd 400
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presum'd return ! event perverse ! 405
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose ;
Such ambush hid among sweet flow'rs and shades
Waited with hellish rancor imminent 410
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn the Fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them 415
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bow'r and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,

Their tendence or plantation for delight :
 By fountain or by shady rivulet 420
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
 Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope
 Of what so seldom chance'd, when to his wish,
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
 Half spy'd, so thick the roses blushing round 426
 About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
 Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head though
 gay

Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
 Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays 430
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm, 435
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
 Among thick-woven arborets and flowers
 Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve :
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
 Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd 440
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
 Much he the place admir'd, the person more.
 As one who long in populous city pent, 445
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages and farms
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, 450
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 If chance with nymphlike step fair virgin pass,
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
 She most, and in her look sums all delight :

Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold 455
 This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve
 Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form
 Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
 Her graceful innocence, her every air
 Of gesture or least action overaw'd 460
 His malice, and with rapin sweet bereav'd
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought :
 That space the Evil-one abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd, 465
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
 But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
 Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd : then soon 470
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what
 sweet
 Compulsion thus transported to forget
 What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope 476
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying; other joy
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
 Occasion which now smiles; behold alone 480
 The woman, opportune to all attempts!

VOL. II.

Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mold, 485
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
 I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
 Infeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods;
 Not terrible, though terror be in love 490
 And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
 Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd
 In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve 495
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
 Fold above fold a surging maze, his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes; 500
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floted redundant; pleasing was his shape
 And lovely; never since of serpent kind
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd 505
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the God
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen;
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore
 Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd 511
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.

As when a ship by skillful steersman wrought
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers; and shifts her sail : 515
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye; she busied heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
 To such disport before her through the field, 520
 From every beast, more duteous at her call,
 Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd:
 He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
 His turret crest, and sleek enamel'd neck, 525
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sovran Mistrefs, if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less
 arm

Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze 535
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty' adore 540
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
 Where universally admir'd; but here
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except, 545

Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst
be seen

A Goddes among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
By Angels numberless, thy daily train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his poem tun'd;
Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean? language of man pronounce'd
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?

The first at least of these I thought deny'd 555
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate sound;

The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reas'on, and in their actions oft appears.

Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field 560
I knew, but not with human voice indued;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,

How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest

Of brutal kind, that daily are in fight: 565
Say, for such wonder clamours attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
Express of this fair world, resplendent Eve,

Easy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst

be obey'd: 570
I was at first as other beasts that graze

The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food; nor ought but food discern'd

Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd 575

A goodly tree far distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mix'd,

Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a favory odor blown,

Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense 580
Than smell of sweetest fenel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,

Unfuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had

Of tasting these fair apples, I resolv'd 585
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once
Pow'rful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent

Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,

For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmost reach or Adam's: Round the tree 591

All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.

Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 595

I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.

Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree

Of reason in my inward pow'rs, and speech 600
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.

Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind

Consider'd all things visible in Heaven,
In Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;

But all that fair and good in thy divine 606
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray

United I beheld; no fair to thine

Equivalent or second, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
Sovran of creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited fly snake; and Eve
Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt 615
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd:

But say, where grows the tree, from hence how
far?

For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown

To us, in such abundance lies our choice, 620
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men

Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her birth.

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad, 625
Express, the way is ready, and not long,
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,

Faith by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm; if thou accept

My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 630
Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,

To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire,

Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night 635
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,

Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light, 639

Misleads the amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,

There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.
So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud

Led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;

Which when the faw, thus to her guide she spake.
Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming

hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to' excess;

The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects. 650

But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that command

Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd. 655
Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit

Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
Yet Lords declar'd of all in earth or air?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the fruit 660
Of each tree in the garden we may eat,

But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat

Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.
She scarce had said, though brief, when now

more bold
The Tempter, but with show of zeal and love 665

To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,

Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.

As when of old some orator renown'd 670

In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause
address'd

Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay. 675
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right :
So standing, moving, or to highth up grown,
The Tempter all impassion'd thus began.

O sacred, wife, and wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of science, now I feel thy power 680
Within me clear, not only to discern

Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.

Queen of this universe, do not believe
Those rigid threats of death; ye shall not die :

How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threatner? look on me,

Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate

Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot. 690
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire

For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain

Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be, 695
Deter'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil ;

Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?

God therefore cannot hurt you, and be just; 700
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd :
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.

Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Or to keep you low and ignorant,

His worshippers; he knows that in the day 705
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
Ye are but dim, shall perfectly be then

Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.

That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man, 710
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;
I of brute human, ye of human Gods.

So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods; death to be wish'd,

Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can
bring. 715

And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?

The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;

I question it, for this fair earth I see, 720
Wom'd by the sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing : if they all things, who inclos'd

Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That who eats thereof, forthwith attains

Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies 725
Th' offense, that Man should thus attain to know?

What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Import against his will if all be his?

Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
In heavenly breasts? these, these and many more

Causes import your need of this fair fruit. 731
Gods humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile

Into her heart too easy entrance won :
Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold 735

Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd

With reason, to her seeming, and with truth;
Mean while the hour of noon drew on, and

wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell 740

So savory of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,

Solicited her longing eyes; yet first
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mus'd.

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be'

admir'd, 746
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay

Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy

praise :
Thy praise he also who forbids thy use, 750

Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil ;

Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good

By thee communicated, and our want : 755
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.

In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?

Such prohibitions bind not. But if death 760
Binds us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat

Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the Serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,

And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone 766

Was death invented? or to us deny'd
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?

For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770

The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.

What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,

Of God or death, of law or penalty? 775
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,

Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat :

Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,

That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty Serpent, and well might, for Eve 785

Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd

In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancy'd so, through expectation high

Of knowledge, nor was God-head from her
thought. 790

Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,
And knew not eating death : Sate at length,

And lighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began.

O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees 795
 In Paradise, of operation blest
 To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created; but henceforth my early care,
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise,
 Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease 801
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature
 In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
 Though others envy what they cannot give; 805
 For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
 Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
 In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
 And giv'st access, though secret the retire. 810
 And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great forbidding, safe with all his spies 815
 About him. But to Adam in what sort
 Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power 820
 Without copartner? so to add what wants
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,
 A thing not undesirable, sometime
 Superior; for inferior who is free? 825
 This may be well: but what if God hath seen,
 And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
 And Adam wedded to another Eve,
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve, 830
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe;
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
 But first low reverence done, as to the Power 835
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
 Into the plant scintillating sap, deriv'd
 From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove
 Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn 840
 Her tresses, and her rural labors crown,
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill, 845
 Misgave him; he the faltering measure felt;
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That morn when first they parted; by the tree
 Of knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
 Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand 850
 A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
 To him she halted; in her face excuse
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
 Which with bland words at will she thus address'd.
 Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay? 856
 Thee I have mis'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
 Thy presence, agony of love till now
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more

Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought, 860
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
 This tree is not as we are told, a tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Opening the way, but of divine effect 865
 To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
 And hath been tasted such; the serpent wife,
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
 Indued with human voice and human sense, 871
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 Th' effects to correspond: opener mine eyes, 875
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
 Tediuous, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot 881
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
 Lest, thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit. 885

Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her story told;
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
 On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill 890
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
 Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed;
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke. 895

O fairest of creation, last and best
 Of all God's works, Creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, 900
 Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote?
 Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate
 The sacred fruit forbid'n? some cursed fraud
 Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown, 905
 And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to die:
 How can I live without thee, how forgo
 Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn? 910
 Should God create another Eve, and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
 The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state 915
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
 Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.
 Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous Eve,
 And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,
 Had it been only coveting to eye
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,

Much more to taste it under ban to touch. 925
 But past who can recall, or done undo?
 Not God omnipotent, nor Fate; yet so
 Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact
 Is not so hainous now, foretasted fruit,
 Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first 930
 Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste;
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live as Man
 Higher degree of life, inducement strong
 To us, as likely tasting to attain 935
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be
 But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-Gods.
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wife,
 Though threatening, will in earnest do destroy
 Us his prime creatures, dignified so high, 940
 Set over all his works, which in our fall,
 For us created, needs with us must fail,
 Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labor lose,
 Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his power
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loath 946
 Us to abolish, lest the Adversary
 Triumph and say; Fickle their state whom God
 Most favors; who can please him long? Me first
 He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?
 Matter of scorn not to be given the Foe. 951
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom; if death
 Comfort with thee, death is to me as life;
 So forcible within my heart I feel 955
 The bond of nature draw me to my own,
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.
 So Adam, and thus Eve to him reply'd. 960
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,
 Multitrious evidence, example high!
 Engaging me to emulate, but short
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
 Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak, 966
 One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,
 Rather than death or ought than death more dread
 Shall separate us, ~~link'd in love~~ so dear, 970
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
 This happy trial of thy love, which else 975
 So eminently never had been known.
 Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assur'd
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful love unequal'd; but I feel
 Far otherwise th' event, not death, but life
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before 986
 Had touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
 And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy 990
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
 In recompense (for such compliance bad
 Such recompense best merits) from the bough 995
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
 With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat
 Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
 But fondly overcome with female charm.
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again 1000
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
 Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin
 Original; while Adam took no thought,
 Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate 1005
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to sooth
 Him with her lov'd society: that now
 As with new wine intoxicated both
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them breeding wings, 1010
 Wherewith to scorn the earth: but that false fruit
 Far other operation first display'd,
 Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn: 1015
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
 Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
 And elegant, of sapience no small part,
 Since to each meaning favor we apply,
 And palate call judicious; I the praise 1020
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd,
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
 In things to us forbid'n, it might be wish'd, 1025
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious fare;
 For never did thy beauty since the day
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd 1030
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense
 With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
 So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood 1035
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
 He hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd,
 He led her nothing loath; flow'rs were the couch,
 Pansies and violets, and asphodel, 1040
 And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
 There they their fill of love and love's disport
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
 Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
 Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit, 1046
 That with exhilarating vapor bland
 About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers
 Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
 Incumber'd, now had left them; up they rose
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
 Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
 How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil

Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
 Just confidence, and native righteouſneſs, 1056
 And honor from about them, naked left
 To guilty ſhame; he cover'd, but his robe
 Uncover'd more. So roſe the Danite ſtrong
 Herculean Samſon from the harlot-lap 1060
 Of Philiftéan Dalilah, and wak'd
 Shorn of his ſtrength. They deſtitute and bare
 Of all their virtue: ſilent, and in face
 Confounded long they ſat, as ſtrucken mute,
 Till Adam, though not leſs than Eve abaſh'd, 1065
 At length gave utterance to theſe words conſtrain'd.

O Eve, in evil hour thou diſt give ear
 To that falſe worm, of whomſoever taught
 To counterfeit Man's voice, true in our fall,
 Falſe in our promiſ'd riſing; ſince our eyes 1070
 Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
 Both good and év'il, good loſt, and evil got,
 Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
 Which leaves us naked thus, of honor void,
 Of innocence, of faith, of purity, 1075
 Our wonted ornaments now ſoil'd and ſtain'd,
 And in our faces evident the ſigns
 Of foul conſciſſence; whence evil ſtore;
 Ev'n ſhame, the laſt of evils; of the firſt
 Be ſure then. How ſhall I behold the face 1080
 Henceforth of God or Angel, erſt with joy
 And rapture ſo oft beheld? thoſe heav'nly ſhapes
 Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
 Inſufferably bright. O might I here
 In ſolitude live ſavage, in ſome glade 1085
 Obſcur'd, where higheſt woods, impenetrable
 To ſtar or ſun-light, ſpread their umbrage broad
 And brown as evening: Cover me, ye Pines,
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
 Hide me, where I may never ſee them more. 1090
 But let us now, as in bad plight, deviſe
 What beſt may for the preſent ſerve to hide
 The parts of each from other, that ſeem moſt
 To ſhame obnoxious, and unſcemliſt ſeen;
 Some tree, whoſe broad ſmooth leaves together
 ſow'd, 1095

And girded on our loins, may cover round
 Thoſe middle parts, that this new comer, ſhame,
 There ſit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counſel'd he, and both together went
 Into the thickeſt wood; there ſoon they choſe 1100
 The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
 But ſuch as at this day to Indians known
 In Malabar or Decan ſpreads her arms
 Branching ſo broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 About the mother tree, a pillar'd ſhade 1106
 High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;
 There oft the Indian herdsman ſhunning heat
 Shelters in cool, and tends his paſturing herds
 At loopholes cut through thickeſt ſhade: Thoſe
 leaves 1110

They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,
 And with what ſkill they had, together ſow'd,
 To gird their waſte, vain covering if to hide
 Their guilt and dreaded ſhame; O how unlike
 To that firſt naked glory! Such of late 1115
 Columbus found th' American, ſo girt
 With feather'd cinſure, naked elſe and wild

Among the trees on iſes and woody ſhores.

Thus ſenc'd, and, as they thought, their ſhame in
 part

Cover'd, but not at reſt or eaſe of mind, 1120
 They ſat them down to weep; nor only tears
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worſe within
 Began to riſe, high paſſions, anger, hate,
 Miſtruſt, ſuſpicion, diſcord, and ſhook ſore
 Their inward ſtate of mind, calm region once 1125
 And full of peace, now toſt and turbulent:
 For underſtanding rul'd not, and the will
 Heard not her lore, both in ſubjection now
 To ſenſual appetite, who from beneath
 Uſurping over ſovran reaſon claim'd 1130
 Superior ſway: from thus diſtemper'd breaſt,
 Adam, eſtrang'd in look and alter'd ſtile,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

Would thou haſt hearken'd to my words, and
 ſtay'd

With me, as I beſought thee, when that ſtrange
 Deſire of wand'ring this unhappy morn, 1136
 I know not whence poſſeſs'd thee: we had then
 Remain'd ſtill happy; not as now, deſpoil'd
 Of all our good, ſham'd, naked, miſerable.
 Let none henceforth ſeek needleſs cauſe to ap-
 prove 1140

The faith they owe; when carneſtly they ſeek
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom ſoon mov'd with touch of blame thus
 Eve.

What words have paſs'd thy lips, Adam ſevere!
 Imput'ſt thou that to my default, or will 1145
 Of wand'ring, as thou call'ſt it, which who knows
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
 Or to thyſelf perhaps? haſt thou been there,
 Or here thy attempt, thou couldſt not have diſ-
 cern'd

Fraud in the Serpent, ſpeaking as he ſpoke; 1150
 No ground of enmity between us known,
 Why he ſhould mean me ill, or ſeek to harm.
 Was I to have never parted from thy ſide?
 As good have grown there ſtill a liſeleſs rib.
 Being as I am, why diſt not thou the head 1155
 Commend me abſolutely not to go,
 Going into ſuch danger as thou ſaiſt?
 Too facil then thou diſt not much gainſay,
 Nay diſt permit, approve, and fair diſmiſs.
 Haſt thou been firm and fix'd in thy diſſent, 1160
 Neither had I tranſgreſs'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then firſt incens'd Adam reply'd.
 Is this the love, is this the recompenſe
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expreſs'd
 Immutable when thou wert leſt, not I, 1165
 Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliſs,
 Yet willingly choſe rather death with thee?
 And am I now upbraided as the cauſe
 Of thy tranſgreſſing? not enough ſevere,
 It ſeems, in thy reſtraint: what could I more?
 I warn'd thee, I admoniſh'd thee, foretold 1170
 The danger, and the lurking enemy
 That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
 And force upon free will hath here no place.
 But confidence then bore thee on, ſecure 1175
 Either to meet no danger, or to find
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps

I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue 1180
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman overtrusting
Lest her will rule; restraint she will not brook

And left to' herself, if evil thence ensue, 1185
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.
Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by Man there committed, resolved to fit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

MEAN while the hainous and despitful act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heaven; for what can 'scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart 6
Omniscient? who in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of Man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd 10
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.

For still they knew, and ought to' have still re-
member'd
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty, 15
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man, for of his state by this they knew, 19
Much wond'ring how the subtle Fiend had stol'n
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news

From
All v
That
With
Abou
Th' e
How
Accou
With
And e
Etern
Amis
Affe
From
Nor tr
Which
Foreto
When
I told y
On his
And ill
Against
Concur
Or touc
His free
In even
What re
On his t
Which h
Because
By some
Forbear
Justice sh
But who
Viceger
All judg
H
Easy it m
Mercy co
Man's fri
Both ran
And desir
So spok
Tow'ard
Eas'd for
Resplende
Express'd,
Father
Mine both
Supreme,
May'tt eve
On earth t
Wherever j
When tim
Before the
Of right, t
On me der
Justice wit
Them fully
Attendance
Are to beh
Those two
Convict by
Conviction
Thus say
VOL.

From Earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, displeas'd
 All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages, yet mix'd
 With pity, violated not their bliss. 25
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
 Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befel: they tow'ards the throne supreme
 Accountable made haste to make appear
 With righteous plea their utmost vigilance, 30
 And easily approv'd; when the most high
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.
 Assembled Angels, and ye Pow'rs return'd
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd, 35
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Forc'd to lately what would come to pass,
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.
 I told you then he should prevail and speed 40
 On his bad errand, Man should be seduc'd
 And slatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker; no decree of mine
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse 45
 His free will, to her own inclining left
 In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
 On his transgression, death denounc'd that day?
 Which he presumes already vain and void, 50
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
 By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
 Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd 56
 All judgment, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or
 Hell.
 Easy it may be seen that I intend
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee
 Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd 60
 Both ransom and redeemer voluntary,
 And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.
 So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
 Tow'ard the right hand his glory, on the Son
 Flaz'd forth unclouded Deity; he full 65
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.
 Father eternal, thine is to decree,
 Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
 Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd 70
 May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
 On earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,
 Whenever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
 When time shall be, for so I undertook
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain 75
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd, 81
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
 Convict by sight, and rebel to all law:
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs.
 Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose 85
 VOL. II.

Of high collateral glory: him Thrones and
 Powers,
 Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant
 Accompanied to Heaven gate, from whence
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
 Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods 90
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes
 wing'd.
 Now was the sun in western cadence low
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
 To fan the earth new wak'd, and usher in
 The evening cool, when he from wrath more cool
 Came the mild judge and intercessor both 96
 To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they
 heard,
 And from his presence hid themselves among 100
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.
 Where art thou, Adam, went with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude, 105
 Where obvious duty ere while appear'd unfought:
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
 He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though
 first
 To offend, discount'nanc'd both, and discom-
 pos'd; 110
 Love was not in their looks, either to God
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
 Whence Adam fault'ring long, thus answer'd brief.
 I heard thee in the garden; and of thy voice 116
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile reply'd.
 My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoic'd; how is it now become 120
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree,
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?
 To whom thus Adam fore beset reply'd,
 O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand 125
 Before my judge, either to undergo
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life;
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130
 By my complaint; but strict necessity
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet
 thou 135
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
 This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140
 And what she did, whatever in itself,
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
 She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
 To whom the sovran Presence thus reply'd.

Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey 145
 Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,
 Superior, or but equal, that to her
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
 Wherein God set thee' above her made of thee,
 And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd 150
 Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract
 Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
 Were such as under government well seem'd,
 Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part 155
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few
 Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad Eve with shame nigh over-
 whelm'd,

Confessing soon, yet not before her judge 160
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd.
 The Serpent me beguill'd, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without de-
 lay.

To judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd
 Serpent though brute, unable to transfer 165

The guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his creation; justly then accurs'd,

As vitiated in nature: more to know
 Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)

Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last 171
 To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,

Though in myfterious terms, judg'd as then best:
 And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd 175
 Above all cattle, each beast of the field;

Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
 And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.

Between thee and the Woman I will put
 Enmity, and between thine and her feed; 180

Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his
 heel.

So spake this oracle, then verif'd
 When Jesus son of Mary, second Eve,

Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven,
 Prince of the air; then rising from his grave 185

Spoil'd Principalities and Pow'rs, triumph'd
 In open show, and with ascension bright

Captivity led captive through the air,
 The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,

Whom he shall tread at last under our feet; 190
 Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruise,

And to the Woman thus his sentence turn'd.
 Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply

By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
 In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will 195

Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd.
 Because thou' hast hearken'd to the voice of thy

wife,
 And eaten of the tree, concerning which

I charg'd thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat there-
 of: 200

Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
 Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;

Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
 Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field,

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, 205
 Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
 Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he Man, both judge and saviour sent,
 And th' instant stroke of death denounc'd that day

Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood 211
 Before him naked to the air, that now

Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,

As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now 215
 As father of his family he clad

Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
 Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;

And thought not much to clothe his enemies;
 Nor he their outward only with the skins 220

Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness

Araying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
 To him with swift ascent he up return'd,

Into his blissful bosom reasum'd 225
 In glory as of old; to him appeas'd

All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with
 Man

Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Mean while, ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on
 Earth,

Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death, 230
 In counterview within the gates, that now

Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
 Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,

Sin opening: who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing 235
 Idly, while Satan our great author thrives

In other worlds, and happier feat provides
 For us his offspring dear? It cannot be

But that success attends him; if misap,
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven 240

By his avengers, since no place like this
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.

Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
 Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large

Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on, 245
 Or sympathy, or force connatural force

Pow'rful at greatest distance to unite
 With secret amity things of like kind

By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade
 Inseparable must with me along: 250

For Death from Sin no pow'r can separate.
 But lest the difficulty of passing back

Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
 Impassable, impervious, let us try

Adventurous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine 255
 Not unagreeable, to found a path

Over this main from Hell to that new world
 Where Satan now prevails, a monument

Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse, 260

Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn

By this new-felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon, 265
 Go whither fate and inclination frong

Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
 The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw

Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The favor of Death from all things there that live:
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battel, to a field, 275
Where armies lie incamp'd, come flying; lur'd
With scent of living carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight:
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd

His nostril wide into the murky air, 280
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out Hell gates into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew diverie, and with pow'r (their pow'r was
great)

Hov'ring upon the waters, what they met 285
Solid or limy, as in raging sea
Toft up and down, together crouded drove
From each side shoaling tow'ards the mouth of
Hell:

As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive 290
Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
Beyond Petiora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated foil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,

As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm 295
As Delos floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move;
And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,

Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge 301

Of length prodigious, joining to the wild
Immoveable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to Hell. 305

So, if great things to small may be compar'd
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the sea, and over Hellespont
Guiding his way, Europe with Asia join'd, 310
And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant
waves.

Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Punical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd aby's, following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place where he 315

First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
In a cut of Chaos, to the outside bare

Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space 320

The confines met of empyrean Heaven
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos'd; three several ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.

And now their way to Earth they had descry'd, 325

To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the sun in Arics rose:

Disguis'd he came, but those his children dear 330
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.

He after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act

By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded 335
Upon her husband, saw their shame that fought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd

He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing guilty what his wrath 340
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd

By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood

Not instant, but of future time, with joy 345
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd

Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 350
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.

Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Inchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine 355
own;

Thou art their author and prime architect:
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a secret harmony

Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy
looks 360

Now also evidence, but strait I felt
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet
felt

That I must after thee with this thy son,
Such fatal consequence unites us three:

Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds, 365
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.

Thou hast atchiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within Hell gates till now, thou us impower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay 370

With this portentous bridge the dark aby's.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd

With odds what war hath lost, and fully' aveng'd
Our foil in Heav'n; here thou shalt monarch
reign, 375

There didst not; there let him still victor sway,
As battel hath adjudg'd, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,

And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds, 380
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,

Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne.

Whom thus the Prince of darkness answer'd
glad.

Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild
both,

High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race 385
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heav'n's almighty king)

Amplly have merited of me, of all

2 [L.] 2

Th' infernal empire, that so near heav'n's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
Mine with this glorious work, and made one
realm

Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with
ease,

To my associate Pow'rs, them to acquaint 395
With these successes, and with them rejoice,
You two this way, among these numerous orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the
earth

Dominion exercise and in the air, 400
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declar'd,
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send you, and create
Plenipotent on earth of matchless might
Issuing from me: on your joint vigor now 405
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear; go and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan,
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The causeway to Hell gate; on either side 415
Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate: for those 420
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd 425
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the
Grand

In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperor sent; so he
Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe
By Astracan over the snowy plains
Retires, or Baſſrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat 435
To Tauris or Casbeen: So these the late
Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the search
Of foreign worlds; he through the midst un-
mark'd, 441

In show plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne, which under state 445
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw unseen:

At last as from a cloud his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory since his fall 451
Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd behold,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was the ac-
clame: 455

Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Rais'd from their dark Divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Powers, 460

For in possession such, not only of right,
I call you and declare you now, return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead you forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe, 465
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
As Lords, a spacious world, to' our native Hea-
ven

Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep 471
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Soil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride 475
Th' untractable abyfs, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,

That jealous of their secrets fiercely oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protecting fate supreme; thence how I found 480
The new-created world, which fame in Heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile

Made happy: Him by fraud I have seduc'd 485
From his Creator, and the more to' increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490
Without our hazard, labor, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape 495
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' ac-
count 501

Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss?

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause 505
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long

Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more; 510
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intertwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power 515
 Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd
 According to his doom: he would have spoke,
 But his for his return'd with forked tongue
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to serpents all as accessories 520
 To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and tail,
 Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphibæna dire,
 Cerales horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear, 525
 And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the ile
 Ophiusa) but still greatest he the midst,
 Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
 Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime, 530
 Huge Python, and his pow'r no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to retain; they all
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array, 535
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief:
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
 Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathy; for what they saw, 540
 They felt themselves now changing; down their
 arms,
 Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
 Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment.
 As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they
 meant 545
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
 Cleft on themselves from their own mouths. There
 stood
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
 Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
 For one forbidden tree a multitude 554
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame;
 Not parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
 Climbing, far thicker than the snaky locks 560
 That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit 565
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they allay'd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drug'd as oft,
 With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws
 With soot and cinders fill'd: so oft they fell 570
 Into the same illusion, not as Man

Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were
 they plagu'd
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
 Yearly injoin'd, some say, to undergo 575
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash their pride, and joy for man seduc'd.
 However some tradition they dispers'd
 Among the Heathen of their purchase got,
 And fabled how the Serpent, whom they call'd
 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide 581
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
 And Ops, ere yet Diætan Jove was born.
 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair 585
 Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in pow'r before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began. 590
 Second of Satan sprung, all-conqu'ring Death,
 What think'st thou of our empire now, though
 earn'd
 With travel difficult, not better far
 Than still at Hell's dark threshold to' have fat
 watch, 594
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd?
 Whom thus the Sin-born monster answer'd soon.
 To me, who with eternal famin pine,
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven, 598
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
 To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps.
 To whom th' incestuous mother thus reply'd.
 Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and
 flowers
 Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,
 No homely morsels; and whatever thing 605
 The fith of Time moves down, devour unsparr'd;
 Till I in Man residing through the race,
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.
 This said, they both betook them several ways,
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make 611
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature
 Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,
 From his transcendent seat the Saints among,
 To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice. 615
 See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
 To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
 So fair and good created, and had still
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
 Let in these wasteful furies, who impute 620
 Folly to me, so doth the prince of Hell
 And his adherents, that with so much ease
 I suffer them to enter and possess
 A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
 To gratify my scornful enemies, 625
 That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
 At random yielded up to their misrule;
 And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
 Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath fied
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh
 burst

With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling 633
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws. 637
Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be made
pure

To sanctity that shall receive no stain:
Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precedes.

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud 641
Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son, 645
Destin'd restorer of mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was their
song,

While the Creator calling forth by name
His mighty Angels gave them several charge 650
As sort'd best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter, from the south to bring 655
Solstitial summer's heat. To the bianc moon
Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five
Their planetary motions and aspects

In sextile, square, and trine, and opposit
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join 660
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to shower,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: To the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll 666
With terror through the dark aerial hall.

Some say he bid his angels turn acause
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle, they with labor push'd 670
Oblique the centric globe: Some say the sun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins
Up to the Tropic Crab: thence down amain 675
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,

As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernal flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those 680
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known

Or east or west, which had forbid the snow 685
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
The sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now, 690
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow,
produc'd

Like change on sea and land, sidereal blast,
Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot,

Corrupt and pestilent: Now from the north 695
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas and Cæcias and Argeftes loud
And Thracias rend the woods and seas upturn; 700
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds
From Serrationa; thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds
Eurus and Zephyr with their lateral noise, 705
Sirocco, and Libeccio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with
fowl, 710

And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glar'd on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries which Adam saw 715
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
'To sorrow' abandon'd, but worse felt within,
And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden fought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happy! is this the end 720
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end 725
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Increase and multiply,* 730
Now death to hear! for what can I increase
Or multiply, but curses on my head?

Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure, 735
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration! So besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,

On me as on their natural center light 740
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
D,d I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mold me Man, did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place 745
In this delicious garden? as my will
Concur'd not to my be'ing, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform 750
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy justice seems. Yet, to say truth, too late 755
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,

Then cail the conditions? and though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 760
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election
 But natural necessity begot. 765
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
 Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return: 770
 O welcome hour whenever! why delays
 His hand to execute what his decree
 Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet 775
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth
 Inkenible! how glad would lay me down
 As in my mother's lap? there I should rest
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse 780
 To me and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of Man
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish 785
 With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
 Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life.
 And sin? the body properly hath neither. 791
 All of me then shall die: let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrath also? be it, Man is not so, 795
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on Man whom death must
 end?
 Can he make deathless death? that were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as argument 800
 Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite
 In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigor
 Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust and nature's law, 805
 By which all causes else according still
 To the reception of their matter act,
 Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
 That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without, and so last
 To perpetuity; Ay me, that fear
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenseless head; both Death and I 815
 Are found eternal, and incorporate both,
 Nor I on my part single, in me all
 Posterity stands curs'd: Fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! 820
 So disinherited how would you bless
 Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind

For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd
 Not to do only, but to will the same 826
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him after all disputes
 For'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me
 still 830
 But to my own conviction: first and last
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou
 support
 That burden heavier than the earth to bear, 835
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future, 840
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.
 O Conscience, into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd.
 Thus Adam to himself lamented loud 845
 Through the still night, not now, as ere Man fell,
 Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black air
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror: on the ground 850
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
 Curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd
 The day of his offense. Why comes not death,
 Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke 855
 To end me? shall truth fail to keep her word,
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?
 But death comes not at call, justice divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales and bowers,
 With other echo late I taught your shades 861
 To answer, and refund far other song.
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
 Desolate where she sat, approaching night,
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd: 865
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.
 Out of my sight, thou Serpent; that name best
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false
 And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
 Like his, and color serpentine, may show 870
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
 Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pre-
 tended
 To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee
 I had persist'd happy, had not thy pride
 And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe, 875
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
 Though by the Dev'il himself, him overweening
 To over-reach, but with the serpent meeting
 Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee, 880
 To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wife
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
 And understood not all was but a show
 Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib

Crook'd by nature, bent, as now appears, 885
 More to the part sinister, from me drawn,
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
 To my just number found. O why did God,
 Creator wife, that peopled highest Heaven
 With Spirits masculine, create at last 890
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With Men as Angels without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n, 895
 And more that shall befall, innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,
 And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake; 900
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame: 906
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet 911
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forfake me not thus, Adam: witness Heaven
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart 915
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920
 My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity 925
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,
 On me already lost, me than thyself
 More miserable; both have sinn'd, but thou 930
 Against God only, I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
 The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe, 935
 Me, me only, just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration; soon his heart relented 940
 Tow'ards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid;
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost, 945
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
 So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thyself; alas,

Bear thine own fist, ill able to sustain 950
 His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visit'd, 955
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
 To me committed and by me expos'd.
 But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
 In offices of love, how we may lighten 960
 Each other's burden, in our share of woe;
 Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I see,
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,
 A long day's dying to augment our pain,
 And to our feed (O hapless feed!) deriv'd. 965
 To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply'd.

Adam, by sad experiment I know
 How little weight my words with thee can find,
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event
 Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, 970
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
 Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
 Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
 What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen, 975
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.
 If care of our descent perplex us most,
 Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
 By Death at last; and miserable it is 981
 To be to others cause of misery,
 Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
 Into this curied world a woful race,
 That after wretched life must be at last 985
 Food for so foul a monster; in thy power
 It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
 The race unblest, as be'ing yet unbegot.
 Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death
 Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two 990
 Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
 Converting, looking, loving, to abstain
 From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
 And with desire to languish without hope, 995
 Before the present object languishing
 With like desire, which would be misery
 And torment less than none of what we dread;
 Then both ourselves and seed at once to free
 From what we fear from both, let us make short,
 Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply 1001
 With our own hands his office on ourselves:
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
 That show no end but death, and have the power,
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing, 1005
 Destruction with destruction to destroy?

She ended here, or vehement despair
 Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
 Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
 But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd 1010
 To better hopes his more attentive mind
 Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd.
 Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime

And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
 But self-destruction therefore sought, refuses 1016
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
 For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
 Or it thou covest death, as utmost end 1020
 Of misery, so thinking to evade
 The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God
 Hath wif her arm'd his vengeful ire than so
 To be forefall'd; much more I feel lest death
 So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain 1025
 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
 To make death in us live: Then let us seek
 Some safer resolution, which methinks
 I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030
 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
 The Serpent's head; piteous amends, unless
 Be meant, whom I conjuncture, our grand foe
 Satan, who in the serpent hath contriv'd
 Against us this deceit: to crush his head 1035
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
 Resolv'd as thou proposest; so our foe
 Shall scape his punishment ordain'd and we
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
 No more be mention'd then of violence
 Against ourselves, and wilful barr'ners,
 That cuts us off from hope, and favors only
 Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke 1045
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
 Without wrat^h or reviling; we expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold. 1051
 And bringing forth, soon recompens'd with joy,
 Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
 Glanc'd on the ground; with labor I must earn
 My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse:
 My labor will sustain me; and lest cold 1056
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care
 Hath unbefought provided, and his hands
 Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline, 1061

And teach us further by what means to shun
 Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?
 Which now the sky with various face begins
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds 1065
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of those fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment 1071
 Or by collision of two bodies grind
 The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
 Jostling or push'd with winds rude in their shock
 Tine the flant lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n
 down 1075
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,
 Which might supply the sun: such fire to use
 And what may else be remedy or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace 1081
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest and native home. 1085
 What better can we do, than to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign 1091
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seem'd, and most severe, 1095
 What else but favor, grace, and mercy shone?
 So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd 1100
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him; the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had remov'd
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the Spi'rit of prayer 6
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heaven with speedier
flight

Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these, 11
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd 16
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began. 21

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in Man, these sighs
And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring; 25
Fruits of more pleasing favor from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n

From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication, hear his sighs though mute; 31
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me
Good or not good ingraft, my merit those 33
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace tow'ard mankind; let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom, 40
(which I

To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene. 46
All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements that know 50
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first 55
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happiness

And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other serv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the just,
Reigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the Blest
Through Heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will
not hide

My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they saw,
And in their state, though firm, stood more con-
firm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. Th' angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers
Of amaranth shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where'er they sat
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats; till from his throne supreme
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got,
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Left therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, sifter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,
From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them soften'd and with tears
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the Woman's seed renew'd;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in
peace:

And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame

Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the tree of life:
Left Paradise a receptacle prove

To Spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whose stol'n fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd; and th' archangelic Pow'r prepar'd
For swift descent with him the cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their shape
Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while
To resolute the world with sacred light
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalm'd
The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and sound
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends;
But that from us ought should ascend to Heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I fought
By pray'r th' offended Deity to appease,
Kneel'd and before him humbled all my heart,
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favor; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek.
Ill worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am grac'd
The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to' entitle me vouchsaf'st,
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labor calls us now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless night; for see the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth,
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now in-
join'd

Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve, but
fate
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air, suddenly eclips'd

After short blush of morn; nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, floop'd from his aery tour, 185
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight.
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase 191
Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake.

O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in nature
shows,

Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn 195
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death releas'd
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more? 200
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
One way the self-same hour? why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws 205
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heav'nly
fraught?

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt, 210
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw 214
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man, assassin like, had levied war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch 220
In their bright stand there left his Pow'rs to seize
Possession of the garden; he alone,
'To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve, 224
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake.

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determin, or impose
New laws to be observ'd; for I descry
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill
One of the heav'nly host, and by his gait 230
None of the meanest, some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such majesty
Invests him coming; yet not terrible
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide, 235
But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms 240
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibæan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof;
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime 245
In manhood where youth ended; by his side

As in a glitt'ring zodiac hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd. 250

Adam, Heav'n's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done 256
Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appear'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious clame;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come, 260
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, sifter soil.

He added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound: Eve, who unseen 265
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last 275

At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave you names,
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd 280
With what to fight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits? 285

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild.
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-sound, on that which is not thine.
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes 290
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.
Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd. 295
Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or
nam'd

Of them the high'est, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides 300
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else 305
Inhospitable appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries: 310

But pray'r against his absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind,
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence, 315
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
 His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent
 With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree 320
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory, 325
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flowers:
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or foot-Step trace?
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd 330
 To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.
 To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
 Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the
 Earth, 335
 Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
 All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift; surmise not then 340
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
 Of Paradise or Eden: this had been
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
 All generations, and had hither come
 From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate 345
 And reverence thee their great progenitor.
 But this preeminence thou' hast lost, brought
 down
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
 God is as here, and will be found alike 350
 Present, and of his presence many a sign
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal love, his face
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.
 Which that thou may'st believe, and be con-
 firm'd 355
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
 To show thee what shall come in future days
 To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
 Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
 With sinfulness of men; thereby learn 360
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow, equally inur'd
 By moderation either state, to bear,
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure 365
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
 This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
 Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st;
 As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd.
 To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd. 370
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n sub-
 mit,

However chaf't'ning, to the evil turn
 My obvious breast, arming to overcome
 By suffering, and earn rest from labor won, 375
 If so I may attain. So both ascend
 In the visions of God: It was a hill
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
 The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
 Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect
 lay. 380
 Not higher that hill nor wider looking round,
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
 Our second Adam in the wilderness,
 To shew him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.
 His eye might there command wherever stood 386
 City of old or modern fame, the seat
 Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls
 Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
 To Paquin of Sinzan kings, and thence 390
 To Agra and Lihor of Great Mogul
 Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance, 395
 Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
 Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port
 Ercoco, and the less marium kings
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
 And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm 400
 Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
 The kingdoms of Almanfor, Fez and Suz,
 Marocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;
 On Europe thence, and where Rome wast to sway
 The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw 406
 Rich Mexico the seat of Montezume,
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
 Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoild
 Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons 410
 Call El Dorado; but to nobler sights
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
 Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight
 Had bred; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see; 415
 And from the well of life three drops inspir'd.
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,
 E'en to the inmost seat of mental sight,
 That Adam now enforc'd to close his eyes,
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became intrans'd;
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand 421
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.
 Adam, now open thine eyes, and first behold
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
 Th' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspir'd,
 Nor sin'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.
 His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves 430
 New reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds;
 In th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,
 Rustic, of grassy ford; thither anon
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought 434
 First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next

More meek came with the sucklings of his flock
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
 His offering soon propitious fire from Heaven 441
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam;
 The other's not, for his was not sincere;
 Whereat he indly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone 445
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
 Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cry'd.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd; 451
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?

T' whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, reply'd.
 These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
 Out of thy loins; th' unjust the just hath slain, 455
 For envy that his brother's offering found
 From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact
 Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd
 Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
 Rolling in dust and gore. To which our fire. 460

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
 But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
 I must return to native dust? O fight
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel! 465

To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man; but many shapes
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
 To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
 More terrible at th' entrance than within. 470

Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
 By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
 Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know
 What misery th' inabstinence of Eve 476

Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,
 A lazarus-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseases, all maladies 480

Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
 Demoniac phrenzy, mooping melancholy, 485

And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
 Dropsies, and asthma, and joint-racking rheums.
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
 Tended the sick busied from couch to couch; 490

And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
 Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept, 495

Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;
 And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable mankind, to what fall 500
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!

Better end here unborn. Why is life given
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why
 Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept 505
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
 Th' image of God in man created once
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd 510
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And for his Maker's image sake exempt?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd 515
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
 His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
 Inducive mainly to the sin of Eve.

Therefore so abject is their punishment, 520
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd,
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
 To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
 God's image did not reverence in themselves. 525

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.
 But is there yet no other way, besides
 These painful passages, how we may come
 To death, and mix with our consubstantial dust?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe 530
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from
 thence

Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
 Till many years over thy head return:
 So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease 536
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature:
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will
 change

To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then 540
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo,
 To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume 545
 The balm of life. To whom our ancestor.

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
 Fairest and easiest of this cumbersome charge,
 Which I must keep till my appointed day 550
 Of rendring up, and patiently attend
 My dissolution. Michael reply'd.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
 Live well, how long or short permit to Heaven:
 And now prepare thee for another sight. 555

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
 Were tents of various hue; by some were herds
 Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
 Of instruments that made melodious chime 559
 Was heard, of harp and organ; and who mov'd
 Their stops and chords was seen; his volant touch
 Instinct through all proportions low and high
 Flew and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
 In other part stood one who at the forge

Lab'ring, two maffy clods of ir'on and brais 565
 Had melted, (whether found where cafual fire
 Had wafted woods on mountain or in vale,
 Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
 To fome cave's mouth, or whether wafh'd by
 fiream
 From underground) the liquid ore he drain'd 570
 Into fit molds prepar'd; from which he form'd
 Firft his own tools; then, what might elfe he
 wrought
 Full or grav'n in metal. After thefe,
 But on the hither fide, a different fort
 From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their
 feat, 575
 Down to the plain defcended: by their guife
 Juft men they feem'd, and all their ftudy bent
 To worfhip God aright, and know his works
 Not hid, nor thofe things laft which might preferve
 Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain 580
 Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay
 In gems and wanton drefs; to th' harp they fung
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
 The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their
 eyes 585
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
 Fair caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chofe;
 And now of love they treat, till th' evening ftar,
 Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 590
 Hymen, then firft to marriage rites invok'd:
 With feaft and mufic all the tents refound.
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love and youth not loft, fongs, garlands, flowers,
 And charming fymphonies, attach'd the heart 595
 Of Adam foon inclin'd t' admit delight,
 The bent of nature; which he thus exprefs'd.
 True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel bleft,
 Much better feems this vifion, and more hope
 Of peaceful days portends, than thofe two paft; 600
 Thofe were of hate and death, or pain much worfe,
 Here nature feems fulfill'd in all her ends.
 To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is beft
 By pleafure, though to nature feeming meet,
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end 605
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.
 Thofe tents thou faw'ft fo pleafant, were the tents
 Of wickednefs, wherein fhall dwell his race
 Who flew his brother; ftudious they appear 610
 Of arts that polifh life, inventors rare,
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
 Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd
 none.
 Yet they a beauteous offspring fhall beget;
 For that fair female troop thou faw'ft, that feem'd
 Of Goddeffes, fo blithe, fo fmooth, fo gay, 615
 Yet empty of all good wherein confifts
 Woman's domeftic honor and chief praife;
 Bred only and completed to the tafte
 Of luftful appetite, to fing, to dance,
 To drefs, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.
 To thefe that fober race of men, whofe lives 621
 Religious titled them the fons of God,
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
 Equally, to the trains and to the fmoles

Of thefe fair atheifts, and now fwim in joy, 625
 Ere long to fwim at large; and laugh, for which
 The world ere long a world of tears muft weep.
 To whom thus Adam of fhort joy bereft.
 O pity and fhame, that they who to live well
 Enter'd fo fair, fhould turn afide to tread 630
 Paths indireft, or in the mid-way faint!
 But ftill I fee the tenor of Man's woe
 Holds on the fame, from Woman to begin.
 From Man's effeminate flacknefs it begins,
 Said th' Angel, who fhould better hold his place
 By wifdom and fuperior gifts receiv'd. 636
 But now prepare thee for another fcene.
 He look'd, and faw wide territory fpread
 Before him, towns, and rural works between,
 Cities of men with lofty gates and towers, 640
 Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
 Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;
 Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming ftced,
 Single or in array of battel rang'd
 Both horfe and foot, nor idly muft'ring ftood; 645
 One way a band flect from forage drives
 A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine
 From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
 Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
 Their booty; fcarce with life the fhepherds fly,
 But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray; 651
 With cruel torneament the fquadrons join;
 Where cattel pafcur'd late, now fcatter'd lies
 With carcafles and arms th' infanguin'd field
 Deferted: others to a city ftroag 655
 Lay ftege, incamp'd; by battery, fcale, and mine,
 Affaulting; others from the wall defend
 With dart and javelin, ftones and fuphurous fire;
 On each hand flaughter and gigantic deeds.
 In other part the fcepter'd heralds call 660
 To council in the city gates: anon
 Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
 Affemble, and harangues are heard, but foon
 In factious oppofition, till at laft
 Of middle age one rifing, eminent 665
 In wife deport, fpake much of right and wrong,
 Of juftice, of religion, truth and peace,
 And judgment from above: him old and young
 Exploded, and had feiz'd with violent hands,
 Had not a cloud defcending fnatch'd him thence
 Unfeen amid the throng: fo violence 671
 Proceeded, and oppreffion, and fword-law
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
 Lamenting turn'd full fad; O what are thefe, 675
 Death's minifters, not men, who thus deal death
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply
 Ten thoufand fold the fin of him who flew
 His brother: for of whom fuch mafacre 679
 Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
 But who was that juft man, whom had not Heaven
 Refcued, had in his righteoufnefs been loft?
 To whom thus Michael. Thefe are the product
 Of thofe ill-mated marriages thou faw'ft;
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of
 themfelves 685
 Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd,
 Produce prodigious births of body' or mind.
 Such were thefe giants, men of high renown;

For in those days might only shall be admir'd,
And valor and heroic virtue call'd; 690
To overcome in battel, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be stil'd great conquerors, 695
Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he the sev'nth from thee, whom thou beheldst
The only righteous in a world perverse, 701
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his Saints: him the most High
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds 706
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment: 710
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite
chang'd;

The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
All now was thro' to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance, 715
Marrying or prostituting, as beset,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend fire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declar'd 720
And testify'd against their ways; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereof met,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd,
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison under judgments imminent: 725
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and
hight, 730
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large
For man and beast: when lo a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small
Came sev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: last the fire, and his three sons 736
With their four wives; and God made fast the
door.

Meanwhile the south-wind rose, and with black
wings

Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the hills to their supply 740
Vapor, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up again; and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark cieling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen; the floating vessel swum 745
Uplifted, and secure with beaked pr w
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,

Sea without shore; and in their palaces 750
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum embark'd.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad, 755
Depopulation! thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns 760
His children, all in view destroy'd at once;
And scarce to th' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

O visions ill foreseen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot 765
Enough to bear; those now, that were dispens'd
The burd'n of many ag's, on me I might
At once by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
Wish thought that they must be. Let no man
seek 770

Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil shall no less
My part of evil only, each day's lot 775
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd
Famine and anguish will at last consume
Wand'ring that watry desert: I had hope
When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth, 780
All would have then gone well, peace would have
crown'd

With length of happy days the race of man;
But I was far deceiv'd; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus? unfold, celestial Guide, 785
And whether here the race of man will end.

To whom thus Michael. Those whom last
thou saw'st

In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void; 790
Who having spilt much blood, and done much
waste,

Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and
sloth,

Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride 795
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.

The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,
Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In sharp contest of battel found no aid 800

Against invaders: therefore cool'd in zeal
Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' earth shall
bear

More than enough, that temp'rance may be
try'd: 805

So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
Justice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot;

One m
In a d
Again
Offend
Or vi
Shall t
The pa
And fel
On the
Of the
The on
Shall bu
To save
A world
No loon
Select fo
And the
Of Heav
Rain day
Broke up
Beyond a
Above th
Of Para
Out of hi
With all
Down th
And the
The haun
To teach
No sancti
By men v
And now
He lool
Which no
Driv'n by
Wrinkled
And the c
Gaz'd hot
As after t
From stan
With soft
fo
His sluces,
The ark n
Fast on the
And now t
With clam
Towards
Forthwith
And after
A dove fer

VOL. II

One man except, the only son of light
 In a dark age, against example good,
 Against allurements, custom, and a world 810
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come 815
 On their impenitence; and shall return
 Of them derided, but of God observ'd
 The one just man alive; by his command
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,
 To save himself and household from amidst 820
 A world devote to universal wrack.
 No sooner he wist them of man and beast
 Select for life shall in the ark be lodg'd,
 And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
 Of Heav'n set open on the earth shall pour 825
 Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
 Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd 830
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
 Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,
 And there take root an island salt and bare,
 The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews clang:
 To teach thee that God attributes to place 836
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.
 He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
 Which now abated; for the clouds were fled, 841
 Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
 And the clear sun on his wide watry glass
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
 As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had
 flopt
 His sluices, as the Heav'n his windows shut.
 The ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd. 851
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
 With clamor thence the rapid currents drive
 Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies, 855
 And after him, the surer messenger,
 A dove sent forth once and again to spy

Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
 The second time returning, in his bill
 An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign: 160
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
 The ancient fire descends with all his train;
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow 865
 Conspicuous with three list'd colors gay,
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
 Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
 Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth.
 O thou who future things canst represent 870
 As present, heav'nly instructor, I revive
 At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
 Far less I now lament for one whole world
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice 875
 For one man found so perfect and so just,
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world
 From him, and all his anger to forget.
 But say, what mean those color'd streaks in Hea-
 ven
 Distend'd as the brow of God appears'd, 880
 Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
 The fluid skirts of that same watry cloud,
 Left it again dissolve and show'r the earth?
 To whom th' Arch-Angel. Dextrously thou
 aim'st;
 So willingly doth God remit his ire, 885
 Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,
 Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
 The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
 Corrupting each their way; yet, those remov'd,
 Such grace shall one just man find in his sight, 890
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
 And makes a covenant never to destroy
 The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
 Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
 With man therein or beast; but when he brings
 Over the earth a cloud, will therein set 896
 His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look,
 And call to mind his covenant: day and night,
 Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost
 Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things
 new, 900
 Both Heav'n and Earth wherein the just shall
 dwell.

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam greatly satisfied and re-comforted by these relations and promises descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
 Though bent on speed; so here th' Arch-
 Angel paus'd
 Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
 If Adam ought perhaps might interpose;
 Then with transition sweet new speech resumes. 5
 Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
 And man as from a second stock proceed.
 Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
 Thy mortal fight to fail; objects divine
 Must needs impair and weary human sense: 10
 Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
 This second source of men, while yet but few,
 And while the dread of judgment past remains
 Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, 15
 With some regard to what is just and right
 Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
 Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
 Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock,
 Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20
 With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred
 feast,
 Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
 Long time in peace by families and tribes
 Under paternal rule: till one shall rise
 Of proud ambitious heart, who not content 25
 With fair equality, fraternal state,
 Will arrogate dominions undeserv'd
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess

Concord and law of nature from the earth,
 Hunting (and men not beasts shall be his game)
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be fill'd
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,
 Or from Heav'n claiming second sovereignty;
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
 With him or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from Eden towards the west, shall
 find 40
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
 Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
 A city and tow'r, whose top may reach to Hea-
 ven;
 And get themselves a name, lest far dispers'd 45
 In foreign lands their memory be lost,
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.
 But God, who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50
 Comes down to see their city, era the tower
 Obstruct Heav'n's tow'rs, and in derision sets
 Upon their tongues a various spirit to raise
 Quite out their native language, and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown: 55
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud

Among the builders; each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm; great laughter was in
Heaven

And looking down, to see the hubbub strange 60
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd.
O execrable son so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming 65
Authority usarp'd, from God not given:
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Eunition absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord; such title to himself 70
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Says, not on man; to God his tow'r intends
Sight and defiance: Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain 75
Himself and his rash army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men 80
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd, 86
Immediately inordinate desires

And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore since he permits
Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign 91
Over free reason, God in judgment just
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft us undeservedly intrall
His outward freedom: tyranny must be, 95
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100
That inward lost: Witness th' irreverent son
Of him who built the ark, who for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Curst of servants, on his vicious race.

Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Worried with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways; 110
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be involk'd,
A nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship; O that men 115
(Curst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the
flood,

As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone

For Gods! yet him God the most High vouchsafes
To call by vision from his father's house, 121

His kindred and false Gods, into a land
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed 125
All nations shall be blest; he strait obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil
Ur of Chaldees, passing now the ford 130
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents 135
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south,
(Things by their names I call, though yet un-
nam'd).

From Hermon east to the great western sea;
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons 145
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his seed be blest'd; by that seed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon 150
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grand-child leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
The grand-child with twelve sons increas'd de-
parts 155

From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at sev'n mouths
Into the sea: to sojourn in that land
He comes invited by a younger son 160
In time of dearth, a son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation, and now grown
Sufficed to a sequent king, who seeks 165
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them
slaves

Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:
Till by two-brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to clame 170
His people from int'ralment, they return
With glory, and spoil back to their promis'd land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire;
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd; 176
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh imbosh, 180
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,

Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian sky,
 And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls;
 What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down 185
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
 Darknes must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darknes, and blot out three days;
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
 The river-dragon tam'd at length submits 191
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
 More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 195
 Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass
 As on dry land between two crystal walls,
 Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
 Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shore:
 Such wondrous pow'r God to his saint will lend,
 Though present in his Angel, who shall go 201
 Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,
 To guide them in their journey, and remove
 Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues:
 All night he will pursue, but his approach 206
 Darknes defends between till morning watch;
 Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,
 And craze their chariot wheels: when by com-
 mand 210

Moses once more his potent rod extends
 Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
 On their imbattel'd ranks the waves return,
 And overwhelm their war: the race elect
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance 215
 Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,
 Left entering on the Canaanite alarm'd
 War terrify them inexpert, and fear
 Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life 220
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
 This also shall they gain by their delay
 In the wide wilderness, there they shall found
 Their government, and their great senate choose
 Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws or-
 dain'd: 226

God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets found,
 Ordain them laws; part such as appertain 230
 To civil justice, part religious rites
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
 And shadows, of that destin'd Seed to bruise
 The Serpent, by what means he shall atchieve
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
 To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech 236
 That Moses might report to them his will,
 And terror cease; he grants what they besought
 Instructed that to God is no access
 Without mediator, whose high office now 240
 Moses in figure bears, to introduce
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,
 And all the prophets in their age the times
 Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites

Establish'd, such delight hath God in men 245
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
 Among them to set up his tabernacle,
 The holy One with mortal men to dwell:
 By his precept a sanctuary is fram'd
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein 250
 An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
 The records of his covenant, over these
 A mercy-seat of gold between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn
 Sev'n lamps as in a zodiac representing 255
 The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
 Save when they journey, and at length they come,
 Conducted by his Angel to the land
 Promis'd to Abraham and his seed: the rest 260
 Were long to tell, how many battels fought,
 How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,
 Or how the sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
 Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand,
 And thou moon in the vale of Aialon, 265
 Till Israel overcome; so call the third
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from Heaven,
 Inlightner of my darknes, gracious things 271
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
 Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
 Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much
 eas'd,
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would be-
 come 275

Of me and all mankind; but now I see
 His day, in whom all nations shall be blest,
 Favor unmerited by me, who sought
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those 280
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
 So many and so various laws are given:
 So many laws argue so many sins
 Among them; how can God with such reside?
 To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that 285
 sin

Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
 And therefore was law giv'n them to evince
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up
 Sin against law to fight: that when they see
 Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290
 Save by these shadowy expiations weak,
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
 To them by faith imputed, they may find 295
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
 Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
 Perform, and not performing cannot live.
 So law appears imperfect, and but given 300
 With purpose to resign them in full time
 Up to a better covenant, disciplin'd
 From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit.
 From imposition of strict laws to free
 Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear 305
 To filial, works of law to works of faith.

And the
 Highly
 Of law
 But Joh
 His nam
 The a
 Throug
 Safe to
 Mean w
 Long tin
 Nationa
 Provoki
 From w
 By judg
 The seco
 And pui
 Irrevoca
 For even
 All prop
 Of Davi
 A son, t
 Foretell
 All natio
 The last
 But first
 And his
 The clou
 Wand'r
 Such fol
 Part goo
 Whose lo
 Heap'd
 God, as
 Their ci
 With all
 To that
 Left in
 There in
 The sp
 Rememb
 To Davi
 Return
 Their lo
 They fir
 In mean
 In wealt
 But first
 Men wh
 Endeavo
 Upon th
 The feet
 Then lo
 Ancients
 Bar'd d
 Unseen
 And gu
 His plac
 His plac
 To simp
 They gl
 Of squa
 A virg
 The pow

And therefore, shall not Moses, though of God
Highly below'd, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call, 310
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary Serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness long wander'd
man

Safe to eternal Paradise of rest. 314
Mean while they in their earthly Canaan plac'd
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies:-
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By judges first, then under kings; of whom 320
The second, both for piety renown'd
And pious deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock 325
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The last, for of his reign shall be no end. 330
But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple' inshrine.
Such follow him as shall be register'd 335
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular sun, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark 340
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of sev'nty years, then brings them
back, 345
Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
To David, establish'd as the days of Heaven.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
They first re edify, and for a while 350
In mean estate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But first among the priests dissension springs,
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavor peace: their strife pollution brings 355
Upon the temple itself: at last they seize
The scepter, and regard not David's sons,
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed king Messiah might be born
Bar'd of his right; yet at his birth a star 360
Unseen before in Heaven proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold;
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire 366
Of squadron'd Angels hear his carol sung.
A virgin is his mother, but his fire
The pow'r of the most High; he shall ascend

The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 370
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the
Heavens.

He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he
breath'd.

O prophet of glad tidings, finisher 375
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my fledgest thoughts have search'd in
vain;

Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, hail, 379
High in the love of Heaven, yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God most High; so God with Man unites.
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain, say where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's
heel. 385

To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their
fight,

As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome 390
Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed; nor can this be, 395
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can high justice rest appeal'd. 401

The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the flesh 405
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits 409
To save them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accurs'd, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life;
But to the cross he nails thy enemies, 415
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives; death over him no power 420
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life 425
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have
dy'd,

In sin for ever lost from life; this act
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
 Defeating sin and death, his two main arms 431
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings
 Than temp'ral death shall bruise the victor's heel,
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
 A gentle wafting to immortal life. 435
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
 Longer on earth than certain times to' appear
 To his disciples, men who in his life
 Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd 440
 And his salvation, them who shall believe
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
 Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
 For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd. 445
 All nations they shall teach; for from that day
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 450
 Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
 With victory, triumphing through the air
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprize
 The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
 Then enter into glory, and resume 456
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
 Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
 With glory and pow'r to judge both quick and
 dead, 460
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
 Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days. 465
 So spake th' Arch-Angel Michaël, then paus'd,
 As at the world's great period; and our fire
 Replete with joy and wonder thus reply'd.
 O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce, 470
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful
 Than that which by creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin
 By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice 475
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall
 spring,
 To God more glory, more good will to men
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
 But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven
 Must reascend, what will betide the few 480
 His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
 The enemies of truth? who then shall guide
 His people, who defend? will they not deal
 Worse with his followers than with him they
 dealt?
 Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from
 Heaven 485
 He to his own a Comforter will send,
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
 His Spirit within them, and the law of faith
 Working through love, upon their hearts shall
 write,

To guide them all in truth, and also arm 490
 With spiritual armour, able to resist
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
 What man can do against them, not afraid,
 Though to the death, against such cruelties
 With inward consolations recompens'd, 495
 And oft supported so as shall amaze
 Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit
 Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
 To evangelize the nations, then on all
 Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts indue
 To speak all tongues, and do all miracles, 501
 As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
 Great numbers of each nation to receive
 With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at
 length
 Their ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505
 Their doctrine and their story written left,
 They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
 To their own vile advantages shall turn 510
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
 With superstitious and traditions taint,
 Left only in those written records pure,
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.
 Then shall they seek to' avail themselves of names,
 Places, and titles, and with these to join 516
 Secular pow'r; though feigning still to act
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and given
 To all believers; and from that pretence, 520
 Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r shall force
 On every conscience; laws which none shall find
 Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
 But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind 525
 His comfort liberty? what, but unbuild
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,
 Their own faith, not another's? for on earth
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume: 530
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
 Religion satisfied; truth shall retire 535
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
 Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,
 Under her own weight groaning, till the day
 Appear of respiration to the just, 540
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return
 Of him to lately promis'd to thy aid
 The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
 Last in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd 546
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
 Satan with his perverted world, then raise
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, ages of endless date
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love, 550
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.
 He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd.
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,

Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,
 Till time stand fix'd? beyond is all abyss, 555
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
 And love with fear the only God, to walk
 As in his presence, ever to observe
 His providence, and on him sole depend,
 Merciful over all his works, with good 565
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd
 weak
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
 By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
 Is fortitude to highest victory, 570
 And to the faithful death the gate of life;
 Taught this by his example whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.
 To whom thus also th' Angel last reply'd.
 This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum 575
 Of wisdom; hope no high'er, though all the stars
 Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal
 powers,
 All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
 Or works of God in Heav'n, air, earth, or sea,
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst, 580
 And all the rule, one empire; only add
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
 Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
 By name to come call'd charity, the soul
 Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath 585
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
 A Paradise within thee, happier far.
 Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of speculation; for the hour precise
 Expires our parting hence; and see the guards,
 By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect 591
 Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
 Insignial of remove, waves fiercely round;
 We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
 Heralds I with gentle dreams have calm'd 595
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
 To meek submission: thou at season fit
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
 The great deliverance by her seed to come 600
 (For by the Woman's seed) on all mankind:

That ye may live, which will be many days,
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
 With meditation on the happy end. 605
 He ended, and they both descend the hill;
 Descended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd;
 And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.
 Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st,
 I know; 610
 For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
 Prefaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
 Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on,
 In me is no delay; with thee to go, 615
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
 Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
 This further consolation yet secure 620
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
 Such favor I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
 By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore.
 So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard 624
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
 Th' Arch-Angel stood, and from the other hill
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
 Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides, 630
 And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
 Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapor as the Libyan air adust, 635
 Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
 In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
 Our ling'ring parents, and to the eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain; then disappear'd. 640
 They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
 With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them
 soon; 645
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
 They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.

I WHO ere while the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd 5
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spi'rit who ledst this glorious eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him
thence 10

By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of nature's
bounds

With prosp'rous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done, 15
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long un Sung.

Now had the great Proclamer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptis'd: to his great baptism flock'd 21
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,
Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptist soon
Descry'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore 26
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his heav'nly office, nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptis'd
Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove 30
The Spi'rit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounced him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary, who, roving still
About the world, at that assembly sam'd
Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35
Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air

To council summons all his mighty peers, 40
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst
With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient Pow'rs of air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention air, 45
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of earth, 50
Since Adam and his facil consort Eve
Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
Upon my head: long the decrees of Heaven 55
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd
wound,

At least if so we can, and by the head 60
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of earth and air;
For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born. 65
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, dis-
playing

All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear. 70
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honor as their king; all come, 75
And he himself among them was baptis'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heav'n, that who he is

Thenceforth the nations may not doubt; I saw
 The prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80
 Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds
 Unfold her crystal doors, thence on his head
 A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,
 And out of Heav'n the sov'ran voice I heard,
 This is my Son below'd, in him am pleas'd. 85
 His mother then is mortal, but his sire
 He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven,
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?
 His first-begot we know, and fore have felt,
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep; 90
 Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
 But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
 Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven
 snares,

Ere in the head of nations he appear
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100
 The dismal expedition to find out
 And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
 Successfully; a calmer voyage now
 Will wait me; and the way found prosperous once
 Induces best to hope of like success. 105

He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
 Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay
 At these tidings; but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main enterprize
 To him their great dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thriv'd

In Adam's overthrow, and led their march 115
 From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
 Regents and potentates, and kings, yea Gods
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs
 His easy steps, girded with sauky wiles, 120
 Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,
 This man of men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;

So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
 To end his reign on earth so long enjoy'd: 125
 But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
 The purpos'd counsel pre-ordin'd and fix'd
 Of the most High, who in full frequency bright
 Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
 Thou and all Angels conversant on earth 131
 With man or mens affairs, how I begin
 To verify that solemn message late,
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
 In Galilee, that she should bear a son 135

Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
 Then toldst her doubting how these things could be
 To her a virgin, that on her should come
 The Holy Ghost, and the pow'r of the Highest
 O'er-shadow her: this man born and now up-
 grown, 140
 To show him worthy of his birth divine

VOL. II.

And high prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
 His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
 Of his apostasy; he might have learnt 146
 Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
 He now shall know I can produce a man 150
 Of female seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost
 By fallacy surpris'd. But first I mean 155
 To exercise him in the wilderness,
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
 By humiliation and strong sufferance: 160
 His weakness shall overcome Satanic strength,
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
 That all the Angels and ethereal Powers,
 They now, and men hereafter may discern,
 From what consummate virtue I have chose 165
 This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,
 To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father; and all Heaven
 Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
 Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd, 170
 Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the Son of God
 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles. 175
 The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,
 Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
 Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
 Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, 180
 And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:
 Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
 Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,
 Musing and much revolving in his breast, 185
 How best the mighty work he might begin
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
 Publish his God-like office now mature,
 One day walk'd forth alone, the Spirit leading,
 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190
 With solitude, till far from track of men,
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
 He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
 His holy meditations thus pursu'd. 195

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
 Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
 What from within I feel myself, and hear
 What from without comes often to my ears,
 Ill sorting with my present state compar'd! 200
 When I was yet a child, no childish play
 To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
 What might be public good; myself I thought
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 205
 All righteous things: therefore above my years,

2 [O]

The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast
 I went into the temple, there to hear 211
 The teachers of our law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge, or their own;
 And was admir'd by all: yet this not all
 To which my spi'rit aspir'd; victorious deeds 215
 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
 Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd: 220
 Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly first
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
 And make persuasion do the work of fear;
 As least to try, and teach the erring soul
 Not willfully mis-doing, but unware 225
 Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving
 By words at times cast forth inly rejoic'd,
 And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts
 O Son, but nourish them and let them soar 230
 To what highth sacred virtue and true worth
 Can raise them, though above example high;
 By matchless deeds exprest thy matchless Sire.
 For know, thou art no son of mortal man;
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235
 Thy father is th' eternal King who rules
 All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and Sons of men;
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth
 Conciw'd in me a virgin, he foretold
 Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end. 241
 At thy nativity a glorious quire
 Of Angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
 To shepherds watching at their felds by night,
 And told them the Messiah now was born 245
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
 For in the inn was left no better room:
 A star, not seen before, in Heav'n appearing
 Guided the wise men thither from the east, 250
 To honor thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy star new grav'n in Heaven,
 By which they knew the king of Israel born.
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd 255
 By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake
 Before the altar and the vested priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.
 This having heard, strait I again resolv'd
 The law and prophets, searching what was writ
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes 261
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
 I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay ev'n to the death;
 Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain, 265
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come

Before Messiah and his way prepare.
 I as all others to his baptism came,
 Which I believ'd was from above; but he 274
 Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
 Me him (for it was shown him so from Heaven)
 Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
 Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won:
 But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280
 Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
 The Spi'rit descended on me like a dove,
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 285
 He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 Th' authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
 And now by some strong motion I am led 290
 Into this wilderness, to what intent
 I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
 So spake our Morning star then in his rise,
 And looking round on every side beheld 295
 A pathless desert, dark with horrid shades;
 The way he came not having mark'd, return
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
 Accompanied of things past and to come 300
 Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
 Such solitude before choicest society.
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
 Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
 Under the covert of some ancient oak, 305
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
 Or harbour'd in lone cave, is not reveal'd;
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
 Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk 311
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
 The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
 But now an aged man in rural weeds,
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray
 ewe, 315
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
 Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,
 To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye 319
 Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake.
 Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this
 place
 So far from path or road of men, who pass
 In troop or caravan? for single none
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
 His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drouth.
 I ask the rather, and the more admire, 326
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
 Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
 Of Jordan honor'd so, and call'd thee Son
 Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330
 Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come
 forth
 To town or village nigh (nighest is far)
 Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,

What happens new; fame also finds us out.
 To whom the Son of God. Who brought me
 hither, 335
 Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.
 By miracle he may, reply'd the swain,
 What other way I see not, for we here
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
 More than the camel, and to drink go far, 340
 Men to much misery and hardship born;
 But if thou be the Son of God, command
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,
 So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345
 He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
 Think'st thou such force in bread? is it not written
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed 350
 Our fathers here with Manna? in the mount
 Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;
 And forty days Elijah without food
 Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355
 Knowing who I am, as I knew who thou art?
 Whom thus answer'd th' Arch-Fiend now un-
 disguis'd.
 'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
 Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
 Kept not my happy station, but was driven 360
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,
 Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
 By rigor unconquering, but that oft
 Leaving my dolorous prison I enjoy
 Large liberty to round this globe of earth, 365
 Or range in th' air, nor from the Heav'n of
 Heavens
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
 I came among the sons of God, when he
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370
 And when to all his Angels he propos'd
 To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
 I undertook that office, and the tongues
 Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies
 To his destruction, as I had in charge, 376
 For what he bids I do: though I have lost
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
 To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
 To love, at least contemplate and admire 380
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,
 Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.
 What can be then less in me than desire
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
 Peck'd out the Son of God, to hear attent 385
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?
 Men generally think me much a foe
 To all mankind: why should I? they to me
 Never did wrong or violence: by them
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them 390
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
 Copartner in these regions of the world,
 If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams, 395

Whereby they may direct their future life.
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
 Companions of my misery and woe.
 At first it may be; but long since with woe
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
 Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.
 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
 This wounds me most (what can it less?) that
 man,
 Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more. 405
 To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.
 Deservest thou grievest, compos'd of lies
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
 Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns: thou com'st indeed,
 As a poor miserable captive thrall 410
 Comes to the place where he before had sat
 Among the prime in splendor, now dispos'd,
 Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shunn'd,
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn 415
 To all the host of Heav'n: the happy place
 Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
 Rather inflames thy torment, representing
 Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
 So never more in Hell than when in Heaven. 420
 But thou art serviceable to Heav'n's King.
 Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
 What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
 Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him 425
 With all afflictions? but his patience won.
 The other service was thy chosen task,
 To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles 43
 By thee are giv'n, and what confess'd more true
 Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
 But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
 Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding, 435
 Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
 And not well understood as good not known?
 Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most, 440
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
 For God hath justly giv'n the nations up
 To thy delusions; justly, since they fell
 Idolatrous; but when his purpose is
 Among them to declare his providence 445
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy
 truth,
 But from him or his Angels president
 In every province? who themselves disdain
 T' approach thy temples, give thee in command
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450
 To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear,
 Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;
 Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
 Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere,

At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his living oracle 460
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spi^rit of truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain, 466
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
 But misery hath wrested from me: where 470
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
 But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord; 475
 From thee I can and must submit indure
 Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th^e
 ear,

And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song; 480
 What wonder then if I delight to hear

Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
 Virtue, who follow not her lore; permit me
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
 And talk at least, though I despair to' attain. 485
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
 To tread his sacred courts, and minister
 About his altar, handling holy things,
 Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice 490
 To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
 Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
 Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
 I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st 495
 Permission from above; thou canst not more.
 He added not; and Satan bowing low
 His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
 Into thin air diffus'd: for now began
 Night with her fullen wings to double-shade 500
 The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couched;
 And now wild beasts came forth the woods to
 roam.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK II.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet
 remain'd
 At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
 And on that high authority had believ'd, 5
 And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
 Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
 With others though in holy writ not nam'd,
 Now missing him their joy so lately found,
 So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
 And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
 And for a time caught up to God, as once

Moses was in the mount, and missing long; 15
 And the great Thibite, who on fiery wheels
 Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
 Therefore as those young prophets then with care
 Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
 Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho 20
 The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
 Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
 Or in Perea; but return'd in vain.
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek, 25
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,
 Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,
 Close in a cottage low together got,
 Their unexpected loss and complaints out breath'd.

Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand, 35
The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd;
Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire 40
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what highth their pow'r unjust 45
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee; arise and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him, 50
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
In public, and with him we have convers'd;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his providence; he will not fail;
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall, 55
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him
hence;

Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their complaints new hope re-
sume

To find whom at the first they found unsought:
But to his mother Mary, when she saw 60
Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
Within her breast though calm, her breast though
pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus 65
ciad.

O what avails me now that honor high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute
Nail highly favor'd, among women blest!
While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
And fears as eminent, above the lot 70
Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In such a season born when scarce a shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,
A manger his; yet soon enforc'd to fly 75
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life 80
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king; but now
Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice; 85
I look'd for some great change; to honor? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very soul 90

A sword shall pierce; this is my favor'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine;
But where delays he now? some great intent 95
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had
seen,

I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
Since understand; much more his absence now 100
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary poud'ring oft, and oft to mind 105
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her son tracing the desert wild,
Sole but with holiest meditations fed, 110
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on earth, and mission high:
For Satan with sly preface to return 115
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began. 120

Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, ethereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from th' element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125
Without new trouble; such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequency was impower'd, 130
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but
find

Far other labor to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam first of Men,
Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,
However to this man inferior far, 135
If he be man by mother's side at least,
With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140
Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive you to persuasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here; I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist; lest I, who erst 145
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamor was assur'd their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissoluteest Spirit that fell, 150
The sensuallest, and after Asmodei
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,

Among daughters of men the fairest found;
 Many are in each region passing fair 155
 As the noon sky; more like to Goddesses
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach, 160
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
 Such object hath the pow'r to soft'n and tame
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, 165
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
 Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, 170
 And made him bow to the Gods of his wives.
 To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
 Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
 All others by thyself; because of old 174
 Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring
 Their shape, their color, and attractive grace,
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
 Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
 False tickled sons of God, roaming the earth
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
 In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,
 In valley or green meadow, to way-lay 185
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
 Or Anymone, Syrinx, many more
 Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190
 Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts
 Delight not all; among the sons of men,
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent? 195
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,
 A youth, how all the beauties of the east
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
 How he surnam'd of Africa dismiss'd
 In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid. 200
 For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
 Of honor, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his state;
 Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far 205
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
 Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
 Of fond desire? or should the confident,
 As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell; 215
 How would one look from his majestic brow
 Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout

All her array; her female pride deject,
 Or turn to reverent awe? for beauty stands 220
 In th' admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try 225
 His constancy, with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honor, glory', and popular praise;
 Rocks whereon greatest men have oft'est wreck'd;
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond; 230
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness;
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.
 He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud ac-
 clame; 235

Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of Spirits likeliest to himself in guile
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons, each to know his part. 240
 Then to the desert takes with these his slight;
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
 After forty days fasting had remain'd,
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end? four times ten days I've
 pass'd
 Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food
 Ner tasted, nor had appetite; that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here; if nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast 250
 Though needling, what praise is it to endure?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain 255
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm.
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260
 Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream, 264
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet;
 Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith flood,
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
 Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn,
 Though ravenous, taught t' abstain from what they
 brought:

He saw the prophet also how he fled 270
 Into the desert, and how there he slept
 Under a juniper; then how awak'd
 He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
 And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose, 275
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
 Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
 Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280

The morn's approach, and greet her with his song :

As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw,
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there 291
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seem'd (nature taught art)
And to a superstitious eye the haunt 296
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it
round,

When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred, 300
And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God,
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know, 305
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
The fugitive bond-woman with her son
Our-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing Angel; all the race 310
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heav'n Manna; and that Prophet
bold

Native of Thebez wand'ring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315
Fatty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus. What conclud'st thou
hence?

They all had need, as I thou seest have none.
How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd.

Tell me if food were now before thee set, 320
Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal? said the subtle Fiend.

Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee 325
Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I

Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;

Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who 330
Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Be-

hold

Nature asham'd, or better to express,
Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath pur-

vey'd

From all the elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beasts, and as her Lord 335

With honor, only deign to sit and eat.
He spake no dream, for as his words had end,

Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld

In ample space under the broadest shade
A table richly spread, in regal mode, 340

With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
And favor, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,

In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-ream'd; all fish from sea or shore,

Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin, 345
And exquisite name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

Alas how simple, to these cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!

And at a stately side-board by the wine 350
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order flood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue

Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn flood

Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades 355
With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd

Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of sacry damsels met in forest wide

By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:
And all the while harmonious airs were heard

Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann'd

From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest
smells. 365

Such was the splendor, and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdiction

Defends the touching of these viands pure; 370
Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,

Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and

springs,

Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 375
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and

eat.

To whom thus Jesus temperately reply'd.
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?

And who withholds my pow'r that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own, 381

When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,

Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant 385

Array'd in glory on my cup to attend:
Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,

In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?

Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent.
That I have also pow'r to give, thou seest;

If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,

And rather opportunely in this place 395
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see

What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400

Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With
that

Both table and provision vanish quite
With found of harpies wings, and talons heard;
Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursu'd. 405

By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurements yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410

High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself

Bred up in poverty and straits at home, 415
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:

Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'd?

What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420

Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and
realms:

What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne
(Thy throne), but gold that got him puissant
friends? 425

Therefore, if at great things thou would'st ar-
rive,

Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favor thrive in wealth amain, 430
While virtue, valor, wisdom, sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd.
Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.

Witness those ancient empires of the earth, 435
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:

But men endued with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;

Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat 440

So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.

Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world

To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy' of memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus? 446

For I esteem those names of men so poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.

And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450
May also in this poverty as soon

Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,

The wife man's cumbrance if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge, 455

Than prompt her to do ought may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject

Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,

Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless
nights, 460

To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;

For therein stands the office of a king,
His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise,

That for the public all this weight he bears. 465
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules

Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains:

And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes, 470

Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.

But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead

To know, and knowing worship God aright, 475
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,

Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,

And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480

Besides to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down

Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,

And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a scepter, oftest better mis'd. 486

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

So spake
What to re
Of his we
At length
With foot
I see the
What best
Thy action
To thy lar
Contains o
should kin
Thy couns
Urim and
On Aaron
Infallible
That migh
Of conduct
Could not
In battel
These God
Affecting
In savage
All earth
The same
That sole
Of most
Ethereal
All treasur
And dignit
Thy years
Of Maced
Who Asia
At his disp
The Carth
The Ponti
Yet years
Quench no
Great Jul
The more
With glory
In glorious
To whom
VOL.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

B O O K III.

SO spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
 A while as mute confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted and convince'd
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
 At length collecting all his serpent wiles, 5
 With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.
 I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape. 11
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle
 Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
 On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old 15
 Infalible: or wert thou sought to deeds
 That might require th' array of war, thy skill
 Of conduct would be such, that all the world
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
 In battel, though against thy few in arms. 20
 These God-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
 All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
 The fame and glory, glory the reward 25
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
 Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure
 Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 And dignities and pow'rs all but the highest? 30
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
 The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode. 36
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
 The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd 40
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
 Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.
 To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.

VOL. II.

Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect 45
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The peoples praise, if always praise unmix'd?
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol 50
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth
 the praise?
 They praise and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk, 55
 Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
 His lot who dares be singularly good.
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
 This is true glory and renown, when God, 60
 Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
 To all his Angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,
 When, to extend his fame through Heav'n and 65
 Earth,
 As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
 He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job?
 Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known;
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
 They err who count it glorious to subdue 71
 By conquest far and wide, to over-run
 Large countries, and in field great battels win,
 Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave 75
 Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than these their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wherefoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy, 80
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
 Worshippt with temple, priest, and sacrifice;
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;

2 [P]

Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men, 85
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward,
 But if there be in glory ought of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war, or violence: 90
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance: I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with faintly patience
 borne

Made famous in a land and times obscure:
 Who names not now with honor patient Job? 95
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory ought be done, 100
 Ought suffer'd; if young African for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
 And losses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek, 105
 Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
 Who sent me', and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murr'ring thus reply'd.
 Think not so slight of glory; therein least
 Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory, 110
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven
 By all his Angels glorify'd, requires
 Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
 Wife or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
 Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift 115
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
 From us his foes pronounc'd glory he casts. 120

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
 And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
 But to show forth his goodness, and impart
 His good communicable to every soul 125
 Freely; of whom what could he less expect
 Than glory and benediction, that is thanks,
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 And not returning what would likeliest render 130
 Contempt instead, dishonor, obloquy?
 Hard recompense, unsuitable return
 For so much good, so much beneficence.

But why should man seek glory, who' of his own
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs? 135
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
 Who for so many benefits receiv'd
 Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
 That which to God alone of right belongs;
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
 That who advance his glory, not their own,
 Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God; and here again 145
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
 With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
 Insatiable of glory had left all,

Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150
 Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:
 But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
 To sit upon thy father David's throne;
 By mother's side thy fathers, though thy right
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part 155
 Easily from possession won with arms:
 Judea now and all the promis'd land,
 Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
 Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
 With temperate sway; oft have they violated 160
 The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather, as did once
 Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring? 165
 So did not Maccabeus: he indeed
 Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms;
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
 That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne 170
 usurp'd,

With Media and her suburbs once content. 170
 If king thou move thee not, let move thee zeal
 And duty; zeal and duty are not slow;
 But on occasion's serelock watchful wait.
 They themselves rather are occasion best,
 Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free 175
 Thy country from her Heathen servitude;
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;
 The happier reign the sooner it begins;
 Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
 All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
 If of my reign propheticoric hath told,
 That it shall never end, so when begin 185
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first
 Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190
 Contempts, and scorn, and snares, and violence,
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
 What I can suffer, how obey? who best
 Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first 195
 Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit
 My exaltation without change or end.
 But what concerns it thee when I begin
 My everlasting kingdom, why art thou
 Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition?
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd.
 Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
 Of my reception into grace; what worse?
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
 If there be worse, the expectation more
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can. 205
 I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
 My harbour, and my ultimate repose,
 The end I would attain, my final good.
 My error was my error, and my crime

My crime:
 And will al
 Reign or re
 Wholly I
 From that
 Rather the
 Would it
 (Whole m
 A sicker an
 In my posit
 I'll then to
 Why move
 His pest bot
 That thou
 king
 Perhaps thou
 Oth enter;
 Nowonder,
 What of per
 Or human na
 Thy life hath
 at home, too
 And once a y
 Start to your
 serve
 The world
 glory,
 Impies, and
 But school of
 lead things t
 The wisest, u
 Tamorous and
 As he who
 insolence, un
 But I will bri
 Think rudime
 The monarch
 state,
 sufficient inter
 Then, of thy
 And regal my
 How best they
 With that
 took
 The Son of G
 was a monar
 A saviour pla
 For pleasure;
 Will one win
 sweet
 The champion
 The meeting
 from the com
 Will be the
 the
 He is the an
 of m
 The people d
 The world a d
 The high m
 Our saviour, a
 Will have w
 The end and field
 Our saviour ma
 All and her

My crime: whatever for itself condemn'd,
 And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
 Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign, 216
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire
 (Whole ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)
 A beaker and a kind of shading cool 221
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
 If I mean to the worst that can be haste,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Hastest both to thyself and all the world, 225
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their
 king?
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
 On enterprize so hazardous and high;
 No wonder, for though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found, 230
 On human nature can receive, consider
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days
 That Ispahan; and what thence couldst thou ob-
 serve? 235
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her
 glory,
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
 But school of best experience, quickest insight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.
 The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever 240
 Timorous and loath, with novi e modesty,
 As he who seeking asses found a kingdom;
 Circumspect, unhardy, unadventurous:
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 These rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245
 The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and
 state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts.
 And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know
 How best their opposition to withstand. 250
 Will that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he
 took
 The Son of God up to a mountain high.
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide
 Fertilest; from his side two rivers flow'd,
 The one winding, th' other straight, and late be-
 tween 255
 The champion with less rivers intervein'd,
 The meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:
 One with corn the globe, of oil and wine;
 The other the pastures throng'd, with flocks the
 260
 High domes and high tower'd, that well might seem
 Seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
 The prospect was, that here and there was room
 For fountains desert fountainless and dry.
 From high mountain top the Tempter brought
 The variegated, and new train of words began. 266
 Will I have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
 Field and field and flood, temples and towers,
 For shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
 Around her empire's ancient bounds, 270

Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
 And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
 And inaccessible th' Arabian drouth:
 Here Nineveh, of length within her wall 275
 Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
 And seat of Salmansassar, whose success
 Israel in long captivity still mourns;
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues, 280
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
 Judah and all thy father David's house
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
 Till Cyres set them free: Persepolis
 His city there thou seest, and Baetra there; 285
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
 And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
 There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
 The drink of none but kings; of later fame
 Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands, 290
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
 Artaxata, Terebon, Ctesiphon,
 Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.
 All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first 295
 That empire, under his dominion held,
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view
 Of his great pow'r; for now the Parthian king
 In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host 300
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
 Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
 He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
 His thousands, in what martial equipage
 They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
 Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit; 305
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
 See how in warlike muster they appear,
 In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and
 wings.
 He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless
 The city gates out-pour'd, light-armed woops 311
 In coats of mail and military pride;
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Prauncing their riders bore, the slow'r and choice
 Of many provinces from bound to bound; 315
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
 From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south 320
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
 He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd.
 How quick they wheel'd, and fly'ing behind them
 shot
 Sharp fleet of arrowy show'rs against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight; 325
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown;
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
 Cuiraillers all in steel for standing fight,
 Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers
 Of archers, nor of lib'ring-pioneers 330
 A multitude with spades and axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was raise hill, or eve

With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries, 335
 And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
 When African with all his northern powers
 Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
 The city of Gaisaphrone, from whence to win
 The fairest of her sex Angelica 341
 His daughter, fought by many prowess knights,
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry:
 At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd. 346
 That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
 To what end I have brought thee hither and thown
 All this fair fight: thy kingdom though foretold
 By prophet or by Angel, unless thou
 Endeavor, as thy father David did,
 Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
 In all things, and all men, supposes means 355
 Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
 But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne
 By free consent of all, none opposit,
 Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360
 Between two such inclosing enemies
 Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy 365
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings
 Antigonus and old Hyrcanus bound,
 Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose;
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not, 371
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve, 375
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd;
 Ten Sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost
 Thus long from Israel, serving as of old
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
 From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond 384
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Caesar not need fear.
 To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
 Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragil arms, much instrument of war
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in mine ear

Vented much policy, and projects deep 391
 Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
 Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
 Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
 Will unpredict and fail me of the throne: 395
 My time I told thee (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come:
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part ought endeavoring, or to need
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400
 Luggage of war there shown me, argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.
 My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
 David's true heir, and his full scepter sway 405
 To just extent over all Israel's sons;
 But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
 For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
 When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
 Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives 410
 Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
 By three days pestilence? such was thy zeal
 To Israel then, the same that now to me.
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415
 From God to worship calves, the deities
 Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
 And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes:
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The God of their forefathers; but so dy'd
 Impenitent, and left a race behind
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain, 425
 And God with idols in their worship join'd.
 Should I of these the liberty regard,
 Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,
 Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
 Headlong would follow; and to their Gods per-
 haps 430
 Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve
 Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
 Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
 Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
 May bring them back repentant and sincere, 435
 And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,
 While to their native land with joy they haste,
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
 When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd.
 To his due time and providence I leave them. 440
 So spake Israel's true king, and to the Fiend
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles
 So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

P
 Th
 Discov
 So oft,
 That fl
 So little
 This far
 And ras
 The str
 But as a
 In cunni
 To salve
 Still wil
 And nev
 Or as a
 About th
 Beat off,
 Or furgi
 Though
 Vain bat
 So Satan
 Met ever
 Yet give
 And his
 He broug
 Of that
 Another
 Wash'd h
 To equal
 That fere
 m
 From col
 Divided
 On each
 With tow
 On sev'n
 Porches a
 Statues at
 Gardens
 Above the
 By what

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK IV.

PErplex'd and troubled at his bad success
 The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
 Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
 So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve, 6
 This far his over-match, who self-deceiv'd
 And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
 But as a man who had been matchless held 10
 In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
 To save his credit, and for very spite,
 Still will be tempting him who foils him still.
 And never cease, though to his shame the more;
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time, 15
 About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming found;
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,
 Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,
 Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end; 20
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
 Yet gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,
 And his vain importunity pursues.
 He brought our Saviour to the western side 25
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
 Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,
 Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
 That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of 30
 men
 From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the mid'd
 Divided by a river, of whose banks
 On each side an imperial city stood,
 With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate
 On sev'n small hills, with palaces adorn'd, 35
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
 Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,
 Above the highth of mountains interpos'd:
 By what strange parallax or optic skill 40

Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass
 Of telescope, were curious to inquire:
 And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The city which thou seest no other deem
 Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd 46
 Of nations; there the capitol thou seest
 Above the rest lifting his stately head
 On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
 Impregnable, and there Mount Palatine, 50
 Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high
 The structure, skill of noblest architects,
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
 Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring spires.
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like 55
 Houses of God, (so well I have dispos'd
 My aery microscope) thou may'st behold
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
 Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 60
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,
 Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
 Hast'ning, or on return, in robes of state;
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power, 65
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:
 Or embassies from regions far remote
 In various habits on the Appian road,
 Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest south,
 Syene', and where the shadow both way falls, 70
 Meroe Nilotic ile, and more to west
 The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
 From th' Asian kings and Parthian among these.
 From India and the golden Chersonese,
 And utmost Indian ile Taprobané, 75
 Dusk faces with white silken turbants wreath'd;
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay, 80
 To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain

In ample territory, wealth and power,
 Civility of manners, arts and arms,
 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
 Before the Parthian; these two thrones except, 85
 The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the fight,
 Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;
 These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
 This emp'ror hath no son, and now is old, 90
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
 To Caprea an island small but strong
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
 Committing to a wicked favorite 95
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease,
 Indued with regal virtues as thou art,
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne
 Now made a flye, and in his place ascending 101
 A victor people free from servile yoke?
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the pow'r
 Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world, 105
 Aim at the high'est, without the high'est attain'd
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
 On David's throne, be prophecy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to
 tell

Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone, 115

(For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
 Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
 Crystal and myrrhine cups imbosc'd with gems
 And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst
 And hunger still: then embassies thou show'st 121

From nations far and nigh; what honour that,
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk 125

Of th' emperor, how easily subdued,
 How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
 A brutish monster: what if I withal

Expel a Devil who first made him such?
 Let his tormenter conscience find him out; 130

For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
 That people victor once, now vile and base,
 Deservedly made vassal, who once just,

Fragal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
 But govern'd all the nations under yoke, 135

Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
 By lust and rapin; first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity:

Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd, 140

Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still
 And from the daily scene effeminate.

What wise and valiant man would seek to free
 These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,

Or could of inward slaves make outward free? 145

Know therefore when my season comes to sit
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 All monarchies besides throughout the world, 150
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end:
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd.

I see all offers made by me how slight 155

Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st:

Nothing will please the difficult and nice,

Or nothing more than still to contradict:

On th' other side know also thou, that I

On what I offer set as high esteem, 160

Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;

All these which in a moment thou behold'st,

The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;

For giv'n to thee, I give to whom I please,

No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else, 165

On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,

And worship me as thy superior lord,

Easily done, and hold them all of me;

For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.

I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less, 171

Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter

Th' abominable terms, impious condition;

But I endure the time, till which expir'd,

Thou hast permission on me. It is written 175

The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship

The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;

And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound

To worship thee accus'd, now more accus'd 180

For this attempt bolder than that on Eve,

And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.

The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,

Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;

Other donation none thou canst produce:

If giv'n, by whom but by the King of kings, 185

God over all supreme? if giv'n to thee,

By thee how fairly is the giver now

Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost

Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,

As offer them to me the Son of God, 190

To me my own, on such abhorred pact,

That I fall down and worship thee as God?

Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st

That evil one. Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend with fear abash'd reply'd.

Be not so sore offended, Son of God, 196

Though sons of God both Angels are and Men,

If I to try whether in higher sort

Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd

What both from Men and Angels I receive, 200

Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth

Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,

God of this world invok'd and world beneath;

Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold

To me so fatal, me it most concerns, 205

The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,

Rather more honor left and more esteem;

Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.

Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,

The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more 210

Adm
And d
Than
To co
As h
Wh
Alon
Among
On po
Tach

As mo
By wif
As h
In kno
All kno
The Pe
The Ge
To adm
And w
Rolli
Withou
Or they
How w
Their id
Error by
Look on
Westwa
Where o
Built no
Athens t
And clo
Or hospit
City' or
See there
Plato's re
Tills her
There st
Of Dies
To Rudi
His whi
The scho
Great Al
Lycum
There fir
Of harm
By voice
Ethan d
And his v
Blind Me
Whole po
Thence w
In Chrus
On moral
In brief
Of fate,
High acti
Thence to
Those an
Wielded
shock th
To Mace
To sage P
From Her
Of Socrat

Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
 Than to a worldly crown, addic'd more
 To contemplation and profound dispute,
 As by that early action may be judg'd, 215
 When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st
 Alone into the temple: there wast stand
 Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
 On points, and questions fitting Moses' chair.
 Teaching, not taught; the childhood shows the
 man,
 As morning shows the day. Be famous then 221
 By wisdom; as thy empire must extend.
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law, 225
 The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by nature's light:
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
 Biting them by persuasion as thou mean'st; 230
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
 Error by his own arms is best evin'd. 235
 Look once more ere we leave this specular mount
 Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
 Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts 240
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess.
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird 245
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
 There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound
 Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
 His whiff'ring stream: within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit 255
 By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
 Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,
 Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own. 260
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
 In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
 High actions, and high passions best describing:
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resplendent eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce demagogue,
 Shock th' arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece, 270
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heav'n descended to the low-roof house
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,

Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd 275
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe; 280
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.
 Po whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd. 285
 Think not but that I know these things, or think
 I know them not; not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,
 No other doctrin needs, though granted true;
 But these are false, or little else but dreams, 291
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits; 295
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
 Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
 But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride, 300
 By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
 Equals to God, oft shames not to prefer,
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all 304
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
 Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
 Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead,
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
 And how the world began, and how man fell
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none, 315
 Rather accuse him under usual names,
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320
 An empty cloud. However many books,
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere 325
 seek?)
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponger
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore. 330
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With music or with poem, where to soon
 As in our native language can I find
 That solace? All our law and story flow'd
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms in-
 scrib'd, 335
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,
 That pleas'd so well our victors eary declare

That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their Deities, and their own 340
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove their swelling epithets thick laid
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
 Thin sown with ought of profit or delight, 345
 Will be found far unworthy to compare
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
 Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men,
 The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints:
 Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee,
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd 351
 By light of nature not in all quite lost.
 Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
 The top of eloquence, statils indeed,
 And lovers of their country, as may seem; 355
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 'The solid rules of civil government
 In their majestic unaffected stile
 Than all th' oratory of Greece and Rome. 360
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
 What makes a nation happy', and keeps it so,
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
 These only with our law best form a king.

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now 365
 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.
 Since neither wealth nor honor, arms nor arts,
 Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor ought
 By me propos'd in life contemplative, 370
 Or active, tended on by glory' or fame,
 What dost thou in this world? The wilderness
 For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
 And thither will return thee; yet remember
 What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause
 To wish thou never hadst rejected thus 376
 Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
 Now contrary, if I read ought in Heaven,
 Or Heav'n write ought of fate, by what the stars
 Voluminous, or single characters,
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 385
 Sorrows, and labors, opposition, hate
 Attends thee, scorn, reproaches, injuries,
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
 Real or allegoric, I discern not, 390
 Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
 Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
 Directs me in the starry rubric fit.

So saying he took (for still he knew his power
 Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderness 395
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
 Seignioring to disappear. Darkness now rose,
 As day-light sunk, and brought in louring night
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light and absent day. 400
 Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
 After his airy jaunt, though hurried fore,

Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concurrence of shades, 404
 Whose branching arms thick intertwin'd might
 shield

From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
 But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
 The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now 409
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
 Fierce ran with lightning mix'd, water with fire
 In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell 415
 On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 Though rooted deep as high, and scurdiest oaks
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
 Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st 420
 Unshaken; nor yet stay'd the terror there;
 Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
 Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some
 shriek'd,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 Satst unappall'd in calm and sinless peace. 425
 Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
 Who with her radiant finger fill'd the roar
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
 And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire. 431
 And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
 Who all things now beheld more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous, 436
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
 Was absent, after all his mischief d. ne, 442
 The prince of darkness, glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
 Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
 Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
 Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage, 448
 And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
 Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
 And in a careless mood thus to him said. 454

Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
 After a dismal night; I heard the wrack
 As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
 Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear
 them

As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven, 455
 Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable,
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
 Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent, 461
 Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:

This tempest at this desert most was bent 465
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dweltst.
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid
 To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way 470
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
 For both the when and how is no where told,
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
 For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
 The time and means: each act is rightliest done,
 Not when it must, but when it may be best. 476
 When observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's scepter get fift hold; 480
 Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
 My warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.
 So talk'd he while the Son of God went on
 And lay'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus.
 No worse than wet thou findest not; other
 harm 486
 These terrors, which thou speak'st of, did me
 none;
 Never fear'd they could, though noising loud
 And threatening nigh; what they can do as signs
 Boding, or ill boding, I contemn 490
 As idle portents, not sent from God, but thee;
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Could'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
 At last might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
 Ambitious Spirit, and would'st be thought my
 God, 495
 And scorn'st refus'd, thinking to terrify
 Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd
 And tal'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.
 To whom the Fiend now twain with rage re-
 ply'd.
 Thinkest, O Son of David, Virgin-born; 500
 Person of God to me is yet in doubt:
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
 By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
 Demand'd by Gabriel with the first I knew,
 And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field, 505
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
 From that time I them have I ceas'd to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
 What the Lord of Jordan, whither all 510
 Led to the Baptist, I among the rest,
 Thou not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heaven
 Hast thee pronounc'd the Son of God below'd.
 For which I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn 515
 In what degree of meaning thou art call'd
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense;
 The Son of God I also am, or was,
 And if I was, I am; relation stands;
 All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought 520
 In some respect far higher so declar'd.
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
 Where by all best conjectures I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525

VOL. II.

Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
 To understand my adversary, who
 And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent;
 By parol, or composition, truce, or league,
 To win him, or win from him what I can. 530
 And opportunity! here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock
 Of adamant, and as a center, firm, 534
 To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good,
 Not more; for honors, riches, kingdoms, glory,
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,
 Another method I must now begin. 540
 So say'ing, he caught him up, and without wing
 Of hippogriff bore through the air sublime
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
 The holy city, lifted high her towers, 545
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
 Of alabaster, top'd with golden spires:
 There on the highest pinnacle he set
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn. 550
 There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand up-
 right,
 Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house
 Have brought thee, and highest plac'd, highest is
 best,
 Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,
 Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God: 555
 For it is written, He will give command
 Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
 They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.
 To whom thus Jesus; Also it is written, 560
 Tempt not the Lord thy God: he said, and stood:
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell.
 As when earth's son Antæus (to compare
 Small things with greatest) in Itrass strove
 With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose, 565
 Receiving from his mother earth new strength,
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
 Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd, and fell;
 So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall.
 And as that Theban monster that propos'd
 Her riddle, and him who solv'd it not, devour'd,
 That once found out and solv'd, for grief and
 spite
 Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep; 575
 So struck with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
 Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success,
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580
 So Satan fell; and frait a fiery globe
 Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
 Who on their plumed vans receiv'd him soft
 From his uneasy station, and upbore
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air, 585
 Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
 On a green bank, and set before him spread

2 [Q]

A table of celestial food, divine,
 Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink, 590
 That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
 What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,
 Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic quires
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
 Over temptation, and the Tempter proud. 595
 True image of the Father, whether thron'd
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
 Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, inshrin'd
 In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
 Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place, 600
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
 The Son of God, with God-like force indued
 Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
 And thief of Paradise; him long of old
 Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
 With all his army, now thou hast aveng'd 606
 Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610
 In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
 For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
 A fairer Paradise is founded now
 For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou

A Saviour art come down to re-instate 615
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
 Of Tempter and temptation without fear.
 But thou, infernal Serpent, shalt not long
 Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star
 Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n, trod
 down 620
 Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
 Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
 By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
 No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
 Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe 625
 To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
 Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
 From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
 Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, 630
 Lest he command them down into the deep
 Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
 Hail, Son of the most high, heir of both worlds,
 Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
 Now enter, and begin to save mankind. 635
 Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
 Sung victor, and from heavenly feast refresh'd
 Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd
 Home to his mother's house private return'd.

TRA
 select, a
 to raise
 that is,
 reading
 facts to
 are us'd
 sophers
 of tragic
 thought
 1 Cor. x
 tragedy,
 Herodote
 a tragedy
 containing
 pleats his
 spheris
 ex under
 discerning
 This is n
 in the acc
 through t
 introduc
 and brode
 tragedy u
 that which
 dent man
 may be ep
 but moder
 with good
 and fa
 and drop
 of Epod,
 clous the
 into stanza
 fering chi
 It suffic
 and unifor
 is nothing
 verimilitu
 Aeschylus,
 the best ru
 the whole
 the space o

SAMSON AGONISTES,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγωδία μίμησις μεγάλως σπουδαίας, &c.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

"Tragedia est imitatio actionis feræ, &c. per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium
"affectuum lustrationem."

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, most, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, to raise pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects, to make good his assertion: for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33.; and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguish'd each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have labor'd not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honor Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is intitled *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; hap'ning through the poets error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defense, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be epistled; that chorus is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modeling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse us'd in the chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks Monotrophic, or rather Apotelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas fram'd only for the music, then us'd with the chorus that sang; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be call'd Alleotropha. Division into act and scene relating chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted. It suffices if the whole drama be found not produc'd beyond the fifth act. Of the stile and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such oeconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequal'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavor to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labor as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labor, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavors the like, and withal tells him his last purpose to procure his liberty by ransome; lastly, that this feast was proclam'd by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving from their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavor with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him: The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confus'dly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, the Father of Samson.

DALILA, his Wife.

HARAPHA of Gath.

Public Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMSON.

A Little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else injoin'd me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and
sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,

But rush upon me thronging, and present
Time's past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious
strength,
Put to the labor of a beast, debas'd
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,

Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke :
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine prediction : what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
 Whom have I to complain of but myself? 46
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.
 O impotence of mind, in body strong !
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall 55
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command !
 God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Happily had ends above my reach to know :
 Since that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries ;
 So many, and so huge, that each apart 65
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !
 Light the prime work of God to me' is extinct, 70
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me,
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd 75
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In pow'r of others, never in my own ;
 Scarcely I seem to live, dead more than half.
 'O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day !
 O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all ;
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree ? 85
 The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life, 90
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part : why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ? 95
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will through every pore ?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
 And bury'd ; but O yet more miserable !
 Myself, my sepulchre, a moving grave,
 Bury'd, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs, 105
 But made hereby obnoxious more

To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear 110
 The tread of many feet steering this way ;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.
 Chorus. This, this is he ; softly a while, 115
 Let us not break in upon him ;
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief !
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
 With languish'd head unpropt,
 As one past hope, abandon'd, 120
 And by himself given over ;
 In slavish habit, ill fitted weeds
 O'er-worn and soil'd ;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? Can this be he,
 That heroic, that renown'd, 125
 Irresistible Samson ? whom unarm'd
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could
 withstand ?
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,
 Ran on imbattel'd armies clad in iron,
 And weaponless himself, 130
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean proof ;
 But safest he who stood aloof, 135
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold
 Acalanite
 Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
 Their plated backs under his heel ; 140
 Or growling soil'd their crested helmet in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine,
 In Ramath-lechi famous to this day. 145
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders
 bore
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so ;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.
 Which shall I first bewail, 150
 Thy bondage or lost sight,
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark ?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !) 155
 The dungeon of thyself ; thy soul
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause
 complain)
 Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light 160
 T' incorporate with gloomy night ;
 For inward light alas
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our sickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd ! 165
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,

Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high estate 170
Whom long descent of birth
Or the sphere of fortune raises;
But thee whose strength, while virtue was her
mate,
Might have subdued the earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises. 175

SAMS. I hear the found of words, their sense
the air

Diffolves unjoined ere it reach my ear.

CUO. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless
in might,

The glory late of Israel, now the grief;
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From Esatael and Zora's fruitful vale, 181
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores; apt words have pow'r to swage
The tumors of a troubled mind, 185
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

SAMS. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for
I learn

Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription) of the most. 190
I would be understood); in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O
Friends,

How many evils have inclos'd me round; 194
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
How could I once look up, or leave the head,
Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd
My vessel trust'd to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear, 200
Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? tell me, Friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why? 205
Innumerable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

CUO. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men 210
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder 215
Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

SAMS. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
Me, not my parents, that I fought to wed 220
The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
The marriage on; that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance, 225
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife

(O that I never had! fond with too late,)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act, 231
And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!)
Gave up my sort of silence to a woman. 236

CUO. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons. 240

SAMS. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
Who seeing those great acts, which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd 245
Deliverance offer'd: I on th' other side
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud
the deed;

But they persisted deaf, and would not seem 249
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Rham was retir'd,
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
To set upon them, what advantage best: 255
Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent
The harrahs of their land, beset me round;
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcisd a welcome prey, 260
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were
threads

Touch'd with the flame: on their whole head I saw
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe, 265
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they serve;
But what more oit in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty, 270
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favor rais'd
As their deliverer; if he ought begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last 275
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

CUO. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
Their great deliverer contain'd,
The matchless Gideon in pursuit 280
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings:
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite, 285
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that fore battle when so many dy'd
Without reprieve adjudg'd to death.
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

SAMS. Of such examples add me to the roll, 290

Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

Cuo. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all: 295
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrin never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts found contradicting, 301
Then give the reins to wandering thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution;
Till by their own perplexities involv'd
They ravel more, still less resolv'd, 305
Ere never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right to exempt 310
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From national obstriction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else who never wanted means, 315
Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride, 320
Unclean, unchaste.

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
Though reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his. 325
But see here comes thy reverend sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoah: advise

Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him. 329
Sams. Ay me, another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' assault.

Man. Brethren and men-of Dan, for such ye
seem,

Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once glory'd friend,
My son now captive, hither hath inform'd 335
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after; say if he be here.

Cuo. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in high'est, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd, 341
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duel'd their armies rank'd in proud array, 345

Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good 350
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;

Who would be now a father in my stead? 355

O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest pray'rs, then, giv'n with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind? 360
For this did th' Angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Insuar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound, 365
Thy foes derision, captive, poor and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall 370
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honor's sake of former deeds.

Sams. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
But justly; I myself have brought them on, 375
Sole author I, sole cause: if ought seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy 380
This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
But warn'd by oft' experience: did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal

The secret wrested from me in her highth
Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it strait 385
To them who had corrupted her, my spies
And rivals? In this ether was there found
More faith, who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd 390
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might 395
know;

Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence,
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt 400
She sought to make me traitor to myself;
Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
With blaudish'd parties, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surreas'd not day nor night
To storm me over-watch'd, and wearied out, 405
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
Might easily have shook off all her snares:
But soul effeminacy held me yok'd 410
Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
To honor and religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
These rags, this grinding is not yet so base 415
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,

That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

MAN. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, Son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infect our foes.

I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee 425
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power: true; and thou hear'st
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault; 431
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim 435
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnify'd; and God, 440
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

SAMS. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honor, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high 450
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Dis honor, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, disservice of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before 455
To waver, or fall off and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460
With me hath end: all the contest is now
Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,
Me overthrow'n, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure, 465
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me, 470
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and
these words
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name 475
Against all competition, nor will long
Indure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the mean while here forget
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat.

About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflict
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAMS. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the
trouble

Of that solicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab, 495
The mark of fool set on his front!
But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully: a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500
To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

MAN. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son:
Repent the sin; but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids; 505
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more accepts 510
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
For self-offense, more than for God offended. 515
Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou mayst bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd.

SAMS. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? When in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof 520
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond

The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearless of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded 525
On hostile ground, none daring my affront
Then swell'n with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks; venereal trains,
Soft'n'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge 530
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who store me
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies. 535

MAN. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavor, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool crystallin stream. 540

SAMs. Whatever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying 550
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHo. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare, 556
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook!

SAMs. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not
complete

Against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defense, 560
And at another to let in the foe,

As if I were vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonor'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,
But to sit idle on the household hearth, 566

A burdensome drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustering down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years
And sedentary numness craze my limbs 571
To a contemptible old-age obscure?

Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food
Consume me, and oft-invoked death 575
Hides the welcome end of all my pains.

MAN. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with
that gift

Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?

Enter at home lie bed-ridden, not only idle,
In glorious unemploy'd, with age out-worn. 580

But God, who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay
Amongst the ruins of battel, can as easy

Bring light again within thy eyes to spring.

Where with to serve him better than thou hast:

And I persuade me so; why else this strength 586

Mucous yet remaining in these locks?

Is light continues in thee not for nought,

But that his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAMs. All otherwise to me my thoughts per-
tend, 590

That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,

Nor th' other light of life continue long.

But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:

So much I feel my genial spirits droop,

My hopes all dark, nature within me seems 595

As if her functions weary of herself,

Where of glory run, and race of shame,

Will shortly be with them that rest.

MAN. Believe not these suggestions, which
proceed

From anguish of the mind and humors black, 600

That mingle with thy fancy. I however

Mist not omit a father's timely care

To prosecute the means of thy deliverance

By some, or how else: mean while be calm,

And heeding words from these thy friends admit.

SAMs. O that torment should not be confin'd

To the body's wounds and sores.

VOL. II.

With maladies innumerable

In heart, head, breast and reins;

But mult secret passage find 610

To th' inmost mind,

There exercise all his fierce accidents,

And on her purest spirits prey,

As on entrails, joints, and limbs,

With answerable pains, but more intense, 615

Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me

As a lingering disease,

But finding no redress, ferment and rage,

Nor less than wounds immedicable 620

Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,

To black mortification.

Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings

Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,

Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise 625

Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb

Or medicinal liquor can assuage,

Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.

Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er

To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:

Thence faintings, swoonings of despair, 631

And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursing once and choice delight,

His desin'd from the womb,

Promis'd by heav'nly message twice descending.

Under his special eye 636

Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;

He led me on to mightiest deeds

Above the nerve of mortal arm

Against th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies:

But now hath cast me off as never known, 640

And to those cruel enemies,

Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,

Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss

Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated 645

The subject of their cruelty or scorn.

Nor am I in the list of them that hope;

Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;

This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,

No long petition, speedy death, 650

The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

CHo. Many are the sayings of the wife

In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,

Extolling patience as the trust fortitude:

And to the bearing well of all calamities, 655

All chances incident to man's frail life,

Consolatories writ

With study'd argument, and much persuasion fought

Lenient of grief and anxious thought:

But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound 660

Little prevails, or rather seems a tune

Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;

Unless he feel within

Some source of consolation from above,

Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 665

And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!

That thou tow'ards him with hand so various,

Or might I say contrarious,

Temper'st thy providence through his short course,

Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st 671

Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,

Irrational and brute.

Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandering loose about
Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
Heads without name no more remember'd,
But such as thou hast solemnly elect'd,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory. 680
And people's safety, which in part they' effect:
Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidst thy highth of noon
Change'st thy count'nance, and thy hand with no
regard

Of highest favors past 685
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them
high,

Unseemly falls in human eye, 690
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of Heathen and profane, their carcases
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;
Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.
If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old-age; 700
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end. 704

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labors, for thou canst, to peaceful end. 709

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarfus, bound for th' Isles
Of Javan or Gadire 715
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume 720
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

SAMS. My Wife, my Traitors, let her not
come near me. 725

CHO. Yet on she moves, now stands, and eyes
thee fix'd,

About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil: 730
But now again she makes address to speak.

DAL. With doubtfulfect and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,

Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears 735
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw)
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt, 740
Hath led me on desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If ought in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power, 745
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

SAMS. Out, out, Hyana; these are thy wonted
arts,

And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears
His virtue or weakness which way to assail: 755
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men full oft beguill'd,
With goodness principled not to reject 760
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Intangled with a poisonous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
As I by thee, to ages an example. 765

DAL. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavor
To lessen or extenuate my offense,
But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd, 770
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune 775
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for nought,
Wherein consist'd all thy strength and safety? 780
To what I did thou show'd'st me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's
frailty:

Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parie 785
So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
The jealousy of love, pow'rful of sway 790
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
As her at Timna, fought by all means therefore
How to indear, and hold thee to me firmest: 795

No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
The key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those 800
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears, 805
Waiting thy absence in my widow'd bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810
These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much
woe,

Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere 815
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAMs. How cunningly the forceless displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine! 820
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
Led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
To myself was false ere thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly, 825
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Consid'st it feign'd: weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it, weakness to resist 830
Chastish'd gold: if weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remission. 835
But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to have love;
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the
way

To raise in me inexorable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd? 840
In vain thou strive'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'd more.

DAL. Since thou determin'd weakness for no
plea

In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides, 845
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have aw'd the best-resolv'd of men,
The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou say'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the ma-
gistrates 850

And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honorable, how glorious to intrap 855
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest

Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
It would be to insinuate an irreligious 860
Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
To oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest: at length that groundless maxim
So ripe and celebrated in the mouths 865
Of wise men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so injoining. 870
SAMs. I thought where all thy circling wiles
would end;

In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught
thee

Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my tribe 876
And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-power'd 880
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave 885
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs: if ought against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear; 894
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To please thy Gods thou didst it; Gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be;
Let's therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd. 900
These false pretenses and varnish'd colors failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DAL. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAMs. For want of words no doubt, or lack of
breath; 905
Witness when I was worried with thy pleas.

DAL. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
Afford me place to show what recompense 910
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Mistaken; only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd 915
Where other senses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.

I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting 920
 Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
 With me, where my redoubled love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age 925
 With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supply'd.
 That what by me thou' hast lost thou least shalt
 miss.

SAMS. No, no, of my condition take no care;
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:
 Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd, 930
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
 Though dearly to my cost, thy girls, and toils;
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
 No more on me have power, their force is null'd,
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd 936
 To fence my ear against thy forceries.
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all
 men

Love'd, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st
 hate me 939
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily condemn'd, and scorn'd,
 And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will 945
 In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
 This jail I count the house of liberty
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

DAL. Let me approach at least, and touch thy
 hand. 951

SAMS. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance
 wake

My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee; go with that;
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works 955
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives:
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

DAL. I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960
 To prayers, than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
 Why do I humble thus myself, and suing 965
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
 To mix with thy concerns I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
 Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd, 971
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds:
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
 My name perhaps among the circumcis'd 975
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of ill-faith most unconjugal traduc'd.

But in my country where I most desire, 980
 In Ebron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
 I shall be nam'd among the famouslest
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who, to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose 985
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odors visit'd and annual flowers;
 Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.
 Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy 991
 The public marks of honor and reward,
 Confer'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judg'd to have shown.
 At this whoever envies or repines, 995
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chao. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.
 SAMS. So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

Chao. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange
 power,
 After offense returning, to regain
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily 1005
 Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

SAMS. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
 Not wedlock-treachery indangering life.

Chao. It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit, 1010
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit
 That woman's love can win or long inherit;
 But what it is, hard is to say,
 Harder to hit,
 (Which way soever men refer it) 1015

Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
 Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
 Had not so soon prefer'd
 Thy paronymph, worthless to thee compar'd, 1020
 Successor in thy bed,
 Nor both so loosely disally'd
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
 Is it for that such outward ornament 1025
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
 Or value what is best

In choice, but oft to affect the wrong? 1030
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root infix'd,
 That either they love nothing, or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
 Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure, 1035
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
 Intestine, far within defensive arms
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040
 Draws him awry inslav'd
 With detrage, and his sense deprav'd
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.

What pilot
 Imbark'd v
 Favor'd
 One virtue
 That in a
 Happy tha
 But virtue
 And all ter
 Most shies
 Therefor
 Gave to the
 Over his fe
 Nor from t
 Smile the o
 So shall he
 On his whe
 By female
 But had we
 SAMS. F
 r
 Chao. Bu
 SAMS. B
 Chao. Lo
 The bait of
 Draws hith
 The giant
 Haughty as
 Comes he
 hith
 His conje
 The sumpt
 His habit
 SAMS. O
 Chao. Hi
 an
 Har. I
 ch
 As these per
 Though for
 Men call m
 As Og or A
 That Eriat
 I thou art
 Of thy prod
 But I was
 That I was
 Of those en
 Each other
 And now a
 With walk
 Noly appea
 SAMS. T
 to
 Har. De
 Gyes, and
 tune
 Had bring
 fam
 To have w
 I should ha
 Or list thy
 So had the
 To Palesti
 from the u
 The highes
 Certain to

What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
 Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?
 Favor'd of Heav'n who finds 1046
 One virtuous rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines:
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
 But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
 And all temptation can remove, 1051
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.
 Therefore God's universal law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe, 1055
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lour:
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd. 1060
 But had we best retire, I see a storm?
 Sams. Fair days have oft contracted wind and
 rain.
 Cuo. But this another kind of tempest brings.
 Sams. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.
 Cuo. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
 The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
 Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
 Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him
 hither 1070
 His conjecture than when first I saw
 The sumptuous Dalila floting this way:
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.
 Sams. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.
 Cuo. His fraught we soon shall know, he now
 arrives. 1075
 Har. I come not, Samson, to console thy
 chance,
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
 As Og or Anak and the Emims old 1080
 Ten Kiriathaim held, thou know'st me now
 I told at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
 That I was never present on the place 1085
 Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
 Each other's force in camp or list'd field;
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and a while to survey,
 His appearance answer loud report. 1090
 Sams. The way to know were not to see but
 taste.
 Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
 Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that for-
 tune
 Had brought me to the field, where thou art
 fam'd
 To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw;
 I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
 Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown:
 To win the glory of prowess been recover'd
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine, 1099
 From the unforeseen'd race, of whom thou bear'st
 The highest name for valiant acts; that honor
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee

I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.
 Sams. Boast not of what thou wouldst have
 done, but do 1104
 What then thou wouldst, thou feest it in thy hand.
 Har. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.
 Sams. Such usage as your honorable lords
 Afford me' assassinated and betray'd,
 Who durst not with their whole united powers
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd, 1111
 Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
 Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping
 Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
 Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
 Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give
 thee,
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
 Vant-bras and greaves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,
 A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield,
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
 And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
 That in a little time while breath remains thee,
 Thou art shak'd with thyself at Gath to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.
 Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious
 arms, 1130
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou
 from Heaven
 Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy
 hairs 1136
 Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
 Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.
 Sams. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts:
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me 1140
 At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
 No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
 Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy God, 1145
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1150
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
 Offering to combat thee his champion boid,
 With th' uttrost of his Godhead fecund:
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow 1154
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.
 Har. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
 Thine he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
 Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send
 thee 1160
 Into the common prison, there to grieve
 Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,

As good for nothing else, no better service
With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match
For valor to assail, nor by the sword 1165
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honor,
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

SAMS. All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon 1171
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant:
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight, 1175
By combat to decide whose God is God,
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HAR. Fair honor that thou dost thy God, in
trusting

He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A Murderer, a Revolver, and a Robber. 1180

SAMS. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou
prove me these?

HAR. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men 1186
At Acalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber stripst thou them of their robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
To others did no violence nor spoil. 1191

SAMS. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feast;
But your ill meaning politician lords, 1195

Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who threatening cruel death constrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.

My nation was subjected to your lords. 1205

It was the force of conquest; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.

But I a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts. 1210

I was no private but a person rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from Hea-
ven

To free my country; if their servile minds
Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
But to their masters gave me up for nought, 1215
Th' unworthy they; whence to this day they
serve.

I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
And had perform'd it, if my known offense
Had not disabled me, not all your force:
These shifts refused, answer thy appellant 1220
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

HAR. With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave in-
roll'd,

Duc by the law to capital punishment? 1225

To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.
SAMS. Canst thou for this, vain boaster, to

survey me,
To descant on my strength, and give thy ver-
dict?

Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

HAR. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd 1231
Hear these dishonors, and not render death?

SAMS. No man withholds thee, nothing from
thy hand

Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fether'd, but my fit is free. 1235

HAR. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAMS. Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon
thee,

Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffer lay thy structure low, 1239

Or iwing thee in the air, then dash thee down
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HAR. By Astaroth ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries in iron loaden on thee.

CHO. His giantship is gone somewhat creel-
fall'n,

Stalking with less unconscionable strides, 1245
And lower looks, but in a suitry chase.

SAMS. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

CHO. He will directly to the lords, I fear, 1250
And with malicious counsel stir them up

Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAMS. He must allege some cause, and offer'd
fight

Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not, 1255

And that he durst not plain enough appear'd
Much more affliction than already felt

They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labors,

The work of many hands, which earns my keep-
ing 1260

With no small profit daily to my owners.

But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,

The worst that he can give, to me the best. 1265

Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine

Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHO. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!

When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270
Puts invincible might

To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men

Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue 1275

The righteous and all such as honor truth;
He all their ammunition

And seats of war defeats
With plain heroic magnitude of mind 1280
And celestial vigor arm'd,

Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd, 1285
Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
Of faints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all 1290
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might induc'd
Above the sons of men: but fight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with those 1295
Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Laboring thy mind
More than the working-day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind, 1300
For I defy this way

Some other tending, in his hand
A scepter or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now 1305
A public Officer, and now at hand.

His message will be short and voluble.

OFF. Hebrews, the pris'n'r Samson here I seek.

CHO. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

OFF. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me
say; 1310

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honor this great feast, and great assembly;
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
To appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

SAMS. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, there-
fore tell them

Our Law forbids at their religious rites 1320
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

OFF. This answer, be assur'd, will not content
them.

SAMS. Have they not sword-players, and every
sort

Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers and dancers, antics, nummers, minnies,
But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
And over-labor'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?

Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
By my refusal to distress me more, 1330
To make a game of my calamities?

Can the way thou can'st, I will not come.
OFF. Regard thyself; this will offend them
highly.

SAMS. Myself? my conscience and internal
peace,

they think me so broken, so debas'd 1335
th' corporal servitude, that my mind ever
condescend to such absurd commands?
ough their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief

To show them feats, and play before their God,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me 1340
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

OFF. My message was impos'd on me with
speed,

Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

SAMS. So take it with what speed thy message
needs. 1345

OFF. I am sorry what this stoutness will pro-
duce,

SAMS. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow
indeed.

CHO. Consider, Samson; matters now are
strain'd

Up to the highth, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame? 1350
Expect another message more imperious,
More loudly thundering than thou wilt hear.

SAMS. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair 1355
After my great transgression, so requite
Favor renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols?

A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honor to their Dagon?
Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous, 1360
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHO. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the
Philistines,

Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

SAMS. Not in their idol-worship, but by labor
Honest and lawful to deserve my food 1366
Of those who have me in their civil power.

CHO. Where the heart joins not, outward acts
defile not.

SAMS. Where outward force constrains, the
sentence holds. 1369

But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,

I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy 1375
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.

Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

CHO. How thou wilt here come off surmounts
my reach. 1380

SAMS. Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.

I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor 1385
Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.

If there be ought of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHO. In time thou hast resolv'd, the man re-
turns. 1390

OFF. Samson, this second message from our
lords

To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,

And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay; 1395
Or we shall find such engins to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAMS. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their
streets

Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection; 1405
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men!)
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

OFF. I praise thy resolution: dost these links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords 1411
To favor, and perhaps to set thee free.

SAMS. Brethren, farewell; your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common enemy, 1416
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if ought religion seem concern'd;
No less the people on their holy-days 1421
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation, or myself, 1425
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHO. Go, and the holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his
name

Great among the Heathen round; 1430
Send thee the Angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee 1435
In the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need:
For never was from Heav'n imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen! 1440
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere-while
He seems: supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MAN. Peace with you, Brethren; my induce-
ment hither 1445
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock, I had no will, 1450
Left I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

CHO. That hope would much rejoice us to par-
take 1455

With thee; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.
MAN. I have attempted one by one the lords,
Either at home, or through the high street pas-
sing,

With supplication prone and father's tears,
T' accept of ransom for my son their pris'n-er.
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverend Dagon and his priests:
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale: a third 1466
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHO. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before
them, 1474

Or at some proof of strength before them shown.
MAN. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choote
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego

And quit: not wanting him I shall want nothing.
CHO. Fathers are wont to lay up for their son,
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all: 1485
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son
Made older than thy age through eye-sight left.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled 1491
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And, I persuade me, God had not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair 1495
Garrison'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHO. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem
vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon 1505
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

MAN. I know your friendly minds, and—O
what noise!

Mercy of Heaven, what hideous noise was that!
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. 1510

CHO. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
Blood, death, and dearthful deeds are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MAN. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the
noise; 1515

Oh it continues, they have slain my son.

CHO. Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry

From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be; What shall we do? stay here, or run and see?

CHO. Best keep together here, lest running thither 1521

We unawares run into danger's mouth.

This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;

From whom could else a general cry be heard?

The sufferers then will scarce molest us here, 1525

From other hands we need not much to fear.

What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God

Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,

He now be dealing dole among his foes,

And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way? 1530

MAN. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

CHO. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible

For his people of old; what hinders now?

MAN. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;

Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief. 1535

A little stay will bring some notice hither.

CHO. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;

For evil news rides post, while good news baits.

And to our wish I see one hither speeding,

An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe. 1540

Mess. O whether shall I run, or which way fly

The sight of this so horrid spectacle,

Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?

For dire imagination still pursues me.

But providence or instinct of nature seems, 1545

Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consult-

ed,

To have guided me aright, I know not how,

To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these

My countrymen, whom here I knew remain-

ing,

As at some distance from the place of horror,

so in the sad event too much concern'd. 1551

MAN. The accident was loud, and here before

thee

With rustful cry, yet what it was we hear not;

No pretence needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth, but I recover breath 1555

And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

MAN. Tell us the sum, the circumstance de-

ter.

Mess. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,

And in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

MAN. Say, but thou know'st to Israelites not

hidden, 1560

The debelation of a hostile city.

Mess. Feed on that first, there may in grief

be surfeit.

MAN. Relate by whom.

Mess. By Samson.

VOL. II.

MAN. That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah Manoah, I refrain too suddenly

To utter what will come at last too soon; 1566

Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption

Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

MAN. Suspense in news is torture, speak them

out.

Mess. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is

dead. 1570

MAN. The worst indeed, O all my hope's de-

feated

To free him hence! but death who sets all free

Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd

Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves 1575

Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring

Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!

Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first,

How dy'd he; death to life is crown or shame.

All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he,

What glorious hand gave Samson his death's

wound? 1581

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MAN. Wearied with slaughter then, or how?

explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

MAN. Self-violence? what cause

Brought him so soon at variance with himself

Among his foes? 1586

Mess. Inevitable cause,

At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;

The edifice, where all were met to see him,

Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MAN. O lastly over-strong against thyself!

A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge. 1591

More than enough we know; but while things

yet

Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,

Eye-witness of what first or last was done,

Relation more particular and distinct. 1595

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this city,

And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,

The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd

Through each high-fireet: little I had dispatch'd,

When all abroad was rumor'd that this day 1600

Samson should be brought forth, to show the

people

Proof of his mighty strength in fates and games;

I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded

Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre 1605

Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high,

With seats where all the lords and each degree

Of sort, might sit in order to behold;

The other side was open, where the throng

On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;

I among these aloof obscurely stood. 1611

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice

Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer,

and wine,

When to their sports they turn'd. Immed-

ately

Was Samson as a public servant brought, 1615

In their state livery clad; before him pipes

2 [S]

And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout 1620
Rifted the air, clamoring their God with praise,
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their
thrall.

He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before
him,

Which without help of eye might be assay'd, 1625
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still per-
form'd

All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested 1630
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while

With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.

He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd, 1636

And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:

At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd

I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying, 1641
Not without wonder or delight beheld:

Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;

As with amaze shall strike all who behold. 1645
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent.

When mountains tremble, those two massy pil-
lars

With horrible convulsion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and
drew 1650

The whole roof after them, with burst of thun-
der

Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,

Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this but each Philistian city round, 1655

Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson with these immix'd, inevitably

Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

Cho. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd 1661

The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now ly'st victorious

Among thy slain self-kill'd
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold 1665

Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more

Than all thy life hath slain before.

I SEMICHOH. While their hearts were jocund
and sublime,

Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, 1670

And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
Chaunting their idol, and preferring

Before our living Dread who dwells
In Silo his bright sanctuary:

Among them he a spi'rit of phrenzy sent, 1675
Who hurt their minds,

And urg'd them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;

They only set on sport and play
Unweetingly importun'd 1680

Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men

Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves' invite,

Infernal left, or to sense reprobate, 1685
And with blindness internal struck.

2 SEMICHOH. But he, though blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguisht quite,

With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd 1690

From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came;

Affailant on the perched roofs,
And nests in order rang'd

Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle 1695
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.

So virtue giv'n for lost,
Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,

Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods imboist, 1700

That no second knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust,

From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, resplushes, then vigorous most

When most unactive deem'd, 1705
And though her body die, her fame survives

A secular bird ages of lives.

MAN. Come, come, no time for lamentation
now,

Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit him-
self

Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd 1710
A life heroic, on his enemies

Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourn-
ing,

And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel

Honor hath left, and freedom, let but them 1715
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;

To' himself and father's house eternal fame;
And which is best and happiest yet, all this

With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favoring and assisting to the end. 1720

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt.

Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Let us go find the body where it lies 1725
Sok'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream

With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while

(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends, 1730

To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train

Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade

Of laurel ever green, and branching palm, 1735
With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd

In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valor, and adventures high: 1740
 The virgins also shall on feastful days
 Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.
 Cho. Ah is best, though we oft doubt, 1745
 What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,

And ever best found in the close.
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns, 1750
 And to his faithful champion hath in place
 Borne witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
 And all that band them to resist
 His uncontrollable intent;
 His servants he with new acquit 1755
 Of true experience from this great event
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
 And calm of mind, all passion spent.

POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES.

“ ——— Baccare frontem
 “ Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.”

VIRGIL, Eclog. vii.

I.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a cough.*

I.

O Fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
 Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst out-lasted
 Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
 For he being amorous on that lovely dye
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
 But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
 By boist'rous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
 He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
 If likewise he some fair-one wedded not,
 Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
 Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eid,
 Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach
 was held.

* This elegy was not inserted in the first edition of the author's poems, printed in 1645, but was added in the second edition printed in 1673. It was compos'd in the year 1625, that being the 17th year of Milton's age. In some editions the title runs thus, *On the death of a fair Infant, a nephew of his, dying of a cough*: but the sequel shows plainly that the child was not a nephew, but a niece, and consequently a daughter of his sister Philips, and probably her first child.

III.

So mounting up in icy pearly car, 15
 Through middle empire of the freezing air
 He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far:
 There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.
 Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
 But all unwares with his cold kind embrace 20
 Unhous'd thy virgin-soul from her fairbiding-place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
 Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate,
 Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand. 25
 Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
 Alack that so to change thee Winter had no
 power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed, 31
 Hid from the world in a low delv'd tomb;
 Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?
 Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortality, that show'dst thou wast divine. 35

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
 (If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
 Tell me bright Spirit where'er thou hoverest,
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
 Or in th' Elysian fields (if such there were) 40
 Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy
 flight.

Wert thou
 Of that d
 Which ca
 Took up
 Or did of
 Of the
 Amongst

Or wert th
 Forsook th
 And cam't
 Or wert th
 Or that cro
 Or any
 Let down
 goo

Or wert th
 Who havin
 To earth fr
 And after f
 As if to th
 Thereby
 To torn th

But oh wh
 To bid us
 To shake hi
 To turn fw
 Or drive av
 To stand
 But thou ca
 art.

Then thou
 Her fallie in
 And wisely
 Think what
 And render
 This if th
 That till th
 to li

How Estab
 ing, part
 mid, the

HALL, I
 Didst
 speal
 And mad it
 Half unprop

* These
 the 17th ye
 not in the
 in the editio

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of falk'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof 45
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall
Of she-my Heaven, and thou some Goddes fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before 50
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood 55
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some
good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed, 60
As if to show what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Therby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heav'n-low'd innocence, 65
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou
art. 70

XI.

Then thou the Mother of so sweet a Child
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild.
Think what a present thou to God hast sent, 75
And render him with patience what he lent!
This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That till the world's last end shall make thy name
to live.

II.

Book B. 19. At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches made, the English thus began.

HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavoring tongue to
speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounce'd, slide through my infant-lips,

* These verses were made in 1627, that being the 17th year of the author's age; and they were not in the edition of 1645, but were first added in the edition of 1673.

Driving dumb silence from the portal door, 5
Where he had mutely sat two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter talk:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee: 10
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid 15
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee strait to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight,
Which takes our late fantasies with delight, 20
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And weary of their place do only stay 25
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity 35
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly fire:
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under 41
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heav'n's defiance muttering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinoüs' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest 50
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 55
To keep in compass of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments his ten Sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his Canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth; 60
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spie
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,

And sweetly singing round about thy bed
 Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst
 Still

From eyes of mortals walk invisible :
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage,
 And in time's long and dark prospective glass
 Forelaw what future days should bring to pass ;
 Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subjeſt be to many an Accident.

O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
 Yet every one shall make him underling,
 And those that cannot live from him atunder
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them ;
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them ;
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing, &c.
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.

To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar :

Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands can loose this Gordian knot ?

*The next Quantity and Quality speaks in Prose, then
 Relation was call'd by his Name.*

RIVERS arise ; whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Dun,
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
 His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
 Or fullen Mole that runneth underneath,
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maidens' death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
 Or Medway smooth, or royal tow'rd Thame. 100

[*The rest was prophesied*]

III.

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

Compos'd 1629.

I.

THIS is the morn, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
 Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring ;
 For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
 Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside ; and here with us to be,

Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal
 clay.

III.

Say heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the Infant God ?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome him to this his new abode,
 Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in quondam
 bright ?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet ;
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
 Have thou the honor first, thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd
 fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

IT was the winter wild,
 While the Heav'n-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff'd her gawdy trim,
 With her great Master to sympathize :
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
 She woo'd the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The faintly veil of maiden white to throw,
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
 She, crown'd with olive green, came softly
 sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battal's found
 Was heard the world around :
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
 The hooked chariot stood,
 Unstain'd with hostile blood,
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
 wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began:
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kist,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rage,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
 wave.

VI.

The furs with deep amaze
 Sent him in steadfast gaze,
 Finding one way their precious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
 So in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 And their Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 And inferior flame
 The new enlighten'd world no more should need;
 Hence a greater sun appear
 Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree, could
 bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Or at the point of dawn,
 Were busily charming in a rustic row;
 Full time thought they then,
 That the mighty Pan
 Would come to live with them below;
 But their loves, or else their sheep,
 Would thus did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook,
 Deep swarthy voice
 And every stringed quill,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
 The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
 In thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly
 sound.

X.

Some thus heard such sound
 As on the hollow sound
 Of Cytherea's harp, the aery region thrilling,
 Nor was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shame-fac'd night
 array'd;

The helmed Cherubim,
 And sworded Seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings dis-
 play'd,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115
 With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born
 Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great 120
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the wattering waves their cozy channel
 keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal Spheres, 125
 Once bless our human ears,
 (If ye have power to touch our senses so)
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time,
 And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow,
 And with your ninefold harmony 131
 Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
 Inwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
 And speckled Vanity 136
 Will flicker soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold,
 And flesh itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
 day. 140

XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Or'd in a rainbow: and like glories wearing
 Mercy will sit between,
 Thron'd in celestial throne, 145
 With radiant feet the stiffest clouds down
 treading,
 And Heaven, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
 This must not yet be so, 150
 The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our sins;
 So both himself and us to glorify;
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, 155
 The wakeful trumpet of doom march under through
 the deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount Sinai rang,

While the red fire and smouldering clouds out-
brake :

The aged earth aghast, 160
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake ;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his
throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss 165
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway, 170
And wroth to see his kingdom fall,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiv-
ing. 175
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leav-
ing.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic
cell. 180

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale, 185
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth, 190
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight
plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat, 195
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted
seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forfake their temples dim,
With that twice batter'd God of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth, 200
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Tham-
muz mourn.

XXIII.

And fullen Moloch fled, 205
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue; 210
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unflower'd grafs with lowings
loud : 215
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The fable-stoled forcerers bear his worshipt ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky cyn;
Nor all the Gods beside
Longer dare abide, 225
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our babe, to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling-bands controll the damned
crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fether'd ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fayses 235
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-
lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have end-
ing : 240
Heaven's youngest teem'd star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attend-
ing :
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnett Angels sit in order servicable.

IV.

THE PASSION.

I.

EREWILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth 245
ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth.

My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing, 5
In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living
night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than
so,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Most perfect Hero, try'd in heaviest plight.
Of labors huge and hard, too hard for human
might!

III.

He sovran Priest stooping his regal head, 15
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor flimsy tabernacle entered,
His bary front low-roof'd beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's
side. 21

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce, 25
And former sufferings other-where are found;
And o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;
No sister airs hesitate, and sister strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Attend me, Night, best patroness of grief,
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are color'd with my woe;
My throws are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish
white. 35

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision sit 41
In passive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score 46
My paining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would sitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing, 50
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
VOL. II.

The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)
Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant
cloud. 56

[This subject the Author finding to be above the years he
had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with
what was begun, left it unfinished.]

V.

On Time.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours, 5
Which is no more than what is false and vain, 5
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd, 10
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine, 15
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthy grossness quit, 20
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

VI.

Upon the Crucifixion.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriors
bright,
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night; 5
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere 10
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love or law more just! 15
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness; 20
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
2 [T]

Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart 25
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

VII.

At a solemn Music.

BLEST pair of Syrens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and
Verse,

Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power em-
ploy

Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to your high-rai'd phantasy present 5
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Ay sung before the sapphire-color'd throne
To him that sit thereon

With faintly shout and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10

Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires

Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms, 15

Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly;

That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;

As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din 21

Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion
sway'd

In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.

O may we soon again renew that song, 25
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere
long

To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of
light!

VIII.

*An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.**

THIS rich marble doth inter
The honor'd wife of Winchester,
A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth, 5
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas too soon.
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death. 10
Yet, had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,

* Jane, daughter of Thomas Lord Viscount
Savage of Rock-Savage.

Nature and fate had no strife
In giving limit to her life.

Her high birth and her graces sweet
Quickly found a lover meet; 15

The virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage feast;

He at their invoking came
But with a scarce well-lighted flame; 20

And in his garland as he stood
Ye might discern a cypress-bud.

Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,

And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes; 25

But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;

And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree: 30

The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,

And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip,
Sav'd with care from winter's nip, 35

The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,

Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal shower; 40

But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,

And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,

Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral. 45

Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;

After this thy travel fore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50

That to give the world increase,
Shortned hast thy own life's lease!

Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,

Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon, 55

And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy herse, to strow the ways,

Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name; 60

Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sittest in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,

That fair Syrian shepherdes,
Who after years of barrenness, 65

The highly-favor'd Joseph bore
To him that serv'd for her before,

And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs press'd to felicity,

Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light: 70

There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,

With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

IX.

Song. On May Morning.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowlip, and the pale primrose.
Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

X.

On Shakspear. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakspear for his honor'd bones
The labor of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid,
Under a stony-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
Nor whilst to thy thame of flow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Some Delphic lines with deep impression took,
When thou our fancy of itself bereaving;
Hast made us marble with too much conceiving;
And to sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

XI.

On the University Carrier, who sickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague.

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his gut,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's there stuck in a sough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a snifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pul'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed.

XII.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time;
And, like an engin mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended strait.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That ev'n to his last breath (there be that say't)
As he were press'd to death, he cry'd, More weight!
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains his superscription.

XIII.

L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous
wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple fleck;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unproved pleasures free;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night.
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the slack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Some time walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
 While the plow-man near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landkip round it measures,
 Rustic lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savory dinner set

Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks found
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holy-day,
 Till the live-long day-light fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat,
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
 And he by frier's lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy sleave hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tow'rd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Unwilling all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Meth, with thee I mean to live.

XIV.

II. PENSOROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain, 5
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10
But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose faintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view 15
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might be seem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To sit her beauties' praise above 20
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thou bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign, 25
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn, 35
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, 45
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure; 50
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that you fears on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Lest Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight, 55
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak; 60
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen 65
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way, 70
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfew sound,
Over some wide water'd shore, 75
Swinging slow with fullen roar
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour, 85
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold 90
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent 95
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes', or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
Of Camball, and of Algarfise,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride; 115
And if ought else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trickt and frounted as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,

But kercheff in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gulf hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rusling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloyster's pale,
And love the high embow'd roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetest, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every herb that slips the dew:
And every herb that slips the dew:
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

XV.

ARCADES*.

*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Court of
Dorchester of Derby at Haresfield, by some noble Per-
sons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in pas-
toral Habit, moving toward the Seat of State, with
this Song.*

* This poem is only part of an Entertainment,
or *Masque*, as it is also intitled in Milton's Manu-
script, the rest probably being of a different na-
ture, or composed by a different hand.

I. SONG.

125 LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook:
130 This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend;
Here our solemn search hath end.
Fame, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
135 We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise;
Less than half we find express,
Envy bid conceal the rest.
140 Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads:
This, this is she alone,
145 Sitting like a Goddess bright,
In the center of her light.
Might she the wife Latona be,
Or the towered Cybele,
Mother of a hundred Gods;
150 Juno dares not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd?
*As they come forward, the GENIUS of the Wood ap-
pears, and, turning toward them, speaks.*
155 GEN. STAY, gentle Swains, for though in this
disguise,
I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
160 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
165 I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honor and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
170 To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead you where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
175 For know by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wave
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet finites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassell'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout

Wit
But
Hat
To
Tha
And
And
On
Such
To
And
And
After
Of
And
The
Wh
If
In
What
I
And
Where
Appro

O'ER
Where

Under
Of
I
Clad
Such
All
NYMPH
By
On
Thought
A
From
Bring
Here
To
Thought
Yet
Such
All
In
unfor
on
Rain
Mr.
Secretary
mate

With puissant words, and murmurs made to blefs;
 But elfe in deep of night, when drowfinefs 61
 Hath lock'd up mortal fenfe, then litten I
 To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
 That fit upon the nine infolded fpheres,
 And fing to thofe that hold the vital fhears, 65
 And turn the adamantin fpindle round,
 On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
 Such fweet compulfion doth in mufic lie,
 To hll the daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unfteadly Nature to her law, 70
 And the low world in meafur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mold with grofs unpurg'd ear:
 And yet fuch mufic worthieft were to blaze
 The peerlefs highth of her immortal praife, 75
 Whole luftre leads us, and for her moft fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable founds; yet, as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of leffer Gods can fhow,
 I will affay, her worth to celebrate, 80
 And fo attend ye toward her glittering ftate;
 Where you may all that are of noble ftom
 Approach and kifs her facred velture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'ER the fmoother enamel'd green,
 Where no print of ftep hath been, 85
 Follow me as I fing,
 And touch the warbled ftring,
 Under the fhady roof
 Of branching elm ftar-proof.
 Follow me, 90
 I will bring you where fhe fits,
 Clad in fplendor as befits
 Her deity.
 Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not feen. 95

III. SONG.

NYMPHS and Shepherds, dance no more
 By fandy Ladon's lilied banks;
 On old Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar
 Trip no more in twilight ranks;
 Though Erymanth your lofs deplore, 100
 A better foil fhall give you thanks.
 From the ftony Manalus
 Bring your flocks, and live with us;
 Here ye fhall have greater grace,
 To ferve the Lady of this place. 105
 Though Syrtinx your Pan's miftrefs were,
 Yet Syrtinx well might wait on her.
 Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not feen.

XVI.

LYCIDAS.

In this Sonnet the Author bewails a learned Friend,
 unfortunately drown'd in his Passage from Chafter
 on the Iriff Seas, 1637, and by occafion foretells the
 Ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their bightb.*

* Mr. Edward King, fon of Sir John King,
 Secretary for Ireland, a fellow-collegian and intimate friend of our author.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fere,
 I come to pluck your berries harfh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint, and fad occafion dear,
 Compels me to difturb your feafon due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not fing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himfelf to fing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He muft not ftole upon his watry bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of fome melodious tear.
 Begin then, Sisters of the facred well, 15
 That from beneath the feat of Jove doth fpring,
 Begin, and fomewhat loudly fweep the ftring.
 Hence with denial vein, and coy excufe,
 So may fome gentle Mufe
 With lucky words favor my deftin'd urn, 20
 And as he paffes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my fable fhroud.
 For we were nurft upon the felf-fame hill,
 Fed the fame flock by fountain, fhade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd 25
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her fultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the frefh dew of night
 Oft till the ftar that rofe, at evening, bright, 30
 Toward Heaven's defcent had ftop'd his weftering
 wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad found would not be abfent long, 35
 And old Dametas lov'd to hear our fong.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never muft return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and defert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn. 40
 The willows, and the hazel copfes green,
 Shall now no more be feen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy foft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rofe, 45
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or froft to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When firt the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy lofs to fhepherds' ear. 50

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorselefs
 deep 50
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the fteep,
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the fhaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva fpreads her wifard ftream: 55
 Ay me! I fondly dream
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
 What could the Mufe herfelf that Orpheus bore,
 The Mufe herfelf for her enchanting fon,
 Whom univerfal nature did lament, 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary viſage down the ftream was fent,
 Down the fwift Hebrus to the Lesbian ftore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely flighted shepherd's trade, 65
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears, 75
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies, 80
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood, 85
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea; 90
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story, 95
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
Like to that sanguin flower inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Know of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold? 115
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how
to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs! 121
What recks it them? What need they? They are
sped;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they
draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace; and nothing said,
But that two-handed engin at the door, 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Mæus,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues, 135
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes, 139
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak with jet,
The glowing violet, 145
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies.

For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurld, 155
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Vist'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks tow'ard Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more.
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, 166
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky: 171
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear night of him that walk'd the
waves,

Where other groves and other streams along,
With neerer pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in the perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,

And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

XVII.

*The Fifth Ode * of Horace, Lib. I.*

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa,"

Rendred almost word for word without rhyme, according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid
odors

Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Pain in thy cheeks? O how oft shall he 5
On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold, 10
Who always vacant always amiable
Hopes thee, of fluttering gales
Unmindful? Hapless they
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my
vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds 15
To the stern God of sea.

XVIII.

Ad Pyrrham. Ode V.

*Horatius ex Pyrrha illecebris tanquam è naufragio
eustrocerat, ejus amore irritatos, affirmat se mi-
serum.*

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam

* First added in the edition of 1673.

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens!
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuum semper amabilem 20
Sperat, nescius aure
Fallacis? Miseri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti 15
Vestimenta maris Deo.

XIX.

*On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long Par-
liament *.*

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate
Lord,
And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality,
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword 5
To force our consciences, that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy,
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics 11
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what-d'ye-call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing, worse than those of
Trent,

That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. 20

* This was also first added in the edition of
1673.

COMUS, A MASK,

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634,

BEFORE THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

The Mask was presented in 1634, and consequently in the 20th year of our author's age. In the title-page of the first edition, printed in 1637, it is said that it was presented on *Michaelmas night*, and there was this motto,

"Eheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum
"Perditus —"

In this edition, and in that of Milton's Poems in 1645, there was prefixed to the Mask the following dedication.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT BRACKLY, SON AND HEIR APPARENT TO
THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, &c.

MY LORD,

THIS poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honor from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tir'd my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honor of your name; and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favors been long oblig'd to your most honor'd parents; and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all real expression

Your faithful and most

humble Servant,

H. LAWES.

THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.

COMUS, with his Crew.

The LADY.

First BROTHER.

Second BROTHER.

SABRINA the Nymph.

THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE,

The Lord BRACKLY.

Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, his brother.

The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

C O M U S.

The first SCENE discovers a Wild Wood.

The attendant SPIRIT descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aerial Spirits live insph'rd
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, 5
 Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted
 care

Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
 After this mortal change to her true servants 10
 Amongst the enthron'd Gods on fainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,
 That opes the palace of eternity :
 To such my errand is; and but for such, 15
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mold.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
 That like to rich and various gems inlay
 The unadorn'd bosom of the deep,
 Which he to grace his tributary Gods,
 By course commits to several government, 25
 And givethem leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
 And wield their little tridents : but this Ile,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old, and haughty nation proud in arms :
 Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore 35
 Are coming to attend their father's state,
 And new-intrusted scepter; but their way
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;

And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
 But that by quick command from sovran Jove
 I was dispatch'd for their defense and guard;
 And listen why, for I will tell you now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower. 45

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crush'd the sweet poison of mis-used wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds list'd,
 On Circe's island fell : (Who knows not Circe 50
 The daughter of the sun? whose charm'd cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling swine)
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering locks,
 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth, 55
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus
 nam'd,

Who, ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
 Exceeds his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass, 65
 To quench the drouth of Phæbus, which as they
 taste,

(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'-
 nance,

Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were;
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before, 75
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.

Therefore when any favor'd of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
 I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convey,
 As now I do: But first I must put off
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs, 85
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps. I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass
 in the other; with him a rout of monsters, bearded
 like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like
 men and women, their apparel glistening; they come
 in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in
 their hands.*

Com. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day 95
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream,
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal 100
 Of his chamber in the east.
 Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
 Tipfy Dance, and Jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine, 105
 Dropping odors, dropping wine.
 Rigor now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave faws in slumber lie. 110
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
 Lead in swift round the months and years. 114
 The sounds and seas, with all their sunny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The Wood Nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, 120
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wakens love. 125
 Come let us our rites begin,
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
 Of midn'ght torches burns; mysterious dame, 130
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy elven chair, 134

Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate, and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn on th' Indian steep
 From her cabin'd loophole peep, 140
 And to the tell-tale sun defery
 Our conceal'd solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace 145
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your thronds, within these brakes and trees;
 Our number may affright: Some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 And to my wily trains; I shall ere long 150
 Be well-flock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with bleat illusion, 155
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy
 Baited with reasons not unpleasible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust, 165
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamester pipe,
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds, 174
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath
 To meet the radeness and swill'd insouience
 Of such late wastafers; yet O where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
 My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,
 Slept, as they said, to the next thicket side 185
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed, 189
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain,
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wandering steps too far,
 And envious darkness, ere they could return, 194
 Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,

Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misted and lonely traveller? 200
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies 205
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 On lands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended 211
 By a strong siding champion, conscience.—
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity; 215
 I see you visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honor unassail'd. 220
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove. 225
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new invliven'd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well; 235
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likeliest thy Narcissus are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where, 240
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 245
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence:
 How sweetly did they flote upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, 250
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kintled Naiades
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs, 255
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,

And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her, 264
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog 269
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

L.A. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is address'd to unattending ears;
 Nor any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my fever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft
 you thus?

L.A. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near-usher-
 guides?

L.A. They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

L.A. To seek i'th' valley some cool friendly
 spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded,
 Lady?

L.A. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick
 return.

Com. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented
 them. 285

L.A. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

L.A. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful
 bloom! 289

L.A. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Com. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swink'd hedger at his supper far;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill, 295
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
 Their port was more than human, as they flood:
 I took it for a faery vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,
 That in the colors of the rainbow live, 300
 And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,
 And as I pass'd, I worshipt; if those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
 To help you find them.

L.A. Gentle Villager, 305

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Com. Due well it rises from this shrubby point.

L.A. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,
 Would overtalk the best land-pilot's art,
 Without the sure guests of well-practis'd feet. 310

Com. I know each lane, and every alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
 And every bulky bourn from side to side,

My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd, 315
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed lark
From her thatcht pallat rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320
Till further quest.

L.A. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in top'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: In a place 326
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength! Shepherd, lead on.

The two BROTHERS.

I Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint Stars, and thou fair
Moor, 331

That won't it to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades; 335
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
'Though a rush candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long level'd rule of streaming light, 340
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2 Bro. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wadded cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops, 345
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister, 350
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?

Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright, 356
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

I Bro. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils: 360
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown
What need a man foretell his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion? 365
I do not think my Sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retir'd solitude, 376
Where with her best nurse contemplation
Sh' plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd. 380
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i'th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 Bro. 'Tis most true, 385
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with uninchant'd eye, 395
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of misers' treasure by an out-law's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild furrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned Sister.

I Bro. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
Secure without all doubt, or controversy;
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear 410
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish fquint suspicion.
My Sister is not so defenseless left
As you imagin; she's has a hidden strength 415
Which you remember not.

2 Bro. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

I Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden
strength,

Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity: 420
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity, 425
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaneer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unbleach'd majesty, 430
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In log, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,

Blue mead
That break
No goblin
Hath hurt
Do ye bel
Antiquity
To testify
Hence ha
Fair silver
Wherewit
And spotted
The frivol
Fear'd her
wo

What was
That wife
Wherewith
But rigid l
And noble
With fuddle
So dear to
That when
A thousand
Driving far
And in cle
Tell her of
Till oft cor
Begin to ca
The unpoll
And turns
Till all be
By unchast
But most by
Lest in deli
'The foul gr
Embodies, a
The divine
Such are the
Oft seen in
Lingering,
As loath to
And link'd
To a degene

2 Bro. I
Not harsh,
But musical
And a perpe
Where no c
I Bro. I
Some far off
2 Bro. M
I Bro. P
Either some
Or else some
Some roving
2 Bro. H
and
Best draw,
I Bro. I
If he be frie
Defense is a

The atten
That hallow
Come not to

Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at Curfew time, 435
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity? 440
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men 445
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'th'
woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wife Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her, 455
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by leud and lavish act of sin, 465
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchers, 471
Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state. 475
2 Bro. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

1 Bro. List, list, I hear 480
Some far off hallow break the silent air.
2 Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?
1 Bro. For certain

Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour wood-man, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows. 485

2 Bro. Heav'n keep my Sister! Again, again,
and near;

Be't draw, and stand upon our guard.

1 Bro. I'll hallow;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defense is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant SPIRIT habited like a shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPI. What voice is that? my young Lord?
speak again.

2 Bro. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd,
sure.

1 Bro. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft
delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, 495
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.
How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any
ram

Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPI. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth 504
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

1 Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without
blame,

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

SPI. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

1 Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee
briefly shew.

SPI. I'll tell you; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse, 516
Of dire chimera's and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520
Immur'd in cypress shades, a forcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, 525
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmolding reason's mintage
Charáct'rd in the face; this have I learnt 530
Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by
night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate 535
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.

Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unwitting by the way.

This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540
Had ta'en their supper on the favory herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,

I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began, 545
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,

And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance: 550
 At which I cou'd, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy-sighted steeds,
 That drew the litter of close-confin'd sleep:
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound 555
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear, 560
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honor'd Lady, your dear Sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, borrow'd with grief and fear,
 And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I, 565
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly fane!
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place, 570
 Where that damn'd wifard hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his with'd prey,
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such twa, 575
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I grief'd
 Yewers the two she meant; with that I sprang
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not.

2 BAO. O night and shades, 580
 How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin
 Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, Brother?

1 BAO. Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely; not a period 585
 Shall be unfaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not intrail'd; 590
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
 Outber'd like scum, and settled to itself, 595
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd: if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's
 on.

Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven 600
 May never this lust sword be lifted up;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 That Afric and Ind, I'll find him out, 605
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

SEN. Alas! good venturous Youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and hold amiss, 610

But here thy sword can do thee little good,
 For other arms, and other weapons, must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,
 And crumple all thy sinews.

1 BAO. Why pr'ythee, Shepherd, 615
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 As to make this relation?

SEN. Care and utmost faith
 Flow to secure the Lady from surpris'd,
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray.
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken ev'n to ecstasy, 625
 And in recital ope his leathern scrip,
 And show me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he call'd me out; 630
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it.
 But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil.
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon; 635
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
 That Hermes once to wife Ulysses gave;
 He call'd it Hemony, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of sovran use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blak, or damp
 Or ghastly series' apparition. 640

I purs'd it up, but hie reckoning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd;
 But now I find it true; for by this means
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd, 645
 Eaten'd the very lime-twigs of his shells,
 And yet came off: if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall:
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650
 And brandish'd blade, rush on him, break his
 glass,

And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But kille his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
 Fierce sign of battel make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke, 655
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but thrust.

1 Pao. Thyself, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: just music, tables spread with all dainties. COLOS appears with his robe, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

COLO. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wove his wand
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in slabaster, 660
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LAD. Fool, do not boast,
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal and
 Thou hast immancled, while Heav'n's joys good.

Com. Why are you vex'd, Lady? why do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates

Scowls lies far: See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Smile is the April buds in primrose-season. 671

And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
Well spirit of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-horn Helena, 676

Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To be so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent 680

For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But 'tis a invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Savouring the unexempt condition 685

To which all mortal frailty must submit,
Reluctant after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

L.A. I will not, false traitor, 690
Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Vex this the courage, and the safe abode
Thou wilt me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Dance with thy brow'd enchantments, soul de-
ceive; 696

But thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With stor'd falsehood, and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits fit to insinuate a hate? 700
Vex not a maid for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
For well-govern'd and wise appetite. 705

Com. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To these sordid doctors of the State sur,
And let their progeny from the Cynic rule,
Pursuing the lean and fallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand, 711
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
Filling the seas with swarms innumerable,
For all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And for a world millions of spinning weaves, 715
That in their green shops weave the smooth-
hand's life

To feed her sons, and, that no corner might
Be want of her plenty, in her own loins
She hurls the all-work'd ore, and precious gems
To feed her children with: if all the world 720
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but
friese,

To all-giver would be unthank'd, would be un-
proud,

VOL. II.

Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth, 726
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own
weight,

And strangled with her waste fertility,
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark with
plumes, 730

The herds would over multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought
diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last 735

To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
Lift, Lady, be not coy, and be not coven'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.

Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof 740

Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unfavour in th' enjoyment of itself;

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown 745

In courts, in feasts, in high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,

They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750

The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermilion-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?

There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young
yet. 755

L.A. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler

Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.

I hate when vice can host her arguments, 760
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,

As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good caterers,
Means her provision only to the good, 765

That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance;

If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and becoming share

Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury 770
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuspicious even proportion,

And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd, 775

His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
No'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,

But with besotted base ingratitude
Craves, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?

Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,

Rain would I something say, yet to whom and?
Thou hast not ear, nor soul to apprehend

The sublime notion, and high mystery, 785
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doct'rin of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not
know

More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence, 795
That dumb things would be mov'd to syna-
thize,

And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
shake,

Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Com. She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering
dew

Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissem-
ble, 805

And try her yet more strongly. Come, no
more,

This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood : 810
But this will cure all strait, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest
his glass out of his hand, and break it against the
ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all
driven in: The attendant SPIRIT comes in.*

SPI. What, have you let the false inchanter
scape? 814

O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dislevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd, 821
Which once of Melibæus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn
stream, 825

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Loecrine,
That had the scepter from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 830
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing
course.

The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,

Held up their pearly wrists and took her in,
Bearing her strait to aged Nereus' hall, 835
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank
head,

And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd, 840
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs 845
That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her
stream 850

Of panics, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasp charm, and thaw the numming
spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled song.
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift 855
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-befetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

SABRINA fair,
Listen where thou art sitting 860
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair:
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake. 865
Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace, 870
And Tethys' grave majestic pace,
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wisard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell, 875
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Syrens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb, 880
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance, 885
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save.

SABRINA

By the
Where g

M

Thick fe

Of tur

T

Whi

Thu

O'er

T

Gen

12

Spi. G

We impl

To undo

Of true v

Through

Of unble

SAB. S

To help i

Brightest

Thus I sp

Drops th

I have ke

Thrice up

Thrice up

Next this

Smear'd

I touch w

Now the

And I m

To wait i

SABRINA

Spi. V

Strang o

May thy

Teat full

From a t

That tun

Summer

Never se

Nor wet

SABRINA rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot strays,
Thick set with agat, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet,
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy request
I am here.

895

900

SPI. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distressed,
Through the force, and through the wile,
Of unblest inchanter vile.

905

SAB. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insuared chastity:
Brightest Lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venom'd feat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

910

915

920

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.

SPI. Virgin daughter of Loocrine,
Spring of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair;
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

925

935

940

945

Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needful sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate

His wish'd presence, and beside
All the swains that near abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night fits monarch yet in the mid sky.

950

955

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the attendant SPIRIT, with the two BROTHERS and the LADY.

SONG.

SPI. Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns, and on the leas.

960

965

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

NOBLE Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought you new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

970

975

The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.

SPI. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(Lift mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,

980

985

990

995

Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd,
 After her wandering labors long,
 Till free consent the Gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

1000 But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend, 1015
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.
 1005 Mortals that would follow me,
 Love Virtue, she alone is free,
 She can teach you how to climb 1020
 Higher than the sphery chime;
 Or if Virtue feeble were,
 1010 Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

O Nig
 War
 Thou w
 While
 Thy liqui
 First he
 Porten
 Have li
 Now time
 Foretel
 As thou
 For my re
 Whethe
 Both th

DONN
 L'ho
 Bene è
 Quel tu
 Che dolce
 De lui a
 E i don
 La onde l
 Quando tu
 Che mo
 Guardi
 L'entrata,
 Gratia f
 Che l di

QUAL
 L'av
 Va bag
 Che ma
 Fuor di fu
 Così An
 Desta il
 Mentre
 Canto, da
 E'l bel
 Amor lo
 Seppi ch
 Deh! f
 A chi p

SONNETS.

I. *To the Nightingale.*

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day, 5
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late 11
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Quel tuo spirito gentil non innamorà,
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora 5
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor fatte ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno 10
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
Entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di fu gli vaglia, inanti
Che l'disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a diffusa spera
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Così Amor meco infu la lingua snella
Destà il fior novo di strana favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E' bel Tanigi cangio col bel Arno. 10
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! fofs' il mio cuor lento e' l' duro sena
A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno.

Canzone.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana, 5
E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chionia 10
L' immortal guiderdon d'eterni frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
Canzon dritti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e' l suo dir, è il mio cuore
Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore. 13

IV.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solèa
E du suoi lacci spesso mi ridèa
Già caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia 5
M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero, 10
Parele adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemisfero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi sia poco.

V.

PER certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
Sì mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia, 5
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove me duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si fia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida sì celsa 10
Sfossò mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'inghiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovofo
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante
 L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante, 5
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S'arma di fe, e d'intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro, 10
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
 E di cetta sonora, e delle muse:
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor muse l'infanabil ago.

VII.

On his being arrived to the Age of 23.

HOW soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth
 year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, 5
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even 10
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of
 Heaven;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

VIII.

When the Assault was intended to the City.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenseless doors may
 seize,
 If deed of honor did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms 5
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 List not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

To a virtuous young Lady.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the
 green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labor up the hill of heav'nly truth,

The better part with Mary and with Ruth
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues vent their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light, 10
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be
 sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastsful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wife and pure.

X.

To the Lady Margaret Ley.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or ice,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament 5
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæronæa, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you, 10
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honor'd Margaret.

XI.

*On the Detraction which followed upon my writing
 certain Treatises.*

ABOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
 And woven close, both matter, form and
 stile;
 The subject new; it walk'd the town awhile,
 Numbering good intellects; nowfeldompor'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on 5
 A title-page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to
 Mile—
 End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnell, or Galasp?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow 10
 sleek,
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp.
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king
 Edward Greek.

XII.

On the same.

IDID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;

As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
 Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny, 6
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearls to hogs;
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty; 11
 For who loves that must first be wise and good;
 But from that mark how far they rove we see
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

To Mr. H. Larue on his Airs.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for envy to look wan; 6
 To after-age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our
 tongue.
 Thou honor'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
 To honor thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire, 10
 That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
 Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

XIV.

*On the religious Memory of Mrs. Catharine Thomson,
 my Christian Friend, deceas'd 16 Decemb. 1646.*

WHEN faith and love, which parted from
 thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth
 sever.
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavor 5
 stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod:
 But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and faith, who knew them best,
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple
 beams 10
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

To the Lord General Fairfax.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms thro' Europe
 rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings, 5
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings

Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand, 9
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,
 While avarice and rapin share the land.

XVI.

To the Lord General Cromwell.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through
 a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
 plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud 5
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots im-
 brued,
 And Dunbar field refounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories
 No less renown'd than war: new foes arise 10
 Threatning to bind our souls with secular chains:
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII.

To Sir Henry Vane the younger.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms re-
 pell'd
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold 5
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
 Then to advise how war may best upheld
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage: besides to know
 Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few
 have done: 11
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII.

On the late Massacre in Piemont.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd fairs,
 whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans 5
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they 9
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

On his Blindness.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and
wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more
bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labor, light deny'd?
I fondly ask: But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best 10
Bears his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

XX.

To Mr. Lawrence.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are
mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a fullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? time will run 5
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

To Cyriac Skinner.

CYRIAC, whose grandfire on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the
French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,

And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

XXII.

To the same.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes,
though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year, 5
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend, to' have lost them over-
ply'd 10
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side,
This thought might lead me through the world's
vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

On his deceased Wife.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alceftis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband
gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and
faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old Law did save, 6
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight 10
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my
night.

XXIV.

On occasion of the Plague in London.

Found on a glass Window at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, where Milton resided during the Continuance of that Calamity.

[From Birch's Life.]

FAIR mirror of soul times; whose fragile frame
Shall, as it blazeth, break; while Providence
(Aye watching o'er his saints with eye unseen)
Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence,
To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence;
Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings, 6
Who Heaven's lore reject for brutish sense;
As erst he scourg'd Jessides' sin of yore,
For the fair Hittite, when, on seraph's wings,
He sent him war, or plague, or famine fore. 10

P S A L M S

Psaln 1. Done into verse, 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight, 5
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just, 15
And the way of bad men to ruin suit.

Psaln 11. Done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzette.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Mise a vain thing, the kings of th' earth
up stand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear? 5
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: He who in Heav'n doth
dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then se-
vere
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
Anointed have my king (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath said
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee 15
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
Th' Heav'n, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full
low
With iron scepter bruise'd, and them disperse 20
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
Be taught, ye Judges of the earth; with fear
VOL. II

Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear 25
In anger, and ye perish in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay!

*Psaln 111. Aug. 9, 1653.**When he fled from Alfsalom.*

LORD, how many are my foes!
How many those
That in arms against me rise!
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say, 5
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
Th'ee through my story
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd 10
Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions 15
The populous rout
I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch against me their pavilions.
Rise, Lord; save me, my God; for thou
Hast smote ere now 20
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the
Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

Psaln 114. Aug. 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
God of my righteousness,
In straits and in distress
Thou didst me disenthral 5
And set at large; now spare,
New pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in scorn,
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity; 10
a [Y]

To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?

Yet know the Lord hath chose,

Chose to himself apart,

The good and meek of heart

(For whom to choose he knows):

Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.

Be aw'd, and do not sin,

Speak to your hearts along,

Upon your beds, each one,

And be at peace within.

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say

Who yet will show us good?

Talking like this world's brood;

But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favor of thy count'nance bright. 30

Into my heart more joy

And gladness thou hast put,

Than when a year of glut

Their stores doth over-cloy,

And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds. 35

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down and sleep,

For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where'er I lie;

And in a rocky cell

Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell. 40

Psalms v. Aug. 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,

My meditation weigh,

The voice of my complaining hear

My King and God; for unto thee I pray.

Jehovah, thou my early voice

Shalt in the morning hear,

I th' morning I to thee with choice

Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes

In wickedness delight,

Evil with thee no biding makes,

Fools or madmen stand not within thy sight. 10

All workers of iniquity

Thou hat'st; and them unblest

Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;

The bloody and guiltful man God doth detest. 15

But I will in thy mercies dear,

Thy numerous mercies, go

Into thy house; I in thy fear

Will tow'rs thy holy temple worship low. 20

Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,

Lead me because of those

That do observe if I transgress:

Set thy ways right before, where my step goes;

For in his faltering mouth unstable

No word is firm or sooth;

Their inside, troubles miserable;

An open grave their throat, their tongue they

smooth. 25

God, find them guilty; let them fall

By their own counsels quell'd;

Push them in their rebellions all

Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd. 30

Then all who trust in thee shall bring

Their joy, while thou from blame

Defend'st them, they shall ever sing

And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name. 35

For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found

To bless the just man still,

As with a shield thou wilt surround

Him with thy lasting favor and good-will. 40

Psalms vi. Aug. 13, 1653.

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,

Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;

Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,

And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:

For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ache, 5

Are troubled, yea, my soul is troubled fore,

And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord,

restore

My soul, O save me for thy goodness' sake:

For in death no remembrance is of thee;

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10

Wearied I am with sighing out my days,

Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;

My bed I water with my tears; mine eye

Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark

I th' midst of all mine enemies that mark. 15

Depart all ye that work iniquity,

Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping

The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my

prayer,

My supplication with acceptance fair

The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.

Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd 20

With much confusion; then grown red with

shame,

They shall return in haste the way they came,

And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

Psalms vii. Aug. 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Cisse the Benjamite against him.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly,

Save me and secure me under

Thy protection while I cry,

Left as a lion (and no wonder)

He haste to tear my soul asunder, 5

Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought

Or done this, if wickedness

Be in my hands, if I have wrought

Ill to him that meant me peace,

Or to him have render'd less,

And not free'd my foe for nought; 10

Let th' enemy pursue my soul

And overtake it, let him tread

My life down to the earth, and roll

In the dust my glory dead, 15

In the dust, and there out-spread
Lodge it with dishonor foul.

Rise Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury's allwage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies,
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mold
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief, that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

Psalms VIII. Aug. 14, 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name thro' all the earth!
So as above the Heav'n's thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast sounded strength because of all thy foes,
To smite th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage: thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy Heav'n's, thy fingers' art,
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou rememberest yet,

And think'st it upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honor and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the Heav'n's, and fish that thro' the wet
Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth,
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

Nine of the Psalms done into Meter,

*Wherein all, but what is in a different character, are
the very words of the text, translated from the origi-
nal. April, 1648. J. M.*

Psalms LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep,

Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed;

That sitt between the Cherubs bright,
Between their wings out-spread,
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasse's sight,
Awake * thy strength, come, and be seen
To save us by thy might.

3 Turn us again, thy grace divine
To us, O God, vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy † smoking wrath, and angry brow
Against thy people's prayer!

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them ‡ largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they || laugh, they || play,
And || flouts at us they throw.

7 Return us, and thy grace divine,
O God of Hosts, vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st out nations, proud and haughty,
To plant this lovely vine.

* Gnoreria. † Gnafantia. ‡ Shalish. || Silnagya.
2 [Y] 2

- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it began to grow apace,
And fill'd the land at last.
- 10 With her green shade that cover'd all,
The hills were over-spread,
Her boughs as high as cedars tall
Abov'd their lofty head.
- 11 Her branches on the western side
Down to the sea she sent,
And upward to that river wide
Her other branches went.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The tufted bear out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy seat divine,
Behold us, but without a frown,
And visit this thy vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted long,
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut with axes down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy good hand be laid,
Upon the son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame,
Quicken us thou, then gladly we
Shall call upon thy Name.
- 19 Return us, and thy grace divine,
Lord God of Hosts, vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

Psalm LXXXI.

- 1 TO God our strength sing loud, and clear,
Sing loud to God our King,
To Jacob's God, that all may hear,
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring,
The cheerful psaltery bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.
- 3 Blow, as it went, in the new moon
With trumpets' lively sound,
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast comes round.
- 4 This was a statute giv'n of old
For Israel to observe,
A law of Jacob's God, to hold,
From whence they might not swerve.
- 5 This be a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, not to change,

- When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was strange.
- 6 From burden, and from slavish toil,
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, and miry soil,
Deliver'd were by me.
- 7 When trouble did thee fore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee did not fail,
And led thee out of thrall.
- 8 I answer'd thee in § thunder-deep
With clouds incompass'd round;
I try'd thee at the water deep
Of Meriba renown'd.
- 9 Hear, O my People, hearken well,
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient flock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me.
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
In honor bend thy knee.
- 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, besought,
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not hear,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, whom I lov'd so dear,
Mistak'd me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.
- 13 O that my people would be wise,
To serve me all their days,
And O that Israel would advise
To walk my righteous ways.
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against all those
That are their enemies.
- 15 Who hate the Lord should then be slain
To bow to him and bend,
But they, his people, should remain,
Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them from the flock
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey for their meat.

Psalm LXXXII.

- 1 GOD in the * great * assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states,
† Among the Gods, † on both his hands
He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye † pervert the right
With † judgment false and wrong,
Favoring the wicked by your might,
Who thence grow bold and strong?

§ Be Sather ragnom.

- * Bognadath el. † Belerevo. ‡ Tisophedu gnave!

3 * Reg
• Diff
And + r
By + t
4 Defec
And
Of wick
Of hin
5 They m
In dar
The ear
And t
6 I laid
The for
7 But ye
As oth
8 Rife G
This w
for thou
The na

1 BE n
Bo
Sit thou n
We cry,
2 For lo t
And it
And they
Exalt th
3 Against
* The
† Them t
† Who
4 Come le
Till they
That Israe
Be lod i
5 For they
And all
Themselves
And in l
6 The ten
Of fere
Noah, wi
That in
7 Gebal an
And h
The Philist
Whose bo
8 With the
And Job
All these ha
To aid t
9 Do to the
Thou w
To Sifera,
Thou diff
* Shiptu
§ Shiptu.
* Sed. ††
† Lev jach

- 3 • Regard the * weak and fatherless,
 • Dispatch the * poor man's cause,
 And † raise the man in deep distress
 By † just and equal laws.
 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that help demands*.
 5 They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on,
 The earth's foundations all are † mov'd,
 And † out of order gone.
 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
 The sons of God most high;
 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other princes die.
 8 Rise God, § judge thou the earth *in might*, 25
 This *wicked* earth § redress,
 For thou art he who shalt by right
 The nations all possess.

Psalms LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length*,
 O God, hold not thy peace;
 Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
 2 For lo thy *ferocious* foes *now* || swell,
 And || storm outrageously,
 And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
 Exalt their heads full high.
 3 Against thy people they ¶ contrive
 * Their plots and counsels deep,
 † Them to insnare they chiefly strive,
 † Whom thou dost hide and keep.
 4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
 Till they no nation be,
 That Israel's name for ever may
 Be lost in memory.
 5 For they consult §§ with all their might,
 And all as one in mind
 Themselves against thee they unite,
 And in firm union bind.
 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
 That in the desert dwell;
 7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,
 And *hateful* Amalec,
 The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
 Whose bounds the sea doth check.
 8 With them great Asshur also bands
 And doth confirm the knot:
 All these have lent their *armed* bands
 To aid the sons of Lot.
 9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
 That *ragged* all the coast,
 To Sitera, and as is told
 Thou didst to Jabin's host,

* *Shiphu-dal.* † *Hatzdiku.* † *Jinnotu.*
 § *Shiphu.* || *Yekemajun.* ¶ *Jagharimu.*
 ** *Sol.* †† *Firibjagatfu gnal.* †† *Isephuneca.*
 †† *Lev jachdau.*

- When at the brook of Kishon *old*,
 They were reput'd and slain,
 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
 As dung upon the plain. 40
 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
 So let their princes speed,
 15 As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bleed*,
 So let their princes bleed.
 12 For *they* amidst their pride have said, 45
 By right now *we* shall we
 God's houses, and *will now* invade
 20 * Their stately palaces.
 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
 No quiet let them find, 50
 Giddy and *restless* let them *roll*
 Like rubble from the wind
 14 As when an aged wood takes fire
 Which on a sudden strays,
 The greedy flame runs higher and higher 55
 Till all the mountains blaze;
 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase;
 16 † And till they † yield thee honor due,
 Lord, fill with shame their face. 60
 17 Asham'd, and troubled let them be,
 Troubled, and sham'd for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, and *scape it never*.
 5 18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name
 Jehovah is alone 66
 Art the most high, and thou the same
 O'er all the earth art one.

Psalms LXXXIV.

- 1 HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
 15 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The pleasant tabernacles are,
 Where thou dost dwell so near!
 2 My soul doth long and almost die 5
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see:
 20 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for thee.
 3 There ev'n the sparrow freed from wrong
 Hath found a house of rest, 10
 The swallow there, to lay her young
 Hath built her brooding nest;
 25 Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
 They find their safe abode,
 And bane they fly from round the coasts
 Toward thee, my King, my God. 15
 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
 Where thee they ever praise:
 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts thy ways. 20
 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
 That dry and barren ground,
 35 As through a fruitful watery dale
 Where springs and showers abound:

* *Neeth Elohim bears both.*
 † *They seek thy Name.* Heb.

7 They journey on from strength to strength 25
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hosts, hear now my prayer;
O Jacob's God, give ear,
9 Thou God our shield, look on the face 30
Of thy anointed dear.
10 For one day in thy courts to be
Is better, and more blest,
Than in the joys of vanity
A thousand days at best.
11 In the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, and rich abide,
With sin for evermore.
12 For God the Lord both sun and shield
Gives grace and glory bright,
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.
12 Lord God of Hosts, that reign'st on high,
That man is truly blest,
Who only on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

Psalms LXXXV.

1 **T**HU land to favor graciously
Thou hast not, Lord, been slack,
Thou hast from hard captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their sin, that did thee grieve,
Hast hid where none shall know.
3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
And calmly didst return
From thy fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
Far worse than fire to burn.
4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cease to cease
Toward us, and chide no more.
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not turn, and hear our voice,
And us again revive,
That so thy people may rejoice,
By thee preserv'd alive?
7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew;
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
8 And now what God the Lord will speak,
I will go forth and hear,
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints full dear,
To his dear saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, but surcease
To trespass as before.

* Heb. The burning heat of thy wrath.

† Heb. Turn to quicken us.

9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our land.
10 Mercy and Truth that long were mis'd
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
11 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice from her heavenly bower
Look down on mortal men.
12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good,
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits to be our food.
13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His royal harbinger;
Then * will he come, and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err.

Psalms LXXXVI.

1 **T**HU gracious ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me, I thee pray,
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, and sad decay.
2 Preserve my soul, for † I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just;
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who still in thee doth trust.
3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4 O make rejoice
Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul and voice.
5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou alone
To them that on thee call
6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my incessant prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.
7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee for aid;
For thou wilt grant me free access,
And answer what I pray'd.
8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
Like to thy glorious works.
9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou in thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

* Heb. He will set his steps to the way.

† Heb. I am good, loving, a deer of good and holy things.

11 Teach
I in th
To fear t
So fear
12 The
Thee lo
With my
Thy na
13 For gr
And th
Ev'n from
From d
14 O God
And vi
To seek n
No fear
15 But th
Readie
Slow to be
Most m
16 O turn
And mo
Unto thy
And fav
17 Some f
And let
And be as
Dest hel

1 **A** M
Is
There great
His temp
2 Sion's fo
Than all
Of Jacob's
And all
3 City of G
Of thee
4 I mention
Eid our J
I mention
Philistia
And Tyre
Lo this
5 Be said
This and t
High Go
6 The Lord
That ne
When he t
That thi
7 Both the
With fear
In thee f
And all u

1 **L** ORD
All
And all nig
Before th

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
 I in thy truth will bide,
 To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honor and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for evermore.
 13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
 And thou hast free'd my soul,
 Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free,
From deepest darkness's soul.
 14 O God, the proud against me rise,
 And violent men are met
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set.
 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
 Readiest thy grace to shew,
 Slow to be angry, and art still'd
 Most merciful, most true.
 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on,
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy handmaid's son.
 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes then see,
 And be asham'd, because thou, Lord,
 Dost help and comfort me.

Psalm LXXXVII.

1 **A**MONG the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast,
There seated is his sanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
 2 Zion's fair gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings fair
Of Jacob's land, though there be store,
And all within his care.
 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee abroad are spoke;
 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Till our forefathers yoke.
 5 I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
 And Tyre with Ethiop's utmost ends,
 Lo this man there was born:
 6 But twice that praise shall in our ear
 Be said of Zion last,
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast.
 7 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the nations doth enroll,
 That this man there was born.
 8 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred songs are there,
 In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,
 And all my fountains clear.

Psalm LXXXVIII.

1 **L**ORD God, that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry;
 And all night long before thee weep,
 Before thee prostrate lie,

2 Into thy presence let my prayer
With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
 Thine ear with favor bend.
 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
 Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,
My life at death's unbearable door
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the dismal pit,
 I am a * man, but weak alas,
 And for that name unfit.
 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
 Among the dead to sleep,
 And like the slain in bloody fight
 That in the grave lie deep.
 Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous boyle hath barr'd.
 6 Thou in the lowest pit profound
 Hast set me all forlorn,
 Where thickest darkness bovers round,
 In horrid deeps to mourn.
 7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves,
 Full sore doth press on me;
 † Thou break'st upon me all thy ways,
 † And all thy waves break me.
 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'st me odious,
 Me to them odious, for they change,
 And I here pent up thus.
 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
 Mine eye grows dim and dead,
 Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
 My hands to thee I spread.
 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
 Shall the deceas'd arise
 And praise thee from their loathsome bed
With pale and hollow eyes?
 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
 On whom the grave hath bold,
 Or they who in perdition dwell,
 Thy faithfulness unfold?
 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
 Or wondrous acts be known,
 Thy justice in the gloomy land
 Of dark oblivion?
 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
 And up to thee my prayer doth lie,
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me?
 15 That am already bru'd, and † shake
 With terror sent from thee?
 Bru'd, and afflicted, and so low
 As ready to expire,
 While I thy terrors undergo
 Astonish'd with thine ire.

* Heb. A man without manly strength.

† The Hebr. bears both.

‡ Heb. Prae Concessione.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatnings cut me through :
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd
And sever'd from me far :
They fly me now whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on Psalm CXLV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And fought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth ; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil. 10
The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean ? and why skipt the moun-
tains ?
Why turn'd Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains ?
Shake, Earth, and at the presence he aghast 15
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Psalm CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God ;
For his *℥c.*
O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his *℥c.*
Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake,
For his *℥c.*
Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
For his *℥c.*
Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
For his *℥c.*
Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his *℥c.*

65 And caus'd the golden-tress'd sun
All the day long his course to run.
For his *℥c.*
The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his *℥c.*
He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.
For his *℥c.*
And in despite of Pharao fell
He brought from thence his Israel.
For his *℥c.*
The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythraean main.
For his *℥c.*
The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass.
For his *℥c.*
But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
For his *℥c.*
His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.
For his *℥c.*
In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his *℥c.*
He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorcean coast.
For his *℥c.*
And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his *℥c.*
And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell.
For his *℥c.*
He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.
For his *℥c.*
And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his *℥c.*
All living creatures he deth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For his *℥c.*
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.
For his *℥c.*
That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

HÆC
qua
lauc
affin
præ
totis
judic
nega

Joannes L
polit
U
Non

Al Joannes
coram
tristia, E
CEDE
Sebet
At Thame
Non per

GREGORI
Anglia Mil

Al Sig

PROMI
Perche
No più del
La frende etc
VOL. II

JOANNIS MILTONI LONDINENSIS POEMATA.

QUORUM FLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.

HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderunt. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Virensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonum Anglum.

U^T mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hætrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

C^EDE Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Themis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

G^RÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Mæonem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

FRIGGI all' Etra o Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La fronte eterna in Pindo, e in Elidona,
VOL. II.

Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi;
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccello onore,
Suo l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia reside
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l'umana eccede:
Questa seconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno à ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l'industre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombò la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'Ape ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell'Italia ancor gl'Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo sceglia
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l'idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l'arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell'opre loro.

Nell'altra Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch'Ode oltr'all'Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
Ch'occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch'è logegni sovrumani
Troppo avaro tal'hor gli chiude, e ferra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batte il Tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un sermìn sì gl'anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce capto,
Ch'inalzandoti all'Etra
Di farti uomo celeste ottiene il vanto,

In Tannigi il dirà che gl'è concesso
Per te suo cigno parregar Permessio.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar, con lo stupore.

Del sig. Antonio Francini gentiluomo
Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSI,

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, studia cunctis
orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses
omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguae jam deperditae sic
reviviscunt, ut idiomatica omnia sint in ejus laudibus
insculpta; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes
et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia
excitados intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem
commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt;
cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed * venustate vocem
laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia;
in voluntate ardor gloriae; in ore eloquentia;
harmonicos caelestium sphaerarum sonitus
astronomia dace audienti; characteres mirabilium
naturae per quos Dei magnitudo describitur
magistra philosophia legenti antiquitatum latebras,
vetustatis excidia, cruditionis ambages,
comite assidua autem lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percrevanti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora famae non
sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis
est, reverentiae et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis
debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus
Datus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantae virtutis amator.

* varitate. Edit. 1645.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

Elegia prima ad Carolum Deglutum.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
 Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas;
 Pertulit occidua Devæ Cestrensis ab ora
 Vergivum prono quæ petit amne salum.
 Multum crede juvat terras aluisse remotas
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
 Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussa velit.
 Me tenet urbs restuâ quam Thamefis alluit undâ,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
 Nada nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
 Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri
 Ceteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
 Hæc hoc exilium patrios adisse penates,
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
 Non ego vel profugi nomen, sœptimæ recuso,
 Latas & exili conditione fruor.
 Quinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro!
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
 Nere feret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
 Tæpfit hinc festum sinuosi pompa theatri,
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
 Quæcatus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
 Seu proci, aut posita caside miles adest,
 Quæ decennali secundus lite patronus
 Deponat inculco barbara verba foro;
 Sæpe vaser gnato succurrit servus ananti,
 Et nasum rigide fallit ubique patris;
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
 Quæcatus, & effusis criminibus ora rotat,
 Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
 Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amator inest:
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
 Seu serus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor

Conscia funereo pectora torre movere,
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
 Sed neque sub tectis semper nec in urbe latemus,
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
 Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammæ
 Virgineos videas præterisse choras.
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fuit puro nectare tincta via,
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;
 Pellacesque genas, ad quos hyacinthina sordet
 Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroïdes olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
 Cedite Achæmenia turritâ fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
 Vos etiam Danaæ facces submitte Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas
 Jactet, & Aufoniis plena theatra stolis.
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit sœmina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymionæ turba ministræ deæ,
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auræque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
 Creditur huc geminis venisse insecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simœntis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, & roseam post habitura Cypron.
 Alæ ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm subito linquere fausta paro;
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circeæ
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.

Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Scholæ. 90
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia Secunda, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiæ.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore cingere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec faveat ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis 5
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonio vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea. 10
Tu si iustus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phæbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cylleus aulâ
Alipes, ætherâ missus ab arce Patris.
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei 15
Rettulit Atridæ iussu severa ducis.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis. 20
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegia tristes,
Personet & totis nania mœsta scholis.

Elegia Tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præfulis Wintoniensis.

MÆSTUS eram, & tacitus nullo comitante
sedebam,
Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo,
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore
turres, 5
Dira sepulchrali mors metnenda face;
Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
Nec metuit sarrapum sternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis: 10
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præful,
Wintoniaque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, & tristiti sic ore querebar, 15
Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne satis quod sylvæ tuas perferant iras,
Et quod in herbosus jus tibi datur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa, 20

* Lancelot Andrews, who died Sept. 21, 1626.

Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis, 25
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugasse suâ? 30
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Rofcidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartesiaco submerferat æquore currum
Phæbus, ab eò littore mensus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo posui resovenda cubili, 35
Condidérant oculos noxque soporque meos:
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium vîsa referre micum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent. 40
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solom.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos, 45
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus, 50
Ipse racimiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Præful Wintonius astat,
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos, 55
Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amicu,
Intremuit læto flore terra sono.
Agmina gemmatas plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ. 60
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
Nate, veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ, 65
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cepheidæ pellice somnos,
Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

Elegia Quarta, Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud moderatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris nomine fungentem.

CURRE per immensum subito mea litora
pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos hæve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstat cunctis,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio frangentem carcere ventos 5
Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos,
Ceruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis.
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.

At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri; 10
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ, 15
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul Chriticolas pascere doctus oves:
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego. 20
 Hæi mihi, quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
 Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium
 Clinadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
 Quamque Stagiritis generoso magnus alumno, 25
 Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræus Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios ille præeunte recessus
 Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi, 30
 Pierisque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparfi lata ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanca terga novo,
 Bifque novo terram sparsisti Chlori senilem 35
 Gramine, bifque tuas abstulit Ausfer opes:
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora charo suo.
 Postquam aut veterum præclarga volumina patrum
 Variantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
 Celestive animas saturantem rore teneillas, 45
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Urpe solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa
 modestos
 Vixit reverendo sis memor cre loqui: 50
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
 Mitti ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Adipe funderam, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
 Est & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit 55
 Irenis à lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ad ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
 Arguitur tardus meritis, noxamque fatetur,
 Et patet officium deservisse suum. 60
 Tu modo da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina dimittis, quæ patvere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
 Vulsoque pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
 Sæpe scissilem crudelia pectora Thracis 65
 supplicis ad mœstas delibuerat preces.
 Interque mœtus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve meras ultra ducere passus Amor. 70
 Non vago fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
 In ubi solitum bella tumere locis,

Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo, 75
 Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat;
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
 Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam, 80
 Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas jussa volasse domos.
 Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis & ignoto solus inopscue solo;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibere penates, 85
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, & faxis sævior albis.
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere sætus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum, 90
 Et finis ut terris querant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris, 95
 Æternæque animæ digna perire fame!
 Hand aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia telus pede,
 Desertaque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus. 100
 Talus & horrissono laceraus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergeffæ civis Ictum
 Invisibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
 At tu magna animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis, 105
 Nec tua conceat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obstitit armis,
 Intententque tibi nulla tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet. 110
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille tibi cultos, & pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sienæ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras 115
 Missi ab antiquis præfca Damascus agris,
 Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aère dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit ædus humum, 120
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis, 125
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia Quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolvibile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novæ;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virefcit humum.

Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires, 5
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illis
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt; 10
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, & sonitus me facit intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit, video Peneide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit,
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardore cæli, 15
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia va-
 tum,
 Et mihi sancta patent interiora Deum;
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20
 Quid tam grande sonat dissenso spiritus ere?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
 Proferunt isto reddita rara modo.
 Jam Philoniæ tuos foliis adoperta novellis 25
 Instituit modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
 Veris io rediere vices, celeberrimus honores
 Veris, & hoc subeat Musa * perennis opus, 30
 Jam sol Æthiopes fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flestit ad Arctos aurea lora plagas.
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
 Jænque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes 35
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
 Nam dolus, & cædæ, & vis cum nocte recessit,
 Neve Giganteum Dii timere scelus. 40
 Forte aliquis scopuli rectubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscida cum primo sole rubeſcit hemus,
 Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ
 Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, phætretramque resumit 45
 Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
 Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
 Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
 Quid juvat effoto procubuisse toro? 50
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
 Surge, tuos ignes altius Hymettus habet.
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
 Et matutinos oculus urget equos.
 Exiit invisam Tellus rediviya fenestram, 55
 Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;
 Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,
 Pandit ut omniferus luxuriosa sinus,
 Atque Arabum spirat menses, & ab ore venusto,
 Mistia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosas! 60
 Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua laco,
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
 Floribus & visa est posse placere suis. 65
 Floribus effusus ut erat redimita capillos
 Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
 Absce Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,

* quotannis. Edit. 1645.

Mellitasque movent flamina verna præſet.
 Cinnamæ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves. 70
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria querit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
 Alma saluſiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
 Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt 75
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
 Et superinſectis montibus addit opes.
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas, 80
 Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno
 Hesperis recipit Cæcula mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
 Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ, 85
 Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
 Mollior egellâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Quæque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas. 90
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelœia fata,
 Nec Phaënteo fumidus axis equo;
 Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores; 95
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
 Nunc ctenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentemque fovet solis ab igne facces.
 Insonare novis lethalia cornua nervis,
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo. 100
 Jamque vel invisam tentat superasse Dianam,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vestia pudica loco.
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepide creditur ortu mari.
 Marmoræas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
 Littus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant. 105
 Cultior ille venit tunicæque decentior aptâ,
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. 110
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
 unum,
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet. 115
 Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
 Delphinæque leves ad vada summa vocat.
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
 Convocat & famulos ad sua læta Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri floreæ rura choro, 120
 Sylvanum suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicapereque Deus, semideusque caper.
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
 Per saxa luxuriat fructicetaque Manalis Pan, 125
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consultat in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,
 Jamque latet, latitantque cupit male teſta videri, 130
 Et fugit, & fugiens pervelut ipsa capi.
 Dii quoque nun dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,

Et sua quisque sibi numina locus habet.
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
 Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris 135
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbè jugales
 Quà potes; & sensim tempora veris cant;
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat & nostro serior umbra polo. 140

*Elegia Sexta.**Ad Carculum Deodatum ruri commorantem.*

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, & sua carmina
 excusari posuisset se solito minus essent bona, quod
 inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, hæc
 satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat,
 hoc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Qua tu discento fortè carere potes.
 At tua quid nostram prolecat Musa camœnam,
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas. 6
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
 Quam bene solennes epulas, hilarumque Decem-
 brim,
 Festaque cœlilegam quæ coluere Deum, 10
 Deliciaque refers, hybernæ gaudia risus,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque possin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos, 15
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euxæ
 Mistâ Thyoneo turba novena choro.
 Niso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
 Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat: 20
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum
 Cantavit brevibus Tertia Musa modis?
 Pindaricoque inflat numeros Teumefus Euxæ,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
 Dum gravis everio currus crepat axe supinus, 25
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimumque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
 Dulce canit Glyceræ, flavicomamque Chloen.
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30
 Mistâ lætandam despiciant pocula venam,
 Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.
 Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum
 Cerdæ, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
 Scilicet haud mirum tantæ dulcia carmina per te 35
 Namine composito tres peperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cœlato barbitos auro
 Insolat argutâ molliter icta manu;
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40
 Illæ tædæ saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 læpset odoratos fœstæ chorea tholos.
 Patiens rectum per pectora serpere Phœbum, 45

Quale repentinus permeat offa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
 Namque Elegia levîs multorum cera Deorum est,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos; 50
 Liber adeit elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpurâ matre tenelles Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivium larga poetis,
 Sæpius & veteri commaduisse mero.
 At qui bella refert, & adusto sub Jove cœlum, 55
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superdum consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parçè Saniæ pro more magistri
 Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos; 60
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lymphæ catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis 65
 Surgis ad insensos augur iture Deos.
 Hoc ritu vizisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Læmina Tiresiam, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon edomitæ sola per antra feris; 70
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada semineis insidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro 75
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
 Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
 At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam) 80
 Paciferam canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Fausta que sacratis sæcula pascia libris,
 Vagitanturque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tello
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,
 Stelliparumque posui, modulanteque pethere tur-
 mas, 85
 Et subito elisos ad sua sana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illi,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata ciculis.
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris. 90

Elegia Septima, Anno Elætiis 89.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum sprevi maxime munus Amor.
 Tu puer inbellis dixi transfige columbas, 5
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
 Non valet in fortis ista pharetra viros. 10
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad
 iras
 Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
 Ver erat, & summa radians per cymina villa
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Mæcæ, diem:
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lœmina noctem,

Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem mora pharetra Deum:
 Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit. 20
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Misceat amatori pocula plena Jovi;
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
 Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares, 25
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
 Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
 Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30
 Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cecidit & ille mihi;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum, 35
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
 Infcius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes. 40
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebant,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ, 45
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
 Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypriδος ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50
 Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, facièque similima turba dearum
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
 Audæque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscet, 55
 Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
 Neve oculos potui continuïssè meos. 60
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deùm conspicienda fuit.
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido, 65
 Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
 Nec procul ipse vaser latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Insilit hinc labiis, infidet inde genis: 70
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerane ferit.
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores.
 Uror amans intùs flammaque totus eram.
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat, 75
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 At ego progredior tacite querebundus, & excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
 Tendor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptæque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat. 80

Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
 Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus? amores 85
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neva sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, & coràm tristia verba loqui;
 Forſitan & duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras fuldeat illa preces. 90
 Crede mihi nullus sic infelicitè arsit,
 Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
 Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus, 95
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens.
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans: 100
 Tu modo da faciliis, posthac mea siqua iutura est,
 Cuspis amatueros figat ut una duos.
 HÆC ego mente olim lavâ, studioque supino
 Nequitia posui vana trophæa mea.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error, 105
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedecuitque jugum.
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu. 110
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Dionedæam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Brit-
 tannos
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
 Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
 Scilicet hos alti misurus ad atria cæli, 5
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

SICCINE tentasti cælo donâsse Iacobum
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte latens?
 Ni mellora trahi poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce precor donis insidiola tuis.
 Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit 5
 Aitra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
 Sic potius sædos in cælum pelle cucillos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi cæli vix bene scandet iter. 10

In eandem.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
 Et sine quo superùm non adeunda domus.
 Frendit hoc trina monstrum latiale coruscâ,

Movet & horribilem cornua dena minax.
 Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne, 5
 Supplicium spreta religione dabis.
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammam triste patebit iter.
 O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis! 10
 Nam prope Tartaro sublimi rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad aethereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque sinu,
 Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventum bombardæ.

I Apetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit aetheream solis ab axe facem;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trisidum fulmen furripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Roma canentem.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit æti ereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum. 5
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cæli
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono.
 Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque 10
 sulcus,
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab infans cessit amore furens.

Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo
 Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem 5
 Aurea maternæ sula movere lyrae,
 Quamvis Diræo torfisset lumina Pentheo
 Scævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus 10
 Voce eadem poteris composuisse tuâ;
 Et poteris ægro spirans sub corde quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

Ad eandem.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli
 jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes sana Achelôidos,
 Littoreanque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illa quidem vivitque, & amænâ Tiberidis undâ 5
 Mutavit rauci murmura Paullilipi.
 Illic Romulidam studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinct atque Deos.

* *Apologus de Rustico & Hero.*

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quo-
 tannis
 Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
 Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus
 Malum ipsam in proprias transulit arcolas.
 Haec illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo, 5
 Mota solo assucto, protenus aet iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnâvit celeres in sua damna manus.
 Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo! 10
 Possent ego avaritiam frangere, gulamque voracem:
 Nunc periere mihi & sætus & ipse parens.

* Added in the Edit. 1673.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Aetatis 16.

*In obitum * Procancelarii medici.*

PARERE fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcae jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Lâpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocarit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassum deliquæ;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Octâ.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilium HecTORem, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymans.
Si triste fatum verba HecTORem
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali foror uia virgæ.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes mendacium, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.
Læsisset & nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.
At fila rupit Persephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus

* Dr. John Goslyn, Master of Caius college, and the King's Professor of physic, who died when he was a second time Vice-Chancellor in October 1646.

Saccoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
Colende Præses, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo
Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Aetatis 17.

JAM plus extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latèque patientia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis:
Cum ferus igniflavo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, aethereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans scelus socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium ilruit inter amicos,
Armat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjuvare imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
Insidiæque locat tacitus, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia tigris
Insequitur trepidam desertam per avia prædam
Noctæ sub illumi, & foras nictantibus astris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentifons albensia rupibus arva
Apparet, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnata crudelia sæcula Trojæ.
At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealius agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri

Sancta
Tartar
Qualia
Eilat t
Ignec
Dentis
Atque
Inveni
Conten
Illa tam
Non fer
Hacten
Quâ vol
Densant
Jamq
Et tenet
Nimbis
Dextra
Te fart
Hinc M
Reddid
Cum cir
Panico
Evchit
Et mend
Cerequ
Cimmer
Templa
(Vesper
Sape tho
Qualiter
Orgia ca
Dum tre
Eiprou
His ig
Nox feni
Percipit
Capit
co
Atque A
Trepidat
Intera r
Inpredi
Produt
At co
Cum nige
Prodator
Adit, a
Buthi f
Syme
Vertice
Cannab
Lada sen
Læ, ut
Læ vag
Sicstrig
Ingus, a
Sicdol
Sic in
Dumis, n
Inmenon
Dum cat
ph
Nidit Hy
Dumque

sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur; 35
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Eliat tabifico monstrosos ab ore Tiphæus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, istaque cuspide cuspis
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo 40
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.

Hæcenus; & piccis liquido natat aëre pennis; 45
Quæ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Desinantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinofas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausonia fines, à parte sinistra

Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini, 50

Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te fartiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;

Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.

Reddidit dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,

Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,

Paniceosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum

Evehitur, præcunt submisso poplite reges,

Et mendicantum series longissima fratrum;

Cereæque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,

Cinumeris nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes. 60

Templa dein multis subeunt lucientia tædis

(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum

Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum,

Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,

Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho, 65

Dum tremis attonitus vitreis Afopos in undis,

Et procul ipse cavâ respondat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,

Nox fœnis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,

Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,

Capsum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque fero-

cem, 71

Atque Acherontæo progeneratâ patre Siopen

Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegæontius hæres

Ingrreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter

Inducit steriles molli sine pellice noctes) 76

At de compositis somnus clauderat ocellos,

Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentium,

Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus

Adiit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis, 80

Dubi sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo

tyrante verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus

Varice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,

Cannabeo lumbos confrixit fune salaces, 85

Varia fenestris figens vestigia calcæis.

Quæ, ut fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo

Foris vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,

Quæstusque tulit genti pia verba salutis

Impes, atque lupos domuit. Libycosque leones. 90

Indolens ut tali Serpens velatus amictu

Sedit in hæc fallax ora execrantia voces;

Domus, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?

Invenior O fidei, pecoronique oblice tuorum!

Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque tri-

plex

Edet Hypoboreo gens barbara nata sub axe, 95

Donque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britannæ:

Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar ado-

rat,

Cui reserata patet convexi janua cæli,

Turgent animos, & fastus frange procaces,

Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit, 100

Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;

Et memor Hesperia disjectam ulciscere classem,

Merisque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,

Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,

Thermodoonte nuper regnante puella. 105

At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,

Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,

Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,

Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:

Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit;

Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis, 111

Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.

Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte lacefces,

Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,

Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est; 115

Jamque ad cor silium extremis rex magnus ab oris

Patricios vocat, & procerem de stirpe creatos,

Grandævoque patres trabæ, canisque verendos;

Hes tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,

Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120

Ædibus injecto, quæ convenere, sub imis.

Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos

Propositi, factique mone, quisquamne tuorum

Audebit summi non iussa facessere Papæ? 125

Percussosque metu subito, casusque supentes

Invadat vel Callus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.

Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,

Tuque in bellicosos iterum dominaberis Anglos.

Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas

Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.

Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amictus 131

Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas

Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;

Mæstique adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati 135

irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;

Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aula,

Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata * revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,

Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina testæ, 140

Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis,

Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.

Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque fæxa,

Ossa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro;

Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis, 145

Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,

Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,

Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,

Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes

Exalulunt, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat. 150

Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri

Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque sequente per

antrum,

Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus um-

bris

Diffugiunt fontes, & retrâ lumina vortunt;

Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles 155

* foras—resolvens.

Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita satur.
 Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit aquor
 Genus exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo :
 Illuc, se jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves dissidentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelera propagæ,
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè parvæ gemelli.

Interea longo flectens cūrvamine cœlos
 Despicit æthereâ de minis qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terra
 Fertilis Europe, & spectat Marcotidas undas :
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestras,
 Amplaque per tennes translucent atria muros :
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata fufurros ;
 Qualiter instrepitant circum muldralia bombis
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua cuimen.
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
 Quævis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima
 captat

Marmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvenæ
 Idios, immittiolvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito tantantia somno,
 Lumina subiectas late spectantia terras.
 Itis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe

Perfrustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli :
 Nilkenique loquax auditaque visaque linguæ
 Cūlibet effundit temeraria, veraque interdax
 Nunc minuit, modo confectis sermonibus augeat.

Sed tamen à nostro mervisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis cigna cani, nec tamen tunc pigebit
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis vage diva tuæ, tibi reddimus æqua.

Te Deus, æternos viotu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmissis ostendit, terrore tremante :

Fama files ? an te latet impia Populærum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meoque Britannos,
 It nova sceptrigera cades meditata Iacobo?

Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tenantis,
 Et satis ante fugax stridentis indvit alas,

Ladit & variis exilia corpora plumi ;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temuleo ex ære sonoram.

Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est casu celeres prævenire nubes,
 Jam vertos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit :

Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgus
 Preditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,

Authoreque addit sceleris, nec parvula cæcis
 In fidis loca fructa silet ; stupore relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremere puelæ.

Essentque senes pariter tantæque misere
 Senes ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicollim ; capti penas raptantur ad acres ;
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores ;
 Compita læta focis genalibus omnia foment ;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novem-
 bris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratio anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum * Præfulis Eliensis.

ADHUC madentes rore squalabant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turbabant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo iusta persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis Præfulis.

Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
 Cladisque vera nantia)

Spargit per urbes divitis Britannia,
 Populosque Neptuno fatis

Cessisse morti, & ferreis fororibus
 Te generis humani decus,

Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.

Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,

Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida

Concepit alto diriora pectore,
 Graiusque vates parcius

Turpeni Lycambis execratus est delum,
 Sponsamque Neobolen suam.

At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,

Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :

Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque & irritas minas,

Quid temere violas non nocenda numina,
 Subiteque ad iras percita ?

Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
 Mors atra Noctis filia,

Erebore patre creta, sive Erianyæ,
 Vastove nata sub Chao :

Alia illa cælo missa stellato, Dei
 Messis ubique colligit ;

Animasque mole carnæ reconditas
 In lucem & auras evocat ;

Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
 Themidos Jovisque filia :

Et sempiterni ducit ad vulnus patris :
 At iusta raptat impies

Sub regna suavi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas.

Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,

Volatilisque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror :

Vates ut olim raptus ad cælum fenex
 Auriga curras igni

* Nicholas Felton who died October 5, 1646.

Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis Orion tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longæque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coarcebat suos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Ætæcorum, siderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, & regiam crystallinam, &
Stratum smaragdis ætrium.
Ad hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriondus humano patre
Amentates illius loci? mihi
Est est in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

HU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa
profundis

Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Que vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Ander, & incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obstita regis
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilefcet ab ævo?

Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit
Siderum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
Annonumque æterna fames, squalorque sitisque
videra vixabunt? an & insatiabile Tempus
Vriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?

Non, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hæc contra munisse nefas, & Temporis isto
Commisse malo, gyroque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Clavei tabulata ruant, atque obvisu iclu
solis uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius
aula

Decidat, horribilisque reiectâ Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemæon
Luturato sacro cecidit de limine cæli?

Tæque Phæbe tui casus imitabere nati
Pæopæi curro, subitque ferreæ rana
Cæcus, & extinctâ sumabit lampade Mercur,
Hæbet ætonio feralia sibilis ponto.

Inde cælum ærei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Illi tabæ spes, imoque alissa batithro
Terreant Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
Insuper quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.

At pater omnipotens fundâris fortius altris
Cassidest rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pendere fatucum lanceas, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenore.

Currit hæc lapsa mundi rota prima diurno;
Regat & ambitus sociâ vertigine cælus.
Tandem haud sollicito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Famineum rustilæ cristæ casside Mavors.

Alidus ætænam Phæbus juvenile cornescat,

Nec sovet effætas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albescenti qui cogit Olympo
Manè vocans, & serus agens in pascua cæli,
Temporis & gemino dispersit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimboſque vo-
lutat.

Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & rauca circumſtrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetustis
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conſcia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in
ævum

Ibit cunctarum series iustissima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cæli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

DICITE sacrorum præfides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso præcul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,

Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique factos atque ephemeridas Deum,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,

Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?

Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;

Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unus,

Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Sed sempiternus ille siderum conveſ

Cœli pererrat ordines decemplexis,
Citumæve terris incolit lægæ globum:

Sive inter animas corpus aditatus sedens
Obliviosus torpet ad Lethes aquas:

Sive in remota sorte terrarum plaça
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,

Et diis tremendus erigit cœlum caput
Atlante major portatore fidem.

Non cui profundum cœcitas lumen dedit
Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;

Non hunc silenti nocte Plætones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;

Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, nec
Longus vetuſti commemorat avos Nini,
Priscumque Bælon, indyctumque Oſidem.

Non ille trino gloriatus nomine
Ter magnus Hæmæ (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit fidiis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ris Academi decus
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musæ parentis. 5
Hoc utcumque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis 10
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quæ dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro, 15
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cæli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ. 20
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara
carmen

Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duos Manes adamante coerces.
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ; 25
Carmina sacrificis sollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consultit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabant immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectre,
Altra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabant. 35
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sideris intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compefcit sibilis serpens,
Denissioque serox gladio mansuefcit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum lux, vassæque immensa vorago
Nota gula, & modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
Æsculeâ intonfos rediit ab arbore crines, 45
Hæroûmque ætus, imitandaque gesta canbat,
Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantefque deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo questum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit, 50
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Sylvæ fies decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,

Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa ca-
nendo 54

Compulsi in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres. 60

Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti, 65
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut similes teneras odisse Camænas,
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quam via lata patet, quâ prior æra lucet,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi: 70
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis dampnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis exultam cupiens ditescere mentem.

Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abdustum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ 75
Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.

Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu
Cum mihi Romulæ patuit sacundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant 80
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,

Addere suassisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates. 85

Denique quicquid habet cælum, subiectaque cælo
Terra parens, terræque & cælo interflus aër,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
Dimotæque venit spectanda scientia rubæ, 90
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.

Invidæ, confer opes quicquid maleficus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Perûanæque regna præceptas.

Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse 95
Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, cælo?

Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna dei, 100
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiam.

Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, laurofque sedes,
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertis,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.

Esse procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ, 105
Invadiaque acies transverso torcillis hirqo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende columina vinctus;

In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis.
Nec vestri sumi juris ego; securæque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradatæ sublimis ab idu. 110

At tibi, charè pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere satis,
Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Perconsere animo, fidaque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus, 115
Si modo perpetuos sperare nudebitis annos,

Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient obliuia nigra sub Orco,
Forſitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, ſero ſervabitur ævo. 120

Psalm cxiv.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῶλ' Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτῳ λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθία, βαρβαροφώνων
Δὲ τότε μένον ἐν ὅσιον γένος ὕψος Ἰῶδα.
Ἐπὶ δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασιλευν.
Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπαδὸν φύγαδ' ἐρρώσας δ' ἑλᾶσσα 5
Κίλατι εἰλυμένη ῥοβίῳ, ἐδ' ἀρ' ἐσυφιλίχθη
Ἰσὺς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κρείοι σφριγδωντὲς εὐτραφεῖω ἐν ἀλῶν.
Βασιτεῖαι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
Ὅλα παρὰ σύριγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρῃ ἄρνες. 11
Τῆλε σὺν αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλῳ φύγαδ' ἐρρώσας;
Κίλατι εἰλυμένη ῥοβίῳ; τί δ' ἀρ' ἐσυφιλίχθη
Ἰσὺς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;
Τῆλε δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθαι 15
Ὡς κρείοι σφριγδωντὲς εὐτραφεῖω ἐν ἀλῶν;
Βασιτεῖαι τί δ' ἀρ' ὑμῶς ἀνασκίρτησάν ἐρίπναι,
Ὅλα παρὰ σύριγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρῃ ἄρνες;
Ἰσὺς γὰρ τρέψας Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπύοντα
Γαῖα Θεὸν τρέψας ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσαακίδου, 20
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπλάδων ποταμῶν χεῖς μορμύροντας,
Κρήναι αἰνὰν πύργους ἀπὸ θαλάσσης.

*Philofophus ad regem quendam, qui cum ignotum et
ignotum inter reos forte captum infans damnaverat,
tunc in dānātr̄ porreptus hanc subito miſit.*

Ὁ δὲ αἰ, εἰ δόξης με τὸν ἔνομον, εἰ δὲ τιν' αὐθιγόν
Διὸς δῶκεν, δεῦρ' ἔλθοντα, σεφώτατος ἴσθι κέρχον
Ῥώτης ἀφείδω, τὸ δ' ὕψος αὐτὸν νήσται,
* Μαυρίδας δ' ἀρ' ἔπειτα τὸν ποῖς θυμὸν ἰδοῦν,
Τὸν δ' ἐν πύλῳ περιμένον ἀλλὰς ἐλέσσαι.

In officii ejus ſuaviterem f.

Αὐτὸν μεγαλόφθονοι χεῖρὶ τῆδε μὲν εἰκόν
Φαῖνται, ἀπὸ τοῦ αἵματος αὐτοφύου βλέπουν.
Τὸ δ' ἐκτυπύοντα ἐκ τῆς γένεως φέλει
Γαῖατε φαῖνται δυοῖν ἡμῶν ζωγράφου.

* Μαυρίδας δ' ἀρ' ἔπειτα χροῖον μάλα πολλόν
ἰδοῦν.

Τὸν δ' ἐκ πύλῳ—Edit. 1645.

† Added in the Edition of 1673.

Ad Salſillum Pectam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

Ο ΜΥΣΑ, greſſum quæ volens trahis claudam,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes inceſſu,
Nec ſentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dæiope ſuras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum, 5
Adedum & hæc ſ'is verba pauca Salſillo
Refer, Camæna noſtra cui tantum eſt cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò diviſ.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Miltō,
Diebus hiſce qui ſuum linquens nidum 10
Polique tractum, (reſſibus ubi ventorum,
Infanientis impotentique pulmonis
Pernix anhela ſub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit ſeraces Itali foli ad glebas,
Viſum ſuperbâ cognitâs urbes famâ 15
Viſoque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic faulta multa Salſille,
Habitumque ſeſſo corpori penitus ſanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infeſtat renes,
Præcordiſque fixa damnoſum ſpirat. 20
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Leibium condis melos.
O dulce divum munus, O ſalus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phæbe, morborum terror,
Pythone cæſo, ſive tu magis Pæan 25
Libenter audis, hic tuus ſacerdos eſt.
Querceta Fauni, voſque rore vinoſo.
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri ſedes,
Siquid ſalubre vallibus frondet veſtris,
Levamen agro ferte certatim vati. 30
Sic ille charis redditus ruſſum Muſis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipſe inter atroſ emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit etium æternum,
Suam reclivis ſemper Egeriam ſpectans. 35
Tumidiſque & ipſe Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in ſepulchris ibit obſeſſum reges
Nimium ſiniſtro laxus intruens lero:
ſed ſtrama melius temperabit undarum, 40
Aduſque curvi falſa regna Portunni.

M A N S U S.

*Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marcio Villanſi, vir inge-
nii laude, tunc litterarum ſtudio, nec non & bellica
virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem
Torquati Taſſi dialogus exiit de Amicitia ſcriptus;
erat enim Taſſi amiſſiſſimus; qđ quo etiam inter Con-
ſtantia principes celebratur, in iſto poemate cui titu-
lus Geruſolemmæ conquiſt, lio. 20.*

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è corteſi
Riſplende il Manſo—

*Is euborem Neapoli commorantem ſummâ benevolentia
proſecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officiâ.
At hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab ea urbe di-
cederet, ut ne ingratus ſe offenderet, hoc carmen
miſit.*

HÆC quoque Manse tux meditantur carmina laudi

Pterides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,

Post Galli cineres, & Metænatissæ Hetrusci
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ, 5

Vidtrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.

Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso

Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.

Mox tibi dulciloquum non infici Musa Marimum

Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnus, 10

Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;

Mollis & Ausonia suspexit carmine nymphas.

Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates

Ossa tibi soli, supremæque vota reliquit.

Nec manes pieras tua chara sefellit amici, 15

Vidimus aridentem operoso ex ære poetam.

Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia

cessant

Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,

Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:

Amborum genus, & varia sub sorte peractam 20

Describis vitam, mœresque, & dona Minervæ;

Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam

Rettulit Æolii vitam sacundus Homeri,

Ergo ego te Clivus & magni nomine Phœbi,

Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum 25

Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinas ab axe.

Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,

Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto

Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.

Nos etiam in nostro modulantes stemine cygnos 30

Credimus obicurrâ noctis sensisse per umbras,

Quâ Thamefis late puris argenteus urvis

Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.

Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,

Quâ plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione 36

Brumalem pariter longâ sub nocte Boëten.

Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo

Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,

Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)

Milimus, & lætas Druidum de gente choreas.

(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata decorum

Heroûm laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)

Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu 45

Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ

Carminibus lætis memorant Corintheia Loxo,

Pædicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecæerge,

Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora furo.

Formæque senex, ergo quacunque per orbem

Torquent decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50

Claræque perpetui wccrescet fama Marini.

Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque

virorum,

Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.

Dicetur tua sponte tuos habitasse penates

Cynthius, & san u a venisse ad limina Musas: 55

At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit

Rura Phœtiadæ celo fugitivus Apollo;

Ille licet magnam Alciden susceperat hospes;

Tactura ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,

Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60

Irrigues inter salus frondosæque tecta

Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigra

Ad cythereæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici

Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa sua, barathro nec fixa sub imo 65

Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,

Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, iyyas;

Emotaque suis properant de collibus orni,

Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilectæ senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet 70

Nascentem, & miti lustrat lumine Phœbus,

Atlantique nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab orni

Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.

Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus

Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fufos, 75

Nondum decedens servans tibi frontis honores,

Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.

O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum

Phœbos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,

Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,

Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem; 81

Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ

Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus adit)

Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.

Tandem ubi non tacite permenfus tempora vitæ,

Annerumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam, 86

Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,

Atlanti sat erit si dicam sum tibi curæ;

Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos

Curaret parva componi molliter urna. 90

Forſitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,

Neciens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri

Frondæ comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.

Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,

Ipse ego calicolum semotus in æthera divum, 95

Quò labor & meus pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus

Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte video

(Quantum fata sinunt) & tota mente serenum

Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus, 99

Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi latus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrſis & Damon ejusdem vicinia poſtores, eadem ſtudia ſequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrſis animi cauſâ præſcitus peregrinatus obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum poſtea reverſus, & rem ita eſſe comperis, ſe, ſumpe ſolitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem ſub perſonâ hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruria Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera doglus; ingenio, doctriâ, clariffimisq; cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnæ & Hylan,

Et plorata diu meminiffis fata Bionis)

Dicite Sicilicum Thameſina per oppida carmen:

Quas miſer effuſit voces, quæ murmura Thyrſis,

Et quibus affiduus exercuit antra querelis, 5

Fluminaque, fonteſque vagos, nemorumque re-

ceſſus,

* comperiens Edit. Fenton.

Dum

Luſtibus

Et jam

Et tota

Ex quo

Nec dum

Dulcis a

Alt ubi

Cura vo

Tum ve

Capit &

Ita do

Hei mihi

Postquam

Necine n

ibit, &

At non i

Ma velit

Ignavum

Ita do

Quicquid

Indeplora

Conſtabit

Inter paſſi

Solvere p

Gaudēbun

Si quid id

Palladiſſim

Ita dom

Hæc tibi

Da

At mihi qu

Hæc tibi la

Frigitibus

Aut rapido

Sæpe opus i

Aut avidos

Quis ſando

Ita domo

Pectora cui

Mendaces o

Dulcibus al

Mille pyru

aut

Miliet cun

Ita domo

Aut aditate,

Quæ Pan æ

Et reperunt

Phœreſque

Quis mihi b

Cæropiſque

Ita domo

Aut jam ſole

Auti ramo

Ita ſerum e

Aut ſonant

Ita domo

Ita quam e

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Ita domo

Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque
altam

Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, 10
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thufca retinebat in urbe.

At ubi mens expleta domum, pectorisque relictæ
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo, 15
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Capit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,
Postquam te immitti rapuerunt funere Damon? 20
Secine nos linguas, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Irit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit auræ,
Illa vellet, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen, 24
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabit tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Iater pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo 30
Solvère post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscanque fidem coluisse, piùmque,
Palladiasque artes, sociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia
Damon, 36

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca sæta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis? 40
Sæpe opus in magnos fuit eminens ire leones,
Aut aridos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit 45
Mentis curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquitur, grato cum sibilat igni
Mille pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus
auster

Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe, 51
Cum Pan asculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, interit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiâs tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Eccepiusque sales referet, cultosque lepores? 56

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus cberro,
Nihil ramolis densantur vallibus umbrae,
Hæc serum expecto, supra caput imber & Euris 60
Tunc sonant, fradique agitata crepuscula sylva.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
Involvunt, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit! 65
Inanibus neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,
Nec myrræta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at
ille

Marent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

VOL. II.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibæus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas, 70
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus
undas;

Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopfus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat,
(Et callebat avium linguas, & sidera Mopfus) 76
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba
bilis?

Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo. 80

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem 85
Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéeque, & filia Baucidis Ægle
Docta modos, circitræque sciens, sed perditâ fastu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti; 90

Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juveni,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales, 95
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam fecerit amicum

De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri:
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus

Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum 100
Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum

Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
Quem si fors letho objicit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu. 105

Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de nullibus invenit unum,
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ 110
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras

Ire per æreas rupes, Alpemque nivosa! 115
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum videret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;)

Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes! 120
Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram
Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse
pigebit, 125

Pastores Thufci, Musis operata juvenus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thufus tu quoque
Damon,

Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.

3 [B]

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quā mollior
herba, 130

Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere
myrtos,

Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcæam.
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum
Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
Fiscellæ, calathique, & cetera vincla cicuta, 135
Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum inopasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna, 140

Dum solus teneros claudibam Cratibus hædos.
Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,

Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in ulnis 145

Et quæ tūm facili sperabam mente futura
Attripi voto levis, & præsentia finxi,

Hæc bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte re-
tardat,

Imus? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?

Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, fucos,
Helleberrinque, humilisque crocos, foliūque
hycinthi. 151

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque meden-
tium.

Ah pereant herbar, pereant artesque medentium,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil proficere magistro.

Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte, 156

Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,
Disilluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra

Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quæque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite sylvæ.

Ite domum inopasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardaniæ Rutupina per æquora puppes

Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennūque Arvigarūque duces, priscūque
Belinum,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colo-
nos; 165

Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Goriöis arma,

Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superflua,
Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu

Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camænis
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet
uni 171

Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus, (sim ignotus in
ævum

Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Ula, & poter. Alumni,

Vorticinūque frequens Abia, & nemus omne
Trecantæ, 176

Et Thameis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum inopasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, 180

Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula
Manus.

Manus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,

Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandas & ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:

In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama
sylvæ, 186

Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris
Cœruleū fulgens diversicoloribus alis

Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipotens, & magnus Olympus,

Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pietæque in nube
phætreæ, 190

Arma confusa faces, & spicula timida pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pietæque ignobile vulgi

Hinc ferit, at circum flammamenta lumen ter-
quens

Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbis 195
Impiger, & prout nunquam collumit ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere sacris, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque istis his, nec me fallit spes labrice,
Damon.

Tu quoque in his certæ es, nam quod tua dulcis
abiret,

Sandæque simplicitas, nam quod tua candide
virtus? 200

Nec te Lethæo fas quævisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra,

Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede repellit
arcum;

Heroūque animas inter, divosque petennes, 205
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta

Dexter ades, placidisque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis

Diodorus, quo te divino nomine cincti 210
Cælicolæ norint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus

Grata tuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginici servatur honores;

Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona, 215
Latæque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;

Centus ubi, chærcisque furit lyra nulla beatis,
Festa Siomeo bacchantur & Orgia thyiso.

Jan. 3, 1646.

Ad Joannem Russum, Oxoniensis Academiæ Bibli-
thecarium.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi domo mihi
poscebat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca posita
reponeret, Ods.

Strophe I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,

Munditiæque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit

Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;

Dum vagus Anfonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit

Insons populi, bārbitoque devius
Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio 220

Longinquum intonuic melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cerulei patris,
Fons ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasusque facer
Orbi notus per immanes
Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum;

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Prælinam gentis miseratus indolem
(si satis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Interlegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis sinibus Angligenum;
Immundasque volacres
Unguibus imminentes
Figit Appollineâ pharetrâ,
Phœnicanque abigat pestem procul arane Pegæd.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oſcitantâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Scu quis te teneat specus,
Scu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tertris infitoris infulsi,
Latere felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget posse profundam
Fegere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Rôſſus sui
Optatpeculi, numerôque iusto
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse;
Rogaturque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt dona virum monumenta curæ:
Tôque adyris etiam sacris
Vultu repenti, quibus & ipse præsidet
Internorum operum custos fidelis,
Quatorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quam cui præſuit Iôn
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvosque tripodas, donaue Delphica,
Iam Actæa genitus Creûsâ.

Antistrophe.

Erge tu visere lucus
Mularum ibis amanos,
Dianæque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
* tunc quam valle colit
De la posthabita,
Eridæque Parnassi iugo;

Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque fortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legêris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graicæ simul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui nîci labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam serò placidam sperare iubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit solers Rôſſi,
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
longè

Turba legentum prava faceſſet;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior atas
Judicia rebus æquiora forſitan
Adhibebit integro sinu.
Tum livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas ſciet
Rôſſio favente.

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidémque Antistro-
phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametſi om-
nes nec verſuum numero, nec certis ubique col-
lis exactè respondeant, ita tamen ſecuinus, com-
modè legendi potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi
modos rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus
rectiùs fortasſe dici monostrophicum debuerat.
Metra partim ſunt κατὰ σχῆμα, partim ἀπολι-
υμένα. Phœlœucia quæ ſunt, Spondaum tertio
loco bis admittunt, quod idem in ſecundò loco Ca-
tullus ad libitum fecit.

Ad Chriſtinam Suecorum Reginam nomine Cromwelli.*

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, ſeptem Regina Tric-
num,
Chriſtina, Arctoi lucida ſtella poli,
Cernis quas merui dura ſub caſſide rugas,
Utque ſenex armis impiger ora gero;
Invia fatorum dum per veſtigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia juiſſa manu.
Aſt tibi ſubmittit frontem reverentior umbræ;
Nec ſunt hi vultus Regibus uſque truces.

Translation †, from Toland's Life of Milton.

BRIGHT martial maid, queen of the frozen
zone,
The northern pole ſupports thy ſhining throne;
Behold what furrows age and ſteel can plow,
The helmet's weight oppreſſ'd this wrinkled brow.

* Theſe verſes were ſent to Chriſtina Queen of
Sweden with Cromwell's picture, and are by ſome
aſcribed to Andrew Marvell, as by others to Mil-
ton: but they were probably Milton's, being more
within his province as Latin Secretary.

† By Sir Fleetwood Shephard.

3 [B] 2

Through fate's untrodden paths I move, my hands
Still act my free-born people's bold commands :
Yet this stern shade to you submits his frowns,
Nor are these looks always severe to crowns.

A Fragment, from the Italian ;

*Addressed to a young Lady at Florence, who did not
understand English.*

WHEN, in your language, I, unskill'd, address

The short-pac'd efforts of a trammel'd Muse ;
Soft Italy's fair critics round Me press,
And my mistaking passion thus accuse.

Why, to our tongue's disgrace, does thy dumb
love

Strive, in rough sound, soft meaning to impart ?
He must select his words who speaks to move,
And point his purpose at the hearer's heart.

Then laughing they repeat my languid lays ;
Nymphs of thy native clime, perhaps—they
cry

For whom thou hast a tongue, may feel thy
praise ;

But we must understand ere we comply !

Do thou, my soul's soft hope, these triflers awe !
Tell them, 'tis nothing, how, or what, I write ;
Since love from silent looks can language draw,
And scorns the lame impertinence of wit.

H

Sir
The
His
His
Th
Is ju

WH
When ha
Set folks
And mad
For Dam
Whose ho
Though
When Ge
With lon
And pal
Was beat

* A rid

Ver. 1
feat some
to actual f
an edition
edit. of t
gen was r
continued

Ver. 2.]
since, as
" peace a
" was nev
" together

Ver. 3.]
cant words
of those tir
preaching,
the Predel
piured to th

Ver. 11,
on in the p
fists, as if
Vol. II

H U D I B R A S.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he jall'y'd forth,
His arms and equipage, are shown,
His horse's virtues, and his own :
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.**

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why ;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk, 5
For Dame Religion, as for punk ;
Whole honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore ;
When Gospel-trumpeter, furrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle founded ; 10
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick ;

* A ridicule on Ronfard and Davenant.

Ver. 1.] To take in *dudgeon*, is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury. It was altered by Mr. Butler, in an edition 1674, to *civil fury*. Thus it stood in edit. of 1624, 1639, 1664, and 1700. *Civil dudgeon* was restored in the edition of 1704, and has continued so ever since.

Ver. 2.] It may be justly said *They knew not why* : since, as Lord Clarendon observes, "The like peace and plenty, and universal tranquillity, was never enjoyed by any nation for ten years together, before those unhappy troubles began."

Ver. 3.] By *hard words*, he probably means the cant words used by the Presbyterians and sectaries of those times ; such as Gospel-walking, Gospel-preaching, Soul-saving, Elect, Saints, the Godly, the Predestinate, and the like ; which they applied to their own preachers and themselves.

Ver. 11, 12.] Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum.

Vol. II.

Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would 15
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade ; 20
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant ;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle ;
Mighty he was at both of these, 25
And sty'd of War, as well as Peace
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water) :
But here our Authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout : 30
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howfoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a gain ;
Which made some take him for a tool 35
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras 40
(For that 's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write) :
But they 're mistaken very much ;
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit, 45
H' was very shy of using it.

Ver. 13.] Our Author, to make his Knight appear more ridiculous, has dressed him in all kinds of fantastic colours, and put many characters together to finish him a perfect coxcomb.

Ver. 14.] The Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the Parliament-army, but also Scoutmaster-general in the counties of Bedford, Surrey, &c. This gives us some light into his character and conduct ; for he is now entering upon his proper office, full of pretendedly pious and sanctified resolutions for the good of his country. His peregrinations are so consistent with his office and humour, that they are no longer to be called fabulous or improbable. The succeeding Cantos are introduced with large prefaces, but here the Poet seems impatient till he get into the description and character of his hero.

Ver. 17, 18.] i. e. He kneeled to the King, when he knighted him, but seldom upon any other occasion.

Ver. 22.] *Chartel* is a challenge to a duel.

Ver. 23.] In this character of Hudibras all the abuses of human learning are finely satirized : philosophy, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, metaphysics, and school-divinity.

3 [B]

As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holy-days or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scant'd
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as suffi'd
To make some think him circumcis'd;
And truly so he was, perhaps,
Not as a profelyte, but for claps.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.

Ver. 55, 56.] This is the property of a pedantic
coxcomb, who prates most learnedly amongst il-
literate persons, who makes a mighty pother about
books and languages there, where he is sure to
be admired, though not understood.

Ver. 62.] Here is an alteration without any
amendment; for the following lines,

And truly so he was, perhaps,
Not as a profelyte, but for claps,

are thus changed in the editions of 1674, 1684,
1689, 1694, 1700,

And truly so perhaps he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

Restored in the edition of 1704.

Ver. 75.] Such was Alderman Pennington,
who sent a person to Newgate for singing (what
he called) a *malignant psalm*.

Ibid.—] Lord Clarendon observes, "That af-
ter the declaration of No more Addresses to the
"King, they who were not above the condition of
"ordinary constables fix or seven years before,
"were now the justices of the peace." Dr.
Bruno Ryves informs us, That the "town of
"Chelmsford in Essex was governed, at the be-
"ginning of the Rebellion, by a tinker, two
"cobblers, two tailors, and two pedlars."

Ver. 76.] In the several counties, especially the
Associated ones (Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Suf-
sex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgehire) which

He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
50 In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
55 I' th' middle of his speech or cough,
H' had hard words ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
60 For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to shew 't, his speech,
In lofiness of sound, was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
65 Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd drefs
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on fatten;
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
70 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leath of languages at once,
75 This he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
100 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
105 Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

sided wit' the Parliament, Committees were cre-
ed for the Good Cause, as they called it, who had
authority, from the members of the two Houses
at Westminster, to fine and imprison whom they
pleased.

Ver. 109.] The Presbyterians coined a great
number, such as Out-goings, Carryings-on, No-
thingness, Workings-out, Gospel-walking-times,
&c. which we shall meet with hereafter, in the
speeches of the Knight and Squire, and others, in
this Poem; for which they are bantered by Sir
John Birkenhead.

Ver. 115.] This and the three following lines
not in the two first editions of 1664, but added in
the edit. 1674. Demosthenes is here meant, who
had a defect in his speech.

In mather
Than Tye
For he, by
Could take
Resolve by
If bread
And wifely
The clock
Beside, he
And had re
Whate'er t
He underf
Whatever
For every
Knew mor
As far as w
All which
And, as oc
No matter
They might
His notions
That whic
But offensi
Forth' othe
He could re
And know
Where Enti
The ghosts
Where trut
Like words
He knew w
A metaphy
In school-di
As he that h
A second Th
To name th

Ver. 120.
and William
times.

Ver. 129.
the two first
that of 1674.

Ver. 131.
1684, includ

Ver. 132.
called: he w
terfure, and
the time wh
was much in
deeply read,
that is, the
could not be

Ver. 155.
two first edi
1674, 1684,
1704. Thon
born in 1122
He new-mo
therefore cal
doles, Th
were ambitio

In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by fines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.
Beside, he was a throwd philosopher,
And had read every text and glofs over:
Whate'er the crabbed 'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever sceptic could enquire for,
For every Why he had a Wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
Forth' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And know their natures by abstracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what 's what, and that 's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly:
In school-divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Duncie:

120 Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways beyond them all:
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
That 's empty when the moon is full:
125 Such as take lodgings in a head
That 's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve them in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
130 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a mount-bank, did wound
And stab herself with doubt profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The fores of Faith are cur'd again;
135 170

value on his merits, so that they offered him bishopricks, which he refused with as much ardour as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his works in 18 volumes, several times printed.

Johannes Duns Scotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scots strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Dunfermline in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called *Dunfermline*: Mores, Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and, for proof, cite his epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia fuscipit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308. In the *Supplement* to Dr. Cave's *Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, and astronomy; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30,000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures; that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine: and, for being a very acute logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the reason also that an old punster always called him the *Lathy Doctor*.

Ver. 155, 156.] Gulielmus Occham was father of the Nominals, and Johannes Duns Scotus of the Reals. These two lines not in the two first editions of 1664, but added in 1674.

Ver. 157, 158.] Altered thus in edit. 1674, and continued till 1704.

And with as delicate a hand,
Could twist as tough a rope of sand.

3 [B] 2

Ver. 120.] An eminent Danish mathematician; and William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times.

Ver. 129.] This and the following line not in the two first editions of 1664, and first inserted in that of 1674.

Ver. 131. *Enquire.*] *Inquire*, in all editions to 1680, inclusive.

Ver. 152. *Irrefragable.*] Alexander Hales, so called: he was an Englishman, born in Gloucestershire, and flourished about the year 1236, at the time when what was called School-divinity was much in vogue; in which science he was so deeply read, that he was called *Doctor Irrefragabilis*; that is, the *Invincible Doctor*, whose arguments could not be refuted.

Ver. 153, 154. *Duncie.*] Thus they stood in the two first editions of 1664, left out in those of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and not restored till 1724. Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Friar, was born in 1224, studied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, and *Eagle of divines*. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high

Although by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies,
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
Below the moon, or else above it;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch interpreter;
If either of them had a navel;
Who first made music malleable;
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloss or comment,
He would unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks;

Ver. 181.] Several of the Ancients have supposed that Adam and Eve had no navels; and, among the Moderns, the late learned Bishop Cumberland was of this opinion.

Ver. 189.] Mr. Butler is very exact in delineating his hero's religion; it was necessary that he should be so, that the reader might judge whether he was a proper person to set up for a Reformer, and whether the religion he professed was more eligible than that he endeavoured to demolish. Whether the Poet has been just in the portrait must be left to every reader's observation.

Ver. 193, 194.] Where presbytery has been established, it has been usually effected by force of arms, like the religion of Mahomet: thus it was established at Geneva in Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, &c. In France, for some time, by that means, it obtained a toleration: much blood was shed to get it established in England; and once, during that Grand Rebellion, it seemed very near gaining an establishment here.

Ver. 195, 196.] Upon these Cornet-Joyce built his faith, when he carried away the King, by force, from Holdenby: for when his Majesty asked him for a sight of his instructions, Joyce said, He should see them presently; and so drawing up his troop in the inward court, "These, Sir, (said the Cornet) are my instructions."

Ver. 199, 200.] Many instances of that kind are given by Dr. Walker, in his *Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy*.

Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done;
175 As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended;
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
180 And finding somewhat still amiss:
More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care kept holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way;
185 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worship'd God for spite:
The self-same thing they will abhor
190 One way, and long another for:
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow:
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin;
195 Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
200 And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
Towhom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
205 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:

Ver. 207, 208.] The religion of the Presbyterians of those times consisted principally in an opposition to the Church of England, and in quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use, as the eating Christmas-pies and plum-porridge at Christmas, which they reputed sinful.

Ver. 213, 214.] They were so remarkably obstinate in this respect, that they kept a fast upon Christmas-day.

Ver. 215, 216.] Added in 1674.

Ver. 235, 236.] Dr. Bruno Ryves gives a remarkable instance of a fanatical conscience in a captain who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him; but refused, because he said, it was stolen: but being to march away, he who would eat no stolen goose, made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare; for, plundering Mrs. Bartlett of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave sufficient testimony to the world, that the old Pharisee and new Puritan have consciences of the self-same temper, "To strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

That n
Then
His ta
Both o
In cu
A sudd
The up
The ne
The ha
The fa
With g
Declini
And tel
Its own
Like Su
In time
Thought
To wait
It was n
In holy
Of rule
As that
'Twas be
And ma
T' oppo
And ven
In whose
Still read
With rec
Rev'd,
Maugre
As long a
But when
'Twost
And fast,
A sacrific
Whole th
Did twist
And twin
In life or
But with
Both dow
So lear
The brow

Ver. 2
Hudibras'
ques's def
Shakepea
why the P
heard, and
accoutrem
the Knight
Parliamen
came nece

Ver. 25
1674. Refl

Ver. 28
omia, A
and Surger
funds in t

That next of all we shall discuss;
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face;
 In cut and dye so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile:
 The upper part whereof was whey,
 The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
 The hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
 With grisly type did represent
 Declining age of government,
 And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
 Its own grave and the State's were made:
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a nation rue;
 Though it contributed its own fall,
 To wait upon the public downfall:
 It was monastic, and did grow
 In holy orders by strict vow;
 Of rule as fullen and severe,
 As that of rigid Cordeliere:
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
 And martyrdom, with resolution,
 To oppose itself against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incensed state,
 In whole defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
 With red hot irons to be tortur'd,
 Resil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
 Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
 As long as Monarchy should last;
 But when the state should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A sacrifice to fall of state,
 Whole thread of life the Fatal Sisters
 Did twist together with its whiskers,
 And twine so close, that Time should never,
 In life or death, their fortunes sever,
 But with his rusty sickle mow
 Both down together at a blow.
 So learned Taliacotius, from
 The brawny part of porter's bum,

Ver. 241.] Mr. Butler, in his description of Hudibras's beard, seems to have had an eye to Jacques's description of the Country Justice, in Shakspeare's play, *As you like it*. It may be asked, why the Poet is so particular upon the Knight's beard, and gives it the preference to all his other accoutrements? The answer seems to be plain: the Knight had made a vow not to cut it till the Parliament had subdued the King; hence it became necessary to have it fully described.

Ver. 257. It was *monastic*.] Altered to *canonic*, 1674. Restored, 1704.

Ver. 281.] Gaspar Taliacotius was born at Bologna, A. D. 1553, and was Professor of Physic and Surgery there. He died 1599. His statue stands in the Anatomy Theatre, holding a nose in

240 Cut supplemental noses, which
 Would last as long as parent breech,
 But when the date of Nock was out, 285
 Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
 His back, or rather burthen, shov'd
 As if it stoop'd with its own load:
 245 For as Aeneas bore his fire
 Upon his shoulders through the fire,
 Our Knight did bear no less a pack 290
 Of his own buttocks on his back;
 Which now had almost got the upper-
 Hand of his head; for want of crupper:
 250 To poise this equally, he bore 295
 A paunch of the same bulk before,
 Which still he had a special care
 To keep well cram'm'd with thrifty fare;
 255 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds, 300
 Such as a country house affords;
 With other victual, which anon
 We farther shall dilate upon,
 When of his hose we come to treat,
 260 The cupboard where he kept his meat.
 His doublet was of sturdy buff, 305
 And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
 265 His breeches were of rugged woollen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen;
 To old King Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own:
 270 Through they were lin'd with many a piece
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,
 And fat black puddings, proper food 315
 For warriors that delight in blood:
 For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry vittle in his hose,
 275 That often tempted rats and mice
 The ammunition to surprise;
 And when he put a hand but in 320
 The one or t' other magazine,
 They stoutly in defence on 't stood,
 And from the wounded foe drew blood,
 280 And till th' were storm'd and beaten out, 325
 Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:
 And though knights-errant, as some think,
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,
 Because when thorough desarts vast,
 And regions desolate, they past, 330
 Where belly-timber above ground,
 Or under, was not to be found,
 Unless they graz'd, there 's not one word
 Of their provision on record:

its hand. He wrote a treatise in Latin called *Gbirurgia Nota*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c. with the proper instruments and bandages. This book has passed through two editions.

Ver. 310.] This and the seven following lines are not in the two first editions of 1663, and added in that of 1674.

Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons, 345
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, left
We should forget where we digress,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.

His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manifold,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon; though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth 385
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get:
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch them with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap:

335 They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood centinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
340 From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his horse:
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe;
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and main,
Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

355 But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
The beast was sturdy, large and tall,
360 With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state;

365 At spur or switch no more he skippt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;
And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
That Caesar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoof,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;

370 And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras's ('tis well known)
Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
380 And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad:
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel:
385 His dragging tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flurt,
Still as his tender side he prickt,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
390 As wisely knowing could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other would not hang an arse.

A Squire he had whose name was Ralph,
395 That in th' adventure went his half,

Ver. 457.] Sir Roger L'Estrange (*Key to Hudibras*) says, This famous Squire was one Isaac

Though writ
Do call him
And when w
We'll call him
(For rhyme t
With which
An equal sto
He had laid i
The mighty
With subtle st
Did leave it w
To his great
From him de
Fam'd for the
Against the b
Whom they d
This sturdy S
As the bold T
Not with a co
Of golden bou
His knowledge
The Knight's
And he anoth
Some call it G
A liberal art,
Of study, indu
His wit was fe
But in the ear
Like commen
With—"To
He ne'er confu
To look a gift
And very wife
No more upon
But, as he got
He spent it fra
For saints them
Or gifts that co
By means of th
Hob-noblers to
He could deep
As easily as a
For as of vagab
That they are

Robinson, a ze
was conceiving
government;
poem of M
is observed,
"Pembroke a ta
of Sequestrator
Ver. 485.] A
to 1704 inclu
Ver. 487, 488
money, not m
piece of silver
Jags, and the
Expences com
called, "To n
such ninepence
By their sweet

Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.)
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
With subtle threads a tract of land,
Did leave it with a castle fair
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, 'feen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace:
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't;
Some call it Gifts, and some New-light;
A liberal art, that costs no pain.
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With—"To and from my love"—it lookt.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But, as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prologues to enlighten'd stuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle:
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way,

Whate'er men speak by this New-light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark-lantern of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and found
For Christendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires and plays upon
The nose of saint, like bag-pipe drone,
And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whispering-hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spirit'al eaves-droppers can hear:
So Phœbus, or some friendly Muse,
Into small poets song infuse,
Which they at second hand rehearse,
Through reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning, wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd:
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosicrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Vere adeptus* earned:
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry Rope, and Walk, knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sovereign power to make men wise;
For, dropt in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.

Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moor-fields, who was conceiving some new querpoe cut in church government: but, in a *Key* at the end of a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12. it is observed, "That Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble a tailor, and one of the Committee of Sequestrators."

Ver. 485.] His wits were sent him, in all editions to 1704 inclusive.

Ver. 487, 488.] Until the year 1696, when all money, not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpence or shillings, and these ninepences were usually bent as shillings commonly are now, which bending was called, "To my love, and From my love;" and such ninepences the ordinary fellows gave or sent to their sweethearts as tokens of love.

Ver. 511.] Alluding to Ralpho's religion, who was, probably, an Anabaptist or Dipper.

Ver. 546.] Alluding to the Philosopher's Stone.

By help of these (as he profess)
 He had First Matter seen undrest :
 He took her naked, all alone,
 Before one rag of form was on.
 The Chaos, too, he had descry'd,
 And seen quite through, or else he ly'd ;
 Not that of Pastebcard, which men shew
 Forgroats, at fair of Barthol'mew ;
 But its great grandfire, first o' th' name,
 Whence that and Reformation came,
 Both cousin-germans, and right able
 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble :
 But Reformation was, some say,
 O' th' younger house to Puppet-play.
 He could foretel what's ever was
 By consequence to come to pass :
 As death of great men, alterations,
 Diseases, battles, inundations :
 All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood :
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,
 Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge ;
 As if they were consenting to
 All mischiefs in the world men do :
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They 'll search a planet's house, to know
 Who broke and robb'd a house below ;

Ver. 573.] The rebellious clergy would in their prayers pretend to foretel things, to encourage people in their rebellion. I meet with the following instance in the prayers of Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham in Suffolk : " O my good Lord God, I praise thee for discovering the last week, in the day-time, a vision, that there were two great armies about York, one of the malignant party about the King, the other party Parliament and professors : and the better side should have help from Heaven against the worst ; about, or at which instant of time, we heard the soldiers at York had raised up a sconce against Hull, intending to plant fifteen pieces against Hull ; against which fort Sir John Hotham, Keeper of Hull, by a garrison, discharged four great ordnance, and broke down their sconce, and killed divers Cavaliers in it.—Lord, I praise thee for discovering this victory, at the instant of time that it was done, to my wife, which did then presently confirm her drooping heart, which the last week had been dejected three or four days, and no arguments could comfort her against the dangerous times approaching ; but when she had prayed to be established in faith in thee, then presently thou didst, by this vision, strongly possess her soul that thine and our enemies should be overcome."

Examine Venus, and the Moon,
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon ;
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods :
 They 'll question Mars, and by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke ;
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach.
 They 'll find, i' th' physiognomies
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies :
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill,
 Cast the nativity o' th' question,
 And form positions to be guest on,
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of Native's birth, till what will come on't,
 They 'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs,
 And tell what crisis does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;
 In men, what gives or cures the itch,
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich ;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves ;
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves :
 But not what wife, for only ' of those
 The stars (they say) cannot dispose,
 No more than can the astrologians :
 There they say right, and like true Trojans.
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke.
 Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endued
 With gifts and knowledge per'ous shrewd :
 Never did trusty squire with knight,
 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
 Their arms and equipage did fit,
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit :
 Their valours, too, were of a rate,
 And out they fall'd at the gate.
 Few miles on horseback had they jogged
 But fortune unto them turn'd dogged ;
 For they a sad adventure met,
 Of which anon we mean to treat :
 But ere we venture to unfold
 Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should, as learned poets use,
 Invoke th' assistance of some Muse ;
 However critics count it sillier
 Than jugglers talking to familiar ;
 We think it no great matter which,
 They 're all alike, yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our purpose most,
 Whom therefore thus do we accost.
 Thou that with ale, and viler liquors,
 Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and 'ickars,
 And force them, though it was in spite
 Of Nature, and their stars, to write ;
 Who (as we find in fullen writs,
 And cross-grain'd works of modern wits)
 With vanity, opinion, want,
 The wonder of the ignorant,
 The praises of the author, penn'd
 B' himself, or wit-insuring friend ;

The
 With
 All th
 To m
 Co
 And t
 Thoug
 The
 Afflit
 And I
 In w
 To th
 There
 We un
 For bre
 When v
 To this
 On days
 And to
 In merr
 But now
 Had rak
 'Twas an
 Which le
 A bold
 With an
 For auth
 From lib
 Others d
 That's fi
 Androm
 A crack
 That a ti
 And o
 For a fir
 In the be

Ver. 60
 next from
 made get
 As, where
 there ;

And th
 The d
 Where

Ver. 673
 witam
 in flower
 ed with
 it was in
 our and
 nature o
 l. a Brit
 Virgil

Ver. 689,
 at Tisbury
 camation
 but was turn
 " give
 Vol. II.

The ich of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon 't,
All that is left o' th' Forked hill
To make men scribble without skill;
Canst make a Poet spite of Fate,
And teach all people to translate,
Though out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech;
Assist me but this once; I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not under flood.
To this town people did repair
O' days of market or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour:
But now a sport more formidable
Hd rak'd together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting;
A bold adventurous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Iliadian or Neaean game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's field in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturn the rabble-rout:
For a solemn proclamation
In the bear's name (as is the fashion

655 According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear,
If any yet be so fool-hardy, 695
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim,
Although the bear gain much' being bound,
In honour to make good his ground 700
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms, 705
Which always wait on feats of arms
(For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way);
Thither the Knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear, 710
As he believ'd h' was bound to do
In conscience and commission too;
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:
We that are wisely mounted higher
Than constables in curule wit, 715
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators should foresee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended mischiefs farther than
Low Proletarian tything-men: 720
And therefore being inform'd by bruit
That Dog and Bear are to dispute,
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same;
(For where the first does hap to be, 725
The last does coincide) *

Ver. 663.] Brentford, which is eight miles west from London is here probably meant, as mentioned in Part II. Cant. iii. Ver. 995, &c. where he tells the Knight what befel him here:

And though you overcame the Bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
Where itardly butchers broke your noddle.

Ver. 673.] This game is ushered into the Poem with more solemnity than those celebrated ones in Homer and Virgil. As the Poem is only adorned with this game, and the Riding Skimmington, it was incumbent on the Poet to be very particular and full in the description: and may we not be sure to affirm, they are exactly suitable to the nature of these adventures, and, consequently, to a Briton, preferable to those in Homer or Virgil?

Ver. 690, 690.] Alluding to the bull-running at Tushery in Staffordshire; where solemn proclamation was made by the Steward before the bull was turned loose: "That all manner of persons give way to the bull, none being to come
Ver. II.

"near him by forty foot, any way to hinder the minstrels, but to attend his or their own safety, every one at his peril." See Dr. Plot's *Staffordshire*.

Ver. 714.] This speech is set down, as it was delivered by the Knight in his own words: but since it is below the gravity of Heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places, where his own words could not be so well avoided.

Ver. 715.] Had that remarkable motion in the House of Commons taken place, the Constables might have tied with Sir Hudibras for an equality at least: "That it was necessary for the House of Commons to have a High Constable of their own, that will make no scruple of laying his Majesty by the heels;" but they proceeded not so far as to name any body; because Harry Martyn (out of tenderness of conscience in this particular) immediately quashed the motion, by saying, the power was too great for any man.
3 [C]

Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To save th' expence of Christian blood,
And try if we by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake
For Covenant and the Cause's sake?
But in that quarrel Dogs and Bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud, by Jesuits invented;
By evil counsel is fomented;
There is a Machiavilian plot,
(Though every rare of fact it not)
And deep design in 't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *cane & argue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves without cause?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.
I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it,

Ver. 736.] This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was first framed and taken by the Scottish Parliament, and by them sent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more closely in religion. It was received and taken by both Houses, and by the City of London; and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every person was bound to give his consent, by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

Ibid.—and *Cause's sake*.] Sir William Dugdale informs us that Mr. Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "That they ought to contribute and pray, and do all they were able, to bring in their brethren of Scotland for settling of God's cause: I say (quoth he) this is God's cause; and if our God hath any cause, this is it; and if this is not God's cause, then God is no god for me: but the Devil is got up into heaven." Mr. Calamy, in his speech at Guildhall, 1643, says, "I may truly say, as the Martyr did, that if I had as many lives as hairs on my head, I would be willing to sacrifice all these lives in this cause;"

Which pluck'd down the King, the Church, and the laws.

To set up an Idol, then nick-nam'd The Cause, Like Bell and Dragon to gorge their own maws;

as it is expressed in "The Rump Carbonaded."

Unless by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest,
Can beast have to encounter beast?
They fight for no espoused Cause,
Frail Privilege, fundamental Laws,
Nor for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant nor Protestation,
Nor liberty of Consciences,
Nor Lords and Commons' Ordinances;
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor evil Counsellors to bring
To justice, that seduce the King;
Nor for the worship of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worship'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a rat, and some
For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth:
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mercedus* to death;
But no beast ever was so fight,
For man, as for his God, to flight.
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so:
But we, who only do infuse
The rage in them like *boute-feus*,
'Tis our example that infills
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
Just so, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time the Heathen,
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
And then set dogs about their ears;
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came,
Of this lawd antichristian game.
To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily
The point seems very plain to me;

Ver. 765.] *Nor for free Liberty of Conscience*. Thus the two first editions read: the word *free* was left out in 1674, and all the subsequent editions; and Mr. Warburton thinks for the worse: *free liberty* being a most beautiful and satirical periphrasis for licentiousness, which is the idea the Author here intended to give us.

Ver. 766.] The King being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts of Parliament could be made; therefore when the Lords and Commons had agreed upon any bill, they published it, and required obedience to it, under the title of An Ordinance of Lords and Commons, and sometimes, An Ordinance of Parliament.

- It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name; the word Bear-baiting 805
Is carnal, and of man's creating;
For certainly there 's no such word
In all the Scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a sin;
And so is (secondly) The thing: 810
A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
Provincial, Classic, National,
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is idolatrous;
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatso'er
The thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is idolatrous and Pagan,
No less than worshipping of Dagon. 815
Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate:
For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amissionem*, as thou say'st;
(For that bear-baiting should appear
jure divinis lawfuller
Than Synods are, thou dost deny
Tuolum corbis, so do I)
Yet there 's a fallacy in this;
For if by *fly homagis*,
Tuam pro crepitu, an art
Under a cough to slur a f—t,
Thou wouldest sophistically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.
And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
But Bear-baiting may be made out,
In gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or Parochial Claffis;
And that both are so near a kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That, put them in a bag, and shake them,
Yourself o' th' fudden would mistake them,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness;
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mors de leste, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Might make a leek a cabbage; 830
Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
Or hear swine, all cry, and no wool;
- For what can synods have at all,
With Bear that 's analogical?
Or what religion has debating 855
Of Church affairs with Bear-beating?
A just comparison still is
Of things *ejusdem generis*:
And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both? 860
If animal, both of us may
As justly pass for bears as they;
For we are animals no less;
Although of different specieses.
But Ralpho, this is not fit place, 865
Nor time, to argue out the case:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute: 870
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess and conduct adequate
To what our place and outed by promise, 875
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
We 're suri'd and outed by success;
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit: 880
For whatso'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we 're steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons 885
Of great and mighty resolutions;
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed. 890
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have borne us out;
Which though they 're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example;
We 're not the only person durst 895
Attempt this province, nor the first.
In northern clime a valourous knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fiddler: we have both
Of these the objects of our wrath, 900
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt, or victory to come.
'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land yelep'd —;

Ver. 831, 832.] These two lines left out in the
editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and restored
1724.

Ver. 821.] This and the following line thus al-
tered 1674.

Thou canst at best but overstrain
A paradox, and thy own brain.
Thus they continued in the editions 1684, 1689,
1700. Restored in 1724, in the following blun-
dering manner.

Thou 'lt be at best but such a bull, &c.
and the blunder continued in all the editions till
Dr. Gray's.

Ver. 860. *Include*, &c.] In the two first editions
of 1663,

Comprehend them inclusive both.

Ver. 862.] *As* likely, in the two first editions.

Ver. 904.] The writers of the *General Historical
Dictionary*, vol. vi. p. 291, imagine, "That the
"chain here is to be filled with the words *Sir
"Samuel Luke*, because the line before it is of ten
"syllables, and the measure of the verse *ger e-
"rally used in this poem is of eight."*

To whom we have been oft compar'd
For person, parts, address, and beard;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought;
He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and success.
Nor will we fail in th' execution;
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on;
With entering manfully, and urging;
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

This said, as erst the Phygian knight,
So our's, with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty stomach groan'd
Just as that hollow beast did found,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen, with armed heel,
A wight bestride a Common-weal,
While still, the more he kick'd and spur'd,
The less the fullen jade has stirr'd.

HUDIBRAS.

PART I. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies best men of war.
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talbot, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.*

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
Just so Romances are, for what's so
Is in them all but love and battles?
O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' the latter,
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean in what concerns just fight.
CERTAIN our authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding-name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights
(Like those that a whole street do raze
To build a palace in the place)

905 They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
910 I fit like the manhood of nine tailors:
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that 's handsome, valiant, wife,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;
915 As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd:
For when a giant 's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
920 A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he 's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befall,
925 And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert,
And never coin a formal lye on 't,
To make the knight overcome the giant.
This b'ing profess'd, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to say, whether collation,
As they do term 't, or succussion)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how;
Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
Myfterious light it was a trot:
But let that pass; they now begun
To spur their living engines on:
For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls,
The learned hold, are animals;
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by Geometry,
And were invented first from engines,
As Indian Britains were from Penguins.
So let them be, as I was saying,
They their live engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal champaign
Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharaian Plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
As Knight from ridge of steed beheld.
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much further off, much further he,
10 Rais'd on his aged heart, could see;
Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of the enemy:
15

Ver. 74. Rais'd on, &c.] *From off*; in the two first editions of 1663.

Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
 To observe their numbers and their order,
 That when their motions he had known,
 He might know how to fit his own.
 Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,
 To fit himself for martial deed:
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
 Either to give blows or to ward;
 Courage and steel, both of great force,
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.
 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
 Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
 To free 's sword from retentive scabbard;
 And after many a painful pluck,
 From rusty durand he bail'd tuck:
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess
 In scabbard of his arms fat loose;
 And, rais'd upon his desperate foot,
 On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
 Pertending blood, like blazing star,
 The beacon of approaching war.
 Ralpho rode on with no less speed
 Than Hugo in the forest did;
 But far more in returning made;
 For now the foe he had survey'd,
 King'd, as to him they did appear,
 With van, main-battle, wings, and rear.
 Fith' head of all this warlike rabble,
 Crowdero march'd, expert and able.

80 Instead of trumpet and of drum,
 That makes the warrior's stomach come,
 Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
 By thunder turn'd to vinegar;
 (For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
 Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
 A squeaking engine he apply'd
 Unto his neck, on north-east side,
 85 Just where the hangman does dispose,
 To special friends, the knot of noose:
 For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
 Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
 His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
 Which was but soufe to chitterlings:
 90 For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
 Are fit for music or for pudden;
 From whence men borrow every kind
 Of minstrelsy by string or wind.
 His grisly beard was long and thick,
 95 With which he strung his fiddle-stick;
 For he to horse tail scorn'd to owe
 For what on his own chin did grow.
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
 A beard and tail of his own growth;
 100 And yet by authors 'tis aver'd,
 He made use only of his beard.
 In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
 Does raise the minstrelsy, nor birth,
 105 Where lulls do chuse the boldest king
 And ruler o'er the men of string
 (As once in Persia, 'tis said,
 King's were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd),
 He, bravely venturing at a crown,
 By chance of war was beaten down,
 And wounded fore: his leg then broke,
 Had got a deputy of oak;
 For when a shin in fight is cropt,
 The knee with one of timber 's propt,
 Esteem'd more honourable than the other,
 145 And takes place, though the younger brother.
 Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
 Wife conduct, and success in war;
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,
 Now Marshal to the champion Bear.
 150 With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
 The warrior to the list he led;
 With solemn march, and stately pace,
 But far more grave and solemn face;
 Grave as the Emperor of Peru,
 155 Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
 This leader was of knowledge great,
 Either for charge or for retreat:

Ver. 85, 86.] Thus altered, 1674,

Courage within, and steel without,
 To give and to receive a rout.

Ver. 92.] Thus altered, 1674,

He clear'd at length the rugged tuck.

Ver. 99, 100.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674,

The Squire advanc'd with greater speed
 Than could b' expected from his steed,

Reiter'd in 1704.

Ver. 101, 102.] But with a great deal more return'd—*For now the foe he had discern'd*—In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 106.] So call'd, from *crowd*, a fiddle. This was one Jackfon, a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the service of the Round-heads, and had lost a leg in it; this brought him to decay, so that he was obliged to scrape upon a fiddle, from one Melhouse to another, for his bread. Mr. Butler very judiciously places him at the head of his catalogue: for country diversions are generally attended with a fiddler or bagpiper. I would ob-

serve in this place, that we have the exact characters of the usual attendants at a bear-beating fully drawn, and a catalogue of warriors, conformable to the practice of Epic poets.

Ver. 147. Next march'd brave Orsin.] Next follow'd, in the two first editions of 1663. Joshua Goffing, who kept bears at Paris-garden in Southwark. However, says Sir Roger, he stood hard and fast for the Rump Parliament.

He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
 To fall back, and retreat as well.
 So lawyers, left the Bear defendant,
 And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on 't,
 Do slave and tail with Writs of Error,
 Reverse of Judgment, and Demurrer,
 To let them breathe a while, and then
 Cry Whoop, and set them on again.
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
 In military garden Paris:
 For soldiers, heretofore, did grow
 In gardens just as weeds do now;
 Until some splay-foot politicians
 T' Apollo offer'd up petitions
 For licensing a new invention
 They 'ad found out of an antique engine,
 To root out all the weeds, that grow
 In public gardens, at a blow,
 And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
 My friends, that is not to be done.
 Not done! quoth Statesman; Yes, an 't please ye,
 When 'tis once known, you 'll say 'tis easy.
 Why then let 's know it, quoth Apollo:
 We 'll beat a drum, and they 'll all follow.
 A drum! (quoth Phœbus) Troth that 's true,
 A pretty invention, quaint and new:
 But though of voice and instrument
 We are th' undoubted president,
 We such loud music do not profess,
 The Devil 's master of that office,
 Where it must pass; if 't be a drum,
 He 'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*;
 To him apply yourselves, and he
 Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
 They did so; but it prov'd so ill,
 They 'd better let them grow there still.
 But to resume what we discoursing
 Were on before, that is, stout Orfin;
 That which of oft by sundry writers
 Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
 More justly may be ascrib'd to this
 Than any other warrior, (*viz.*)
 None ever acted both parts bolder,
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier.

Ver. 159, 160.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674,

Knew when t' engage his bear pell mell,
 And when to bring him off as well.

Pell-mell, i. e. confusedly, without order.

Ver. 194.] The House of Commons, even before the Rump had murdered the King, and expelled the House of Lords, usurped many branches of the Royal Prerogative, and particularly this for granting licences for new inventions.

He was of great descent, and high
 For splendour and antiquity,
 And from celestial origine
 Deriv'd himself in a right line;
 Not as the ancient heroes hid,
 Who, that their base-births might be hid
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
 And that they came in at a windore)
 Made Jupiter himself, and others
 O' th' Gods, gallants to their own mothers,
 To get on them a race of champions
 (Of which old Homer first made lampoons)
 Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
 Was his undoubted ancestor;
 From him his great forefathers came,
 And in all ages bore his name:
 Learn'd he was in medicinal lore,
 For by his side a pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange hermetic powder,
 That wounds nine miles point-blank would folder;
 By skilful chemist, with great cost,
 Extracted from a rotten post;
 But of a heavenlier influence
 Than that which mountebanks dispense;
 Though by Promethean fire made,
 As they do quack that drive that trade.
 For as when florens do amiss
 At others' doors, by stool or piss,
 The learned write, a red-hot spit
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
 Will convey mischief from the dung
 Unto the part that did the wrong;
 So this did healing, and as sure
 As that did mischief, this would cure.
 Thus virtuous Orfin was endued
 With learning, conduct, fortitude,
 Incomparable; and as the prince
 Of poets, Homer, sang long since,
 A skilful leech is better far
 Than half an hundred men of war;
 So he appear'd and by his skill,
 No less than dint of sword, could kill.
 The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
 With visage formidably grim,
 And rugged as a Saracen,
 Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
 Clad in a mantle *della guerre*
 Of rough impenetrable fur;
 And in his nose, like Indian king,
 He wore, for ornament, a ring;
 About his neck a threefold gorget,
 As rough as trebled leathern target;
 Armed, as herald's cant, and langued,
 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged:
 For as the teeth in beasts of prey
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray,

Ver. 211.] This is one instance of the Author's making great things little, though his talent lay chiefly the other way.

Ver. 238. *Unto the part, &c.*] Unto the *brach*, in the two first editions 1663.

So swords
 Which the
 He was by
 A Russian
 And 'most
 Of whom
 That sent
 As with the
 Scrimand
 With who
 And when
 And quart
 And thou
 Did strew
 And th' h
 And every
 He was ne
 But are it
 He 'ad trac
 More than
 Who writ
 Of noble h
 And got o
 As stout as
 Full many
 Talgot and
 Each striv
 Of a fav'd
 To guard h
 To aid h's
 By severa
 Church-fel
 But Talgot
 Never got
 Blows har
 Had lent
 Yet Tal
 And vanqu
 Lear'd to la
 And, like
 Right man
 And many
 He many a
 Did, like a
 But Guy w
 Had like t
 With great
 Than Ajax
 And many
 With wing
 Subdu'd;
 Bold Sir G
 Nor engin
 Discale, n
 Though sto
 (Which w
 Ever sent
 To both th

Ver. 29
 who after
 for his reb
 I 'd range

So sword, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their vittle with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies duches there.
Scrimanky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin;
And when these fail'd, he 'd sack his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws:
And though his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
And every man ate up his saddle;
He was not half so nice as they,
But are it raw when 't came in 's way.
He 'd trac'd the countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller,
Who writes, he spous'd in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orsin oft had been,
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a fav'd citizen; the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more stout
By several spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got aught of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.
Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftener than he fought;
Lair'd to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil:
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless, had made;
He many a boar and huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;
But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd:
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax or held Don Quixote;
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before and stings behind,
Subdued; as poets say, long ago,
Bold Sir George, Saint George, did the Dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stor'd with deletery med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since)
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the under worlds as he;

Ver. 299.] A butcher in Newgate-market, who afterwards obtained a captain's commission for his rebellious bravery at Naseby, as Sir R. L'Estrange observes.

For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean:
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred with vile bungling.
Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame;
Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by 't:
Yet he was fierce as forest-bear,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held;
But brags was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist;
Nor could the hardest ir'n hold out
Against his blows, but they would through 't.
In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen-head;
Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
As English Merlin for his heart;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He could transform himself in colour,
As like the devil as a collier;
As like as hypocrites, in show,
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuss, and faker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker:
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.
He Trulla lov'd, Trulla, more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout and tall,
As Jone of France, or English Mall:

Ver. 331.] Simeon Wait, a tinker, as famous an Independent preacher as Burroughs; who, with equal blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would style Oliver Cromwell the archangel giving battle to the Devil.

Ver. 365.] The daughter of James Spenser, debauched by Magnano the tinker. So called, because the tinker's wife or mistress was commonly called his *trull*. See "The Coxcomb," a comedy.

Ver. 368.] Alluding, probably, to Mary Carlton, called *Kentish Mel*, but more commonly *The*

Through perils both of wind and limb,
 Through thick and thin she follow'd him
 In every adventure h' undertook,
 And never him or it forsook :
 At breach of wall, or hedge surpris'd,
 She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize ;
 At beating quarters up, or forage,
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
 And laid about in fight more busily
 Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.
 And though some critics here cry shame,
 And say our authors are to blame,
 That (spite of all philosophers,
 Who hold no females stout but bears,
 And heretofore did so abhor
 That women should pretend to war,
 They would not suffer the stout'st dame
 To swear by Hercules's name)
 Make feeble ladies, in their works,
 To fight like termagants and Turks ;
 To lay their native arms aside,
 Their modesty, and ride astride ;
 To run a-tilt as men, and wield
 Their naked tools in open field ;
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
 And she that would have been the mistress
 Of Gundibert, but he had grace,
 And rather took a country lais ;
 They say 'tis false without all sense,
 But of pernicious consequence
 To government, which they suppose
 Can never be upheld in prote ;
 Strip Nature naked to the skin,
 You'll find about her no such thing.
 It may be so, yet what we tell
 Of Trulla, that's improbable,
 Shall be depos'd by those have seen 't,
 Or, what 's as good, produc'd in print ;
 And if they will not take our word,
 We'll prove it true upon record,
 The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
 Of all his race the valiant'st :
 Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
 Like Hercules, for repair of wrong :

German Princess ; a person notorious at the time this First Part of Hudibras was published. She was transported to Jamaica 1671 : but returning from transportation too soon, she was hanged at Tyburn Jan. 22. 1672-3.

Ver. 321.] This and three following lines not in the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 409. *Cerdon*.] A one-eyed cobbler, like his brother Colonel Hewson. The Poet observes, that his chief talent lay in preaching. Is it not then indecent, and beyond the rules of decorum, to introduce him into such rough company ; No : it is probable he had but newly set up the trade of a Teacher ; and we may conclude that the Poet did not think that he had so much sanctity as to debar him the pleasure of his beloved diversion of Bear-baiting.

He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
 The weak against the strongest side :
 Ill has he read that never hit
 On him in Maies' deathless writ.
 He had a weapon keen and fierce,
 That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,
 Though tougher than the Knight of Greece's, 420
 With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
 Was comrade in the ten years' war :
 For when the restless Greeks sat down
 So many years before Troy town,
 And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
 For well-fol'd boots no less than fights,
 They ow'd that glory only to
 His ancestor, that made them so.
 Fast friend he was to Reformation,
 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion ; 430
 Next rectifier of wry law,
 And would make three to cure one flaw.
 Learned he was, and could take note,
 Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote :
 But preaching was his chiefest talent,
 Or argument, in which being valiant, 435

Ver. 435.] Mechanics of all sorts were then Preachers, and some of them much followed and admired by the mob. " I am to tell thee, Christian Reader," (says Dr. Featley, preface to his *Differ dipp'd*, wrote 1645, and published 1647, p. 1.) " This new year of new changes, never heard of in former ages, namely, of stables turned into temples, and I will beg leave to add, temples turned into stables (as was that of St. Paul's, and many more), stalls into quires, shopboards into communion-tables, tubs into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mechanics of the lowest rank into priests of the high places.—I wonder that our door-posts and walls sweat not, upon which such notes as these have been lately affixed ; on such a day, such a brewer's clerk exerciseth ; such a tailor expoundeth ; such a waterman teacheth.—If cooks, instead of mincing their meat, fall upon dividing of the Word ; if tailors leap up from the shopboard into the pulpit, and patch up sermons out of stolen shreds ; if not only of the lowest of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, priests are consecrated to the Most High God—Do we marvel to see such confusion in the Church as there is !" They are humourously girded in a tract entitled, *The Reformato, precisely character'd, by a modern Church-warden*, p. 11. " Here are felt-makers (says he) who can roundly deal with the block-heads and neutral dimicasters of the world ; cobblers who can give good rules for upright walking, and handle Scripture to a brittle ; coachmen who know how to lash the beastly enormities, and curb the headstrong insolences of this brutish age, stoutly exhorting us to stand up for the truth, lest the wheel of destruction roundly overrun us. We have weavers that

He us'd to la
 Like ram or
 For disputant
 Do fight with
 Last Colon
 Destin'd to bl
 Right expert
 But cruel, an
 That which o
 Was said, and
 Some other ki
 He and his h
 One spirit did
 The self same
 Yet he was nu
 And always h
 Although his
 That sed on m
 Strange food f
 It may be true
 Sordy he was
 Than Hercules
 As great a drow
 A critic too, i
 Heripp'd the
 Dame Telus,
 And providen
 His self and hi
 It was a questi
 Or's horse we
 More worship
 (After they ad
 Did very learn
 The business or
 And prov'd no
 My pigs, were
 For beasts, wh
 Of earth himse
 These worthies
 The combatan
 Of his comman
 Ready, and lon
 The numerous
 Of several coun
 From villages r
 Of east and west
 From foreign p
 Of different ma
 Came men and
 For fame and h

" can sweetly
 of the times,
 attitude of al
 our life be cu
 are professio
 elevation from
 our every ma
 thread, inst
 all they have
 with a well-t
 Ver. 441. *Colo*
 Vol. II.

He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like ram or bull at Conventicle :
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from sculls.

440 Laid Colon came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;
Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel, and without remorse.

445 That which of Centaur long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horse were of a piece ;
One spirit did inform them both,

450 The self same vigour, fury, wrath :
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart,
Although his horse had been of those

455 That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes :
Strange food for horse ! and yet, alas !
It may be true, for flesh is grass.
Sturdy he was, and no less able

Than Hercules to clean a stable ;
As great a drower, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat.

460 Heripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Danie Tellus, 'cause the wanted foetus,
And provender, wherewith to feed
His self and his less cruel steed.

465 It was a question whether he
Or 's horse were of a family
More worshipful ; till antiquaries
(After they 'ad almost por'd out their eyes)

470 Did very learnedly decide
The business on the horse's side,
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
My pigs, were of the elder house :

475 For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
Theseworthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head

Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The numerous rabble was drawn out
Of several counties round about,

480 From villages remote, and shires
Of east and western hemispheres.
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions,

485 Came men and mastiffs : some to fight
For fame and honour, some for fight.

And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd, 490
With Squire and weapons to attack them ;
But first thus from his horse bespake them.

What rage, O Citizens ! what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry ?
What æstrum, what phrenetic mode 495
Makes you this lavish of your blood,

While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks Waller's ghost ?
What towns, what garrisons, might you,
With hazard of this blood, subdue, 500
Which now y^e are bent to throw away

In vain untriumphable fray ?
Shall faints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of faints, and let the Cause lie fallow ?
The Cause, for which we fought and swore 505
So boldly, shall we now give o'er ?

Then because quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,
The Solemn League and Covenant
Will seem a mere God-dam-merant, 510
And we that took it, and have fought,

As lewd as drunkards that fall out :
For as we make war for the King
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear, we do 515
For God and for Religion too ;

For if Bear-beating we allow,
What good can Reformation do ?
The blood and treasure that 's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought. 520
Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,

The prototype of Reformation,
Which all the faints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either House 525
Six Members' quarrel to espouse ?

Did they, for this, draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable,

Ver. 495.] *Æstrum* signifies the gad-bee or horse-fly.

Ver. 496.] Sir W. Waller was defeated at the Devises.

Ver. 503. 504.] Mr. Walker observes, " That all the cheating, covetous, ambitious persons of the land, were united together under the title of the Godly, the Saints, and shared the fat of the land between them ;" and he calls them the Saints who were canonized no where but in the Devil's Calendar.

Ver. 513. 514.] The Presbyterians, in all their wars against the King, maintained still, That they fought for him ; for they pretended to distinguish his political person from his natural one ; his political person, they said, must be, and was, with the Parliament, though his natural person was at war with them.

3 [D]

" can sweetly inform us of the shuttle-swiftness of the times, and practically tread out the violence of all sublimary things till the web of our life be cut off : and here are mechanics, of no profession, who can separate the pieces of liberation from those of damnation, measure out every man's portion, and cut it out by a thread, substantially pressing the points, till all they have fashionably filled up their work with a well-bottomed conclusion."

Ver. 421. Colon.] Ned Perry, an hostler.

Ver. II.

And make all cries about the Town
Join throats to cry the Bishops down?
Who having round begirt the palace
(As once a month they do the gallows)
As members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When tinkers hawl'd aloud to fettle
Church-Discipline, for patching kettle;
No fow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform:
The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudg'd away, to cry No Bishop;
The moufe-trap-men laid fave-alls by,
And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry;
Butchers left old cloaths in the hurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church;
Some cry'd the Covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;
And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Common-House:
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A Gospel-preaching Ministry;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-book:
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation.
And is this all? Is this the end
To which these Carryings-on did tend?
Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
For this taken up all sorts of ware,
And run int' every tradesman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
Did Saints, for this, bring in their plate,
And crow'd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin piss-pots, howls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons?
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
A tumbler, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men, as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth being sown.
Then was the Cause of gold and plate,
The Brethrens' offerings, consecrate,

Ver. 530.] "Good Lord (says the *True Informer*, p. 12.) what a deal of dirt was thrown in the "Bishops' faces!—what infamous ballads were sung! what a thick cloud of epidemical hatred hung suddenly over them; so far, that a dog with a black and white face was called a *Bishop*."

Ver. 553, 554.] Those flights, which seem most extravagant in our Poet, were really excelled by matter of fact. The Scots (in their *Large Declaration*, 1637, p. 41.) begin their petition against the Common Prayer-book thus:—"We men, women, and children, and servants, having considered, &c." *Penk's Hist. of Wicked Priests*.

Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:
So say the Wicked—and will you
Make that farcasinuous scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Pears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?
Have powerful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and sin' ster,
I' th' power of Gospel-preaching Min' ster?
Have they invented tones to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Providence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?

Ver. 586.] It was a common practice to inform God of the transactions of the times. "Oh, my good Lord God (says Mr. G. Swathe, *Pagen*, p. 12.) I hear the King hath set up his standard at York against the Parliament and city of London. Look thou upon them, take their cause into thine own hand; appear thou in the cause of thy Saints, the cause in hand—It is thy cause, Lord. We know that the King is misled, deluded, and deceived by his Popish, Arminian, and temporizing, rebellious malignant faction and party, &c."—"They would (says Dr. Echard) in their prayers and sermons tell God, that they would be willing to be at any charge or trouble for him, and to do, as it were, any kindness for the Lord; the Lord might now trust them, and rely upon them, they should not fail him: they should not be unmindful of his business; his work should not stand still, nor his designs be neglected. They must needs say, that they had formerly received some favours from God, and have been, as it were, beholden to the Almighty; but they did not much question but they should find some opportunity of making some amends for the many good things, and (as I may so say) civilities which they had received from him. Indeed, as for those that are weak in the Faith, and are yet but babes in Christ, it is fit that they should keep some distance from God, should kneel before him, and stand (as I may say) cap in hand to the Almighty: but for those that are strong in all Gifts, and grown up in all Grace, and are come to a fulness and ripeness in the Lord Jesus, it is comely enough to take a great chair, and sit at the end of the table, and with their cock'd hats on their heads, to say, God, we thought it not amiss to call upon thee this evening, and let thee know how affairs stand; we have been very watchful since we were last with thee; and they are in a very hopeful condition; we hope that thou wilt not forget us; for we are very thoughtful of thy concerns; we do somewhat long to hear from thee; and if thou pleasest to give us such a thing (*Widdow*,"

Discovered
And wh
Paterib
Or it wil
Told it t
And a
Male pr
As over
(Such is
To the
In which
They wil
Unleis
In the fa
Be settin
All on
On which
And all t
The fact
To telf
To well-o
In every
With pow
Only to b
For this di
Fide man
With paper
As if they
Have all t
Been try'd

"we shall
"somethin
a remarka
papal, S
edit. 1717.

Ver. 602
expositul
Vines, in S
bar, used th
but neve
"for all co
mean, Q
to leave
at Southam
fed in the fo
more are
but there
"ther, wh
"all." The
in their pa
"fars Mr.
"men) and
"him with
"his hand,
"do down
"speak; th
"enough, p
"him, as y
"be matter

Discover'd the Enemy's design,
 And which way best to countermine?
 Prefer'd what ways it hath to work,
 Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
 Told it the news o' th' last express,
 And after good or bad success
 Made prayers, not so like petitions
 As overtures and propositions
 (Such as the Army did present
 To their Creator, the Parliament);
 In which they freely will confess,
 They will not, cannot acquiesce,
 Unless the work be carry'd on
 In the same way they have begun,
 Betting Church and Common-weal
 All on flame, bright as their zeal,
 On which the Saints were all agog,
 And all this for a Bear and Dog?
 The Parliament drew up petitions
 To itself, and sent them like commissions,
 To well-affected persons, down
 In every city and great town,
 With power to exy horse and men,
 Only to bring them back agen?
 For this did many, many a mile,
 Ride manfully to rank and file,
 With papers in their hats, that show'd
 As if they to the pillory rode?
 Have all these courtes, these efforts,
 Been try'd by people of all sorts,

Vilis & remis, omnibus nervis,
 And all t' advance the Cause's service,
 And shall all now be thrown away
 In petulant intestine fray?
 Shall we, that in the Covenant swore,
 Each man of us, to run before
 Another still in Reformation,
 Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?
 How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?
 What will Malignants say? *Videlicet,*
 That each man swore to do his best
 To damn and perjure all the rest?
 And bid the Devil take the hin'most.
 Which at this race is like to win most.
 They'll say our business, to Reform
 The Church and State, is but a worn;
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
 To an unknown Church-discipline,
 What is it else, but before-hand
 T' engage, and after understand?
 For when we swore to carry on
 The present Reformation,
 According to the purest mode
 Of churches best-reform'd abroad,
 What did we else but make a vow
 To do we know not what nor how?
 For no three of us will agree
 Where, or what churches these should be;
 And is indeed the self-same case
 With theirs that swore it *latroas*;
 Or the French League, in which men vow'd
 To fight to the last drop of blood.
 These slanders will be thrown upon
 The Cause and Work we carry on,
 If we permit men to run headlong
 T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,
 Rather than Gospel-walking times,
 When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
 But we the matter so shall handle,
 As to remove that odious scandal:
 In name of King and Parliament,
 I charge you all, no more foment
 This feud, but keep the peace between
 Your brethren and your countrymen,
 And to those places straight repair
 Where your respective dwellings are.
 But to that purpose first surrender
 The Fiddler, as the prime offender,

"we shall be (as I may so say) good to thee in something else when it lies in our way." See a remarkable Scotch Prayer much to the same purpose, *Scourge*, by Mr. Lewis, No. xvi. p. 130. edit. 1717.

Ver. 602.] Alluding, probably, to their saucy expostulations with God from the pulpit. Mr. Vines, in St. Clement's Church, near Temple-bar, used the following words: "O Lord, thou hast never given us a victory this long while, for all our frequent fasting: what dost thou mean, O Lord, to fling into a ditch, and there to leave us?" And one *Robin*, in his Prayer at Southampton, Aug. 26, 1642, expressed himself in the following manner: "O God, O God, many are the hands that are lift up against us: but there is one God, it is thou thyself, O Father, who does us more mischief than they all." They seemed to encourage this sauciness in their public sermons. "Gather upon God" (says Mr. R. Harris, *Fast Sermon before the Commons*) and hold him to it as Jacob did: press him with his precepts, with his promises, with his hand, with his seal, with his oath, till we do *dicamus*, as some Greek Fathers boldly speak: that is, if I may speak it reverently enough, put the Lord out of countenance; put him, as you would say, to the blush, unless we be matters of our requests."

Ver. 651.] The Holy League in France, designed and made for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, was the original out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with difference only of circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did the success of both differ more than the intent and purpose; for, after the destruction of vast numbers of people of all sorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both sworn to defend. And as our Covenanters swore every man to run before another in the way of Reformation, so did the French, in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of blood.

Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
 Author and engineer of mischief;
 That makes division between friends,
 For profane and malignant ends,
 He and that engine of vile noise,
 On which illegally he plays,
 Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought
 To condign punishment, as they ought.
 This must be done, and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainstay;
 For then I'll take another course,
 And soon reduce you all by force.
 This said, he clapt his hand on sword,
 To shew he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long suppress'd
 Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
 Which now began to rage and burn as
 Implacably as flame in furnace,
 Thus answer'd him: Thou vermin wretched,
 As e'er in meatled pork was hatched;
 Thou tail of Worthip, that dost grow
 On rump of justice as of cow;
 How dar'st thou with that fullen luggage
 O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,
 With which thy steed of bones and leather
 Has broke his wind in halting hither;
 How durst th' I say, adventure thus
 T' oppose thy lumber against us?

Ver. 673—676.] The threatening punishment to the Fiddle, was much like the threats of the pragmatical troopers to punish Ralph Dobbin's waggon, *Plain Dealer*, vol. I. "I was driving (says he) into a town upon the 29th of May, where my waggon was to dine: there came up in a great rage seven or eight of the troopers that were quartered there, and asked 'What I busied out my horses for?' I told them, 'To drive flies away.' But they said, 'I was a Jacobite rascal; that my horses were guilty of high treason, and my waggon ought to be hanged.'—I answer, 'It was already drawn, and within a yard or two of being quartered; but as to being hanged, it was a compliment we had no occasion for, and therefore desired them to take it back again, and keep it in their own hands, till they had an opportunity to make use of it.'—I had no sooner spoke these words, but they fell upon me like thunder, stript my cattle in a twinkling, and beat me black and blue with my own oak-branches."

Ver. 683, 684.] It may be asked, Why Talgol was the first in answering the Knight, when it seems more incumbent upon the Bearward to make a defence? Probably Talgol might then be a Cavalier; for the character the Poet has given him doth not infer the contrary: and his answer carries strong indications to justify the conjecture.

Ver. 694.] Is lam'd, and tired in halting hither. Thus it stands in the two first editions of 1663.

670 Could thine impertinence find out
 No work t' employ itself about,
 Where thou, secure from wooden blow
 Thy busy vanity might show? 700
 Was no dispute a-foot between
 The caterwauling Brethren?
 675 No subtle question rais'd among
 Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong?
 No prize between these combatants 705
 O' th' times, the land and water fairs,
 Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard
 Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
 And not, for want of business come
 To us to be thus troublesome, 710
 To interrupt our better sort
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
 685 Was there no felony, no bawd,
 Cutpurse, or burglary abroad?
 No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,
 To tie thee up from breaking loose? 715
 No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
 For which thou statute might'st alledge,
 To keep thee busy from foul evil,
 And shame due to thee from the Devil? 720
 Did no Committee sit, where he
 Might cut out journey-work for thee.
 And set th' a task, with subornation,
 To stitch up sale and sequestration,
 To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725
 All parties and the common-weal?
 Much better had it been for thee
 He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
 Or sent th' on business any whither,
 So he had never brought thee hither: 730
 But if th' hast brain enough in scull
 To keep itself in lodging whole,
 And not provoke the rage of stones,
 And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
 Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st, 735
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
 At this the Knight grew high in wrath,
 And lifting hands and eyes up both,
 Three times he smote on stomach stout,
 From whence, at length, these words broke out:
 Was I for this entitled Sir, 740
 And girt with trusty sword and spur,

Ver. 732.] *To keep within its lodging.* Edit. 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Restored to the present reading 1704.

Ver. 741.] Hudibras shewed less patience upon this than Don Quixote did upon a like occasion, where he calmly distinguishes betwixt an affront and an injury. The Knight is irritated at the satirical answer of Talgol, and vents his rage in a manner exactly suited to his character; and when his passion was worked up to a height too great to be expressed in words, he immediately falls into action; but, alas! at his first entrance into it, he meets with an unlucky disappointment, an omen that the success would be as indifferent as the cause in which he was engaged.

For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up veal,
Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;
Nor all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old-age in tough lean ware,
Make natural death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood;
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755
And axes, made to hew down lives,
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of Justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military : 760
Nor shall these words, of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Concreveng'd, though I am free;
Thou down the same throat shall devour them :
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for them : 765
Nor shall it e'er be said that wight
With gutlet blue and bafes white,
And round blunt truncheon by his side,
So great a man at arms defy'd 770
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775
His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd,
And bending cock, he level'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's scull,
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murder : 780
But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
And twist the spring and hammer thrust

Her gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to flock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gathering might, 785
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
But he, with petronel up-heav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd;
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight, 790
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack, 795
Twice bruise'd his head, and twice his back;
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach hug he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon : 800
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again.
And though the sword (some understood) 805
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc'd
So equal, none knew which was valant't it:
For wood, with honour being engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd, 810
Though iron hew and mangle fore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both Knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuits of death,
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow; 820
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit as sure as that below.

Ver. 751.] Turn death of nature to thy work.
In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 781—783.] This, and another passage in this Canto, are the only places where deities are introduced in this Poem: as it was not intended for an Epic Poem, consequently none of the heroes in it needed supernatural assistance: how then comes Pallas to be ushered in here, and Mars afterwards? Probably to ridicule Homer and Virgil, whose heroes scarce perform any action (even the most feasible) without the sensible aid of a deity: and to manifest that it was not the want of abilities, but choice, that made our Poet avoid such subterfuges. He has given us a sample of his judgment in this way of writing in the passage before us, which, taken in its naked meaning, is only, That the Knight's pistol was, for want of use, grown to rusty, that it would not fire; or, in other words, that the rust was the cause of his disappointment.

Ver. 784.] *Stand stiff*, as if 'twere turn'd t' a flock. In editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Restored 1710.

Ver. 786.] *Smote the Knight*. In the two editions of 1664.

Ver. 787, 788.]

And he with rusty pistol held—
To take the blow on like a shield.

Thus altered 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694. 1700. Restored 1704.

Ver. 797.] *But when his rugged sword was out*. In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 798.] *Courageously*, 1674 to 1704, inclusive.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded fore
I th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of use, in a swoond,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
And, sitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his fiddle underwent.

But Ralpho (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicious
Approaching Knight from fell musician;
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed
(As rats do from a falling house),
To hide itself from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue;
Which ere he could achieve, his sconece
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen,
When Ralpho thrust himself between;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm,
And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it prepp'd before.

To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting conquering foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desperate frenzy 955
Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship, 960
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all th' limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail, 965
With all its rhetoric, nor the jail,
To keep from slaying scourge thy skin,
And ancle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras does fare. 970
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright.
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock't on his breast, as if 't had been 975
To raise the spirits lodg'd within:
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room, to window eye,
And gently opening lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980
This gladdened Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great, 985
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled, 990
All save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd Cause undertake;
And he lies prisoner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale, 995
The gallows, or perpetual jail:
For one wink of your powerful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the Churches; 1000
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd:
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror;
Though dispensations were not strong 1005
Conclusions whether right or wrong:
Although Out-goings did confirm,
And Owning were but a meer term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though usurp'd by might, 1010

Ver. 920.] Cast in swoond. In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 927.] And lifting it, &c. In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 924.] to fall on Knight. In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 935, 936.] Looking about, beheld the Bard, —To charge the Knight entranc'd prepar'd.—Thus the editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Restored 1710.

Ver. 944.] The skin encounter'd, &c. In the two first editions.

Ver. 947.] on side and arm. Two editions of 1663.

Ver. 948.] To shield the Knight entranc'd from harm. In the two first editions.

Ver. 1009.] It was a principle maintained by the Rebels of those days, that dominion is founded on grace, and therefore if a man wanted grace

The property is in the saint,
 From whom they injuriously detain 't;
 Of him they hold their luxuries,
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice, 1015
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
 All which the saints have title to,
 And ought t' enjoy, if they 'd their due.
 What we take from them is no more
 Than what was ours by right before : 1020
 For we are their true landlords still,
 And they our tenants but at will.
 At this the Knight began to rouse,
 And by degrees grew valourous :
 He star'd about, and seeing none
 Of all his foes remain but one,
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
 And from the ground began to rear him,
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay
 For all the rest that ran away.
 But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
 His fury mildly thus withstood:
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
 Is rais'd too high; this slave does merit
 To be the hangman's business, sooner
 Than from your hand to have the honour
 Of his destruction : I that am
 A Nothingness in deed and name,
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
 Or ill entreat his Fiddle or case :
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
 Will you employ your conquering sword
 To break a Fiddle, and your word?
 For though I fought and overcame,
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name :
 For great commanders always own
 What 's prosperous by the soldier done.
 To save, where you have power to kill,
 Argues your power above your will;
 And that your will and power have less
 Than both might have of selfishness,
 This power which, now alive, with dread
 He trembles at, if he were dead
 Would no more keep the slave in awe,
 Than if you were a Knight of straw :
 For Death would then be his conqueror
 Not you, and free him from that terror.
 If danger from his life accrue,
 Or honour from his death, to you,
 'Twere policy and honour too
 To do as you resolv'd to do :
 But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
 To say it needs, or fears a crutch.
 Great conquerors greater glory gain 1065
 By foes in triumph led, than slain :

(in their opinion) if he was not a faint or a godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattles. The Saints, as the Squire says, had a right to all, and might take it, wherever they had a power to do it.

The laurels that adorn their brows
 Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
 And living foes : the greatest fame
 Of cripple slain can be but lame : 1070
 One half of him 's already slain,
 The other is not worth your pain ;
 Th' honour can but on one side light,
 As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight ;
 Wherefore I think it better far 1075
 To keep him prisoner of war,
 And let him fast in bonds abide,
 At court of justice to be try'd ;
 There if h' appear so bold or crafty,
 Where may be danger in his safety, 1080
 If any member there dislike
 His face, or to his beard have pique :
 Or if his death will save or yield,
 Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd,
 Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless 1085
 Y' have power to hang him when you please ;
 This has been often done by some
 Of our great conquerors, you know whom ;
 And has by most of us been held
 Wife justice, and to some reveal'd : 1090
 For words and promises, that yoke
 The conqueror, are quickly broke ;
 Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
 Direction and advice put on.
 For if we should fight for the Cause 1095
 By rules of military laws,
 And only do what they call just,
 The cause would quickly fall to dust.
 This we among ourselves may speak ;
 But to the wicked or the weak 1100
 We must be cautious to declare
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle
 Of Knight began to cool and settle.
 He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1105
 Resolv'd to see the business done ;
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
 And to its former place and use
 The wooden member to reduce, 1110
 But force it take an oath before,
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more.
 Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
 And having ty'd Crowdero fast,

Ver. 1084.] When the Rebels had taken a prisoner, though they gave him quarter, and promised to save his life; yet if any of them afterwards thought it not proper that he should be saved, it was only saying it was revealed to him that such a one would die, and they hanged him up, notwithstanding the promises before made. Dr. South observes of Harrison the Regicide, a butcher by profession, and preaching Colonel in the Parliament army, "That he was notable for having killed several after quarter given by others, "using these words in doing it; "Curled be he who doth the work of the Lord negligently."

He gave
 To lead th
 In triumph
 And them
 The Squi
 And on
 The troph
 Leaning o
 The Knig
 Leading C
 And tow'd
 Like boat
 Thus grav
 Until quite
 At further
 An ancient
 Th' adja
 You shall
 But all of
 Of magic
 There's nei
 Portcullis,
 And yet m
 In dungeo
 With roof
 They never
 And yet fo
 Is to the m
 In circle m
 With walls
 Which none
 Until they
 Thither arr
 And bold S
 At th' outw
 A Bastile, b
 By strange
 The lesser p
 For though
 The hands i
 And when a
 Is made by b

Ver. 1122.
 1684, 1689,
 1704

Ver. 1130.
 of a pair of
 pompous and
 noble a struck
 a subject. W
 strongest lig
 and how lia
 1142! How
 displaying the
 prisoning the
 sure does he
 him! All the
 be fully exhib
 rate his favour
 some unhappi
 place.

Vol. II.

He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
 To lead the captive of his sword
 In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
 And them to further service brought.
 The Squire, in state, rode on before,
 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
 The trophee-Fiddle and the case,
 Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
 The Knight himself did after ride,
 Leading Crowdero by his side;
 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
 Like boat, against the tide and wind.
 Thus grave and solemn they march on,
 Until quite through the town they 'ad gone;
 At further end of which there stands
 An ancient castle, that commands
 Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
 You shall not see one stone or a brick,
 But all of wood, by powerful spell
 Of magic made impregnable:
 There's neither iron-bar nor gate,
 Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
 And yet men durance there abide,
 In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
 With roof so low, that under it
 They never stand, but lie or sit:
 And yet so foul, that who's in,
 Is to the middle-leg in prison;
 In circle magical confin'd,
 With walls of subtle air and wind,
 Which none are able to break thorough,
 Until they're freed by head of borough.
 Thither arriv'd, th' adventurous Knight
 And bold Squire from their steeds alight
 At th' outward wall, near which there stands
 A Bastile, built t' imprison hands;
 By strange enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser parts, and free the greater:
 For though the body may creep through,
 The hands in grate are fast enough:
 And when a circle 'bout the wrist
 Is made by beadle exorcist,

1115 The body feels the spur and switch,
 As if 't were ridden post by witch,
 At twenty miles an hour pace,
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160
 On top of this there is a spire,
 On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire
 The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
 In manner of a trophee place.
 That done, they ope the trap-door gate, 1165
 And let Crowdero down thereat,
 Crowdero making doleful face,
 Like hermit poor in pensive place,
 To dungeon they the wretch commit,
 And the survivor of his feet;
 But th' other, that had broke the peace, 1170
 And head of Knighthood, they release,
 Though a delinquent false and forged,
 Yet being a stranger, he's enlarged,
 While his comrade, that did no hurt, 1175
 Is clapp'd up fast in prison for 't:
 So Justice, while the winks at crimes,
 Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

H U D I B R A S.

PART I. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The scatter'd rout return and rally,
 Surround the place; the Knight does sally,
 And is made prisoner: then they seize
 Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
 Crowdero, and put the Squire in 's place;
 I should have first said Hudibras.*

AY me! what perils do environ
 The man that meddles with cold iron!
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
 Do dog him still with after-claps!
 For though Dame Fortune seem to smile, 5
 And leer upon him, for a while,
 She'll after shew him, in the nick
 Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
 This any man may sing or say
 I' th' ditty call'd, What if a Day? 10
 For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
 The field, as certain as a gun,
 And having routed the whole troop,
 With victory was cock-a-hoop,
 Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase 15
 Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,
 Wherein his mettle and brave worth
 Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
 3 [E]

Ver. 1122.] Plac'd on his shoulder. Editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700. *Leaning on shoulder*, restored 1704.

Ver. 1130.] This is an enigmatical description of a pair of stocks and whipping-post; it is so pompous and sublime, that we are surpris'd so noble a structure could be rais'd from so ludicrous a subject. We perceive wit and humour in the strongest light in every part of the description: and how happily imagined is the pun in ver. 1142! How ceremonious are the conquerors in displaying the trophies of their victory, and imprisoning the unhappy captive! What a dismal figure does he make at the dark prospect before him! All these circumstances were necessary to be fully exhibited, that the reader might commiserate his favourite Knight, when a change of fortune unhappily brought him into Crowdero's place.

VOL. II.

And register'd by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of Diurnal,
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host,
And that a turnstile is more certain
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
(All that the Dogs, who in pursuit
Of the Knight's victory stood to 't,
And most ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat)
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out:
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found
He 'ad got th' advantage of the ground,
And then as val'antly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politick,
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy, i' th' greatest throng;
But what could single valour do,
Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such;

Ver. 35.] *Took bears again, and fac'd about.*
Took heart of grace, in the two first editions of
1663.

Ver. 37.] *For now the self-defeated Bear.* Thus
altered 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Restored
as above, 1704.

But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was suddenly inclos'd, 75
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight, against a foe so great.
For now the Mastives, charging home,
To blows and handy gripes were come; 80
While manfully himself he bore,
And, setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself to shew how tall
His person was above them all. 85
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
35 Disdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some every where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being done, still laid about; 40
As Widdington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
45 If Trulla' and Cerdon in the nick
To rescue him had not been quick;
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot
(But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn, 50
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
As some report) was got among
The foremost of the martial throng;
55 There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shal' we (quoth she) stand still *lum-drum*,
And see stout Bruin, all alone,
60 By numbers basely overthrown?
Such feats already he 'as atchiev'd,
In story not to be believ'd,
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
65 I would (quoth he) venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him; 120

Ver. 102.] *As shafts which long-field Parthians*
shoot. Thus it stands in the two first editions of
1663, and, I believe, in all the other editions to
this time. Mr. Warburton is of opinion, that
long-field would be more proper; as the Parthians
were ranged in long files, a disposition proper for
their manner of fighting, which was by sudden
retreats and sudden charges. Mr. Smith, of Her-
leston, in Norfolk, thinks that the following al-
teration of the line would be an improvement:

As long-field shafts, which Parthians shoot.

But then
Or else
Quarter
And the
This said
About the
And, join
So fierce
Turn'd t
As if the
Meanwh
Was now
The conc
First Tru
Until the
And yet,
The worl
Of bloody
For as a
Was anab
Made pro
All over,
Sodid ou
All of him
His head
Encounter
For as an
Had one e
Is half the
Close to h
But tugg'
Like scriv
Or like th
Ears of th
But gentle
He wore i
With whic
The warr
As author
Which egl
Close by a
Where low
There leav
Secured fr
And want
And a we
Upon a bo
His tugg'd
They both
Of his gre
For Orbi
For stout
In standi
As being
Was not le
With othe
But found
Both out o
Griev'd to
So basely
And like t
But numb
Herag'd,
Scout Her

But then we must about it straight,
 Or else our aid will come too late ;
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
 And therefore cannot long hold out.
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round 125
 About their heads to clear the ground,
 And, joining forces, laid about
 So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
 As if the devil drove, to run. 130
 Meanwhile they' approach'd the place where Bruin
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin :
 The conquering foe they soon assail'd,
 First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
 Until their Mastives loos'd their hold : 135
 And yet, alas ! do what they could,
 The worsted Bear came off with store
 Of bloody wounds, but all before :
 For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
 Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
 Made proof against dead-deel steel
 All over, but the Pagan heel ;
 So did our champion's arm defend
 All of him but the other end,
 His head and ears, which in the martial
 Encounter lost a leathern parcel :
 For as an Austrian archduke once
 Had one ear (which in ducatoons
 Is half the coin) in battle par'd
 Close to his head, so Bruin fared ; 150
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
 Like scrivener newly crucify'd :
 Or like the late-corrected leathern
 Ears of the circumcised brethren.
 But gentle Trulla into th' ring
 He wore in's nose convey'd a string,
 With which she march'd before, and led
 The warrior to a grassy bed,
 As authors write, in a cool shade,
 Which eglantine and roses made ;
 Close by a softly murmuring stream,
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream :
 There leaving him to his repose,
 Secured from pursuit of foes,
 And wanting nothing but a song,
 And a well-turn'd theobong hung
 Upon a bough to ease the pain
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd ; with a strain
 They both drew up, to march in quest
 Of his great leader and the rest.
 For Orfin (who was more renown'd
 For stout maintaining of his ground,
 In standing fight, than for pursuit,
 As being not so quick of foot)
 Was not long able to keep pace
 With others that pursued the chase,
 But found himself left far behind,
 Both out of heart and out of wind ;
 Grieved to behold his Bear pursued
 So basely by a multitude,
 And like to fall not by the prowess,
 But numbers, of his coward foes.
 Herag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
 Scout Hercules, for loss of Hylas ;

Forcing the vallies to repeat 185
 The accents of his sad regret :
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
 For loss of his dear crony Bear,
 That Echo, from the hollow ground,
 His doleful wailings did resound 190
 More wistfully, by many times,
 Than in small poets splay-foot rhimes,
 That make her, in their ruthless stories,
 To answer to int'rogatories,
 And most unconscionably depose 195
 To things of which she nothing knows ;
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
 Art thou fled? to my——Echo, Ruin. 200
 I thought thou 'dst scorn'd to budge a step
 For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry guesp.
 Am not I here to take thy part ?
 Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
 Have these bones rattled, and this head 205
 So often in thy quarrel bled ?
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
 For thy dear sake. Quoth she, Mum budget.
 Think 't thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dust
 Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish. 210
 To run from those thou 'dst overcome,
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly
 From me too, as thine enemy ?
 Or, if thou hast no thought of me, 215
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
 Yet shame and honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning tail :
 For who would grutch to spend his blood in
 His honour's cause? Quoth she, a Puddin. 220
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd ;
 Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
 Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
 He vow'd the authors of his woe 225
 Should equal vengeance undergo,
 And with their bones and flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed 230
 And rage he hasted to proceed
 To action straight ; and giving o'er
 To search for Bruin any more,
 He went in quest of Hudibras,
 To find him out where'er he was ;
 And, if he were above ground, vow'd 235
 He 'd ferret him, lurk where he would.
 But scarce had he a furlong on
 This resolute adventure gone,
 When he encounter'd with that crew 240
 Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
 Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
 Did equally their breasts inflame.
 'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
 And Talgol, foe to Hudibras ; 245
 Cerdon and Celon, warriors stout,
 And resolute, as ever fought ;
 Whom furious Orfin thus bespoke :
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
 3 [E] 2

The vile affront that paltry ass,
And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if they had routed us in battle?
For my part, it shall ne'er be said
I for the washing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel:
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome;
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it (as I shall no doubt,
Where'er they in hugger-mugger lork)
I'll make them rue their handy work,
And with that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has every body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear:
Others may do as they see good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mungrel vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he 's safe enough:
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design,
And forthwith put themselves, in search
Of Hudibras, upon their march:
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious Knight befel;
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
No-where so green as on his brow,
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighbouring castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneasy pang
Of every honourable bang,
Which being by skilful midwife drest,
He laid him down to take his rest.

Ver. 258.] *Of them, but losing of my Bear*, 1674,
and all editions to 1704, exclusive.

But all in vain: he 'ad got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier fort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure land
(For he in all his am'rous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattles),
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the Knight;
The shaft against a rib did glance,
And gall him in the purtenance;
But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
After he found his suit in vain;
For that proud dame, for whom his soul
Was burnt in 's belly like a coal
(That belly that so oft did ache,
And suffer griping for her sake,
Till purging consists, and ants' eggs
Had almost brought him off his legs)
Us'd him so like a base rascalion,
That old Pyg—(what d' y' call him) malion,
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.
She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange, and mad;
She could love none but only such
As 'corn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her: hey-day!
So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the found.
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.
Meanwhile the Knight had no small task
To compass what he durst not ask:
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion:
Like catiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed;
Or rowing scull, he 's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Until he seize upon the coney;
Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour borne;
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress

Ver. 315, 316.] In the two first editions of
1663, this and the following line stand thus:

As how he did, and aiming right,
An arrow he let fly at Knight.

Ver. 338.] *Hey-day!—Ha-d-y!* in all editions
till 1704; then altered to *Hey-day!*

Did stir his
He had end
Turn'd to
That he ref
And either
Or for a w
This resolu
He kept for
But being b
The victory
Did set his
A door to d
That seem'd
His dame to
And that his
He 'ad new
These reason
With amoro
Quoth he, u
But this bra
May reach h
As I but nov
If nothing ca
And virtue
What may no
That brings
But thou bri
Two things
Valour's a m
Which wom
Then, Hudib
To be, that
Fortune the
But lets the
Then, while
Is spick-and
Strike her up
And trust th
Such thought
More than his
And as an ov
Sees a mouf
Sit still, and
As if he slept
The little be
Then starts,
So from his c
To seize upo
Crying with
Ralpho, disp
And 'twas bu
We left engag
By speedy ma
Up to the for
And all th' a
About the pl
That done,
To view the
Then call'd a
By siege or o
The enemy;
By storm and
This being re
They now dr

Did stir his stomach and the pain
 He had endur'd from her disdain,
 Turn'd to regret so resolute,
 That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
 And either to renounce her quite,
 Or for a while play least in fight.
 This resolution being put on,
 He kept some months, and more had done,
 But being brought so nigh by Fate,
 The victory he achiev'd so late
 Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
 A door to discontinued hope,
 That seem'd to promise he might win
 His dame too, now his hand was in;
 And that his valour, and the honour
 He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her:
 These reasons made his mouth to water
 With amorous longings to be at her.
 Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows
 But this brave conquest o'er my foes
 May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
 As I but now have forc'd the troop?
 If nothing can oppugn love,
 And virtue invidious ways can prove,
 What may not he confide to do,
 That brings both love and virtue too?
 But thou bring'st valour too, and wit,
 Two things that seldom fail to hit.
 Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
 Which women oft are taken in:
 Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
 To be, that art a conqueror?
 Fortune the audacious doth *juvare*,
 But lets the timidous miscarry:
 Then, while the honour thou hast got
 Is spick-and-span new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
 And trust thy fortune with the rest.
 Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,
 More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep;
 And as an owl, that in a barn
 Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
 Sit still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
 As if he slept, until he spies
 The little beast within his reach,
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;
 So from his couch the Knight did start,
 To seize upon the widow's heart,
 Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,
 Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse.
 And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
 We left engag'd to seek him out,
 By speedy marches were advanc'd
 Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,
 And all th' avenues had possest,
 About the place, from east to west.
 That done, a while they made a halt
 To view the ground, and where t' assault:
 Then call'd a council, which was best,
 By siege or onslaught, to invest
 The enemy; and 'twas agreed
 By storm and onslaught to proceed.
 This being resolv'd, in comely sort
 They now drew up t' attack the fort;

When Hudibras, about to enter
 Upon another-gates adventure,
 To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
 Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430
 Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
 Of angel bad, or tutelar,
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
 To which he was an utter stranger,
 That foresight might, or might not, blot 435
 The glory he had newly got;
 Or to his shame it might be said,
 They took him napping in his bed,
 To them we leave it to expound,
 That deal in sciences profound. 440
 His courser scarce he had bestrid,
 And Ralpho that on which he rid,
 When setting ope the postern gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd, 445
 Ready to charge them in the field.
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
 Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight:
 The bruises of his bones and flesh
 He thought began to smart afresh;
 Till, recollecting wonted courage, 450
 His fear was soon converted to rage,
 And thus he spoke: The coward foe,
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,
 Look, yonder 's rally'd, and appears 455
 As if they had out-run their fears;
 The glory we did lately get,
 The Fates command us to repeat;
 And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trabunt, 'tis our doom. 460
 This is the same numeric crew
 Which we so lately did subdue,
 The self-same individuals that
 Did run, as mice do from a cat,
 When we courageously did wield 465
 Our martial weapons in the field,
 To tug for victory; and when
 We shall our shining blades agen
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
 They 'll straight resume their wonted dreads. 470
 Fear is an ague, that forsakes
 And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
 And they 'll opine they feel the pain
 And blows they felt to-day again.
 Then let us boldly charge them home, 475
 And make no doubt to overcome.
 This said, his courage to inflame,
 He call'd upon his mitres' name,

Ver. 437.] *Sed* is the spelling used in all editions to 1704, inclusive. Altered to *said*, 1610.

Ver. 444.] *To take the field, and sally at.* In edit. 1674, and the following ones, to 1704, exclusive.

Ver. 472.] *And haunts by fits. Haunts by turns,* in the two first editions of 1663.

His pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew;
And, placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use; then ply'd,
With iron heel, his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows,
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which fairs twice dipt are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire;
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his spirits, half dismay'd:
He wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close,
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forebore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher;
As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the adventurous Knight,
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,
When Fortune (as the's wont) turn'd fickle, 515
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her Goodyship
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon, chusing out a stone,
Level'd so right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,
So did the Knight, and with one claw,
The trickier of his pistol draw.
The gun went off: and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it to prosper best,
So now he far'd: the shot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,

Ver. 523.] *He loos'd his whinyard.* Thus it stands in the first editions of 1663. Altered, 1674, to, *He loos'd his swoopen*: so it continued to 1700. Altered, 1704, to, *He lost his whinyard.*

Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing 535
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in Magnano's brags habergeon,
Who straight, A surgeon cry'd, A surgeon:
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did Murther, Murther, Murther, yell. 540
This startled their whole body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He 'ad won (the second time) the fight;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545
He had inevitably done.
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras's hurt, forbore
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten. 550
For he with Cerdon being engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of Death 555
Had tir'd them so, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the disaster of the Knight,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part. 560
Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was.
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir, 565
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up; once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you know
To use your victory as subdue, 570
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have given them, face us now;
But from so formidable a soldier
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
You 'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet ye 'ave had, to get the day. 580

Ver. 545.] In the two first editions, for this and the three following lines these two are used,

As Ralpho might, but he with care
Of Hudibras his hurt forbore.

Ver. 548.] In 1674, *Hudibras his wound*, to 1704, exclusive.

Ver. 551.] *He had with Cerdon, &c.* Editions 1674 to 1704, exclusive.

Ver. 553.] *So desperately.* 1674, &c.

Ver. 562.] *And force their sudden rage to part.* Thus altered 1674 to 1704, exclusive.

Thus
By Hudib
His thou
He lately
To whic
Tells me
The kno
That fro
With mo
My days
I am for
Either of
Fortune,
Resolv'd
I am not
Or trivial
Yet I'd be
For if I th
Or that w
To make:
'Twere the
We fly, an
For them
And dange
Stand to it
To let them
In all the
Is nobler th
For those th
Take place
This said
Discounte
To seize the
Fell from th
These being
To Hudibra
As a man m
He halted to
Thrice he e
But, by his
He was pull
Th' advanta
Thither he
And having
Prepar'd ag
When Orsin
The bloody
Of Talgol w

Ver. 587.]
editions to 1

Ver. 597.]
clusive.

Ver. 609,
of 1663, but

Ver. 617.]

The acti
Prepar'd

Thus altered

Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard.

His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue ;
To which he answer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis do portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.

Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound,
Or trivial basting, to despond ;
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail ;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we had time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course ; but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to seize on, the dishonour,
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no flatterer.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat :
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.

This said, the Squire, with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony steed,
To seize the arms which, by mischance,
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance ;
These being found out, and restor'd
To Hudibras their natural lord,
As a man may say, with might and main
He halted to get up again.

Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull'd back, till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast ;
When Orfin, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol with Promethean powder,

And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid,
Preparing to climb up his horse-side ;
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally ;
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a thunderbolt,
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving the enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over ;
When Orfin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
Or stout King Richard on his back ;
Till, stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruise'd, and cast into a swoon.

Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess ;
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd
In his with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with despicable ire ;
Courageously he fac'd about,

And drew his other pistol out ;
And now had half way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm ;
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his steed.
The Knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least crop'd off a limb,

But Orfin came, and rescued him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight
Upon his quarters opposite ;
But as a barque, that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruise'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to ;
So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose ;
Till Orfin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And, raising up himself on stirrup,
Cry'd out, *Victoria* ; he thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another
To bear thee company in death ;
But first I'll halt a while, and breathe ;

Ver. 587.] *The knotted blood.* Thus it is in all editions to 1710, and then altered to *clotted blood*.

Ver. 597.] *Curtal.* In all editions to 1704, inclusive.

Ver. 609, 610.] Not in the two first editions of 1663, but added in 1674.

Ver. 617.]

The active Squire, with might and main,
Prepar'd in haste to mount again.

Thus altered 1674. Restor'd 1704.

630

635

640

645

650

655

660

665

670

675

680

685

690

As well he might; for Orsin, griev'd
 At th' wound that Cerdon had received,
 Ran to relieve him with his lore,
 And cure the hurt he gave before.
 Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about
 To breathe himself, and next find out
 Th' advantage of the ground, where best
 He might the ruffled foe infect.
 This being resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
 To run at Orsin with full speed,
 While he was busy in the care
 Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware;
 But he was quick, and had already
 Unto the part apply'd remedy;
 And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
 Drew up, and stood upon his guard:
 Then like a warrior right expert
 And skilful in the martial art,
 The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
 Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
 And then (in order) to retire;
 Or, as occasion should invite,
 With forces join'd renew the fight.
 Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,
 Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
 Though sorely bruise'd; his limbs all o'er
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore:
 Right fain he would have got upon
 His feet again, to get him gone,
 When Hudibras to aid him came.
 Quoth he (and call'd him by his name)
 Courage, the day at length is ours,
 And we once more, as conquerors,
 Have both the field and honour won;
 The foe is profligate and run:
 I mean all such as can, for some
 This hand hath sent to their long home;
 And some lie sprawling on the ground,
 With many a gash and bloody wound.
 Cæsar himself could never say
 He got two victories in a day,
 As I have done, that can say, twice I
 In one day *veni, vidi, vici*.
 The foe's so numerous, that we
 Cannot so often *wincere*,
 And they *perire*, and yet enow
 Be left to strike an after-blow;
 Then, lest they rally, and once more
 Put us to fight the business o'er,
 Get up, and mount thy steed; dispatch,
 And let us both their motions watch.
 Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were
 In case for action, now be here;
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
 An arse, for fear of being bang'd.
 It was for you I got these harms,
 Adventuring to fetch off your arms.
 The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
 Have bruise'd my body, and bereav'd
 My limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
 And reach your hands to pull me up,
 I shall lie here, and be a prey
 To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras;)
 We read, the Ancients held it was
 More honourable far *servare*
 Civem, than slay an adversary;
 The one we oft to-day have done,
 The other shall dispatch anon:
 And though thou 'rt of a different church,
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.
 This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
 And steer'd him gently towards the Squire,
 Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
 His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
 Charg'd him like lightening behind.
 She had been long in search about
 Magnano's wound, to find it out,
 But could find none, nor where the shot
 That had so startled him was got:
 But having found the worst was past,
 She fell to her own work at last,
 The pillage of the prisoners,
 Which in all feats of arms was her's;
 And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
 When Hudibras his hard fate drew
 To succour him; for as he bow'd
 To help him up, she laid a load
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
 On th' other side, that down he fell.
 Yield, scoundrel base, (quoth she) or die;
 Thy life is mine, and liberty;
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy
 To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
 I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
 Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
 And, if thou hast the heart to try 't,
 I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
 And once more, for that carcase vile,
 Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras,
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
 And I shall take thee at thy word.
 First let me rise and take my sword;
 That sword which has so oft this day
 Through squadrons of my foes made way,
 And some to other worlds dispatch,
 Now with a feeble spinster matcht,
 Will blush, with blood ignoble stain'd,
 By which no honour's to be gain'd:
 But if thou 'lt take m' advice in this,
 Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
 To interrupt a victor's course,
 B' opposing such a trivial force:
 For if with conquest I come off,
 (And that I shall do sure enough)
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
 By law of arms, in such a case;

750

755

Ver. 791—795.] What a generous and undaunted heroine was Trulla! She makes the greatest figure in the Canto, and alone conquers the valiant hero of the Poem. There are few instances, I believe, in either romance or history that come up to this.

Both w
 I scorn
 (Clappi
 To shew
 Quarter
 If thou
 Bat left
 When I
 I took th
 Arm, an
 This fa
 And on t
 Of blow
 That he
 Stand to
 It is not
 Shall serv
 More than
 The blow
 Although
 Honour,
 At once i
 Which fir
 Above his
 Of blows
 As if he
 But the up
 And by o
 Waiting ar
 To pay all
 Which lon
 The Knight
 Resolving
 And the w
 Avoiding
 He charg'd
 As almost
 No sooner
 But in the
 With home
 She laid hi
 And, moun
 Quoth she,
 Of all thy
 Say, will t
 I may have
 Or wilt thou
 And stain t
 A man of w
 In basely b
 And when h
 To give no
 Now thou h
 To make m'
 Ver. 856.
 ing lines, in
 tions, these
 1663;
 Shall I have
 Or wilt thou
 Thou saidst
 thou!
 Why dost thou
 Vol. II.

Both which I now do offer freely.

I scorn (quoth she) thou coxcomb silly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To shew how much the priz'd his speech)

Quarter or counsel from a foe ;

If thou canst force me to it, do :

But lest it should again be said,

When I have once more won thy head,

I took thee napping, unprepar'd,

Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This said, she to her tackle fell,

And on the Knight let fall a peal

Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home,

That her retir'd, and follow'd 's burn.

Stand to 't (quoth she) or yield to mercy ;

It is not fighting *arsie-verfie*

Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen

More than the danger he was in,

The blows he felt, or was to feel,

Although th' already made him reel ;

Honour, despatch, revenge, and shame,

At once into his stomach came ;

Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm

Above his head, and rais'd a storm

Of blows so terrible and thick,

As if he meant to hush her quick :

But she upon her trunchcon took them,

And by oblique diversion broke them,

Waiting an opportunity

To pay all back with usury,

Which long she fail'd not of ; for now

The Knight with one dead doing blow

Resolving to decide the fight,

And she with quick and cunning sleight

Avoiding it, the force and weight

He charg'd upon it was so great,

As almost sway'd him to the ground :

No sooner she th' advantage found,

But in the flew ; and seconding,

With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,

She laid him flat upon his side,

And, mounting on his trunk astride,

Quoth she, I told thee what would come

Of all thy vapouring, base scum :

Say, will the law of arms allow

I may have grace and quarter now ?

Or wilt thou rather break thy word,

And stain thine honour, than thy sword ?

A man of war to damn his soul,

In basely breaking his parole ;

And when before the fight, th' had'st vow'd

To give no quarter in cold blood ;

Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,

To make m' against my will take quarter,

Ver. 856.] Instead of this and the nine following lines, in edition 1674, and the following editions, these four stood in the two first editions of 1663 ;

Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin ?
Or wilt thou be worse than thy buffing ?
Thou saidst th' wouldst kill me, marry wouldst thou !
Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-nods thou ?

Ver. 856.] Instead of this and the nine following lines, in edition 1674, and the following editions, these four stood in the two first editions of 1663 ;

Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin ?
Or wilt thou be worse than thy buffing ?
Thou saidst th' wouldst kill me, marry wouldst thou !
Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-nods thou ?

Ver. 856.] Instead of this and the nine following lines, in edition 1674, and the following editions, these four stood in the two first editions of 1663 ;

Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin ?
Or wilt thou be worse than thy buffing ?
Thou saidst th' wouldst kill me, marry wouldst thou !
Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-nods thou ?

Vol. II.

Why dost not put me to the sword,

But cowardly fly from thy word ?

815 Quoth Hudibras, The day 's thine own ;

Thou and thy stars have cast me down :

870

My laurels are transplanted now,

And flourish on thy conquering brow :

My loss of honour 's great enough,

820 Thou needst not brand it with a scoff :

875

Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,

But cannot blur my lost renown :

I am not now in Fortune's power,

He that is down can fall no lower.

825 The ancient heroes were illustrious

880

For being benign, and not blustrous

Against a vanquish'd foe : their swords

Were sharp and trenchant, not their words ;

And did in fight but cut work out

T' employ their courtesies about.

830 Quoth she, although thou hast deserv'd,

885

Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd

As thou didst vow to deal with me,

If thou hadst got the victory.

835 Yet I shall rather act a part

890

That suits my fame, than thy desert.

Thy arms, thy liberty, beside

All that 's on th' outside of thy hide,

Are mine by military law,

840 Of which I will not bait one straw ;

895

The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,

Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late

For me to treat or stipulate ;

845 What thou command'st I must obey ;

900

Yet those whom I expung'd to-day,

Of thine own party, I let go,

And gave them life and freedom too,

Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,

850 Whom I took prisoners in this quarrel.

905

Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they

Let one another run away,

Concerns not me ; but was 't not thou

That gave Crowdero quarter too ?

855 Crowdero whom, in irons bound,

910

Thou basely threw 't into Lob's pound,

Where still he lies, and with regret

His generous bowels rage and fret :

But now thy carcase shall redeem,

And serve to be exchang'd for him.

Ver. 913, 914.] This was but an equitable retaliation, though very disgraceful to one of the Knight's station. Is not the Poet to be blamed for bringing his hero to such a direful condition, and for representing him as stript and degraded by a trull ? No, certainly. It was her right, by the law of arms (which the Poet must observe), to use her captive at her pleasure. Trulla acted more honourably by him than he expected, and generously screened him from a threatening storm, ready to be poured on him by her comrades. With what pomp and solemnity does this famous heroine lead the captive in triumph to the stocks, to the eternal honour of her sex !

3 [F]

This said, the Knight did straight submit
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lafs
Array'd and dight'd Hudibras.

Meanwhile the other champions, yerft
In hurry of the fight difperft,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras's hide
With vengeance to be fatisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower,
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back again,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word; 940
She 'ad giv'n him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, should make that quarter good;
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.

This stopp'd their fury, and the baiting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting;
They thought it was but just and right
That what she had atch'ev'd in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to the arses.
Orfin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralpho prest;
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cordon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on:
All uttering Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted Castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed than shows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Durst t' allow, or than the Peers,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,

915 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order soldier like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster. 980
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about 985
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skilful in Black Art, 925
No less than he that built the fort,
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found 930
Crowdero laid upon the ground:
Him they release from durance bafe,
Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case, 935
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage;
For he no sooner was at large, 1000
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was shut;
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole, 1005
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,
In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away:
945 But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind, 950
Is, *sci juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint, or liberty, 955
That makes men prisoners or free;
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or equanimities. 1020
The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to 1025
Diogenes; who is not said
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because he 'ad ne'er another tub.
965 The Ancients make two several kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds,
The active and the passive val'ant,
Both which are *pari libra* gallant;
For both to give blows, and to carry, 970
In fights are equi-necessary:
But in defeats the passive stout
Are always found to stand it out 1035

975 Ver. 1003.] *Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole.* Altered, 1674, to, *I the wretched hole.* Restored, 1704.

Most despo
The active
Though w
Or, as the
He that is
Though dr
Honour's
And canno
The legal
Not to be
If he that
Be in the h
He that is
To lie in F
For as we
By mortals
Than when
He thines i
So valour,
Is most ad
Quoth R
We may by
But none,
Will judge
As Gifted
A carnal h
Illuminatio
Into them v
But not how
Know you
For who, v
Having sub
And might
Would put
A politic ex
For Preib
Quoth Hu
Ralpho, th
When thou
Thou mak'

Ver. 1061
ways an hou
of iron mac
the board on
be visible to
sermon did
was turned
would say th
held out mu
and be thote
began to be
to be dismiss
some church

Ver. 1072
to be owing
to vent his
most affecti
this, by deg
about Synod
not sufficien
judiciously c
for it.

Most desperately, and to out-do
The active, 'gainst a conquering foe,
Though we with blacks and blues are fuggil'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd, 1040
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by 't.
Honour 's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of Honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed. 1050
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright;
So valour, in a low estate,
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none, that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit. 1060
As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass, do imply
Illumination can convey
Unto them what they have to say,
But not how much; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:
For who, without a cap and bauble,
Having subdued a Bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof? 1070
Apolitic exploit, right fit
For Presbyterian zeal and wit.
Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
When thou at any thing wouldst rail,
Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale, 1075

To take the height on 't, and explain
To what degree it is profane;
Whats'ever will not with (thy what-d'ye call)
Thy light jump right, thou call'st Synodical: 1080
As if Presbytery were a standard
To size whatsoever 's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember how this day,
Thou to my beard wast bold to say,
That thou couldst prove Bear-baiting equal 1085
With Synods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou can'st, for I deny 't.
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.
Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do, 1090
That has but any guts in 's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains:
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You 'll find I 've light enough to do it.
Synods are mystical Bear-gardens, 1095
Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the Babylonish sport:
For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word. 1100
Both are but several synagogues
Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both antichristian assemblies.
To mischief bent as far 's in them lies:
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests, 1105
The one with men, the other beasts.
The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th' other Souls and Consciences; 1110
Where Saints themselves are brought to stake
For Gospel-light and Conscience' sake;
Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
Instead of Mastive Dogs and Curs;
Than whom they 've less humanity, 1115
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a Bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of Church-rule, in this latter age; 1120
As is demonstrat'd at full
By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine; so do they.
What are their Orders, Constitutions, 1125
Church-censures, Curks, Absolutions,
But several mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake?
And then set Heathen officers,
Instead of Dogs, about their ears. 1130
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose;

Ver. 1061, 1062.] In those days there was always an hour-glass stood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpose for it, and fastened to the board on which the cushion lay, that it might be visible to the whole congregation; who, if the sermon did not hold till the glass was out (which was turned up as soon as the text was taken), would say that the preacher was lazy; and if he held out much longer, would yawn and stretch, and by those signs signify to the preacher that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed. These hour-glasses remained in some churches till within these forty years.

Ver. 1072.] Ralpho looked upon their ill plight to be owing to his master's bad conduct; and, to vent his resentment, he satirizes him in the most affecting part of his character, his religion: this, by degrees, brings on the old arguments about Synods. The Poet, who thought he had not sufficiently lashed classical assemblies, very judiciously completes it, now there is full leisure for it.

Ver. 1129.] They were more tyrannical in office than any officers of the bishop's court.

To set what characters they please,
 And mulcts, on sin and godliness;
 Reduce the Church to Gospel-order,
 By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;
 To make Presbytery supreme,
 And Kings themselves submit to them;
 And force all people, though against
 Their consciences, to turn Saints;
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade, -
 When Saints monopolists are made:
 When pious frauds and holy shifts
 Are Dispenfations and Gifts,
 There godliness becomes mere ware,
 And every Synod but a fair.
 Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
 A mongrel breed of like pernicious,
 And growing up, became the fires
 Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers;
 Whose business is, by cunning sleight,
 To cast a figure for men's light,
 To find, in lines of beard and face,
 The physiognomy of Grace;
 And by the found and twang of nose,
 If all be found within disclose;
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
 As mentry pipkins by the ringing;
 By black caps onlaid with white,
 Give certain guests at inward light:
 Which Serjeants of the Gospel wear,
 To make the Sp'ritual Calling clear.
 The handkerchief about the neck
 (Canonical cravat of Smeck,
 From whom the institution came,
 When Church and State they set on flame,
 And worn by them as badges then
 Of Spiritual Warfaring-man)

Ver. 1156.] These Triers pretended to great skill in this respect; and if they disliked the beard or face of a man, they would, for that reason alone, refuse to admit him, when presented to a living, unless he had some powerful friend to support him. "The questions that these men put to the persons to be examined were not abilities and learning, but grace in their hearts, and that with so bold and saucy an inquisition, that some men's spirits trembled at the interrogatories; they phrasing it so, as if (as was said at the council of Trent) they had the Holy Ghost in a cloke-bag."

Their questions generally were these, or such like, When were you converted? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit? In what year? in what month? in what day? about what hour of the day, had you the secret call, or motion of the Spirit, to undertake and labour in the ministry? What work of grace has God wrought upon your soul? And a great many other questions about regeneration, predestination, and the like.

Ver. 1166.] *Smeckymnus* was a club of holders-forth.

1135 Judge rightly if Regeneration
 Be of the newest cut in fashion:
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
 That Grace is founded in dominion.
 Great piety consists in pride; 1175
 The rule is to be sanctify'd;
 To domineer, and to controul,
 Both o'er the body and the soul,
 Is the most perfect discipline
 Of Church-rule, and by right divine. 1184
 Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far:
 For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
 To get their wives and children meat;
 But these will not be fobb'd off so, 1185
 They must have wealth and power too;
 Or else with blood and desolation
 They 'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
 Sure these themselves from primitive
 And Heathen priesthood do derive, 1190
 When Butchers were the only clerks,
 Elders and Presbyters of Kirks;
 Whose directory was to kill,
 And some believe it is so still.
 The only difference is, that then 1195
 They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
 For then to sacrifice a Bullock,
 Or, now and then, a child, to Moloch,
 They count a vile abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole nation. 1200
 Presbytery does but translate
 The Papacy to a free state:
 A common-wealth of Popery,
 Where every village is a See
 As well as Rome, and must maintain 1205
 A tithe-pig metropolitan;
 Where every Presbyter and Deacon
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,
 And every hamlet 's governed
 By 's Holiness, the Church's head,
 More haughty and severe in 's place,
 Than Gregory and Boniface. 1210
 Such Church must, surely, be a monster
 With many heads: for if we consider
 What in th' Apocalypse we find,
 According to th' Apostle's mind,
 'Tis that the Whore of Babylon
 With many heads did ride upon,
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe
 Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-elder, Scribe. 1220
 Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
 Whose little finger is as heavy
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
 And bishop-secular. This zealot
 Is of a mongrel, diverse kind,
 Cleric before, and Lay behind;
 A lawless linsy-woolsey brother,
 Half of one order, half another;
 A creature of amphibious nature,
 On land a beast, a fish in water: 1230
 That always preys on grace or sin;
 A sheep without, a wolf within.
 This fierce inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over men's belief

And man
 Idolatrou
 When su
 Through
 For all m
 Whose ta
 He 'll lay
 On duller
 The man
 Those pa
 Of his m
 Divinity
 From wh
 Made by
 So Cardin
 At th' oth
 Hold, m
 They say,
Eglina lent
 For haste
 The quirk
 Are false,
 And I sha
 Of fallacie
 And put y
 And figur
 I 'll force
 To leave y
 And make
 And argue
 The que
 Is, Which
 Synods or
 To be the
 But, to m
 Thou say'
 If so, not
 Why then
 For if they
 Neither is
 But I deny
 More than
 That both
 I grant, bu
 For though
 Specific di
 And can n
 Than prove
 That Synod
 Thou dost
 And thus I
 Whatsoever
 To Censure
 Can be no
 Has no such
 And to thy
 But yet w
 Which thou
 For that wa
 Than Synod
 That Bears
 Is held by a
 For Bears a
 As beasts;

And manners; can pronounce a faint
 Molatrous or ignorant,
 When superciliously he fits
 Through coarsest boulder others' gifts:
 For all men live and judge amiss,
 Whose talents jump not just with his;
 He'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place
 On dullest noddle Light and Grace,
 The manufacture of the Kirk.
 Those pastors are but th' handy work
 Of his mechanic paws, infilling
 Divinity in them by feeling:
 From whence they start up Chosen Vessels,
 Made by contact, as men get measles.
 So Cardinals, they say, do grope
 At th' other end the new-made Pope.
 Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, soft fire,
 They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,
Festina lente, not too fast,
 For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make
 Are false, and built upon mistake:
 And I shall bring you with your pack
 Of fallacies, t' Elenchi lack;
 And put your arguments in mood
 And figure to be understood.
 I'll force you, by right ratiocination,
 To leave your vitiligation,
 And make you keep to th' question close,
 And argue *dialecticus*.
 The question then, to state it first,
 Is, Which is better or which worst,
 Synods or Bears? Bears I avow
 To be the worst, and Synods thou;
 But, to make good th' assertion,
 Thou say'st they're really all one.
 If so, not worse; for if they're *idem*,
 Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.
 For if they are the same, by course
 Neither is better, neither worse.
 But I deny they are the same,
 More than a maggot and I am.
 That both are *animalia*
 I grant, but not *rationalia*:
 For though they do agree in kind,
 Specific difference we find;
 And can no more make Bears of these,
 Than prove my horse is Socrates.
 That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,
 Thou dost affirm; but I say No:
 And thus I prove it, in a word;
 Whatsoever Assembly's not impower'd
 To Censure, Curse, Absolve, and Ordain,
 Can be no Synod: but Bear-garden
 Has no such power; *ergo*, 'tis none,
 And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.
 But yet we are beside the quest'on
 Which thou didst raise the first contest on;
 For that was, Whether Bears are better
 Than Synod-men? I say, *Negatur*.
 That Bears are beasts, and Synods men,
 Is held by all: they're better then;
 For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
 As beasts; but Synod-men on two.

1235 'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
 But prove that Synod-men have tails; 1300
 Or that a rugged shaggy fur
 Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter;
 Or that his snout and spacious ears
 1240 Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
 A Bear's a savage beast, of all 1305
 Most ugly and unnatural;
 Whelp'd without form, until the dam
 Has lick'd it into a shape and frame:
 1245 But all thy light can ne'er evict,
 That ever Synod-man was kickt,
 Or brought to any other fashion
 Than his own will and inclination.
 But thou dost further yet in this
 Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,
 Thou wouldst have Presbyters to go 1315
 For Bears and Dogs, and Bear-wards too:
 A strange chimæra of beasts and men,
 Made up of pieces heterogeneous;
 Such as in Nature never met
 1255 *In eodem subjecto* yet. 1320
 Thy other arguments are all
 Suppofures hypothetical,
 That do but beg; and we may chuse
 Either to grant them, or refuse.
 1260 Much thou hast said, which I know when 1325
 And where thou stol'st from other men,
 (Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
 Are all but plagiary shifts)
 1265 And is the same that Ranter said,
 Who, arguing with me, broke my head, 1330
 And tore a handful of my beard;
 The self-same cavils then I heard,
 When, being in hot dispute about
 1270 This controversy, we fell out;
 And what thou know'st I answer'd then, 1335
 Will serve to answer thee again.
 Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
 Of human learning you produce;
 1275 Learning, the cobweb of the brain,
 Profane, erroneous, and vain; 1340

Ver. 1329.] The Ranters were a vile sect that
 sprung up in those times. Alexander Ross ob-
 serves, "That they held that God, devil, angels,
 "heaven, and hell, &c. were fictions and fables:
 "that Moses, John Baptist, and Christ, were
 "impostors; and what Christ and the Apostles
 1285 "acquainted the world with, as to matter of re-
 "ligion, perished with them: that preaching
 "and praying are useless, and that preaching is
 "but public lying: that there is an end of all
 "ministry and administrations, and people are
 1290 "to be taught immediately from God," &c.

Ver. 1339.] Ralpho was as great an enemy to
 human learning as Jack Cade and his fellow re-
 bels. Cade's words to Lord Say, before he or-
 dered his head to be cut off: "I am the beesom
 1295 "that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as
 "thou art: thou hast most traiterously corrupt-
 "ed the youth of the realm, in erecting a gram-

A trade of knowledge, as replete
 As others are with fraud and cheat;
 An art t' incumber Gifts and wit,
 And render both for nothing fit;
 Makes Light unactive, dull, and troubled, 1345
 Like little David in Saul's doublet:
 A cheat that scholars put upon
 Other men's reason and their own;
 A fort of error to enfonce
 Absurdity and ignorance, 1350
 That renders all the avenues
 To truth impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain things, in debate,
 By art perplex and intricate:
 For nothing goes for Sense or Light, 1355
 That will not with old rules jump right;
 As if rules were not in the schools
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
 This Pagan, Heathenish invention
 Is good for nothing but contention: 1360
 For as, in sword-and-buckler fight,
 All blows do on the target light;
 So when men argue, the great't part
 O' th' contest falls on terms of art, 1365
 Until the fustian stuff be spent,
 And then they fall to th' argument.
 Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
 Out-run the constable at last:
 For thou art fallen on a new
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue, 1370
 But to the former opposite,
 And contrary as black to white;
 Mere *disparata*; that concerning
 Presbytery, this human learning;

"mer school: and whereas before our forefathers
 had no other books but the Score and the Tally,
 thou hast caused *Printing* to be used; and, con-
 trary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou
 hast built a *Paper-mill*. It will be proved to
 thy face, that thou hast men about thee that
 usually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and such abo-
 minable words, as no Christian ear can endure
 to hear."

It was the opinion of those tinkers, tailors, &c.
 that governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the
 Rebellion, "That learning had always been an
 enemy to the Gospel, and that it were a happy
 thing if there were no universities, and that
 all books were burnt except the Bible."

"I tell you (says a writer in those times) wick-
 ed books do as much wound us as the swords of
 our adversaries; for this manner of learning is
 superfluous and costly: many tongues and lan-
 guages are only confusion; and only wit, reason,
 understanding, and scholarship, are the main
 means that oppose us, and hinder our cause;
 therefore, if ever we have the fortune to get
 the upper hand, we will down with all law and
 learning, and have no other rule but the Car-
 penter's, nor any writing or reading but the
 Score and the Tally."

Two things I averfe, they never yet 1375
 But in thy rambling fancy met.
 But I shall take a fit occasion
 T' evince thee by' ratiocination,
 Some other time, in place more proper
 Than this we're in; therefore let's stop here,
 And rest our weary'd bones a while, [1380
 Already tir'd with other toil.

H U D I B R A S.

PART II. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight, by damnable Magician,
 Being cast illegally in prison,
 Love brings his action on the case,
 And lays it upon Hudibras.
 How he receives the Lady's visit,
 And cunningly solicits his suit,
 Which she defers; yet on parole,
 Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.*

BUT now, t' observe Romantique method,
 Let bloody steel a while be sheathed;
 And all those harsh and rugged sounds
 Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,

Arg. Ver. 1, 2.] Thus altered, 1674,

The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,
 The last unhappy expedition.

Restored, 1704.

Arg. Ver. 5.] *How he receives, &c. How he*
revi's, &c. In the two first editions of 1663.

Ver. 1.] The beginning of this Second Part may
 perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who
 do not know that it was written on purpose in
 imitation of Virgil, who begins the Fourth Book
 of his *Aeneids* in the very same manner, *At regina*
gravi, &c. And this is enough to satisfy the cu-
 riosity of those who believe that invention and
 fancy ought to be measured, like cases in law,
 by precedents, or else they are in the power of
 the critic.

Ver. 2.] *Let bloody steel, &c.* Altered to *let rusty*
steel, 1674, 1684, &c. To *rusty steel*, 1700. Re-
 stored 1704.

Exchang'd to
 To let our r
 In which, th
 Is possible, b
 Is 't not eno
 That someb
 But make al
 The same th
 Some writte
 And knights
 Others mak
 Of jealousy,
 Till, drawin
 They're for
 Some alway
 By pulling p
 As cripples
 Just to do th
 Some force
 O' geograph
 Make forme
 And that wh
 But those tha
 The one ver
 For one for
 I think, 's f
 But we for
 We whilom
 And pensiv
 And nonjur
 Tir'd with
 As well as b
 And desper
 To free him
 His only sol
 His dog-bol
 That either
 Or turn abo
 In which he
 Than other
 There is a
 (But wond'
 That like a
 Herself on a

Ver. 5.]
 in the two f

And unto lo
 To let our r
 By this time
 Of blows, a

Ver. 10.]
 man's fancy

Ver. 30.]
 ago. Alter

Ver. 48.]
 double mea
 ing on Rep
 that if a rep
 traced up
 contradict

Exchang'd to love's more gentle style,
 To let our reader breathe a while :
 In which, that we may be as brief as
 Is possible, by way of preface,
 Is 't not enough to make one strange,
 That some men's fancies should ne'er change, 10
 But make all people do and say
 The same things still the self-same way ?
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
 And knights pursuing like the whirlwind :
 Others make all their knights, in fits
 Of jealousy, to lose their wits ;
 Till, drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
 They 're forthwith cur'd of their caprices.
 Some always thrive in their amours,
 By pulling plasters off their sores ;
 As cripples do to get an alms,
 Just to do they, and win their dames.
 Some force whole regions, in despite
 O' geography, to change their site ;
 Make former times shake hands with latter, 25
 And that which was before come after.
 But those that write in rhyme still make
 The one verse for the other's sake ;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think, 's sufficient at one time.
 But we forget in what sad plight
 We whilom left the captive Knight
 And pensive Squire, both bruise'd in body,
 And nonjur'd into safe custody.
 Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,
 As well as basting and Bear-baiting,
 And desperate of any course,
 To free himself by wit or force,
 His only solace was, that now
 His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
 That either it must quickly end,
 Or turn about again, and mend,
 In which he found th' event, no less
 Than other times, beside his guests.
 There is a tall long-sided dame,
 (But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,
 That like a thin camelion boards
 Herself on air, and eats her words ;

Ver. 5.] And the three following lines, stood
 in the two first editions of 1663, as follow :

And unto love turn we our style,
 To let our readers breathe a while,
 By this time tir'd with the horrid sounds
 Of blows, and cuts, and blood, and wounds.

Ver. 10.] *That some men's fancies, &c.* That a
 man's fancy, in the two first editions of 1664.

Ver. 30.] *Whilom.* Formerly, or, some time
 ago. Altered to *lately*, 1674. Restored 1704.

Ver. 48.] The beauty of this consists in the
 double meaning ; the first alludes to Fame's liv-
 ing on Report. The second is an insinuation,
 that if a report is narrowly enquired into, and
 traced up to the original author, it is made to
 contradict itself.

Upon her shoulders wings she wears
 Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears, 50
 And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
 Made good by deep mythologift :
 With these she through the welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;
 With letters hung, like eastern pigeons, 55
 And Mercuries of furthest regions ;
 Diurnals writ for regulation
 Of lying, to inform the nation,
 And by their public use to bring down 15
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.
 About her neck a packet-mail,
 Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
 And cows of monsters brought to bed ;
 Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs, 65
 And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;
 A blazing-star seen in the west,
 By six or seven men at least.
 Two trumpets she does found at once,
 But both of clean contrary tones ; 70
 But whether both with the same wind,
 Or one before, and one behind,
 We know not, only this can tell,
 The one sounds vilely, th' other well,
 And therefore vulgar authors name 75
 Th' one Good, th' other Evil Fame.
 This tattling gossip knew too well
 What mischief Hudibras beset,
 And straight the spiteful tidings bears
 Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears. 80
 Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
 To see bawds carted through the crowd,
 Or funerals, with stately pomp,
 March slowly on in solemn dump, 85
 As she laugh'd out, until her back,
 As well as sides, was like to crack.
 She vow'd she would go see the fight,
 And visit the distressed Knight ;
 To do the office of a neighbour,
 And be a gossip at his labour, 90
 And from his wooden jail the stocks,
 To fet, large his fetter-locks ;
 And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
 To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
 This being resolv'd, she call'd for hood 95
 And usher, implements abroad
 Which ladies wear, beside a slender
 Young waiting-damself to attend her.
 All which appearing, on she went
 To find the Knight, in limbo pent : 100

Ver. 77.] *This tattling gossip, &c.* *Twattling*
gossip, in the two first editions of 1663. Altered,
 as it stands here, 1674.

Ver. 91.] *And from his wooden jail, &c.* This
 and the following line stand in the two editions
 of 1664 thus,

That is to see him deliver'd safe
 Of 's wooden burden, and Squire Ralph.

And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout Squire in the pound;
Both coupl'd in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together;
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl,
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head and scowl,
And wink and goggle like an owl;
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the Dame accosted him.

This place (quoth she) they say 's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere.
Some have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With faucet-eyes and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum;
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by 't.

When Hudibras the Lady heard
Discouraging thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he cou'd;
And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard 's th' identique beard you know,
The same numerically true;

Ver. 111, 112.] There was never, certainly, a pleasanter scene imagined than this before us; it is the most diverting incident in the whole Poem. The unlucky and unexpected visit of the Lady; the attitude and surprize of the Knight; the confusion and blushes of the lover; and the satirical raillery of a mistress, are represented in lively colours, and conspire to make this interview wonderfully pleasing.

Ver. 142.] *Discouraging thus upon his beard.* Altered, 1674. To take kind notice of his beard. Restored 1704.

Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.

O heavens! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
105 Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse
That never spoke to men or beast
In notions vulgarly exprest:
But what malignant star, alas!
110 Has brought you both to this sad pass?

Quoth he. The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely cafe.
115 Quoth she, Those need not be ashamed
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Though your's be sorely lugg'd and torn,
120 It does your visage more adorn

Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,
And cut square by the Russian standard.
A torn beard 's like a tatter'd ensign,
That 's bravest which there are most rents in.
125 That petticoat about your shoulders,
Does not so well become a soldier's;
And I 'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led;
And those uneasy bruises make
130 My heart for company to ake,

To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.
Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
134 Not bad, *simpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross *phenomenas*

140 In which it oft mistakes the case.
But since th' immortal intellect
(That 's free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
145 Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure,
And just so far are fore and griev'd
150 As by the fancy is believ'd.

Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight;
Others, though wounded fore in reason,
Felt no confusion, nor discretion.
A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
That mice (as histories relate)
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling;
Then how 's it possible a kick
Shou'd e'er reach that way to the quick?

Ver. 164.] *In such a homely cafe.* In such elegantique cafe, in the two first editions of 1664.

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage

215 Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish:
For what's more honourable than fears,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?

220 Some have been beaten till they knew
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow:
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running,

225 With some whom they have taught that cunning.
The farthest way about, to o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the nearest home.

By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruised with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and pultrons;
But if they dare engage t' a second,

230 They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.
Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,
Our princes worship, with a blow.
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetick
And testy courtiers with a kick.

The Negus, when some mighty lord
Or Potentate's to be restor'd,
And pardon'd for some great offence,
With which he's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side t' a jelly;

235 That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
The beaten foldier proves most manful,

240 That, like his sword, endures the anvil,
And justly's held more formidable,
The more his valour's malleable:
But he that fears a bastinado,
Will run away from his own shadow:

245 And though I'm now in durance fast,
By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
And worse than by th' enemy us'd;
Is close *catagla* shut, past hope

250 Of wit or valour to elope;
As beads, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend;

And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches;
I'll make this low dejected fate

255 Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth she, You've almost made me' in love
With that which did my pity move.

Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:

260 Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same.

No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.

265 But if a beating seem so brave,
What glories must a whipping have?

Such great achievements cannot fail
To cast salt on a woman's tail:

For if I thought your natural talent
Of passive courage were so gallant,

270 As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and doat.

When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up 's ears, and strook'd his beard.

275 Thought he, this is the lucky hour,
Wines work when vines are in the flower:

This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the quest'on.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out;

280 How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it;

And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you;

285 And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers;

290 And though I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit;

Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,

295 And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich
Beyond th' infliction of a witch;

300 So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.

Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns

305 To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by 't.

Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again;

310 As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath?

Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch?

315 What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force?

320 For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.

It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:

3 [G]

Ver. 232.] *Pultrons*. So in all editions to 1716, inclusive. Altered, afterwards, to *pultrons*.

Ver. 239.] A King of *Æthiopia*.

Ver. 241.] *And pardon'd for some great offence*. This and the following line, in the two editions of 1664, stand thus;

To his good grace, for some offence
Forfeit before, and pardon'd since.

Vol. II.

For what does make it ravishment
But being against the mind's consent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us?
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fanatick way,
Why should you not at least allow
Those that love you to do so too?
For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practice what you call a fault.
Quoth she, if what you say is true,
You must fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In love and preaching, that must sway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.
Command me to piss out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's power's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The heftoring kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
T' a petticoat, and made him spin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble distaff and a spindle.
'Twas he that made Emperors gallants
To their own sisters and their aunts;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And fluxt the House of many a burges;
Made those that represent the nation
Submit, and suffer amputation;
And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal
Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.
He mounted Synod-men, and rode them
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom;
Made them curvet like Spanish Jenets,
And take the ring at Madame —'s,

Ver. 332.] *Fanatique* in some of the first editions, and *fanatick* in the rest, from 1700, if not sooner, to this time. Might not *fantastick* have been as proper, as his mistress expresses herself, Verses 545, 546?

And yet 'tis not *fantastick* pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike.

Ver. 370. *And take the ring at Madam —'s,* Stennet was the person whose name was dashed, says Sir Roger L'Estrange, (*Key to Hudibras*) "Her husband was by profession a broom-man, and lay-elder. She followed the laudable employment of bawding, and managed several intrigues for those Brothers and Sisters whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiteness of their linen."

325 'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to,
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And though she were of rigid temper, 375
With melting flames accost and tempt her,
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.
Quoth she, If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex?
335 Why is 't not damn'd and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find I've greater reason for it, 380
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.
Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your Heathenish neglects
Of Love's great power, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorn, 385
And those who worship lovers slight,
Plagues with preposterous appetite:
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet;
And from her greatness stoop so low, 390
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to prostitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts:
Some with the devil himself in league grow,
By 's representative a Negro. 400
355 'Twas this made vestal maid love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd quick:
Some by their fathers and their brothers
To be made mistresses and mothers.
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405
On lacquies and valets de chambres;
Their haughty stomachs overcome,
And makes them stoop to dirty grooms;
To slight the world, and to disparage
Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage. 410
365 Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secrecy in love.
Says he, There is as weighty reason 415
For secrecy in love, as treason.
Love is a burglar, a felon,
That at the windore eye does steal in,
To rob the heart; and with his prey 420
Steals out again a closer way;
Which whosoever can discover,
He 's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men, as naturally ' as in charcoals,

Ver. 406.] *On lacquies and valets de chambres. Varlets des chambres*, in all edit. to 1704, inclusive.

Ver. 418.] *That at the windore eye does steal in.* Thus in all editions to 1684, inclusive. Altered to *window eye*, edition 1700. Restored again, 1726, if not sooner.

Which fo
When ou
So lovers
That thou
'Tis like
And drag
So love do
Draws by
That no i
And trace
But if you
What you
I'll prove
As your o
Quoth s
In hiding
Love-pain
By which
Though lo
Money 's t
The real s
Which all
Though
And how
He that wi
As Love d
With one
And with
I grant, q
Provocativ
It is all phi
That make
'Tis beauty
That buds
'Tis that
At their ov
That makes
And lay ab
'Tis virtue
That men d
For what is
But so much
Or what bu
Which man
In which n
Unless it be
I do confesse
I'd have a
And such y
My stomach
But 'tis (yo
That my en
Let me you
And settle y
Or make it
You'll find
Quoth she
Than false n
Or any feat
But hanging

Ver. 483.
tions to 16
1700.

- Which footy chemists stop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals;
So lovers should their passions choke,
That though they burn they may not smoke,
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
And dragg'd beafts backwards into 's hole; 430
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you intrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary' Albertus.
- Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose:
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else:
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money 's the mythologick sense,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship 's made to.
- Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his dame, must do
As Love does, when he bends his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to amorous heat:
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:
'Tis that by which the sun and moon,
At their own weapons, are out-done:
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about them in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call:
For what is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own,
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh?
I do confess, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second hand;
And such you are: nor 's 't your person
My stomach 's set so sharp and fierce on:
But 'tis (your better part) your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please,
Or make it o'er in trust to the devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil.
- Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false mock passion, speech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or fawning,
But hanging of yourself or drowning;
- 425 Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck
For as, when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they strike others down;
So that would break my heart; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own. 485
These are but trifles; every lover
Will damn himself over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a less worthy mistress' sake:
Yet they 're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love; 495
For he that hangs or beats out 's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.
Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof; 500
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or douse in water,
And like a water-witch try love;
That 's to destroy, and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected; 505
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover:
Trust is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not so desperate as a neck:
Beside, th' experiment's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The foldier does it every day
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay;
455 Your pettifoggers damn their souls, 515
To share with knaves, in cheating fools;
And merchants, venturing through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain:
This is the way I advise you to;
460 Trust me, and see what I will do. 520
Quoth she, I should be loth to run
Myself all th' hazard, and you none;
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of your's aforesaid do precede:
465 Give but yourself one gentle swing, 525
For trial, and I 'll cut the string;
Or give that reverend head a mail,
Or two, or three, against a wall,
To shew you are a man of mettle,
470 And I 'll engage myself to settle. 530
Quoth he, My head 's not made of brass,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,
That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof;
475 As it had need to be, to enter, 535
As yet, on any new adventure:
You see what hangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd:
But if that 's all you stand upon,
480 Here strike me, Luck, it shall be done. 540
Quoth she, The matter 's not so far gone
As you suppose: two words t' a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof;
And yet 'tis no fantastick pique 545
I have to love, nor coy dislike;
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
T' your conversation, mien, or person;
3 [G] 2

Ver. 483.] *Scorning*. Thus it stands in all editions to 1684, inclusive. Altered to *scorning*, 1722.

But a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love :
For, if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith, as adamantin
As chains of Destiny, I'll maintain :
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak :
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hupper-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one and that other pigfney,
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love or you shake off my heart ;
The sun, that shall no more dispence
His own, but your bright influence.
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true-loves-knots and flourishes
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourishing ;
Drink every letter on 't in stum,
And make it brisk champaign become.
Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet ;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders.
Shall borrow from your breath their odours ;
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you ;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die :
Only our loves shall still survive,
New worlds and natures to outlive,
And like to heralds' moons remain,
All crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss ;
For you will find it a hard chapter,
To catch me with poetick rapture,
In which your Mastery of Art
Doth shew itself, and not your heart :
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
By dint of high heroic fustian.
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon ;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive
To embalm her cruelly alive ;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their *kaut-gouste*, *bouillies*, or *ragousts* ;
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the *face doublet* doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth :
Her mouth, compar'd 't an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in 't, 'stead of teeth.
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colour mix ;
In which the lily and the rose,
For Indian lake and ceruse gres.
The sun and moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the skies,
Are but black patches, that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars ;

By which astrologers, as well
As those in heaven above can tell
What strange events they do foreshow
Unto her under-world below. 613
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wise philosophers have thought,
And that 's the cause we hear it not. 620
This has been done by some, who those
They' ador'd in rhyme would kick in prose ;
And in those ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung,
That have the hard fate to write best 625
Of those still that deserve it least ;
It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst ;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow 's drawn to th' head, 630
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at : so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their found and rotten sheep :
For wits that carry low or wide, 635
Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should chuse
This way 't attack me with your Muse, 640
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With Fulhams of poetick fiction :
I rather hop'd I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score ;
For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove 645
The readiest remedies of love,
Next a dry-diet ; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd jail,
In which ye're hamper'd by the setlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock ; 650
Wedlock, that 's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler
'T allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog :
Nor rather thank your gentler fate, 655
That for a bruise'd or broken pate
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow :
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From venturing on that dragon, marriage ; 660
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance ;
Level at beauty and at wit ;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.
Quoth Hudibras, I am beforehand 665
In that already, with your command ;
For where does beauty and high wit,
But in your constellation, meet ?
Quoth she, What does a match imply.
But likeness and equality ? 670

Ver. 613.] And the three following lines, not
in the two first editions of 1664, but added 1674.

Ver. 642.] A cant word for false dice.

I know
To be th
Nor tak
To be th
A grac
I've no
That co
Is misin
A man m
Of any th
And may
I th' judg
Then wit
Be all'nat
By thos
As I may
Quoth h
And prop
But wheth
As you may
Bayers, yo
And wor
How shall
For a Roan
All spur'd
A farel m
Where, wh
And in the
Or, shoul
You must h
(Ere I can
Where, if
And in the
For all you
Quoth he
T' enervate
And prove
No gelding
Let's of viril
To be the c
That does
Abortive on
This first a
In envy of n
Semitamis o
Who first o
To mar thei
Of low-geld
Look on this
Eunuchs we
Next it appe
That I can a
Have but tw
Quoth she
For some ph
Write men h
And that 'tis
Erroneously
As 'twas in
If a boy that
And growin
With wolves
As for your
I cannot f

I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I could believe,
I've not the confidence to receive.
That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd; I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal donor,
Of any thing whereof he 's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I th' judgment of all casuists:
Then wit, and parts, and valour, may
Be all'nated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.
Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or sell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer Hue and Cry,
For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day,
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if ye 're fought, you may be found;
And in the mean time I must pay
For all your provender and hay.
Quoth he, It stands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myself, by topick clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Let's of virility's averr'd
To be the cause of loss of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become:
This first a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of sow-geldering operation:
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?
Next it appears I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.
Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
For some philosophers of late here,
Write men have four legs by Nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two:
As 'twas in Germany made good,
By a boy that lost himself in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they 're true or false,

Till you explain yourself, and show
B' experiment 'tis so or no. 735
Quoth he, If you 'll join issue on 't,
I'll give you satisfactory account;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my spouse. 740
That never shall be done (quoth she)
To one that wants a tail, by me;
For tails by Nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And though the vulgar count them homely, 745
In men or beast they are so comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain, 685
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse, 750
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath, 755
Each night he stinks a queen to death;
Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
Than your's on any other terms.
Quoth he, What Nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word;
And if she ever gave that boon 760
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion;
But since ye 'ave yet deny'd to give 765
My heart, your prisoner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel;
And for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter; 770
And by discharge, or mainprize, grant
Delivery from this base restraint.
Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg, 710
And if I knew which way to do 't,
(Your honour safe) I'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant knight have been set free,
When by enchantment they have been, 715
And sometimes for it, too, laid in, 730
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oath, and honour too;
For what are they renown'd and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels? 720
But for a lady, no ways errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or classic author yet of France;
And I 'd be loth to have you break 725
An ancient custom for a feak, 790
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use,
To free your heels by any course
That might b' unwholesome to your spurs:
Which if I should consent unto, 730
It is not in my power to do;
For 'tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous ceremony;

Which always has been us'd t' untie
 The charms of those who here do lie :
 For as the Ancients heretofore
 To Honour's temple had no door
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay ;
 So from this dungeon there 's no way
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing
 That other virtuous school of lashing,
 Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
 With wooden-locks 'bout their wrists ;
 In which they for a while are tenants,
 And for their ladies suffer penance :
 Whipping, that 's Virtue's governess,
 Tutress of arts and sciences ;
 That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
 And puts new life into dull matter ;
 That lays foundation for renown,
 And all the honours of the gown :
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,
 And freed with honourable discharge ;
 Then, in their robes, the penitentials
 Are straight presented with credentials,
 And in their way attended on
 By magistrates of every town ;
 And, all respect and charges paid,
 They 're to their ancient seats convey'd.
 Now if you 'll venture, for my sake,
 To try the toughness of your back,
 And suffer (as the rest have done)
 The laying of a whipping-on
 (And may you prosper in your suit
 As you with equal vigour do 't)
 I here engage myself to loose ye,
 And free your heels from caperdewie.
 But since our sex's modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,
 Bring me on oath a fair account,
 And honour too, when you have don 't ;
 And I 'll admit you to the place
 You claim as due in my good grace.
 If matrimony and hanging go
 By destiny, why not whipping too ?
 What medicine else can cure the fits
 Of lovers when they lose their wits ?
 Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
 A Persian emperor whipp'd his grannam, 845
 The sea, his mother Venus came on ;
 And hence some reverend men approve
 Of rosemary in making love.
 As skilful hoopers hoop their tubs
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs, 850
 Why may not whipping have as good
 A grace, perform'd in time and mood,

Ver. 831.] *I here engage myself to loose ye.* This, and the following line, thus altered, 1674, &c.

I here engage to be your bayl,
 And free you from the unknighly jayl.

Thus continued to 1700, inclusive. Restored 1704.

With comely movement, and by art,
 Raise passion in a lady's heart ?
 It is an easier way to make 850
 Love by, than that which many take. 855
 Who would not rather suffer whipping,
 Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon ?
 805 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
 And spell names over, with beer-glasses ? 860
 Be under vows to hang and die
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie ?
 With China-oranges and tarts,
 810 And whining plays, lay baits for hearts ?
 Bribe chamber-maids with love and money, 865
 To break no roguish jests upon ye ?
 For lilies linn'd on cheeks, and roses,
 With painted perfumes, hazard noses ?
 815 Or, venturing to be briik and wanton,
 Oo penance in a paper lantern ? 870
 All this you may compound for now,
 By suffering what I offer you ;
 Which is no more than has been done
 820 By knights for ladies long ago.
 Did not the great La Mancha do so
 For the Infanta Del Toboso ?
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
 Himself a slave for Misse's sake,
 825 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
 Was taw'd as gentle as a glove ? 830
 Was not young Florio sent (to cool
 His flame for Biancafiore) to school,
 Where pedant made his pathic bum
 839 For her fake suffer martyrdom ?
 Did not a certain lady whip,
 Of late, her husband's own lordship ?
 And though a grandee of the Houle,
 835 Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;
 Ty'd him stark-naked to a bed-post,
 And fir'd his hide, as if she 'ad rid post ; 840
 And after in the Sessions court,
 Where whipping 's judg'd, had honour for 't ?
 This swear you will perform, and then
 840 I 'll fet you from th' enchanted den,
 And the Magician's circle, clear. 845
 Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
 And will perform what you enjoin,
 Or may I never see you mine.
 Amen, (quoth she) then turn'd about,
 And bid her Squire let him out. 850
 But ere an artist could be found
 T' undo the charms another bound,
 The sun grew low, and left the skies,
 Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.

Ver. 894.] *I 'll fet you from th' enchanted den.* In all editions to 1704, inclusive. *I 'll free you,* in later editions.

Ver. 903.] The evening is here finely described ; the Epics are not more exact in describing times and seasons than our Poet : we may trace his hero morning and night ; and it should be observed, in the conclusion of this Canto (conformably to the practice of the Critics upon Homer and Virgil) that one day is only passed since the opening of the Poem.

The n
 That
 (Myf
 That
 And i
 Wit
 For d
 Wher
 The t
 And g
 While
 By cou
 His wi
 Our vo
 And m
 Of fuch
 With
 And d
 And in
 Of nex

H

The
 Wit
 Are
 Of f
 With
 They

TIS
 (That for
 Only to
 That kee
 As fiddle
 Ne'er to
 To play
 Make tr
 Of no ul

Ver. 9
 For dark
 Where a
 These tw
 and fir
 Ver.
 all editio

The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight,
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That 's both her lustre and her shade!)

And in the lantern of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light;
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories use t' appear.

The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd luster,
While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.

His whipping penance, till the morn,
Our votary thought it best t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of such importance in the dark,
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't in th' open face of day;
And in the mean time go in quest
Of next retreat to take his rest.

HUDIBRAS.

PART II. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring to fickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.*

THIS strange how some men's tempers suit
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt;
That keep their consciences in cafes,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bafes;
Ne'er to be us'd, but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument:
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be diſcuſt;

Ver. 911, 912.]

For darkness is the proper sphere,
Where all false glories use t' appear.

These two lines not in the first editions of 1664,
and first inserted 1674.

Ver. 2.] (*Like bawd and brandy*). Brander, in
all editions to 1704, inclusive.

905 Dispute, and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot, upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmet, Montaigne, White, or Tully.

910 So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch, 15
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study,
To prove that virtue is a body,
That *bonum* is an animal,

915 Made good with stout polemick brawl; 20
In which some hundreds on the place
Were slain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their sect averr'd.

920 All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath, 25
Had like t' have suffer'd, for their faith;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.
The fun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap.

30 And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowsy eyes,

35 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
Resolving to dispatch the deed
He vow'd to do with trusty speed:
But first with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling:

40 And after many circumstances
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent description,
They got (with much ado) to horse,

45 And to the Castle bent their course,
In which he to the Dame before
To suffer whipping-duty swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the work in earnest,

50 He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
And, with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said;
Whether it be direct infringing

55 An oath, if I should wave this swinging,

Ver. 14.] *Mountaygn*, or, *Mountain*—and *Tully*,
In all editions to 1704, inclusive. Altered to
Montaigne and *Lully*, in 1710, or 1716.

Ver. 29.] Several of the books in Homer's
Iliad and *Odyssey* begin with describing the
Morning: so, also, does Mr. Butler take care to
let the world know at what time of the day
(which he exactly describes) these momentous
actions of his hero were transacted. The morn-
ing's approach, the Knight's rising, and rousing
up his Squire, are humourously described.

Ver. 48.] *Whipping duly favours*. In the first
editions.

Ver. 55, 56.] This dialogue between Hudibras
and Ralph sets before us the hypocrisy and vil-

And what I've sworn to bear forbear,
 And so b' equivocation swear;
 Or whether 't be a lesser sin
 To be forsworn, than act the thing;
 Are deep and subtle points, which must,
 T' inform my Conscience, be discuss;
 In which to err a tittle may
 To errors infinite make way:
 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy judgment, ere we further go.
 Quoth Ralpho, Since you do injoin 't,
 I shall enlarge upon the point;
 And, for my own part do not doubt
 Th' affirmative may be made out.
 But first, to state the case aright,
 For best advantage of our light;
 And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a sin
 To claw and curry your own skin,
 Greater or less, than to forbear,
 And that you are forsworn forswear.
 But first, o' th' first: The inward man,
 And outward, like a clan and clan,
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 And one another clapper-clawing;
 Not that they really cuff or fence,
 But in a spiritual mystick sense;
 Which to mistake, and make them squabble
 In literal fray, 's abominable:
 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use
 With Pagans and apostate Jews,
 To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,
 Like modern Indians to their idols;
 And mongrel Christians of our times,
 That expiate less with greater crimes,
 And call the foul abomination
 Contrition and mortification.
 Is 't not enough we're bruise'd and kicked,
 With sinful members of the Wicked;
 Our vessels, that are sanctify'd,
 Profan'd, and curry'd back and side:
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful
 And Heathen stripes, by their example?
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
 Is impious, because they did it:

lainy of all parties of the Rebels with regard to Oaths; what equivocations and evasions they made use of, to account for the many perjuries they were daily guilty of, and the several oaths they readily took, and as readily broke, merely as they found it suited their interest, as appears from verse 107, &c. and verse 377, &c. of this Canto, and Part III. Cant. iii. verse 547, &c. Archbishop Bramhall says, "That the hypocrites of those times, though they magnified the obligation of an oath, yet in their own case dispensed with all oaths, civil, military, and religious. We are now told (says he) that the oaths we have taken are not to be examined according to the interpretation of men: No! How then? Surely according to the interpretation of devils."

This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd
 A heinous sin. Now to the second;
 That Saints may claim a dispensation
 To swear and forswear on occasion,
 I doubt not but it will appear
 With pregnant light: the point is clear.
 Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
 Too feeble implements to bind;
 And hold with de-eds proportion so
 As shadows to a substance do.
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
 The weaker vessel should submit.
 Although your Church be opposite
 To ours, as Black friars are to White,
 In rule and order, yet I grant
 You are a Reformado faint;
 And what the Saints do claim as due,
 You may pretend a title to:
 But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
 Know little of their privilege;
 Further (I mean) than carrying on
 Some self-advantage of their own:
 For if the devil, to serve his turn,
 Can tell truth, why the Saints should scorn,
 When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
 I think there 's little reason why:
 Else he 'as a greater power than they,
 Which 'twere impiety to say.
 We 're not commanded to forbear,
 Indefinitely, at all to swear;
 But to swear idly, and in vain,
 Without self-interest or gain:
 For breaking of an oath and lying,
 Is but a kind of self-denying,
 A saint-like virtue; and from hence
 Some have broke oaths by Providence:
 Some, to the glory of the Lord,
 Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:
 And this the constant rule and practice
 Of all our late Apostles' acts is.
 Was not the Cause at first begun
 With perjury, and carry'd on?
 Was there an oath the Godly took,
 But in due time and place they broke?
 Did we not bring our oaths in first,
 Before our plate, to have them burst,
 And cast in fitter models, for
 The present use of Church and War?

Ver. 136.] When it was moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the King, Cromwell stood up and told them, "That if any man moved this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world; but since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God to bless their counsels." And when he kept the King close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, contrary to vows and protestations, he affirmed, "The Spirit would not let him keep his word." And when, contrary to the public faith, they murdered him, they pretended they could not resist the motions of the Spirit.

Did no
 Before
 For ha
 Th' Al
 Did t
 To take
 To swea
 The Sol
 To take
 Enfore
 Did the
 For the
 And after
 And char
 But yet
 To swea
 Did the
 With Ele
 If that we
 As false as
 Did they
 In which
 For Prote
 That did
 For Priv
 In which
 And since
 Is left in
 Did they
 To prop
 And after
 Of Peers,
 So Cromwe
 Swore a l
 You'd that
 Ay, marry
 And troll'd
 Tilt' Army
 That tells
 That oaths
 And that
 To serve
 What was
 Bur to stir
 The Public
 Is found
 And if that
 Should Private
 Oaths were
 To keep the
 But to confine
 Like mortal
 A Saint's
 And as no
 But on the
 Of which
 It follows,
 And false,
 But a mere
 Or nothing
 And goes
 Than mere
 Suppose the
 They're but
 Vol. II

- Did not our Worthies of the House,
 Before they broke the peace, break vows? 150
 For having freed us first from both
 Th' Allegiance and Suprem'cy oath,
 Did they not next compel the nation
 To take, and break the Protestation?
 To swear, and after to recant,
 The Solemn League and Covenant?
 To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,
 Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
 Did they not swear, at first, to fight
 For the King's safety and his right? 160
 And after march'd to find him out,
 And charg'd him home with horse and foot;
 But yet still had the confidence
 To swear it was in his defence?
 Did they not swear to live and die
 With Elix, and straight laid him by?
 If that were all, for some have swore
 As false as they, if they did no more.
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,
 In which that swearing made a flaw?
 For Protestant religion vow,
 That did that vowing disallow?
 For Privilege of Parliament,
 In which that swearing made a rent?
 And since, of all the three, not one
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.
 Did they not swear, in express words,
 To prop and back the House of Lords?
 And after turn'd out the whole housefull
 Of Peers, as dangerous and unuseful.
 So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
 Swore a'l the Commons out o' th' House;
 Vow'd that the Red-coats would disband,
 Ay, marry would they, at their command;
 And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore, 185
 Till th' Army turn'd them out of door.
 This tells us plainly what they thought,
 That oaths and swearing go for nought,
 And that by them th' were only meant
 To serve for an expedient.
 What was the Public Faith found out for,
 But to stir men of what they fought for?
 The Public Faith, which every one
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
 And if that go for nothing, why
 Should Private Faith have such a tie?
 Oaths were not purpos'd, more than Law,
 To keep the Good and just in awe,
 But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
 Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.
 A Saint's o' th' heav'nly realm a Peer;
 And as no Peer is bound to swear,
 But on the Gospel of his Honour,
 On which he may dispose, as owner,
 Or which he may dispose, as owner,
 In fallows, though the thing be forgery,
 And false, t' assure it is no perjury,
 But a mere ceremony, and a breach
 Of nothing but a form of speech,
 And goes for no more when 'tis took,
 Than mere saluting of the Book.
 Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
 They're but commissions of course;
 Yet. II.
- And Saints have freedom to digress,
 And vary from them as they please;
 Or misint'pret them by private 215
 Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
 Then why should we ourselves abridge,
 And curtail our own privilege?
 Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
 Their light within them) will not swear; 220
 Their Gospel is an Accident,
 By which they construe Conscience,
 And hold no sin so deeply red,
 As that of breaking Priscian's head,
 (The head and founder of their order,
 That stirring hats held worse than murder)
 These, thinking they're oblig'd to troth
 In swearing, will not take an oath:
 Like mules, who, if they've not their will
 To keep their own pace, stand stock still: 230
 But they are weak, and little know
 What free-born Consciences may do.
 'Tis the temptation of the devil
 That makes all human actions evil;
 For Saints may do the same things by
 The Spirit, in sincerity,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the devil's instance do,
 And yet the actions be contrary,
 Just as the Saints and Wicked vary. 240
 For as on land there is no beast
 But in some fish at sea's express;
 So in the Wicked there's no vice
 Of which the Saints have not a spice;
 And yet that thing that's pious in
 The one, in th' other is a sin.
 Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,
 A Saint should be a slave to Conscience,
 That ought to be above such fancies,
 As far as above Ordinances?
 She's of the Wicked, as I guess,
 B' her looks, her language, and her drefs:
 And though, like Constables, we search
 For false wares one another's Church;
 Yet all of us hold this for true, 255
 No faith is to the Wicked due.
 For truth is precious and divine,
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.
 Quoth Hudibras, All this is true;
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
 Those mysteries and revelations;
 And therefore topical evasions
 Of subtle turns and shifts of sense,
 Serve best with th' Wicked for pretence;
 Such as the learned Jesuits use,
 And Presbyterians, for excuse
 Against the Protestants, when th' happen
 To find their Churches taken napping:
 As thus: A breach of Oath is duple,
 And either way admits a scruple, 270
 And may be *ex parte* of the maker,
 More criminal than th' injur'd taker;
 For he that strains too far a vow,
 Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow:
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it, 275
 Not he that for Convenience took it.

A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
 As found t' all purposes of troth;
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
 Nay, till they 're broken have no force.
 What 's justice to a man, or laws,
 That never comes within their claws?
 They have no power, but to admonish;
 Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
 Until they 're broken, and then touch
 Those only that do make them such.
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd
 By men in prison made for good;
 For when they 're set at liberty,
 They 're from th' engagement too set free.
 The Rabbins write, When any Jew
 Did make to God or man a vow,
 Which afterwards he found untoward,
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation
 Might free him from the obligation:
 And have not two Saints power to use
 A greater privilege than three Jews?
 The court of Conscience, which in man
 Should be supreme and soveran,
 Is 't fit should be subordinate
 To ev'ry petty court in th' state;
 And have less power than the lesser,
 To deal with perjury at pleasure?
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
 Allow'd, at fancy of pye-powder?
 Tell all it does, or does not know,
 For swearing *ex officio*?
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
 And pigs unring'd at *wif. franc.* pledge?
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
 Priests, witches, caves-droppers, and nuisance;
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
 And have no power at all, nor shift
 To help itself at a dead list?
 Why should not Conscience have vacation
 As well as other Courts o' th' nation;
 Have equal power to adjourn,
 Appoint appearance and return;
 And make as nice distinction serve
 To split a case, as those that carve,
 Invoking carkolds' names, hit joints?
 Why should not tricks as slight do points?
 Is not th' High-court of Justice sworn
 To judge that law that 'eves their turn?
 Make their own jealousies high-treason,
 And fix them whomsoe'er they please on?
 Cannot the learned Counsel there
 Make laws in any shape appear?
 Mould them as witches do their clay,
 When they make pictures to destroy,
 And vex them into any form
 That fits their purpose to do harm?
 Rack them until they do confess,
 Impeach of treason whom they please,
 And most perfidiously condemn
 Those that engag'd their lives for them?
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by Oath and Conscience. 340

Can they not juggle, and with slight
 Conveyance play with wrong and right;
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear
 As Lapland witches bottled air?
 Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge, 345
 The same case several ways adjudge?
 As seamen with the self-same gale,
 Will several different courses sail;
 As, when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
 And overflows the level grounds, 350
 Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
 Did keep it out, now keep it in;
 So when tyrannical usurpation
 Invades the freedom of a nation,
 The laws o' th' land, that were intended 355
 To keep it out, are made defend it.
 Does not in Chancery every man swear
 What makes best for him in his answer?
 Is not the winding-up witnesses,
 And nicking more than half the business? 360
 For witnesses, like watches, go
 Just as they 're set, too fast or slow;
 And where in Conscience they 're strait-lac'd,
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
 Do not your Juries give their verdict 365
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
 And as they please, make matter o' fact
 Run all on one side, as they 're packt?
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,
 To publish what he does within doors; 370
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.
 If Oaths can do a man no good
 In his own business, why they shou'd,
 In other matters, do him hurt, 375
 I think there 's little reason for 't.
 He that imposes an Oath makes it,
 Not he that for Convenience takes it:
 Then how can any man be said
 To break an Oath he never made? 380
 These reasons may perhaps look oddly
 To th' Wicked, though they evince the Godly;
 But if they will not serve to clear
 My honour, I am ne'er the near. 385
 Honour is like that glassy bubble,
 That finds philosophers such trouble,
 Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,
 And wits are crackt to find out why.
 Quoth Ralpho, Honour 's but a word 390
 To swear by only in a Lord:
 In other men 'tis but a huff
 To vapour with, instead of proof,
 That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
 Is senseless, and just nothing else. 395
 Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
 It has the world's opinion still.

Ver. 345. *Grudge.*] *Gruteb*, in the four first editions.

Ver. 353.] *So when tyrannical*, in the four first editions. Altered to *tyrannick*, in 1700, if not sooner.

But as
 The fl
 There
 To cle
 And th
 By po
 Thos
 (Quoth
 That S
 Of suff
 Justice
 On one
 Our Br
 Choice
 And ha
 Of who
 As late
 There l
 That ou
 And me
 This pr
 In time
 Not out
 (Beauf
 The mi
 Sent to
 Complai
 Of leag
 Against
 Between
 For whi
 Into his
 But they
 They ha
 (A man
 Capacity
 Resolv'd
 The Ind
 Imparti
 Hang an
 Then wi
 And in y
 For all p
 Hold wh
 It is e
 Thou had
 And can
 From thy
 I know t
 Be tende
 Then str
 And give
 For when
 All leaks
 Quoth
 For in al
 No man
 The poin
 As no m
 The itch
 So no m
 By his ow
 And thou
 His own

But as men are not wise that run
The slightest hazard they may shun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do 't,
By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear,
(Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear.

That Sinners may supply the place
Of suffering Saints, is a plain case,
Justice gives sentence many times,
On one man for another's crimes.
Our Brethren of New-England use

Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the Guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the Churches have less need;

As lately 't happen'd; In a town
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one,
That out of Doctrine could cut Use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes,

This precious Brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
(Because he was an Infidel)

The mighty Tottipotymoy
Sent to our Elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league held forth by Brother Patch,

Against the articles in force
Between both Churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the Saints to render
Into his hands, or hang th' offender;

But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble)

Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid;

Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philosophers, but the Sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic.

It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;
And canst, in Conscience, not refuse,
From thy own Doctrine, to raise Use:

I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy carnal Jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a ferking;

For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.

Quoth Ralpho, you mistake the matter;

For in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.

As no man of his own self catches
The itch, or amorous French aches;

So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense:

Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile idolatrous, and Popish,
For one man out of his own skin

400 To frisk and whip another's sin;
As pedants out of school-boys' breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.

405 But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain;

For we must take our Oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.

410 Quoth Hudibras, That 's answer'd soon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on,

Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,

'Twere properer that I whipp'd you;

415 For when with your consent 'tis done,
The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain

(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain,

Or, like the stars, incline men to

420 What they 're averse themselves to do:

For, when disputes are weary'd out,

'Tis interest still resolves the doubt;

But since no reason can confute ye,

425 I'll try to force you to your duty;

For so it is, howe'er you mince it;

As, ere we part, I shall evince it;

And curry (if you stand out) whether

430 You will or no, your stubborn leather.

Canst thou refuse to hear thy part

I' th' public Work, base as thou art?

To higgie thus, for a few blows,

435 To gain thy Knight an opulent spouse,

Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,

Merely for th' interest of the Churches?

And when he has it in his claws

Will not be hide-bound to the Cause:

440 Nor shall thou find him a curmudgin,

If thou dispatch it without grudging:

If not, resolve, before we go,

That you and I must pull a crow.

445 Ye 'ad best (quoth Ralpho) as the Ancients

Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,

And Look before you ere you leap;

For As you sow, ye 're like to reap:

450 And were y' as good as George-a-Green,

I would make hold to turn again;

Nor am I doubtful of the issue

In a just quarrel, and mine is so.

455 Is 't fitting for a man of honour

To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner?

A Knight t' usurp the Beadle's office,

For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?

But I advise you (not for fear,

460 But for your own sake) to forbear,

And for the Churches, which may chance,

From hence to spring a variance,

And raise among themselves new scruples,

When common danger hardly couples.

465 Remember how in arms and politicks

We still have worsted all your holy tricks:

Trepann'd your Party with intrigue,

And took your Grandees down a peg;

New-model'd th' Army, and cashier'd

460 All that to Legion Smec adher'd;

Made a mere utensil o' your Church,
And after left it in the lurch;
A scaffold to build up our own,
And when we 'ad done with 't pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,
And snapp'd their Canons with a Why-not: 539
(Grave Synod-men, that were rever'd
For solid face, and depth of beard)
Their Claſſick model prov'd a maggot,
Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their Discipline like a kitten, 535
On which they 'ad been so long a ſitting;
Decry'd it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date and obſolete,
And all the Saints of the firſt grafs,
As caſting foals of Balaam's aſs. 540

At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
And, ſtaring furiously on Ralph,
He trembled and look'd pale with ire,
Like aſhes firſt, then red as fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,
And for ſo many moons lain by 't,
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ranſom
Much more conſiderable and handſome, 550
But for their own ſakes, and for fear
They were not ſafe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a ſcoundrel,
An upſtart Sectary, and mongrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,
And, like a maggot in a ſore,
Would that which gave it life devour:
It never ſhall be done or ſaid:
With that he ſeiz'd upon his blade;
And Ralph too, as quick and bold,
Upon his baſket hilt laid hold,
With equal readineſs prepar'd,
To draw and ſtand upon his guard;
When both were parted on the ſudden, 565
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all forts of noiſe had been
Contracted into one loud din:
Or that ſome member to be choſen
Had got the odds above a thouſand;
And by the greatneſs of his noiſe,
Prov'd fitteſt for his country's choice.
This ſtrange ſurpriſal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright;
And though they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal 575
Impetuous rancour to join battle,
Both thought it was the wiſeſt courſe
To wave the fight, and mount to horſe,
And to ſecure, by ſwift retreating,
Themſelves from danger of worſe beating. 580

Ver. 529.] *O'er-reach'd*, in all editions but the two firſt of 1664, to 1704, inclusive. *Capoch'd*, reſtored in later editions, which ſignifies *boo-ed*, or *blindfolded*.

Ver. 543.] This and the following line, not in the two firſt editions of 1664. Added 1674.

Yet neither of them would diſparage,
By uttering of his mind, his courage;
Which made them ſtoutly keep their ground,
With horror and diſdain wind-bound.
And now the cauſe of all their fear 585
By flow degrees approach'd ſo near,
They might diſtinguiſh different noiſe
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whoſe fullen duh
Sounds like the hooping of a tub. 590
But when the ſight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique ſhew;
A triumph that, for pomp and ſtate,
Did proudeſt Romans' emulate;
For as the Aldermen of Rome 595
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
(As ſome, miſtaken, write in ſtory)
Being mounted in their beſt array,
Upon a carre, and who but they? 600
And follow'd with a world of tall-lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
Crying, Hey for our town, through the Borough;
So when this triumph drew ſo nigh, 605
They might particulars deſcry.
They never ſaw two things ſo pat,
In all reſpects, as this and that.
Firſt he that led the cavalcade
Wore a ſow-gelder's flagellate, 610
On which he blew as ſtrong a levet,
As well-ſee'd lawyer on his brev'ate,
When over one another's heads
They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweads.
Next pans and kettles of a l keys, 615
From trebles down to double baſe;
And after them, upon a nag,
That might paſs for a forehead ſtag,
A Cornet rode, and on his ſtaff
A ſmock diſplay'd did proudly wave; 620
Then bagpipes of the loudeſt drones,
With muſſing, broken-winded tones,
Whoſe blaſts of air, in pockets ſhut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noiſe than ſwine, 625
In windy weather, when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good-manners,
Shall have be nameleſs, mixt with grains, 630
Which he diſpens'd among the ſwains,

Ver. 587. *They might diſtinguiſh, &c.*] They might diſcern reſpective noiſe, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

Ver. 596. *Their ſea.*] *For ſea*, in all editions to 1705, inclusive.

Ver. 609, 610.] *Cavalcade*,—*Flagellate*, in the four firſt editions. Afterwards altered to, *cavalcade*, *flagellate*.

Ver. 613, 614.] Theſe two lines are not in the two firſt editions of 1664, but added in 1674: *Like Sweads*, altered, 1684, to *Sweeds*.

And bu
At ran
Them,
One bo
Ty'd to
He ho
Next at
The co
And bo
Apettic
Near w
Betrid
Set face
The wa
Aval'd
Which
And wh
Chaffiz
Before t
March'd
With lac
In ſit an
Of wion
Before t
That w
Like Ne
And at t
Set up th
The Kn
Put up t
And has
On ſeem
Could he
His name
Que
The
It is a P
Which
A d h
Or Ro
With all
That be
And has
We find
For as th
That pun
Entering
Bore a
So this
Carries
And as t
When th
Hang ou
So her p
Waves o
A Tyrian
Next lin
Still born

Ver.
in the
1674.

And busily upon the crowd
 At random round about bestow'd.
 Then, mounted on a horn'd horse,
 One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
 Ty'd to the pommel of a long sword 635
 He held reverſt, the point turn'd downward:
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
 The conqueror's Standard-bearer rid,
 And bore aloft before the champion
 A petticoat display'd, and rampant; 640
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant
 Boist'ring her beast, and on the rump on't
 Set face to tail, and bum to bum;
 The warrior whilom overcome,
 And with a spindle and a distaff, 645
 Which as he rode the made him twist off;
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
 Chastiz'd the reformato foldier.
 Before the Dame, and round about,
 March'd whippers and staffers on foot, 650
 With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,
 In fit and proper equipages;
 Of whom some torches bore, some links,
 Before the proud virago minx,
 That was both Madam and a Don,
 Like Nero's Sporus or Pope Joan;
 And at fit periods the whole rout
 Set up their throats with clamorous shout.
 The Knight transported, and the Squire,
 Put up their weapons and their ire;
 And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
 On such sights with judicious wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His animadversions, for his heart.
 Quoth he, In all my life, till now,
 I never saw so profane a show;
 It is a Paganish invention,
 Which Heathen writers often mention;
 And he who made it had read Goodwin,
 Or Roſs, or Caelius Rhodogine,
 With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
 That best describe those ancient shows;
 And has observ'd all fit decorums
 We find describ'd by old historians:
 For as the Roman conqueror,
 That put an end to foreign war,
 Entering the town in triumph for it,
 Bore a slave with him in his chariot;
 So this insulting female brave
 Carries, behind her here, a slave;
 And as the Ancients long ago,
 When they in field defy'd the foe,
 Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,
 So her proud Standard-bearer here,
 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, 685
 A Trojan petticoat for banner.
 Next links and torches heretofore
 Still borne before the emperor;

And as in antique triumph eggs
 Were borne for mythical intrigues; 690
 There's one, in truncheon like a ladle,
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addie;
 And still at random, as he goes,
 Among the rabble-rout bestows.
 Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter; 695
 For all th' antiquity you smatter
 Is but a riding us'd of course,
 When The grey mare's the better horse;
 When o'er the breeches greedy women
 Fight, to extend their vast dominion, 700
 And in the cause impatient Grizel
 Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
 And brought him under Covert-baron,
 To turn her vassal with a murrain;
 When wives their sexes shift, like hares, 705
 And ride their husbands, like night-mares,
 And they, in mortal battle vanquish'd,
 Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
 And by the right of war, like gills,
 Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels: 710
 For when men by their wives are cow'd,
 Their horns of course are understood.
 Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
 Impertinently, and against sense;
 'Tis not the least disparagement 715
 To be defeated by th' event,
 Nor to be beaten by main force;
 That does not make a man the worse,
 Although his shoulders with battoon
 Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tunc. 720
 A tailor's prentice has no hard
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard;
 But to turn tail, or run away,
 And without blows give up the day;
 Or to surrender ere th' assault, 725
 That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
 And renders men of honour less
 Than all th' adversity of success;
 And only unto such this shew
 Of horns and petticoats is due, 730
 There is a lesser profanation,
 Like that the Romans call'd Ovation:
 For as ovation was allow'd
 For conquest purchas'd without blood;
 So men decree those lesser shows 735
 For victory gotten without blows,
 By dint of sharp hard words, which some
 Give battle with, and overcome;
 These mounted in a chair-curule,
 Which Moderns call a Cucking-stool, 740
 March proudly to the river's side,
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
 Like dukes of Venice, who are said
 The Adriatic sea to wed;
 And have a gentler wife than those 745
 For whom the state decrees those shows.
 But both are Heathenish, and come
 From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,
 And by the Saints should be withstood,
 As antichristian and lewd; 750
 And we, as such, should now contribute
 Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.

Ver. 671.] This, and the following line, not
 in the two first editions of 1664, but added
 1674.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
 A dog-trot through the bawling crowd
 T' attack the leader, and still prest,
 Till they approach'd him breast to breast: 755
 Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
 Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
 What means (quoth he) this devil's procession
 With men of orthodox profession? 760
 'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
 From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
 Does not the Whore of Babylon ride
 Upon her horned Beast astride,
 Like this proud Dame, who either is 765
 A type of her, or the of this?
 Are things of superstitious function,
 Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine?
 It is an antichristian opera,
 Much us'd in midnight times of Popery; 770
 Of running after self-inventions
 Of wicked and profane intentions;
 To scandalize that sex for scolding,
 To whom the Saints are so beholding.
 Women, who were our first apostles, 775
 Without whose aid we 'd all been lost else;
 Women, that left no stone unturn'd
 In which the Cause might be concern'd;
 Brought in their children's spoons and whistles, 780
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols
 Their husbands, cullies, and sweethearts,
 To take the Saints' and Churches' parts;
 Draw several Gifted Brethren in,
 That for the Bishops would have been,
 And fix'd them constant to the party, 785
 With motives powerful and hearty:
 Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
 T' administer unto their Gifts.
 All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
 To scraps and ends of gold and silver; 790
 Rubb'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent
 With holding forth for Parliament;
 Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
 With marrow-puddings many a meal:
 Enabled them, with store of meat, 795
 On controverted points, to eat;
 And cramm'd them, till their guts did ache,
 With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.
 What have they done, or what left undone,
 That might advance the Cause at London? 800
 March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
 T' intrench the City for defence in;

Ver. 775.] The women were zealous contributors to the Good Cause, as they called it. Mr. James Howell observes, "That unusual voluntary collections were made both in town and country; the seamstresses brought in her silver thimble, the chamber-maid her bodkin, the cook her silver spoon, into the common treasury of war.—And some sort of females were freer in their contributions, so far as to part with their rings and ear-rings, as if some golden calf were to be molten and set up to be idolized."

Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
 To put the enemy to stands;
 From ladies down to oyster-wench 805
 Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
 Fall'n to their pick-axes and tools,
 And help'd the men to dig like moles.
 Have not the hand-maids of the City
 Chose of their Members a Committee, 810
 For raising of a common purse,
 Out of their wages to raise horse?
 And do they not as Tryers sit,
 To judge what officers are fit?
 Have they—At that an egg let fly 815
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,
 And running down his cheek, besmear'd
 With orange-tawny slime his beard;
 But beard and slime being of one hue,
 The wound the less appear'd in view. 820
 Then he that on the panniers rode,
 Let fly on th' other side a load,
 And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully,
 In Ralpho's face, another volley.
 The Knight was startled with the smell, 825
 And for his sword began to feel;
 And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
 Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link
 O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
 Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole; 830
 And straight another, with his flambeau,
 Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
 The beasts began to kick and fling,
 And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
 Thro' which they quickly broke their way, 835
 And brought them off from further fray;
 And though disorder'd in retreat,
 Each of them stoutly kept his feat:
 For quitting both their swords and reins,
 They grasp'd with all their strength the manes, 840
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
 With spurring put their cattle to 't,
 And till all four were out of wind,
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind. 845
 After they 'ad paus'd awhile, supplying
 Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
 And Hudibras recruited force
 Of lungs, for action or discourse;
 Quoth he, That man is sure to lose 850
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes;
 For where no honour 's to be gain'd,
 'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd;

Ver. 807.] *Fals*, in the three first editions, *Fell*, edition 1684.

Ver. 813, 814.] "The House considered in the next place, that divers weak persons have crept into places beyond their abilities; and, to the end that men of greater parts may be put into their rooms, they appointed the Lady Middlesex, Mrs. Dunch, the Lady Foster, and the Lady Anne Waller, by reason of their great experience in soldiery in the kingdom, to be a Committee of Tryers for the business." See "The Parliament of Ladies."

Ver. 839.] *Rains*, in the four first editions.

'T
 Wi
 For
 Th
 Yet
 T
 An
 Of
 Elie
 The
 But
 Do
 So
 Or
 'Tw
 A
 For
 Much
 Than
 Of
 But
 Do
 It
 Her
 And
 Port
 Vesp
 Was
 And
 To
 And
 Pref
 Then
 Adv
 And
 Swear

H

The
 To
 Of
 To
 With
 About
 Till
 The

DO

Ver. 8
 the two
 Ver. 8
 not in th
 1674.

'Twas ill for us we had to do
 With so dishonourable a foe :
 For though the law of arms doth bar
 The use of venom'd shot in war,
 Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
 Their case-shot savour strong of poison,
 And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
 Of some that had a stinking breath ;
 Else, when we put it to the push,
 They had not given us such a brush :
 But as those pultrons that fling dirt
 Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;
 So all the honour they have won,
 Or we have lost, is much at one.
 'Twas well we made so resolute
 A brave retreat, without pursuit ;
 For if we had not, we had sped
 Much worse, to be in triumph led ;
 Than which the Ancients held no state
 Of man's life more unfortunate.
 But if this bold adventure e'er
 Do chance to reach the Widow's ear,
 I may, being destin'd to assert
 Her sex's honour, reach her heart :
 And as such homely treats (they say)
 Portend good fortune, so this may.
 Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,
 Was destin'd to the empire for 't ;
 And from a scavenger did come
 To be a mighty prince in Rome :
 And why may not this foul address
 Preface in love the same success ?
 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds, 885
 Advance in quest of nearest ponds ;
 And after (as we first design'd)
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoind.

H U D I B R A S.

PART II. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight with various doubts possess,
 To win the Lady goes in quest
 Of Sidrophel the Rosycrucian,
 To know the Deft'nies' resolution ;
 With whom being met, they both chop logic
 About the science astrologic ;
 Till falling from dispute to fight,
 The Conjuror's worsted by the Knight.*

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
 Of being cheated, as to cheat ;

Ver. 868. *Without pursuit.* T' avoid pursuit, in
 the two first editions of 1664.

Ver. 879.] This, and the five following lines,
 not in the two first editions of 1664. Added in
 1674.

As lookers-on feel most delight,
 That least perceive a juggler's sleight,
 And, still the less they understand, 5
 The more they admire his sleight of hand.
 Some with a noise and greasy light
 Are snapt, as men catch larks by night,
 Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the foul,
 As nooses by the legs catch fowl. 10
 Some with a medicine and receipt
 Are drawn to nibble at the bait ;
 And though it be a two-foot trout,
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.
 Others believe no voice t' an organ 15
 So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
 Until with subtle cobweb-cheats
 They 're catch'd in knotted law, like nets ;
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,
 The more they stir, the more they 're tangled ; 20
 And while their purses can dispute,
 There's no end of th' immortal suit.
 Others still gape t' anticipate
 The cabinet-designs of Fate,
 Apply to wizards, to foresee 25
 What shall, and what shall never be ;
 And, as those vultures do forebode,
 Believe events prove bad or good :
 A flum more senseless than the roguery
 Of old auruspicy and augury. 30
 That out of garbages of cattle
 Prefag'd th' events of truce or battle ;
 From flight of birds, or chicken's pecking,
 Success of great'st attempts would reckon :
 Though cheats, yet more intelligible, 35
 Than those that with the stars do fribble.
 This Hudibras by proof found true,
 As in due time and place we 'll shew :
 For he with beard and face made clean,
 Being mounted on his steed again 40
 (And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,
 Upon his beast, with much ado)
 Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,
 T' acquit himself, and pay his vows ;
 When various thoughts began to bustle, 45
 And with his inward man to juggle.
 He thought what danger might accrue,
 If she should find he swore untrue ;
 Or, if his Squire or he should fail,
 And not be punctual in their tale, 50
 It might at once the ruin prove
 Both of his honour, faith, and love :
 But if he should forbear to go,
 She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow ;
 And that he durst not now, for shame, 55
 Appear in court to try his claim,
 This was the pen'worth of his thought,
 To pass time, and uneasy trot.
 Quoth he, In all my past adventures
 I ne'er was set so on the tenters. 60
 Or taken tardy with dilemma,
 That every way I turn does hem me,

Ver. 25.] *Apply to wizards.* Run after, in the
 edition of 1664.

And with inextricable doubt
 Befets my puzzled wits about:
 For though the Dame has been my bail,
 To free me from enchanted jail,
 Yet as a dog committed close
 For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
 And quits his clog; but all in vain,
 He still draws after him his chain:
 So though my ankle she has quitted,
 My heart continues still committed;
 And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
 Although at large, I am bound over:
 And when I shall appear in court
 To plead my cause, and answer for 't,
 Unless the judge do partial prove,
 What will become of me and love?
 For if in our account we vary,
 Or but in circumstance miscarry;
 Or if she put me to strict proof,
 And make me pull my doublet off,
 To shew, by evident record,
 Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
 How can I e'er expect to have her,
 Having demurr'd unto her favour?
 But faith, and love, and honour lost,
 Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post?
 Beside, that stripping may prevent
 What I 'm to prove by argument,
 And justify I have a tail,
 And that way, too, my proof my fail.
 Oh! that I could enucleate,
 And solve the problems of my fate;
 Or find, by necromantic art,
 How far the Destinies take my part;
 For if I were not more than certain
 To win and wear her and her fortune,
 I'd go no farther in this courtship,
 To hazard soul, estate, and worship:
 For though an oath obliges not,
 Where any thing is to be got
 (As thou hast prov'd), yet 'tis profane,
 And sinful, when men swear in vain.
 Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
 A cunning man, hight Sidrophel, [105]
 That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
 And sage opinions of the Moon sells;
 To whom all people, far and near,
 On deep importances repair;
 When brags and pewter hap to stray,
 And linen sinks out o' the way;
 When geese and pullen are seduc'd,
 And fows of sucking pigs are chow'd;
 When cattle feel indisposition,
 And need th' opinion of physician;
 When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
 And chickens languish of the pip;

Ver. 106.] William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times, who in his yearly almanacks foretold victories for the Parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their sermons.

When yest and outward means do fail,
 And have no power to work on ale; 120
 When butter does refuse to come,
 And love proves crofs and humourfome;
 To him with questions, and with urine,
 They for discovery flock, or curing.
 Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel 125
 I've heard of, and should like it well,
 If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom
 To go to forcerers, when they need them.
 Says Ralpho, There 's no doubt of that;
 Those principles I quoted late 130
 Prove that the Godly may alledge
 For any thing their privilege,
 And to the devil himself may go,
 If they have motives thereunto:
 For, as there is a war between 135
 The devil and them, it is no sin,
 If they by subtle stratagem
 Make use of him, as he does them.
 Has not this present Parliament
 A ledger to the devil sent, 140
 Fully impower'd to treat about
 Finding revolted witches out?
 And has not he, within a year,
 Hang'd threescore of them in one shire?
 Some only for not being drown'd, 145
 And some for sitting above ground,
 Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
 And some for putting knavish tricks
 Upon green geese and turkey-chicks, 150
 Or pigs that suddenly deceit
 Of griefs unnatural, as he guest;
 Who after prov'd himself a witch,
 And made a rod for his own breech.
 Did not the devil appear to Martin 155
 Luther in Germany, for certain?
 And would have gull'd him with a trick,
 But Mart. was too, too politick.
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
 At Antwerp, their cathedral church? 160
 Sing catches to the Saints at Mafcon,
 And tell them all they came to ask him?
 Appear in divers shapes to Kelly.
 And speak i' th' Nun of London's belly?
 Meet with the Parliament's Committee, 165
 At Woodstock, on a personal treaty?
 At Sarum take a cavalier,
 I' th' Cause's service, prisoner?
 As Withers in immortal rhyme
 Has register'd to after-time. 170
 Do not our great Reformers use
 This Sidrophel to forebode news;
 To write of victories next year,
 And castles taken yet i' th' air?
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships 175
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?

Ver. 169.] This Withers was a Puritanical officer in the Parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, as appears from his Poems enumerated by A. Wood.

A total o'erthrow given the King
In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whatsoever the Close Committee would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
The Moon for fundamental laws?
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
Against the Book of Common-Prayer?
The Scorpion take the Protestation,
And Bear engage for reformation?
Made all the Royal stars recant,
Compound, and take the Covenant?
Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear
The Saints may' employ a conjurer,
As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;
No argument like matter of fact is:
And we are best of all led to
His principles by what they do.
Then let us strat advance in quest
Of this profound gymnosophist,
And, as the Fates and he advise,
Tame or wave this enterprise.
The And, he turn'd about his head,
And elbows on th' adventure rid;
Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,
And to the conjurer turn our style,
To let our reader understand
What's useful of him before-hand.
He had been long towards mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology;
But as a dog that turns the spit
Bears himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again,
And that he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was;
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his natural parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter;
Whether he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear;
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Save old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted,

Th' intelligible world he knew,
And all men dream on 't to be true,
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion;
So cut, so colour'd, and so cur'd,
As those are in th' inferior world.
He 'ad read Dee's preaces before,
The Devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lexus and th' Emperor, would tell ye:
But with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanac well-willer;
Her secrets underfoot so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there;
Knew when she was in fittest mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood;
When for anointing scabs or itches,
Or to the burn applying leeches;
When fows and itches may be pay'd,
And in what sign best cyder's made;
Whether the wane be, or increase
Best to set garlic, or sow pease;
Who first found out the man i' th' moon,
That to the Ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary spheres;
Their airy empire and command,
Their several strengths by sea and land;
What factions they ave, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private:
With what designs and interests
Each party manages contests.
He made an instrument to know
If the moon shone at full or no;
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her diameter to an inch is,
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
It would demonstrate, that the man in
The moon's a sea Mediterranean;
And that it is no dog nor bitch
That stands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,
With arms, which men for legs mistake;
How large a gulf his tail composes,
And what a goodly bay his nose is;

Ver. 224.] Roger Bacon, commonly called *Frater Bacon*, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and for some little skill he had in the mathematicks, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the story of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant Monks of those days.
Bod. Bishop Grosted was Bishop of Lincoln, 1235. *A. D.* 1235. "He was suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime he was deprived by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome." But this is a mistake; for the Pope's antipathy to him was occasioned by his frankly expostulating with him (both personally and by letter) on his en-

croachments upon the English church and monarchy. He was persecuted by Pope Innocent, but it is not certain that he was deprived, though Bayle thinks he was.

Ver. 235.] Dee was a Welshman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced doctor and afterwards travelled into foreign parts, in quest of chemistry, &c.

Ver. 238.] Albertus Lascus, Lasky, or Alasco, Prince Palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and Kelly.

How many German leagues by th' scale
Cape Snout's from Promonto y Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expence of cheefe or bacon.
With late-strings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish of meat;
Quote moles and spots on any place
O'th' body, by the index face;
Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing;
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of medicines to th' imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and feare,
With rhymes, the tooth-ach and catarrh;
Chace evil spirits away by dint
Of fickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint;
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell
Which made the Roman slaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With sympathetic gun-powder.
He knew whatsoe'er 's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
What medicine 'twas that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd flates are best to make,
On watery surface, duck or drake;
What bowling-stones, in running race
Upon a board, have swiftest pace;
Whether a pulse beat in the black
List of a dappled louse's back;
If systole or diastole move
Quickest when he 's in wrath or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many scores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump,
Which Socrates and Chærephon
In vaine assay'd to long ago;
Whether his snout a perfect nose is,
And not an elephant's proboscis;
How many different specieses
Of maggots breed in ro ten cheefe;
And which are next of kin to those
Engender'd in a chandler's nose;
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had half-starv'd,
That him in place of zany serv'd,
Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholsome law :

Ver. 317. *How many different specieses.* Species's in editions 1664, 1674, 1684. Altered to *specieses*, 1609.

Ver. 325. *Whachum.* Journeyman to Sidrophel, who was one Tom Jones, a foolish Welshman. In a Key to a poem of Mr. Butler's, Whachum is said to be one Richard Green, who published a pamphlet of about five sheets of bare ribaldry, and called, *Hudibras in a Snare*. It was printed about the year 1667.

To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To squander paper, and spare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, some think. 330
From this, by merited degrees,
He'd to more high advancement rise,
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman astrologer : 335
His business was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle;
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry' intelligence
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence, 340
And all discoveries disperse
Among th' whole pack of conjurers;
What cut-purses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem,
And what they dare not vent, find out, 345
To gain themselves and th' art repute;
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' thops,
Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
And find out all by rule of art : 350
Which way a serving-man, that's run,
With clothes or money away, is gone;
Who pick'd a fob at Holding-forth,
And where a watch, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or stolen plate 355
Restor'd at conscionable rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his master
In quality of poetaster,
And rhymes appropriate could make
To every month i' th' almanack ; 360
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their return, in doggerel;
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
A fowgelder with safety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill, 365
And when he temperate, if they will;
When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
And as in prison mean rogues beat
Hemp for the service of the great, 370
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
To advance his master's fame and gains,
And, like the devil's oracles,
Put into doggerel rhymes his spells;
Which, over every month's blank page 375
I' th' almanack, strange bilks preface.
He would an elegy compose
On maggots squeez'd out of his nose;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistress' eating a black-pudden; 380
And, when imprison'd air escap'd her,
He putt him with poetic rapture.
His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd guests, 385
Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts:
A carman's horse could not pass by,
But stood ty'd up to poetry;
No porter's burthen pass'd along,
But serv'd for burthen to his song : 390
Each window like a pillory appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears;

All the
Of mo
The g
Breed
Which
T' h
Thot
In man
Where
The wo
And n
Was r
On wh
For hie
Many r
From to
To wh
The spe
He read
It happe
Did thy l
The str
Thy, lik
Or heral
Nor hatel
His train
At th' e
Huck's d
That far
This Sid
And with
Bless us!
Is that app
A comet,
Or star th
I'm certai
Of all tho
Wish whi
The learn
Nor those
To th' ho
It must b
Unless it
That, short
Was borne
That, learn
Hearer ca
But in the
Rings, lik
For it b
That by th
To probab
Appear no

Ver. 404
whom Lilly
phic, and
was bred at
the universi
phic and
he purified
to London,

All trades run in as to the fight
 Of monsters, or their dear delight
 The gallows-tree, when cutting purple
 Breeds business for heroic verse;
 Which none does hear but would have hung
 T' have been the theme of such a song.
 Those two together long had liv'd,
 In mansion prudently contriv'd,
 Where neither tree nor house could bar
 The free detection of a star;
 And nigh an ancient obelisk
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
 On which was written, not in words,
 But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
 Many rare pithy faws, concerning
 The worth of astrologic learning:
 From top of this there hung a rope,
 To which he fasten'd telescope,
 The spectacles with which the stars
 He reads in smallest characters.
 It happen'd as a boy, one night,
 Doff'd his tassel of a kite,
 The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,
 Thar, like a bird of Paradise,
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
 His train was six yards long, milk-white,
 At th' end of which there hung a light,
 Inclos'd in lantern made of paper,
 That far off like a star did appear:
 This Sidrophel by chance esp'y'd,
 And with amazement staring wide,
 Bless us! quoth he, what dreadful wonder
 Is that appears in heaven yonder?
 A comet, and without a beard!
 Or star that ne'er before appear'd?
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl
 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
 With which, like Indian plantations,
 The learned stock the constellations;
 Nor those that drawn for signs have been
 To th' houses where the planets inn.
 It must be supernatural,
 Unless it be that cannot-ball
 Thar, short i' th' air point-blank upright,
 Was borne to that prodigious height
 Thar, learn'd philosophers maintain,
 It ne'er came backwards down again,
 But in the airy region yet
 Flings, like the body of Mahomet
 For it be above the shade
 That by the earth's round bulk is made,
 'Tis probable it may, from far,
 Appear no bullet, but a star.

This said, he to his engine flew,
 Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
 And rais'd it till it level'd right
 Against the glow-worm tail of kite
 Then peeping through, Bless us! (quoth he)
 It is a planet, now, I see;
 And, if I err not, by this proper
 Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
 It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear
 'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there?
 He's got between the Dragon's tail
 And farther leg behind o' th' Whale;
 Pray heaven divert the fatal omen,
 For 'tis a prodigy not common,
 And can no less than the world's end,
 Or Nature's funeral, portend.
 With that he fell again to pry,
 Through perspective, more wistfully,
 When, by mischance, the fatal string,
 That kept the towering fowl on wing,
 Breaking, down fell the star. Well shot,
 Quoth Whachum, who right wifely thought
 He 'ad level'd at a star, and hit it;
 But Sidrophel, more subtil-witted,
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a star fall?
 It threatens Nature, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come!
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough
 The day of judgment's not far off:
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
 And some of us find out by magick;
 Then, since the time we have to live
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive
 To make our best advantage of it,
 And pay our losses with our profit.
 This feat fell out not long before
 The Knight, upon the forenam'd score,
 In quest of Sidrophel advancing,
 Was now in prospect of the mansion;
 Whom he discovering, turned his gla's,
 And found far off 'twas Hudibras.
 Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, some
 To try or use our art are come.
 The one's the learned Knight;—seek out,
 And pump them what they come about.
 Whachum advanc'd, with all submiss'ness
 T' accost them, but much more their business:

Ver. 477.] William Sedgwick, a whimsical
 enthusiast, sometimes a Presbyterian, sometimes
 an Independent, and at other times an Anabap-
 tist; sometimes a prophet, and pretended to
 foretel things, out of the pulpit, to the destruction
 of ignorant people; at other times pretended to
 revelations; and, upon pretence of a vision that
 Doomday was at hand, he retired to the house of
 Sir Francis Ruffel in Cambridgeshire; and, finding
 several gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to
 prepare for their dissolution; telling them that he
 had lately received a revelation that doomday
 would be some day the week following. Upon
 which they ever after called him *Doomday Sedg-*
wick.

Ver. 401.] Mr. Butler alludes to one *Fisk*, of
 whom Lilly observes, that he was a licentiate in
 physic, and born near Framlingham in Suffolk;
 was bred at a country school, and design'd for
 the university, but went not thither, studying
 physic and astrology at home, which afterwards
 he practis'd at Colchester; after which he came
 to London, and practis'd there.

Heheld a stirrup, while the Knight
From leathern Bare-bones did alight ;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd, the dark Squire to untriddle.

He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say :
He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their business lay ? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.

Did you not lose ?—Quoth Ralpho, Nay.

Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way !
Your Knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover,

And pains intolerable doth suffer ;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,

Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.

What time ?—Quoth Ralpho, Sir too long,

Three years it off and on has hung.—

Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day tis :

Quoth Ralpho, between seven and eight 'tis.

Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art

Tells me the dame has a hard heart,

Or great estate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointer,

Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.

Meanwhile the Knight was making water,

Before he fell upon the matter ;

Which having done, the Wizard steps in,

To give him suitable reception ;

But kept his business at a bay,

Till Whachum put him in the way ;

Who having now, by Ralpho's light,

Expounded th' errand of the Knight,

And what he came to know, drew near,

To whisper in the conjurer's ear ;

Which he prevented thus : What was 't,

Quoth he, that I was saying last,

Before these gentlemen arriv'd ?

Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd

In opposition with Mars,

And no benign and friendly stars

T' ally the effect. Quoth Wizard, So !

In Virgo ? Ha ! quoth Whachum, No :

Has Saturn nothing to do in it,

One tenth of 's circle to a minute ?

'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you 'll excuse

This rudeness I am forc'd to use ;

It is a scheme and face of heaven,

As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,

I was contemplating upon

When you arriv'd ; but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, If I appear

Unseasonable in coming here

At such a time, to interrupt

Your speculations, which I hop'd

Assistance from, and come to use,

'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel :

The stars your coming did foretel ;

I did expect you here, and knew,

Before you spake, your business too.

Quoth Hudibras, make that appear,

And I shall credit whatsoever

You tell me after, on your word,

Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,

Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,

495 And for three years has rid your wit
And passion, without drawing bit ;
And now your business is to know
If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right,
500 But how the devil you came by 't
I can't imagine : for the stars

I'm sure, can tell no more, than horse ;
Nor can their aspects (though you pore

Your eyes out on them) tell you more

505 Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers,
That turns as certain as the spheres ;

But if the devil's of your council,

Much may be done, my noble Donzel ;

And 'tis on this account I come,

To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,

510 Sir Knight, that I am one of those,

I might suspect, and take th' alarm,

Your business is but to inform ;

But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,

You have a wrong sow by the ear ;

515 For I assure you, for my part,

I only deal by rules of art ;

Such as are lawful, and judge by

520 Conclusion of astrology ;

But for the devil know nothing by him,

But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,

I understand your metonymy ;

525 Your words of second-hand intention,

When things by wrongful names you mention ;

The mystic sense of all your terms,

That are indeed but magic charms

To raise the devil, and mean one thing,

530 And that is down-right conjuring ;

And in itself more warrantable

Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,

Or putting tricks upon the moon,

Which by confederacy are done.

535 Your ancient conjurers were wont

To make her from her sphere dismount,

And to their incantation stoop ;

They scorn'd to pore through telescope,

Or idly play at bo-peep with her,

540 To find out cloudy or fair weather,

Which every almanack can tell,

Perhaps as learnedly and well

As you yourself.—Then, friend, I doubt

You go the farthest way about :

545 Your modern Indian magician

Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in,

And straight resolves all questions by 't,

And seldom fails to be i' th' right.

The Rosycrucian way 's more sure

550 To bring the devil to the lure ;

Each of them has a several gin,

To catch intelligences in.

Some by the nose, with fumes' trepan them,

As Dunstan did the devil's grannam ;

555

Ver. 618.] St. Dunstan was made Archbishop
of Canterbury, anno 961. His skill in the liberal

Others with characters and words
 Catch them, as men in nets do birds; 620
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
 Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
 With their own influences will fetch them
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch them;
 Make them depose and answer to 625
 All questions, ere they let them go.
 Bombastus kept a devil's bird
 Shut in the pommel of his sword,
 That taught him all the cunning pranks
 Of past and future mountebanks. 630
 Kelly did all his feats upon
 The devil's looking-glass, a stone,
 Where playing with him at bo-peep,
 He sol'd all problems ne'er so deep.
 Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
 I th' garb and habit of a dog,
 That was his tutor, and the cur
 Read to th' occult philosopher,
 And taught him subtilly to maintain
 All other sciences are vain. 635
 To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
 Agrippa was no conjurer,
 Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;
 Nor was the dog a cacodemon.
 But a true dog, that would shew tricks
 For th' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks;
 Would fetch and carry, was more civil
 Than other dogs, but yet no devil;
 And whatso'er he's said to do,
 He went the self-same way we go.
 As for the Rosycrofts philosophers,
 Whom you will have to be but forcerers,
 What they pretend to is no more
 Than Trismegistus did before,
 Pythagoras, o'd Zoroaster,
 And Apollonius their master, 640
 To whom they do confess they owe
 All that they do, and all they know.

arts and sciences (qualifications much above the
 genius of the age he lived in) gained him first
 the name of a Conjuror, and then of a Saint: he
 is revered as such by the Romanists, who keep a
 holiday in honour of him, yearly, on the 19th of
 May.

Ver. 631.] This Kelly was chief seer, or as
 Lilly calls him, Speculator to Dr. Dee; was born
 at Worcester, and bred an apothecary, and was a
 good proficient in chemistry, and pretended
 to have the grand elixir, or philosopher's stone,
 which Lilly tells us he made, or at least received
 ready-made, from a Friar in Germany, on the
 confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pre-
 tended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl
 looking-glass (or a round stone like a crystal).
 And so, Palatine of Poland, Pucel a learned Flo-
 rentine, and Prince Rosenberg of Germany, the
 Emperor's Viceroy in B. henia, were long of the
 society with him and Dr. Dee, and often present
 at his apparitions, as was once the King of Po-
 land himself: but Lilly observes, that he was so
 wicked that the angels would not appear to him
 willingly, nor be obedient to him.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is 't' us
 Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus, 660
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic?
 'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
 That makes truth Truth, altho' Time's daughter;
 'Twas he that put her in the pit, 665
 Before he pull'd her out of it;
 And as he eats his sons, just so
 He feeds upon his daughters too.
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old, 670
 To be descended of a race
 Of ancient kings in a small space,
 That we should all opinions hold
 Authentic, that we can make old.
 Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 675
 Of prudence to cry down an art,
 And what it may perform deny,
 Because you understand not why;
 (As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
 To damn our whole art for eccentric) 680
 For who knows all that knowledge contains?
 Mendwell not on the tops of mountains,
 But on their sides, or rising's feat;
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
 Do not the histories of all ages 685
 Relate miraculous presages
 Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,
 Foreseen by astrologers, soothsayers,
 Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs, 690
 And some that have writ almanacks?
 The Median Emperor dreamt his daughter
 Had pist all Asia under water,
 And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
 O'erspread his empire with its branches;
 And did not soothsayers expound it, 695
 As after by th' event he found it?
 When Cæsar in the senate fell,
 Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,
 And, in resentment of his slaughter,
 Look pale for almost a year after? 700
 Augustus having, by' oversight,
 Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,

Ver. 669, 670.] Such gentry were Thomas
 Pury the elder, first a weaver in Gloucester,
 then an ignorant solicitor. John Blackstone, a
 poor shop-keeper of Newcastle. John Birch, for-
 merly a carrier, afterwards colonel. Richard
 Salway, colonel, formerly a grocer's man. Tho-
 mas Rainborough, a skipper of Lynn, colone
 and vice-admiral of England. Colonel Tho-
 mas Scott, a brewer's clerk. Colonel Philip
 Skippon, originally a waggoner to Sir Francis
 Vere. Colonel John Jones, a serving-man Col-
 onel Barkstead, a pitiful thimble and bodkin.
 goldsmith. Colonel Pride, a foundling and dray-
 man. Colonel Hewson, a one-eyed cobbler; and
 Colonel Harrison, a butcher. These, and hun-
 dreds more, affected to be thought gentlemen,
 and lorded it over persons of the first rank and
 quality.

Had like to have been slain that day,
By soldiers mutinying for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman senate, when within
The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
(Our Synod calls Humiliations)
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
From doing town or country hurt.
And if an owl have so much power,
Why should not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And should see further, and foreknow
More than their augury below?
Though that once serv'd the polity
Of mighty states to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By powerful art to understand;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can speak th' events of our presages.
Have we not lately, in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Discover'd sea and land Columbus
And Magellan could never compass?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on the tides there?
Quoth Rindibras, you lie so ope,
That I' without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and defery
Where you tell truth, and where you lye:
For Anaxagoras, long ago,
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,
And held the sun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece:
Believ'd the heavens were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.
But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whe her they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learned at Rome?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?
What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,
Made better there than they're in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that shall fit
The public humour with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?

Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?
705 Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunatics?
But if we' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
710 As wind i' th' hypocondres pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new-light and prophecy:
715 So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far set,
720 They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And favour strongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what's the natural cause
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full-moon ever, but the half?
725 Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water?
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote.
730 At this deep Sidrophel look'd wife,
And staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of sapience, and began to bluster;
For, having three times shook his head
To stir his wit up, thus he said:
735 Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geese;
Those consecrated geese, in orders,
That to the capitol were warders,
And being then upon patrol,
740 With noise alone beat off the Gaul;
Or those Athenian sceptic owls,
That will not credit their own souls,
Or any science understand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand;
745 But, measuring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy,
And will not know upon what ground
750 In Nature we our doctrine found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense,
As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
755 Were the stars only made to light
Robbers and burglars by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers folacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
760 Or witches snippling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors snippets?
Or from the pillory tips of ears
Of rebel-faints and perjurers?
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation there
That was not born and bred up here;

And the
In any
Were th
Most of
And is
In the
Is the
Does not
And the
What is
Who ma
The Bull
Did not
Make Be
Whose li
Or who
And the
With us
Plato dem
Govern'd
(For mon
Of things
In all th
Tis both
Then mo
Divine aff
That puts
Astar as
These r
Are somet
Than any
Upon this
And yet th
T'establis
Th' Egypt
Shifted his
Twice has
As many t
But wheth
The devil
Some hold
Are kept
And were
They'd ind
As sage En
And from
Plato belie
Below all c
Some Merc
Above the
The learner
Gainst wh
That, in tw
The sun ha
And nearer
Bore fifty
Sweat' twa
And he tha
To vent suc
Deserv'd to

Ver. 87:
four first e

And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern?
Were they not, during all their lives
Most of them pirates, whores and thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their old practices some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from earth;
And therefore probably must know
What is and hath been done below?
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?

Did not we here the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's periwig?
Whose livery does the coachman wear?
Or who made Calliopeia's chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.
Plato deny'd the world can be
Govern'd without geometry,
(For money being the common scale
Of things, by measure, weight, and tale,
In all th' affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight)
Then much less can it be without
Divine astrology made out;
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as heaven's above the earth.

These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
Are something more significant
Than any that the learned use
Upon this subject to produce;
And yet they're far from satisfactory,
To establish and keep up your factory.
Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice
Shifted his setting and his rise;
Twice has he risen in the west,
As many times set in the east;
But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know.

Some hold the heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up,
And were't not for their wheeling round
They'd instantly fall to the ground;
As sage Empedocles of old,
And from him modern authors, hold.
Plato believ'd the sun and moon
Below all other planets run.

Some Mercury, some Venus, feat
Above the Sun himself in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd
Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
That, in twelve hundred years and odd,
The sun had left its ancient road.

And nearer to the earth is come,
Bore fifty thousand miles from home;
Sware 'twas a most notorious flame,
And he that had so little shame
To vent such fopperies abroad,
Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd;

Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the rod much more,
That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
835 Cardan believ'd great states depend 895
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's-tail's end,
That, as she whisk'd it towards the sun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down;
Which others say must needs be false,
840 Because your true bears have no tails. 900
Some says the Zodiac constellations
Have long since chang'd their antique stations
Above a sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
845 Affirm'd the Trigons chopp'd and anchang'd, 905
The watery with the fiery rang'd;
Then how can their effects still hold
To be the same they were of old?
This, though the art were true, would make
850 Our modern footfayers mistake; 910
And is one cause they tell more lyes,
In figures and nativities,
Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
In so many hundred thousand years;
855 Besides their nonsense in translating, 915
For want of Accidence and Latin,
Like Idus, and Calendæ, Englist
The Quarter-days, by skilful linguist;
And yet, with canting, sleight, and cheat,
860 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat; 920
Make fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things before they are in being;
To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd;
865 Make them the constellations prompt, 925
And give them back their own account;
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for't, or best believes.
Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity,
870 Have cast the 'versal world's nativity, 930
And made the infant-stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
875 Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks; 935
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox;
Some take a measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives;
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
880 Tell who is barren and who fertile; 940
As if the planets' first aspect
The tender infant did infect

Ver. 894. *He knew less, &c.* *He knew no more &c.*
two first editions 1664.

Ver. 910.] This and the three following lines
inserted 1674. In the first editions of 1664,
they stand thus:

Some say the stars i' th' Zodiac,
Are more than a whole sign gone back
Since Ptolemy; and prove the same
In Taurus now, then in the Ram.

Ver. 873. *And were't not.* *And 'twere not* in the
first editions. Altered in edit. 1689.

In soul and body, and in fill
 All future good and future ill;
 Which in their dark fatal ties lurking,
 At destin'd periods fall a working,
 And break out, like the hidden seeds
 Of long diseases, into deeds,
 In friendships, enmities, and strife,
 And all th' emergencies of life:
 No sooner does he peep into
 The world, but he has done his do,
 Catch'd all diseases, took all physick
 That cures or kills a man that is sick:
 Marry'd his punctual dose of wives,
 Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
 There 's but the twinkling of a star
 Between a man of peace and war;
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,
 A huffing officer and a slave;
 A crafty lawyer and pick-pocket,
 A great philosopher and a blockhead;
 A formal preacher and a player,
 A learn'd physician and manlayer:
 As if men from the stars did suck
 Old-age, diseases, and ill-luck.
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
 Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice,
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,
 Battle and murder, sudden death.
 Are not these fine commodities
 To be imported from the skies,
 And vend'd here among the rabble,
 For staple goods and warrantable?
 Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
 In th' other world to be restor'd.

Quoth Sidrophel, to let you know
 You wrong the art, and artists too,
 Since arguments are lost on those
 That do our principles oppose,
 I will (although I've done 't before)
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,
 And draw a figure that shall tell you,
 What you, perhaps, forget besel you,
 By way of horary inspection,
 Which some account our worst erection.
 With that he circles draws, and squares,
 With cyphers, astral characters,
 Then looks them o'er to understand them,
 Although set down hab-nab, at random.

Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens set,
 Discovers how in fight you met,
 At Kingston, with a May-pole idol,
 And that y' were bang'd both back and side well;
 And, though you overcame the Bear,
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
 And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
 You are no conjurer, by your leave:
 That paltry story is untrue,
 And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Ver. 956. *Is cuckolded.*] Consolidated, in the two
 first editions of 166.

Not true! quoth he; Howe'er you vapour,
 I can what I affirm make appear;
 945 Whachum shall justify it t' your face, 1005
 And prove he was upon the place:
 He play'd the saltianbancho's part,
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
 950 Chows'd and caddes'd ye like a blockhead; 1010
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
 That argument's demonstrative;
 955 Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us 1015
 A constable to seize the wretches;
 For though they 're both false knaves and cheats,
 Imposers, jugglers, counterfeits,
 I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,

As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers, 1020
 They 're guilty, by their own confessions,
 Of felony: and at the Sessions,
 Upon the bench, I will so handle them,
 That the vibration of this pendulum
 965 Shall make all tailors' yards of one 1025
 Unanimous opinion;

A thing he long has vapour'd of,
 But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
 To find friends that will bear me out: 1030
 Nor have I hazarded my art,
 And neck, so long on the State's part,
 To be expos'd, i' th' end, to suffer
 By such a braggadocio huffer.

Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this sword 1035
 Shall down thy false throat cut am that word.
 Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
 To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
 Mean-while I'll hold them at a bay,

980 Left he and Whachum run away. 1040
 But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
 Of Hudibras did now erect
 A figure worse portending far
 Than that of most malignant star,

985 Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045
 To shun the danger that might come on 't,
 While Hudibras was all alone,
 And he and Whachum, two to one.
 This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,

990 Behind the door an iron lance, 1050
 That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
 And legs, and loins, and shoulders hor'd;
 He snatch'd it up, and made a pais,
 To make his way through Hudibras.

Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055
 With which he vow'd to do his work;
 But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
 And stoutly stood upon his guard:
 He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
 And in right manfully he rusht;
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
 And laid him on the earth along. 1060

Ver. 1010. *Caddes'd.*] Put the fortune-teller on
 him.

Who
 And
 B t
 As qu
 Just
 As
 Becu
 Hurts
 Quo
 You a
 Could
 As wh
 By this
 That in
 Your li
 To be n
 But wh
 To take
 I'll giv
 The con
 Which
 That's i
 This f
 To rum
 First he
 And foar
 Which h
 A figure
 A copper
 Engrav'd
 Of Book
 And blan
 A moon-
 And fever
 Engrav'd
 That over
 To make
 And stab
 In wit or
 And be vic
 Whachum
 His plunde
 All which
 To pay for
 But Sidroph
 As Rota-nu
 Straight cas
 Th' unwary
 And make
 His victory,
 Before the se
 Arriv'd to

Ver. 1003
 chetter, and
 of the Civil
 of Lilly's; an
 Lilly calls S
 He owns he
 was); so that
 found several
 cabinet.

Vol. II.

Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And safely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wife philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.

Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermin:
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretell?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or sell, two lives for vile?
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
That's mine, the law of arms allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
First he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him 't erect
A figure for, and so detect;
A copper-plate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
And blank-schemes to discover nimmers;
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
And several constellation stones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange powers
To make them thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade;
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither cros nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqueror did discompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Rota-men of politicks,
Straight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary conqueror with a fetch,
And make him glad, at least, to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcase:

Ver. 1093.] John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls *Sarah Shelborn*, a great speculatrix. He owns he was very familiar with her (*quod erat*); so that it is no wonder that the Knight found several of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

Vol. II.

And as a fox, with hot pursuit
Chac'd through a warren, cast about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
And while the dogs run underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting death)
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms jostlings in his brain,
As learn'd philosophers give out;
So Sidrophello cast about,
And fell to 's wonted trade again,
To feign himself in earnest slain:
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And, seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh; quoth he, Where am I?
Alive, or dead? or which way came I?
Through so immense a space so soon?
But now I thought myself 't th' moon,
And that a monster, with huge whilkers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drill'd
And Whachum by my side had kill'd;
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose.
Look, there he is! I see him now,
And feel the place I am run through:
And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
Oh! oh! with that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon,
Shut both his eyes, and stop't his breath,
And to the life out-acted death,
That Hudibras, to ail appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He hold it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
Refus'd to give himself one firke
To carry on the Public Work;
Despis'd our Synod-men like dirt,
And made their Discipline his sport;
Divulg'd the secrets of their Classes,
And their Conventions prov'd high-places:
Disparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,
And set at naught their cheese and bacon;
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
Their reverend Parsons, to my beard;
For all which scandals to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury if he dare:
He must at least hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be scann'd,
Who, by their skill in palmistry,
Will quickly read his destiny,
And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for 't at the Session,
Unless his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
For if he 'scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do:
And that will disengage my Conscience
Of th' obligation, in his own sense:

3 [K]

I'll make him now by force abide
 What he by gentle means deny'd,
 To give my honour satisfaction,
 And right the Brethren in the action.
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed
 And conduct he approach'd his speed,
 And, with activity unwont,
 Affay'd the lofty beast to mount;
 Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his palfry,
 To get from th' enemy and Ralph free;
 Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
 And beat, at least three lengths, the wind. 1190

A N

HEROICAL EPISTLE*

O F

HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
 To tamper with your crazy brain,
 Without trepanning of your skull,
 As often as the moon 's at full,
 'Tis not amiss, ere ye 're giv'n o'er,
 To try one desperate medicine more;
 For, where your case can be no worse,
 The desperat'ft is the wisest course.
 Is 't possible that you, whose ears
 Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
 And might (with equal reason) either
 For merit, or extent of leather,
 With William Pryn's, before they were
 Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,

* This Epistle was published ten years after the Third Canto of this Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674; and is said, in a Key to a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, published 1706, p. 13, to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the Author of Hudibras, which gave rise to this Epistle; and by some he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the Poem. This was the gentleman who, I am told, made a great discovery of an elephant in the moon; which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouse which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope. See *The Elephant in the Moon*, in the second volume of Butler's Poems.

Should yet be deaf against a noise
 So roaring as the public voice?
 That speaks your virtues free and loud,
 And openly in every crowd,
 As loud as one that sings his part
 T' a wheel-barrow or turnip-cart,
 Or your new nick'd-nam'd old invention
 To cry green-hastings with an engine;
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
 And torn your drum-heads with the found)
 And, 'cause your folly 's now no news,
 But overgrown, and out of use,
 Persuade yourself there 's no such matter,
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature;
 When Folly as it grows in years,
 The more extravagant appears;
 For who but you could be possess'd
 With so much ignorance and beast,
 That neither all men's scorn and hate,
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;
 But (like a reprobate) what course
 Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?
 Can no transfusion of the blood,
 That makes fools cattle, do you good?
 Nor putting pigst' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn them into mongrel-curs,
 Put you into a way, at least,
 To make yourself a better beast?
 Can all your critical intrigues,
 Of trying found from rotten eggs;
 Your several new-found remedies,
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
 And purging their infected saps;
 Recovering shankers, crystallines,
 And nodes and botches in their rinds,
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon that duller block, your pate?
 But still it must be lewdly bent
 To tempt your own due punishment;
 And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
 The boys to curse you without law;
 As if the art you have so long
 Profess'd, of making old dogs young,
 In you had virtue to renew
 Not only youth but childhood too,
 Can you, that understand all books,
 By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face,
 As others do with B's and A's;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows;
 All arts and sciences advance,
 With screwing of your countenance,
 And with a penetrating eye
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,
 Than those that have been bred up in 't,
 And yet have no art, true or false,
 To help your own bad naturals?
 But still, the more you strive t' appear,
 Are found to be the wretcheder:

For foot
 As men
 Hence
 A quan
 And bi
 Y' affu
 To judg
 As if y
 And cau
 More th
 You 'll
 With ign
 No, the
 In histo
 That no
 For hav
 That eve
 Is measu
 Be whic
 The mag
 Cast up
 And plac
 That all
 Too tro
 Are now
 And lett
 Alas! th
 Those so
 And all
 As guns
 Though h
 To all th
 And, put
 To all th
 Though y
 With grea

Ver. 8
 pone."

Ver. 9
 ly discove
 here lath
 Lilly's fir
 Stricklan
 Parliamen
 "came p
 "to fee t
 "where
 "you, hi
 "I came
 ful to tell
 gold chain
 ing honou
 of his alma
 into the lar
 ed, and cr
 den. That
 he acquire
 credit his c
 Ver. 10
 I have feel

For fools are known by looking wise,
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes, 80
 Hence 'tis that 'cause ye 'ave gain'd of th' college
 A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Y' assume a power as absolute
 To judge, and censure, and controul, 85
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll,
 And faucily pretend to know
 More than your dividend comes to:
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With ignorance and face alone: 90
 No, though ye 've purchas'd to your name,
 In history, so great a fame;
 That now your talent 's to well known,
 For having all belief ougrown,
 That every strange prodigious tale 95
 Is measur'd by your German scale—
 By which the virtuosi try
 The magnitude of every lye,
 Cast up to what it does amount,
 And place the bigg'nt to your account; 100
 That all those stories that are laid
 Too truly to you, and those made,
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.
 Alas! that faculty betrays 105
 Those soonest it designs to raise;
 And all your vain renown will spoil,
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;
 Though he that has but impudence,
 To all things has a fair pretence; 110
 And, put among his wants but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim:
 Though you have try'd that nothing 's borne
 With greater ease than public scorn,

That all affronts do still give place 115
 To your impenetrable face;
 That makes your way through all affairs,
 As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
 Yet, as 'tis counterfeit and brags,
 You must not think 'twill always pass; 120
 For all impostors, when they 're known,
 Are past their labour, and undone:
 And all the best that can befall
 An artificial natural,
 Is that which madmen find, as soon 125
 As once they 're broke loose from the moon,
 And, proof against her influence,
 Relapse to e'er so little sense,
 To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
 For sport of boys and rabble-wit. 130

H U D I B R A S.

PART III. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
 The one the other to renounce;
 They both approach the Lady's bower,
 The Squire to inform, the Knight to wooe her.
 She treats them with a masquerade,
 By Furies and Hobgoblins made;
 From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
 And steals him from himself by night.*

Ver. 86.] Sir Politick Would-be, in "Volpone."

Ver. 91, 92.] These two lines, I think, plainly discover that Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was here lashed under the name of *Sidrophel*; for Lilly's fame abroad was indisputable. Mr. Strickland, who was many years Agent for the Parliament in Holland, thus publishes it: "I came purposely into the Committee this day, to see the man who is so famous in those parts where I have so long continued: I assure you, his name is famous all over Europe. I came to do him justice." Lilly is also careful to tell us, that the King of Sweden sent him a gold chain and medal worth about 50l. for making honourable mention of his Majesty in one of his almanacks; which, he says, was translated into the language spoke at Hamburgh, and printed, and cried about the streets as it was in London. Thus he trumpets to the world the fame he acquired by his infamous practices, if we may credit his own history.

Ver. 105. *Betrays.*] *Destroys*, in all the editions I have seen.

TIS true no lover has that power
 To enforce a desperate amour,
 As he that has two strings to his bow,
 And burns for love and money too;
 For then he 's brave and resolute, 5
 Disdains to render in his suit;

We are now come to the Third Part of Hudibras, which is considerably longer than either the First or the Second; and yet can the severest critic say that Mr. Butler grows insipid in his invention, or faulters in his judgment? No; he still continues to shine in both these excellencies; and, to manifest the extensiveness of his abilities, he leaves no art untried to spin out these adventures to a length proportionable to his wit and satire. I dare say the reader is not weary of him; nor will he be so at the conclusion of the Poem: and the reason is evident, because this last part is as fruitful of wit and humour as the former; and a poetic fire is equally diffused through the whole Poem, that burns every where clearly and every where irresistibly.

Has all his flames and raptures double,
 And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;
 While those who fillily pursue
 The simple downright way, and true,
 Make as unlucky applications,
 And steer against the stream their passions.
 Some forge their mistresses of stars,
 And, when the ladies prove averse,
 And more untoward to be won
 Than by Caligula the moop,
 Cry out upon the stars for doing
 Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
 When only by themselves they're hindered,
 For trusting those they made her kindred,
 And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
 The damsels prove, become the fonder;
 For what mad lover ever dy'd
 To gain a soft and gentle bride?
 Or for a lady tender-hearted,
 In-purling streams or hemp departed?
 Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,
 Through th' windows of a dazling room?
 But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
 The amorous fly burnt in his flame.
 This to the Knight could be no news,
 With all mankind so much in use,
 Who therefore took the wiser course,
 To make the most of his amours,
 Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
 As follows in due time and place.
 No sooner was the bloody fight
 Between the Wizard and the Knight,
 With all th' appurtenances, over,
 But he relaps'd again t' a lover,
 As he was always wont to do,
 When he 'ad discomfited a foe,
 And us'd the only antique philters
 Deriv'd from old heroicilters.
 But now, triumphant and victorious,
 He held th' achievement was too glorious
 For such a conqueror to meddle
 With petty constable or beadle,
 Or fly for refuge to the hostels
 Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Justice;
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
 To th' ordeal trial of the laws,
 Where none escape, but such as branded
 With red-hot irons have past bare-handed;
 And if they cannot read one verse
 I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that 's worse.
 He, therefore, judging it below him
 To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,
 Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
 And mainprize for him to the jail,
 To answer, with his vessel, all
 That might disastrously befall,
 And thought it now the fittest juncture
 To give the Lady a rencounter,
 T' acquaint her with his expedition,
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician;

Describe the manner of the fray,
 And shew the spoils he brought away;
 His bloody scourging aggravate,
 The number of the blows, and weight;
 All which might probably succeed,
 And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:
 Which he resolv'd to enforce, and spare
 No pawning of his soul to swear;
 But, rather than produce his back,
 To let his conscience on the rack;
 And, in pursuance of his urging
 Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
 And all things else, upon his part,
 Demand delivery of her heart,
 Her goods and chattles, and good graces,
 And person, up to his embraces.
 Thought he, the ancient errant knights
 Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
 And cut whole giants into fritters,
 To put them into amorous twitters;
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
 Untill their gallans were half kill'd;
 But when their bones were drubb'd to fore,
 They durst not wooe one combat more,
 The ladies' hearts began to melt,
 Subdued by blows their lovers felt,
 So Spanish heroes, with their lances,
 At once wound bulls, and ladies' fancies;
 And he acquires the noblest spouse
 That widows' greatest herds of cows;
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Who've quell'd so vast a buffalo?
 Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,
 The Knight's late orders to obey;
 Who sent him for a strong detachment
 Of beadesles, constables, and watchmen,
 T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
 Committed falsely on his lumber;
 When he, who had so lately sack'd
 The enemy, had done the fact,
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
 Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
 Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
 And for his own inventions father'd;
 And when they should, at gaol-delivery,
 Unriddle one another's thievery,
 Both might have evidence enough
 To render neither halter-proof:
 He thought it desperate to tarry,
 And venture to be accessory;
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,
 And leave them for the Knight, his betters,
 He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
 He would have offer'd him that day,
 To make him curry his own hide,
 Which no beast ever did beside,
 Without all possible evasion,
 But of the riding dispensation:
 And therefore, much about the hour
 The Knight (for reasons told before)
 Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
 Of justice and an unpack'd jury,

The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
 And serve him in the self-same trim;
 T' acquaint the Lady what he 'ad done,
 And what he meant to carry on;
 What project 'twas he went about,
 When Sidrophel and he fell out;
 His firm and steadfast resolution,
 To swear her to an execution;
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her;
 In which both dealt, as if they meant
 Their party-faints to represent,
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
 In any prosperous arms-bearing,
 To lay themselves out to supplant
 Each other cousin-german faint.
 But ere the Knight could do his part,
 The Squire had got so much the start,
 He 'ad to the Lady done his errand,
 And told her all his tricks aforehand.
 Just as he finish'd his report,
 The Knight alighted in the court,
 And, having ty'd his beast t' a pale,
 And taking time for both to stale,
 He put his band and beard in order,
 The sprucer to accept and board her:
 And now began t' approach the door,
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
 Convey'd th' informer out of sight,
 And went to entertain the Knight;
 With whom encountering, after longees
 Of humble and submissive congees,
 And all due ceremonies paid,
 He shook'd his beard, and thus he said:

Madam, I do, as is my duty,
 Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye;
 And now am come to bring your ear
 A present you 'll be glad to hear;
 At least I hope so: the thing 's done,
 Or may I never see the sun;
 For which I humbly now demand
 Performance at your gentle hand;
 And that you 'd please to do your part,
 As I have done mine, to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
 As if he felt his shoulders ake:
 But she, who well enough knew what
 (Before he spoke) he would be at,
 Pretended not to apprehend
 The mystery of what he mean'd;
 And therefore with'd him to expound
 His dark expressions less profound.

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
 How much I 've suffer'd for your love,
 Which (like your votary) to win,
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;
 And, for those meritorious lashes,
 To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once
 I freed you from th' enchanted scone;
 And that you promis'd, for that favour,
 To bind your back to 'ts good behaviour,
 And for my sake and service vow'd
 To lay upon 't a heavy load,

130 And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,
 As other Knights do oft make love;
 Which whether you have done or no 195
 Concerns yourself, not me, to know;
 But if you have, I shall confess
 Y' are honeste'r than I could guess.

135 Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
 I cannot prove it but by oath;
 And if you make a question on 't,
 I 'll pawn my soul that I have done 't
 And he that makes his foul his surety,
 140 I think, does give the best security.

Quoth she, Some say the soul 's secure 205
 Against distress and for seizure;
 Is free from action, and exempt
 From execution and contempt;

145 And to be summon'd to appear
 In th' othe world 's illegal here,
 And therefore few make any account
 Int' what incumbrances they run 't:
 For most men carry things so even

150 Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
 Without the least offence to either,
 They freely deal in all together,
 And equally abhor to quit

155 This world for both, or both for it;
 And when they pawn and damn their souls,
 They are but prisoners on paroles. 220

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational
 They may be accountable in all:
 For when there is that intercourse
 Between divine and human powers,
 160 That all that we determine here
 Commands obedience every where;
 When penalties may be commuted
 For fines, or ears, and executed,

165 It follows nothing binds so fast
 As souls in pawn and mortgage past:
 For oaths are th' only tests and seals
 Of right and wrong, and true and false;
 And there 's no other way to try

170 The doubts of law and justice by.
 Quoth she, What is it you would swear?
 There 's no believing till I hear:
 For, till they 're understood, all tales
 (Like nonsense) are not true nor false.

175 Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
 What you commanded th' other day,
 And to perform my exercise,
 (As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,
 I 'avoid all scruples in the case,

180 I went to do 't upon the place;
 But as the castle is enchanted
 By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
 With evil spirits, as you know,
 Who took my Squire and me for two,

185 Before I 'ad hardly time to lay
 My weapons by, and disarray,
 I heard a formidable noise,
 Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
 That roar'd far off, Dispatch, and strip,

190 I 'm ready with th' infernal whip,
 That shall divest thy ribs of skin,
 To expiate thy lingering sin; 255

Thou 'ast broke perfidiously thy oath,
 And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
 But spar'd thy renegade back,
 Where thou 'adst so great a prize at stake; 260
 Which now the Fates have order'd me,
 For penance and revenge, to sea,
 Unless thou presently make haste;
 Time is, time was: and there it ceas't.
 With which, though startled, I confess, 265
 Yet th' horror of the thing was less
 Than th' other dismal apprehension
 Of interruption or prevention;
 And therefore, snatching up the rod,
 I laid upon my back a load,
 Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
 To make my word and honour good;
 Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
 For new recruits of breath and strength,
 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast,
 As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
 In raptures of Platonic lashing,
 And chaste contemplative bawling;
 When, facing hastily about,
 To stand upon my guard and scout,
 I found th' infernal cunning-man,
 And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
 With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.
 In haste I snatch'd my weapon up,
 And gave their hellish rage a stop:
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
 Courageously on Sidrophel,
 Who now, transform'd himself t' a bear,
 Began to roar aloud and tear;
 When I as furiously press'd on,
 My weapon down his throat to run,
 Laid hold of him, but he broke loose,
 And turn'd himself into a goose,
 Div'd under water in a pond,
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I fought him; but as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,
 His under-forcerer to engage;
 But, bravely scorning to dangle
 My sword with feeble blood, and vile,
 I judg'd it better from a quick-
 set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
 With which I furiously laid on,
 Till in a harsh and doleful tone
 It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir;
 I am too great a sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
 But conjur'd int' a worse caprich,
 Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
 Old houses in the night to haunt,
 For opportunities t' improve
 Designs of thievery or love;
 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
 All feats of witches counterfeits,
 Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
 And make it for enchantment pass;
 With cow-itch meaze like a leper,
 And choke with fumes of Guiney pepper; 320

Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
 Commit fantastical adwoftry;
 Bewitch Hermetic-men to run
 Stark staring mad with manicon;
 Believe mechanic virtuosi 325
 Can raise them mountains in Potosi;
 And, sillier than the antic fools,
 Take treasure for a heap of coals;
 Seek out for plants with signatures, 265
 To quack off universal cures;
 With figures ground on panes of glass,
 Make people on their heads to pass;
 And mighty heaps of coin increase, 330
 Reflected from a single piece;
 To draw in fools, whose natural itches 335
 Incline perpetually to witches,
 And keep me in continual fears,
 And danger of my neck and ears;
 When less delinquents have been scour'd, 275
 And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,
 Which others for cravats have worn
 About their necks, and took a turn.
 I pity'd the sad punishment
 The wretched caitiff underwent,
 And held my drubbing of his bones 345
 Too great an honour for pultrones;
 For knights are bound to feel no blows
 From paltry and unequal foes,
 Who, when they slash, and cut to pieces, 285
 Do all with civillest addresses:
 Their horses never give a blow,
 But when they make a leg and bow.
 I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him 290
 About the witch with many a question.
 Queth he, For many years he drove
 A kind of broking-trade in love,
 Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust
 Of feeble speculative lust;
 Procurer to th' extravagancy 295
 And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
 By those the devil had forsook,
 As things below him, to provoke;
 But being a virtuoso, able 300
 To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
 He held his talent most adroit,
 For any mystical exploit,
 As others of his tribe had done,
 And rais'd their prices three to one;
 For one predicting pimp has th' odds 305
 Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
 But, as an elf (the devil's valet)
 Is not so slight a thing to get;
 For those that do his business best,
 In hell are us'd the ruggedest;
 Before so meriting a person 315
 Could get a grant, but in reversion,
 He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
 I' th' mystery of a lady-monger:
 For (as some write) a witch's ghost, 315
 As soon as from the body loost,
 Becomes a painey imp itself,
 And is another witch's elf:
 He, after searching far and near,
 At length found one in Lancashire, 320

With
 And,
 Since
 And
 Trans
 Of w
 Whic
 Or Ph
 And a
 Turn'
 Witne
 And to
 By see
 He cra
 And to
 To mak
 And on
 Lick up
 Beside
 To tell
 The La
 And tol
 If half
 (They
 Why th
 Has dam
 Who, m
 And ha
 In quest
 Within
 Who tol
 Quite co
 Vow'd th
 If you sh
 And wou
 To be yo
 T' engag
 And stea
 But he di
 So filthy
 You fell t
 And drew
 Surpris'd
 Before he
 And left
 With man
 Swore you
 And stole
 And all hi
 With flat
 Which he
 And what
 His flea, h
 He 'ad got
 And all in
 By th' able
 Which (the
 He has bee
 And altoge
 To many h
 For which
 To seize th
 Without ca
 But of a ca

- With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd:
Since which he 'as play'd a thousand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes,
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards, could their switches;
And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too;
Witness myself, whom he 'as abus'd,
And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and pease
He crams in nasty devices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me relish for deserts,
And one by one, with shame and fear,
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beside—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats he 'ad done,
The Lady stopp'd his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear.
If half those things (said she) be true,
(They 're all, quoth he, I swear by you):
Why then, said she, that Sidrophel,
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell,
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour (I 'm sure) at most,
Who told me all you swear and say,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you should carry me or no,
And would have hir'd him and his imps
To be your match-makes and pimps,
To engage the devil on your side,
And steal (like Proserpine) your bride;
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffian;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before he had time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound;
Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,
And stole his talismanique louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid:
His flea, his morpion, and punese,
He 'ad gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ablest artist of the trade;
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost,
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account;
For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail;
- 385 And did not doubt to bring the wretches,
To serve for pendulums to watches,
Which, modern virtuosi say,
Incline to hanging every way.
Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,
390 That, ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover,
And found it clear that, to betray
Yourself and me, you fled this way,
395 And that he was upon pursuit.
To take you somewhere hereabout,
He vow'd he 'ad intelligence
Of all that pass'd before and since,
And found that, ere you came to him,
400 Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a case of tender conscience,
Where both abounded in your own sense,
Till Rappho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
405 And prov'd that you might swear and own
Whatever 's by the Wicked done;
For which most basely to requite
The service of his gifts and light,
You strove t' oblige him, by mean force,
To scourge his ribs instead of your's,
410 But that he stood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
415 While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon't);
He wonder'd how he came to know
420 What he had done, and meant to do;
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd;
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:
425 Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
430 This vessel, that is all your own!
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
These reliques of your constant lover!
You have provided well (quoth she)
(I thank you) for yourself and me,
435 And shewn your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits;
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
440 On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why then (quoth he) may hell surprize
That trick (said she) will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I 'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve;
445 But there 's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swearing;
For, if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,

Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action;
And if you can produce those knobs,
Although they 're but the witch's drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your natural self had don't;
Provided that they pass th' opinion
Of able juries of old women,
Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam (quoth he) your love 's a million,
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
T' obey what you command, and more;
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.

I find (quoth she) my goods and chattles
Are like to prove but mere drawn-battels;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end;
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
You pass in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd;
And if 'tis counted reason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driven,
Nor marriages clapp'd up, in heaven,
And that 's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heaven in marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease;
Their business there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve;
Love, that 's too generous t' abide
To be against its nature ty'd;
For, where 'tis of itself inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd,
And like the foul, its harbourer,
Debar'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away;
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,
Chained to the prisoners they kept,
Of which the true and faithful lover
Gives best security to master.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way,
And therefore 'tis not to be admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd;
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what 's infer'd by t' have and t' hold,
But something pass away, and sold?)

That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low,
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse:
For when upon their ungot heirs
They entail themselves, and all that 's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driven,
Or wager laid at six and seven?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they 're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who is bound to vouch them for his own,
Though got b' implicit generation,
And general club of all the nation;
For which she 's fortify'd no less
Than all the island, with four seas;
Exact the tribute of her dower,
In ready insolence and power,
And makes him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to justify,
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous fots were those obedient
Old assaits to their ladies regent,
To give the cheats the eldest hand
In foul play by the laws o' th' land.
For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckel'd:
A law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no power of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration,
Nor writ of Error, nor reverse
Of judgment pass'd, for better or worse;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they 're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces,
While nothing else but *ram in re*
Can set the proudest wretches free;
A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply;
So men are by themselves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose,
They'd break them after to break loose.
As some whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themselves by art:
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead;

And men as often dangled for 't,
 And yet will never leave the sport.
 Nor do the ladies want excuse
 For all the stratagems they use,
 To gain th' advantage of the set,
 And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
 For, as the Pythagorean soul
 Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
 And has a smack of every one,
 So love does, and has ever done;
 And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
 Takes strangely to the vagabond.
 'Tis but an ague that 's reverst,
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
 That after burns with cold as fire;
 As iron in Greenland does the touch;
 Melts in the furnace of desire,
 Like glass, that 's but the ice of fire;
 And when his heat of fancy 's over,
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover:
 For, when he 's with love-powder laden,
 And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
 The smallest sparkle of an eye
 Gives fire to his artillery,
 And off the loud oaths go, but, while
 They 're in the very act, recoil;
 Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
 Without a separate maintenance;
 And widows, who have try'd one lover,
 Trust none again till they 've made over;
 Or, if they do, before they marry
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry,
 And, ere they venture o'er a stream,
 Know how to fize themselves and them.
 Whence wittiest ladies always chuse
 To undertake the heaviest goose:
 For now the world is grown so wary,
 That few of either sex dare marry,
 But rather trust, on tick, t' amours,
 The crows and pile for better or worse;
 A mode that is held honourable
 As well as French, and fashionable:
 For when it falls out for the best,
 Where both are incommoded least,
 In soul and body to unite
 To make up one hermaphrodite,
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
 They 've more punctilios and caprices
 Between the petticoat and breeches,
 More petulant extravagances,
 Than poets make them in romances;
 Though, when their heroes 'spouse their dames,
 We hear no more of charms and flames;
 For then their late attracts decline,
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
 And all their catterwauling tricks,
 In earnest to as jealous piques,
 Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd
 By th' yellow manteaus of the bride:
 For jealousy is but a kind
 Of clap and grincam of the mind,
 The natural effects of love,
 As ether flames and ashes prove:
 Vol. II.

But all the mischief is, the doubt
 On whose account they first broke out.
 For though Chineses go to bed,
 And lie-in in their ladies' stead,
 And, for the pains they took before,
 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more,
 Our green-men do it worse, when they ' hap
 To fall in labour of a clap;
 Both lay the child to one another,
 But who 's the father, who the mother,
 'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
 Or who imported the French goods,
 But health and sickness being all one,
 Which both engag'd before to own,
 And are not with their bodies bound
 To worship, only when they 're found,
 Both give and take their equal shares
 Of all they suffer by false wares;
 A fate no lover can divert
 With all his caution, wit, and art:
 For 'tis in vain to think to guess
 At women by appearances,
 That paint and patch their imperfections
 Of intellectual complexions,
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes
 As artificial as their faces;
 Wear under vizard-masks their talents,
 And mother-wits before their gallants;
 Until they 're hamper'd in the noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose;
 When all the flaws they strove to hide
 Are made unready with the bride,
 That with her wedding-clothes undresses
 Her complaisance and gentleness;
 Tries all her arts to take upon her
 The government, from th' easy owner;
 Until the wretch is glad to wave
 His lawful right, and turn her slave;
 Find all his having and his holding
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and folding;
 The conjugal petard, that tears
 Down all portcullises of ears,
 And makes the volley of one tongue
 For all their leathern shields too strong;
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,
 The female silk-worms ride the males,
 Transform them into rams and goats,
 Like Syrens, with their charming notes;
 Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th' husband mandrake, and the wife,
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.
 Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
 Of wanton over-heated brains,
 Which rallies in their wit or drink
 Do rather wheelie with than think.
 Man was not man in Paradise,
 Until he was created twice,
 And had his better half, his bride,
 Carv'd from th' original, his side,
 T' amend his natural defects,
 And perfect his recruiting sex;
 Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
 The pains and labour of increasing,
 3 [L]

By changing them for other cares,
 As by his dry'd-up paps appears.
 His body, that stupendous frame,
 Of all the world the anagram,
 Is of two equal parts compact,
 In shape and symmetry exact,
 Of which the left and female side
 Is to the manly right a bride,
 Both join'd together with such art,
 That nothing else, but death can part.
 Those heavenly attracts of your's, your eyes,
 And face, that all the world surprize,
 That dazzle all that look upon ye,
 And fetch all other ladies tawny;
 Those ravishing and charming graces,
 Are all made up of two half faces
 That, in a mathematic line.
 Like those in other heavens, join;
 Of which if either grew alone,
 'T would fright as much to look upon:
 And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
 Without the other's fellowship.
 Our noblest senses act by pairs
 Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;
 Th' intelligences of the mind,
 To wait upon the soul design'd:
 But those that serve the body alone
 Are single and confin'd to one.
 The world is but two parts, that meet
 And close at th' equinoctial fit;
 And so are all the works of Nature,
 Stamp'd with her signature on matter;
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
 Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
 All which sufficiently declare
 How entirely marriage is her care,
 The only method that she uses
 In all the wonders she produces;
 And those that take their rules from her
 Can never be deceiv'd nor err:
 For what secures the civil life,
 But pawns of children, and a wife?
 That lie like hostages, at stake,
 To pay for all men undertake;
 To whom it is as necessary,
 As to be born and breathe, to marry;
 So universal, all mankind
 In nothing else is of one mind:
 For in what stupid age or nation
 Was marriage ever out of fashion?
 Unless among the Amazons,
 Or cloister'd Friars and Vestal nuns,
 Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
 And loose excesses of the sex,
 Preposterously would have all women
 Turn'd up to all the world in common;
 Though men would find such mortal feuds
 In sharing of their public goods,
 'T would put them to more charge of lives,
 Than they're supply'd with now by wives,
 Until they graze and wear their clothes,
 As beasts do, of their native growths;
 For simple wearing of their horns
 Will not suffice to serve their turns,

770 For what can we pretend t' inherit,
 Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?
 Could claim no right to lands or rents,
 But for our parents' settlements;
 Had been but vanger sons o' th' earth,
 Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
 775 What honours, or estates of peers,
 Could be preserv'd but by their heirs?
 And what security maintains
 Their right and title, but the banns?
 What crowns could be hereditary,
 If great monarchs did not marry,
 And with their comforts consummate
 Their weightiest interests of state?
 For all th' amours of princes are
 But guarantees of peace or war.
 780 Or what but marriage has a charm,
 The rage of empires to disarm?
 Make blood and desolation cease,
 And fire and sword unite in peace,
 When all their fierce contents for forage
 Concludes in articles of marriage?
 790 Nor does the genial bed provide
 Less for the interests of the bride,
 Who else had not the least pretence
 T' as much as due benevolence;
 795 Could no more title take upon her
 To virtue, quality, and honour,
 Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
 And some-coverts to all mankind.
 800 All women would be of one piece,
 The virtuous matron, and the miss;
 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
 The same with those in Lewkner's lane,
 But for the difference marriage makes
 'Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes:
 805 Besides the joys of place and birth,
 The sex's paradise on earth,
 A privilege so sacred held,
 That none will to their mothers yield,
 But, rather than not go before,
 810 Abandon heaven at the door:
 And if th' indulgent law allows
 A greater freedom to the spouse,
 The reason is, because the wife
 Runs greater hazards of her life;
 815 Is trusted with the form and matter
 Of all mankind, by careful Nature,
 Where man brings nothing but the stuff
 She frames the wondrous fabric of;
 Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
 820 Demand the clergy of her belly,
 And make it save her the same way
 It seldom misses to betray,
 Unless both parties wisely enter
 Into the Liturgy indenture.
 825 And though some fits of small contest
 Sometimes fall out among the best,
 That is no more than every lover
 Does from his hackney-lady suffer;
 That makes no breach of faith and love,
 830 But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve:
 For as, in running, every pace
 Is but between two legs a race,

833

840

845

850

855

860

865

870

875

880

885

890

895

In which both do their uttermost
To get before and win the post,
Yet when they're at their race's ends,
They're still as kind and constant friends,
And, to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease,
So all these false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of love;
When those who're always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudest clamours, more
Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour;
Like music, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all an ours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft with silent
Assembling looks surpris'd and stolen:
Then why should more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For discords make the sweetest airs,
And carols are a kind of prayers;
Twilight alloys for all those grand
Feinings by marriage gain'd:
For nothing else has power to settle
The riots of love perpetual;
An act and deed that makes one heart
Become another's counter-part,
And passes fines on faith and love,
Involv'd and register'd above,
To seal the slippery knots of vows,
Which nothing else but death can loose.
And what security's too strong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass
Himself away, and all it has,
And, like an anchorite, gives over
The world, for the heaven of a lover?
Elegant (quoth she) there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true;
But millions whom the same does sentence
To heaven by another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to lovers;
And all the weighty consequences
Depend upon more blind events
Than gamblers, when they play a set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight unseen.
For what do lovers, when they're fast
In one another's arms embrac'd,
But strive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves?
And if they use their persons so,
What will they to their fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecstasies and flames.
For when the money 's on the book,
And all my worldly goods—but spoke

(The formal livery and seisin
That puts a lover in possession)
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a flum that 's superfed:
To that their faith is still made good,
And all the oaths to us they vow'd;
For when we once resign our powers,
We've nothing left we can call ours:
Our money's now become the Miss
Of all your lives and services,
And we, forsaken and postpon'd,
But bawls to what before we own'd;
Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heirs yet,
By being born to lordships, get?
When, the more lady she's of manors,
She's but expos'd to more t'panners.
Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use her as the devil does witches;
Who takes it for a special grace
To be their cully for a space,
That when the time's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vassals:
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits;
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits
Of all your passionate love-suits,
Th' effects of all your amorous fancies
To perdition and inheritances;
Your love-sick rapture, for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
To which you make address and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's sake.
For these you play at purposes,
And love your loves with A's and B's;
For these at Raffe and L' Ombre woove,
And play for love and money too:
Strive who shall be the ablest man
At right gallanting of a fan;
And who the most genteely bred
At sucking of a vizard-head;
How best t' accost us in all quarters,
T' our question-and-command new garters;
And solidly discourse upon
All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*:
For there's no mystery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made;
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way possible to do 't
But love and oaths, and restless suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the scores
Of all your cully'd past amours;

Act o'er your flames and darts again, 1025
 And charge us with your wounds and pain;
 Which others influences long since
 Have charm'd your noses with, and shins;
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,
 And like to be, without our aid. 1030
 Lord! what an amorous thing is want!
 How debts and mortgages enchant!
 What graces must that lady have,
 That can from executions save!
 What charms, that can reverse extent, 1035
 And null decree and exigent!
 What magical attracts and graces,
 That can redeem from *Scire facis*!
 From bonds and statutes can discharge,
 And from contempts of courts enlarge! 1040
 These are the highest excellencies
 Of all your true or false pretences;
 And you would damn yourself, and swear
 As much t' an heifers dowager,
 Grown fat and purfy by retail 1045
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale.
 And find her fitter for your turn,
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,
 Relent, and melt to your desire, 1050
 And, like a candle in a socket,
 Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.
 By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
 When they heard a knocking at the gate,
 Laid on in haste, with such a powder, 1055
 The blows grew louder still and louder;
 Which Hudibras, as if they'd been
 Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
 Expounding by his inward light,
 Or rather more prophetic fright,
 To be the Wizard, come to search, 1060
 And take him napping in the lurch,
 Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
 But why, or wherefore, is a doubt;
 For men w'll tremble, and turn paler, 1065
 With too much or too little valour,
 His heart laid on, as if it try'd
 To force a passage through his side,

Ver. 1053, 1054.] Two days were but yet
 passed since the beginning of these adventures:
 we are now entering into the night wherein
 happened the most remarkable action in the whole
 Poem. Mr. Butler, in this piece of management,
 imitated Homer and Virgil, who are equally ce-
 lebrated for their night-adventures. But who
 are the persons that knock at the gate? probably
 two of the Lady's own servants: for, as she and
 Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambuscade) had
 been descanting on the Knight's villainies, so they
 had undoubtedly laid this scheme to be revenged
 of him: the servants were disguised, and acted
 in a bold and hectoring manner, pursuant to the
 instruction given them by the Widow. The
 Knight was to be made believe they were Sidro-
 phel and Whachum, which made his fright and
 consternation so great, that we find him falling in-
 to a swoon.

Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait them, 1070
 But in a fury to fly at them;
 And therefore beat and laid about
 To find a cranny to creep out.
 But she, who saw in what a taking 1075
 The Knight was by his furious quaking,
 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
 Know I'm resolv'd to break no rite
 Of hospitality to a stranger,
 But, to secure you out of danger, 1080
 Will here myself stand sentinel,
 To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel:
 Women, you know, do seldom fail
 To make the stoutest men turn tail,
 And bravely soon to turn their backs 1085
 Upon the deep-rat's attacks.
 At this the Knight grew resolute
 As Ironside, or Har-diknute;
 His fortitude began to rally,
 And out he cry'd aloud to failly; 1090
 But she besought him to convey
 His courage rather out o' th' way,
 And lodge in ambush on the floor,
 Or fortify behind a door,
 That, if the enemy should enter, 1095
 He might relieve her in th' adventure.
 Meanwhile, they knock'd against the door, 1095
 As fierce as at the gate before;
 Which made the renegade Knight
 Relapse again t' his former fright.
 He thought it desperate to stay 1100
 Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
 But rather post himself, to serve
 The lady for a fresh reserve.
 His duty was not to dispute, 1105
 But what she 'ad order'd execute;
 Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
 And therefore stoutly march'd away,
 And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
 Though in the dark, and all alone;
 Till fear, that braver feats performs 1110
 Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
 Had drawn him up before a pass,
 To stand upon his guard, and face:
 This he courageously invaded,
 And, having enter'd, barricadoed;
 Inscor'd himself as formidable 1115
 As could be underneath a table,
 Where he lay down in ambush close,
 T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
 Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
 To guard his desperate adventure,
 Before he heard a dreadful shout,
 As loud as putting to the rout,
 With which impatiently alarm'd,
 He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd,
 And, after entering, Sidrophel 1120
 Was fallen upon the guards pell-mell:
 He theretore sent out all his senses
 To bring him in intelligences,

Ver. 1086.] Two famous and valiant princes
 of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a
 Dane.

Which
 Mistak
 But tho
 Affirm
 In whi
 And th
 Meanw
 And sto
 And, as
 Degree
 That in
 And wa
 By vent
 His head
 E' a gen
 Was dra
 So he wa
 And by t
 Son as
 They put
 As if the
 By givin
 They sto
 Until his
 For when
 There's n
 But terti
 Of aing
 And, if th
 To burn
 No gener
 But on his
 Cap'd, u
 And thus
 Mort, i
 E' our tr
 Who'er th
 Lay a each
 The Wick
 The Wicke
 Has here th
 For just rev
 Which thou
 But by an
 For if we c
 Twill fall
 What mad
 And nich th
 To spirit her
 That which
 It was th' in
 That made m
 That in reu
 The wear an
 Which I coul
 For th' hundi
 Didst thou
 No more (qu
 How wouldst
 First turn'd h
 And laid her
 To null her j
 Which I befor
 I have put,

Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance;
But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy;
In which the Lapiand Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters,
And storm'd the outworks of his fortrets;
And, as another of the same
Degree and party, in arms and fame
That in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
By venturing only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
E' a general of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd through' a window by the ears:
So he was serv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They floutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid:
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows,
And, if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Capp'd, in a vice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
By our friend, they evil genius;
Who'er thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lyes
The Brethren's privilege (against
The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched carcase sent,
For just revenge and punishment;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free confession:
For if we catch thee sailing once,
Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?—
That which contracts all matches, money.
It was th' enchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your crony witches; 1180
That in return would pay th' expence,
The wear and tear of conscience;
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Dost thou not love her then? speak true. 1185
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
How wouldst thou 'ave us'd her and her money?
First turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed,

And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.
What made thee pick and chuse her out 1195
T' employ their forceries about?
That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.
But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us? 1200
I see you take me for an afs:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof;
Whose humours are not to be won 1205
But when they are impos'd upon;
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and wooe.
Why didst thou forge those shameful lyes
Of bears and witches in disguise? 1210
That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers:
And we have now no other way 1215
Of passing all we do or say;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd by a very few,
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense. 1220
Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?
Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints'-bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd, 1225
And is the easiest to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unless they' employ it,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy it:
A gift that is not only able 1230
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws impow'r'd to rout
And awe the greatest that stand out:
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near;
For no sin else, among the Saints, 1235
Is taught so tenderly against.
What made thee break thy plighted vows?
That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn you all, before
Endure the plague of being poor. 1240
Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
Than all our doating politicks,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation;
That we must come to school to you, 1245
To learn your more refin'd and new.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You 'll find yourself an errant chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-house. 1250
'Tis true (quoth he) we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.
Truly (quoth he) you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in;
That, as your fellow-friends in hell 1255
Were angels all before they fell,

So are you like to be again,
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery ;
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us ?—A livelibood.

What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness ?—Great gains.

What 's tender conscience ?—This a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch ;
But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' epidemical plague-fore.

What makes y' inroach upon our trade,
And damn all others ?—To be paid.

What 's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience ?—A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings
A good old cause ?—Administerings.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear ?
About two hundred pounds a-year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again ?—Two hundred more.

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty ?—Food and cloaths.

What, laws and freedom, persecution ?
Being out of power and contribution.

What makes a Church a den of thieves ?—
A Dean and Chapter, and white sleeves.

And what would serve, if th' se were gone,
To make it orthodox ?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time ;

Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out against ?

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin ;

And therefore no true Saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse :

For Saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense ;

As virtue 's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed :

But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.

What 's liberty of conscience,
If th' natural and genuine sense ?

'Tis to restore, with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity ;

And Christian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews ;

For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.

It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones ;

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)

But was below the level of these,
That pass'd i' th' world for holiness.

This said, the Furies and the light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight,

And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own.

The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the Sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed and take her rest ;

When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,

Lay still, expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor ;
And, though he shut his eyes as fast
As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,

Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the Devil wear for vizards ;
And, pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear, too, in the dark,

Was first invaded with a groan
And after in a feeble tone,

Ta'ke trembling words : Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch,

Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade ?
By fluntring still on some adventure,
And gr'wing to thy horse a Centaur ?

To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?
For still thou 'ast had the work on 't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat ;

Night is the sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind,
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.

The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this reprimand,

Because the character did hit
Point-blank upon his case :—
Believ'd it was some drolling sprite
That staid upon the guard that night,
And one of those he 'ad seen, and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt :

When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on ;
This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears
Pell-mell together by the ears,

And, after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the flocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory :

(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies)
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic-minded ;
And at a riding handed worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse ;

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Ver. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this
description of the morning's approach : none
that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by
the moon's declension : he seem'd to follow the
old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
rising, which he had done once before, Part II.
Canto II. Ver. 29 ; but he here finds out a new
way, and altogether just.

Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 1375
 And hot disputes with conjurers;
 And, when thou 'adit bravely won the day,
 Wait vain to steal thyself away.
 (I see, thought he, this shameless elf
 Would fain steal me, too, from myself, 1380
 That impudently dares to own
 What I have suffer'd for and done)
 And now, but venturing to betray,
 Hail me with vengeance the same way.
 Thought he, how does the devil know 1385
 What 'twas that I design'd to do?
 His office of intelligence,
 His oracles, are ceas'd long since;
 And he knows nothing of the Saints
 But what some treacherous spy acquaints. 1390
 This is some pettifogging fiend,
 Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
 That undertakes to understand,
 And juggle at the second hand,
 And now would pass for Spirit Po, 1395
 And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
 Hum! I need not tell him for 't;
 These raving devils do no hurt.
 With a thes'ous'd his drooping heart,
 And hasty cry'd out, What art? 1400
 A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace
 Has brought to this unhappy place.
 I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;
 Thus I: I am sure thou 'rt in the right:
 And know what 'tis that troubles thee, 1405
 Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
 Thou art some paltry, black-guard sprite,
 Condemn'd to drudgery in the night;
 Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
 Nor halpenny to drop in shoes; 1410
 Without the raising of which sum
 You dare not be so troublesome
 To pinch the flatters black and blue,
 For leaving you thine work to do.
 This is your business, good Pug-Robin, 1415
 And your diversion dull dry bobbing,
 Tenace fanatics in the dirt,
 And wash them clean in ditches for 't;
 Of which conceit you are so proud,
 At every jest you laugh aloud, 1420
 As now you would have done by me,
 But that I barr'd your railery.
 Sir (quoth the Voice) ye 're no such sopher 1370
 As you would have the world judge of ye.
 If you design to weigh our talents
 Fth' standard of your own false balance,
 Or think it possible to know
 Thoughts, as well as we do you;
 We, who have been the everlasting
 Companions of your drubs and basting, 1430
 And never left you in contest
 With male or female, man or beast;
 But prov'd as true 't ye, and entire,
 In all adventures, as your Squire.
 Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435
 By th' idlest pug of all your crew:
 For none could have betray'd us worse
 Than those allies of ours and yours.

But I have sent him for a token
 To your law-country Hogen-Mogen, 1440
 To whose infernal shores I hope
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope:
 And, if ye 'ave been more just to me
 (As I am apt to think) than he, 1435
 I am afraid it is as true
 What th' ill-affected say of you—
 Ye 'ave 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
 By holding up your claven paws.
 Sir (quoth the Voice) 'tis true, I grant,
 We made, and took, the Covenant;
 But that no more concerns the Cause,
 Than other perjuries do the laws,
 Which when they 're prov'd in open court,
 Wear wooden peccadillo's for 't;
 And that 's the reason Covenanters 1455
 Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.
 I see (quoth Hudibras) from whence
 These scandals of the Saints commence,
 That are but natural effects
 Of Satan's malice, and his sects; 1460
 Those spider-faints, that hang by threads
 Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.
 Sir (quoth the Voice) that may as true
 And properly be said of you,
 Whose talents may compare with either, 1465
 Or both the other put together:
 For all the Independents do,
 Is only what you forc'd them to;
 You, who are not content alone 1470
 With tricks to put the devil down,
 But must have armies rais'd to back
 The Gospel-work you undertake:
 As if artillery and edge-tools,
 Were th' only engines to save souls:
 While he, poor devil, has no power 1475
 By force to run down and devour;
 Has ne'er a Clavis, cannot sentence
 To stools, or punishment of repentance;
 Is ty'd up only to design, 1480
 T' entice, and tempt, and undermine:
 In which you all his arts outdo,
 And prove yourselves his betters too.
 Hence 'tis possessions doleful evil
 Than mere temptations of the devil, 1485
 Which all the horrid 't actions done
 Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
 Because, unless they help the elf,
 He can do little of himself;
 And therefore, where he's best possess'd,
 Acts most against his interest; 1490
 Surprizes none, but those who 'ave priests
 To turn him out, and exorcists,
 Supply'd with spiritual provision,
 And magazines of ammunition;
 With crosses, relics, crucifixes, 1495
 Beads, pictures, reliques, and pixes;
 The tools of working our salvation
 By mere necromantic operation:
 With holy water, like a sluice,
 To overflow all avenues: 1500
 But those who 're utterly unarm'd,
 T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,

He never offers to surprize,
 Although his falsest enemies;
 But is content to be their drudge,
 And on their errands glad to trudge:
 For where are all your forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
 Who are but jailors of the holes
 And dungeons where you clap-up souls;
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
 T' your *mittimus anathemas*,
 And never boggle to restore
 The members you deliver o'er,
 Upon demand with fairer justice;
 Than all your covenanting Trustees;
 Unless, to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the secular powers,
 And pass their souls, as some demise
 The same estate in mortgage twice:
 When to a legal utlegation
 You turn your excommunication,
 And, for a great unpaid that 's due,
 Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil
 State-prudence to cajole the devil,
 And not to handle him too rough,
 When he 'as us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true (quoth he), that intercourse
 Has pass'd between your friends and ours,
 That, as you trust us, in our way,
 To raise your members, and to lay,
 We send you others of our own,
 Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,
 Or, frighted with our oratory,
 To leap down headlong many a story;
 Have us'd all means to propagate
 Your mighty interests of state,
 Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
 Your great designs of rage and murder:
 For if the saints are nam'd from blood,
 We only 'ave made that title good;
 And, if it were but in our power,
 We should not scruple to do more,
 And not be half a soul behind
 Of all Dissenters of mankind.

Right (quoth the Voice), and, as I scorn
 To be ungrateful, in return
 Of all those kind good offices,
 I'll free you out of this distress,
 And set you down in safety, where
 It is no time to tell you here.
 The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone;
 And, if I leave you here till day,
 You 'll find it hard to get away.

With that the Spirit grop'd about
 To find th' enchanted hero out,
 And try'd with haste to lift him up,
 But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
 Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
 Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
 He thought to drag him by the heels,
 Like Gresham-carts, with legs for wheels;
 But fear, that soonest cures those sores,
 In danger of relapse to worse,
 Came in t' assist him with its aid,
 And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
 No sooner was he fit to trudge,
 But both made ready to dislodge,
 The Spirit hors'd him, like a sack,
 Upon the vehicle his back,
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,
 With some few rubs against the wall;
 Where, finding out the postern lock'd,
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
 And in a moment gain'd the pass;
 Through which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
 Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders.
 And cautiously began to scout
 To find their fellow-cattle out;
 Nor was it half a minute's quest,
 Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast.
 Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack,
 But ne'er a saddle on his back,
 Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,
 Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.
 He thought it was no time to stay,
 And let the night too steal away;
 But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight
 Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
 And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
 He found the saddle, too, was stray'd,
 And in the place a lump of soap,
 On which he speedily leap'd up;
 And, turning to the gate the rein,
 He kick'd and cudgel'd on amain;
 While Hudibras, with equal haste,
 On both sides laid about as fast,
 And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break,
 Or padders to secure, a neck:
 Where let us leave them for a time,
 And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
 To hold forth their declining state,
 Which now comes near an even rate.

Ver. 1575.] Altered to *the outer postern*, edit.
 1710.

H

I N

The S

About

To the

Accor

Their

When

Till, in

Burn a

THE le
 Is but
 That falls b
 And thing
 From whot
 Of vermin
 So, ere the
 Religion sp
 Of petulant
 Themaggot
 That first r
 And after e
 For as the
 Upon their
 That were in
 That empire
 So prebyter
 Upon the G

This Cant
 ventures of H
 heroes make
 are introduce
 honest. The
 from the tim
 ed to Cromw
 the dissoluti
 onduct is al
 ke it is to r
 magnize vic
 and whenever
 ned down to
 time, or place
 gaid to such
 ed, he clai
 Vol. II.

H U D I B R A S.

I N T H R E E P A R T S.

PART III. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious preys
According to their rates of Grace:
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm;
Till, in th' effigy of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

THE learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mungrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on crows,
And flings the founders of his house,
From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed.
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,
Them maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And after every swarm its own:
For as the Persian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their sons,
That were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way;
So presbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,

This Canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho: neither of our heroes make their appearance; other characters are introduced, and a new vein of satire is exhibited. The poet steps out of his road, and skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. This conduct is allowable in a satirist, whose privilege it is to ramble wherever he pleases, and to designate vice, factions and rebellion, where and whenever he meets with them. He is not tied down to the observance of unity and action, time, or place, though he has hitherto had a regard to such decorums: but now, and here only, he claims the privilege of a satirist, and
Vol. II.

Then bore them, like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same; 20
And yet no natural tie of blood,
Not interest for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard:
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd, 25
But only by the ears engag'd;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they've none;
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly' appears. 30
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to be out of season:
For now there was no more to purchase 35
O' th' King's revenue, and the Church's,
But all divided, shar'd and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on;
Which forc'd the stubborn't for the Cause,
To cross the cudgels to the laws, 40
That what by breaking them they 'ad gain'd,
By their support might be maintain'd;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry;
For Presbyter and Independent 4
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant;
Laid out their apostolic functions
On carnal Orders and Injunctions;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On Outlawries and *Seire facias*;
At Michael's term had many trial, 5
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.
For when, like brethren, and like friends, 55
They came to share their dividends,
And every partner to possess
His church and state joint-purchases,
In which the ablest Saint, and best,
Was nam'd in trust by all the rest 60
To pay their money, and, instead
Of every Brother, pass the deed,
He straight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy shifts.
And settled all the other shares 65
Upon his outward man and 's heirs;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,

deviates from order, time, and uniformity, and deserts his principal actors: he purposely sends them out of the way, that we may attend to a lively representation of the principles and politics of Presbyterians, Independents, and Republicans, upon the dawning of the Restoration. He sets before us a full view of the treachery and underminings of each faction; and sure it is with pleasure we see the fears and commotions they were in upon the happy declension of their tyrannical power and government. All these occurrences are fully and faithfully related in this Canto, and the several facts are warranted by history.

And pass'd upon his conscience
By pre-entail of Providence;
Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
That had no titles to estates,
But by their spiritual attainments
Degraded from the right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With law and conscience to fall on,
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As th' Utter barrister of Swanwick;
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old,
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all un sanctify'd Trustees;
Till he who had no more to show
I' th' cause, receiv'd the overthrow;
Or, both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.
Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a reformed Saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up teach down,
And make those uses serve again
Against the new enlighten'd men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier;
Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic
As pat as Popish and Prelatic;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
The Good old Cause, which some believe
To be the devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with New Light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for better or worse;
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of doore.
The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of Reformation,
A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid;
Were free of every spiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)
No sooner got the start, to lurch
Both disciplines of War and Church,

Ver. 78.] W. Prynne, a voluminous writer.

Ver. 118.] The officers and soldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was fam'd for a preacher, and has a sermon * in print, intitled, *Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conscientious Exercise, held at Sir Peter Temple's in Lincoln's Inn-fields, upon Rom. xiii. 1.* in which are the following flowers of rhetoric: "Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true, this text is a malignant one; the wicked and ungodly have

And Providence enough to run
The chief commanders of them down,
But carry'd on the war against
The common enemy o' th' Saints,
And in a while prevailed so far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themselves as they 'ad before.
For now there was no foe in arms
T' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, themselves, at home,
Who 'ad compas'd all they pray'd and swore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,

85
"abused it very much; but, thanks be to God
"it was to their own ruin.

90
"But now that I spoke of kings, the question
"is, Whether by the *higher powers*, are meant
"kings or commoners? Truly, beloved, it is a
"very great question among those that are
"learned: for may not every one that can read
"observe, that Paul speaks in the plural number,
95
"*higher powers*? Now had he meant subjection to
"a king, he would have said, "Let every soul
"be subject to the *higher power*," if he had meant
"one man; but by this you see he meant more
"than one: he bid us "be subject to the *higher*
100
"*powers*," that is, the Council of State, the House
"of Commons, and the Army." Ib. p. 3.

* This, however, is now well known to be an imposture. N.

105
When in the *Humble Petition* there was inserted
an article against public preachers being members
of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell excepted
against it expressly; "Because he (he said) was
"one, and divers officers of the army, by whom
110
"much good had been done—and therefore de-
"fired they would explain their article." (*Heath's*
"*Chronicle*, p. 408.)

Ib.] Sir Roger L'Estrange observes (*Reflection*
upon Poggius's *Fable of the Husband, Wife, and Ghostly*
115
Fa ber, part I. fab. 357.) upon the pretended
saints of those times, "That they did not set one
"step, in the whole tract of this iniquity, with-
"out seeking the Lord first, and going up to en-
"quire of the Lord, according to the cant of
"those days; which was no other than to make
"God the author of sin, and to impute the black-
"est practices of hell to the inspiration of the
"Holy Ghost."

It was with this pretext of seeking the Lord in
prayer, that Cromwell, Ireton, Harrison, and
others of the Regicides, cajoled General Fairfax,
who was determined to rescue the King from ex-
ecution, giving orders to have it speedily done; and,
when they had notice that it was over, persuaded
the General that this was a full return of prayer;
and, God having so manifested his pleasure,
they ought to acquiesce in it. (*Perkins's Life*
of King Charles I.)

Ver. 163.]
has our Po-
nized praises
faith and loy-
their constan-
be a compen-
with unwor-
Restoration,
Butler, alas!
but,

subdued the Nation, Church, and State,
 And all things but their laws and hate;
 But when they came to treat and transact,
 And share the spoil of all they 'ad ranfact,
 They set up what they 'ad torn and rent,
 Religion and the Government,
 They met no sooner but prepar'd
 To pull down all the war had spar'd;
 Agreed in nothing, but, t' abolish,
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish:
 For knaves and fools being near of kin,
 As Dutch boors are t' a footerkin,
 Both parties join'd to do their best
 To damn the public interest,
 And herded only in consults,
 To put by one another's bolts:
 T' out-cant the Babylonian labourers,
 At all their dialects of jabberers,
 And tug at both ends of the saw,
 To tear down government and law.
 First two cheats, that play one game,
 Are both defeated of their aim;
 So those who play a game of state,
 And only cavil in debate,
 Although there's nothing lost nor won,
 The public business is undone;
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.

Thus when the Royalists perceiv'd,
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd
 And own'd the right they had paid down
 So dearly for, the Church and Crown)
 They united constant, and sided
 The more, the more their foes divided;
 For though out-number'd, overthrown,
 And by the fate of war run down,
 Their duty never was defeated,
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
 For loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the game;
 True as the dial to the sun,
 Although it be not shin'd upon.
 But when these Brethren in evil,
 Their adversaries, and the devil,
 Began once more to shew them play,
 And hopes, at least, to have a day,
 They rally'd in parades of woods,
 And unrequited solitudes;
 Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,
 T' appoint new-rising rendezvous,
 And, with a pertinacy unmatch'd,
 For new recruits of danger watch'd.

Ver. 163.] What a lasting monument of fame
 has our Poet raised to the Royalists! What mer-
 rited praises does he bestow on their unshaken
 faith and loyalty! How happily does he applaud
 their constancy and sufferings! If any thing can
 be a compensation to those of that party, who met
 with unworthy disregard and neglect after the
 Restoration, it must be this never-dying eulogy.
 Butler, alas! was one of that unfortunate num-
 ber.

135 No sooner was one blow diverted,
 But up another party started!
 And, as if Nature, too, in haste
 To furnish out supplies as fast, 190
 Before her time had turn'd destruction
 T' a new and numerous production;
 No sooner those were overcome,
 But up rose others in their room,
 That, like the Christian faith, increast 195
 The more, the more they were suppress'd;
 Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
 Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
 Nor all the desperate events
 Of former try'd experiments, 200
 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
 To leave off loyalty and dangling,
 Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
 From venturing to maintain the right,
 From staking life and fortune down 205
 'Gainst all together, for the Crown;
 But kept the title of their cause
 From forfeiture, like claims in laws;
 And prov'd no prosperous usurpation
 Can ever settle on the nation; 210
 Until, in spite of force and treason,
 They put their loyalty in possession;
 And, by their constancy and faith,
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
 Toss'd in a furious hurricane, 215
 Did Oliver give up his reign,

165
 Ver. 201, 202.] The brave spirit of loyalty
 was not to be suppressed by the most barbarous
 and inhuman usage. There are several remark-
 able instances upon record; as that of the gal-
 lant Marquis of Montrose, the loyal Mr. Ger-
 rard, and Mr. Vowel, in 1654; of Mr. Penrud-
 dock, Grove, and others, who suffered for their
 loyalty at Exeter, 1654-5; of Captain Reynolds,
 who had been of the King's party, and, when he
 was going to be turned off the ladder, cried,
 God bless King Charles; *Vive le Roy*; of Dalgelly,
 one of Montrose's party, who being sentenced
 to be beheaded, and being brought to the scaffold,
 ran and kissed it, and, without any speech or
 ceremony, laid down his head upon the block,
 and was beheaded; of the brave Sir Robert
 Spotswood; of Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Port-
 man, who were committed to the Tower the be-
 ginning of February 1657, for dispersing among
 the soldiers what were then called *seditions* books
 and pamphlets.

Nor ought the loyalty of the six countries of
 North Wales to be passed over in silence, who
 never address'd or petitioned during the Usur-
 pation; nor the common soldier mentioned in
 the *Oxford Diurnal*, first Week, p. 6. See more
 in the story of the *Impertinent Sheriff*, L'Estrange's
Fables, part II. fab. 265. Mr. Butler, or Mr.
 Prynne, speaking of the gallant behaviour of the
 Loyalists, says, "Other nations would have ca-
 noniz'd for martyrs, and erected statues after
 their death, to the memory of some of our

And was believ'd as well by Saints
As mortal men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry;

220

"compatriots, whom ye have barbarously defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other motive than their undaunted zeal."

Ver. 215, 216.] At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. It is observed, in a tract intitled, *No Fool to the old Fool*, L'Estrange's *Apology*, p. 39. "That Oliver, after a long course of treason, murder, sacrilege, perjury, rapine, &c. finished his accursed life in agony and fury, and without any mark of true repentance." Though most of our historians mention the hurricane at his death, yet few take notice of the storm in the northern counties, that day the House of Peers ordered the digging up his carcase, with other regicides. The author of the *Parley between the Ghost of the late Protector and the King of Sweden in Hell*, 1666, p. 19, merrily observes, "That he was even so turbulent and feditious there, that he was chain'd, by way of punishment, in the general pissing-place next the court-door, with a strict charge that nobody that made water thereabouts should piss any where but against his body."

Ver. 220.] The news of Oliver's death being brought to those who were met to pray for him, Mr. Peter Sterry stood up, and desired them not to be troubled, "For (said he) this is good news, because if he was of use to the people of God when he was amongst us, he will be much more so now, being ascended into heaven, at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all occasions." Dr. South make mention of an Independent divine, (*Sermons*, Vol. I. sermon iii. p. 102.) who, when Oliver was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, "That God revealed to him that he should recover, and live thirty years longer; for that God had raised him up for a work which could not be done in less time: but Oliver's death being published two days after, the said divine publicly, in his prayers, expostulated with God the defeat of his prophecy in these words, "Thou hast lied unto us; yea, thou hast lied unto us."

So familiar were those wretches with God Almighty, that Dr. Echard observes of one of them, "That he pretended to have got such an interest in Christ, and such an exact knowledge of affairs above, that he could tell the people that he had just before received an express from Jesus upon such a business, and that the ink was scarce dry upon the paper."

Ver. 224.] After the Restoration Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster-hall; near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *Heaven*.

Who, in a false erroneous dream,
Mistook the New Jerusalem
Profanely for th' apocryphal
False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious reliques to translate:
So Romulus was seen before
By' as orthodox a senator,
From whose divine illumination
He stole the pagan revelation.

22

230

Next him his son and heir apparent
Succeeded, though a lame viceregent,
Who first laid by the Parliament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then sunk underneath the State,
That rode him above horseman's weight.

235

Ver. 231, 232.] Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the same time, from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognized him Lord Protector; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partizans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

What opinion the world had of him we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his visit into the Prince of Conti at Pezenas; who received him civilly, as he did all strangers, and particularly the English; and, after a few words (not knowing who he was) the Prince began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the king, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him; which the other answered according to the truth. "Well, said the Prince, Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command: but for that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, he was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool? How is it possible he could be such a sot?" He answered, "That he was betrayed by those he most trusted, and had been most obliged to his father." So being weary of his visit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly; and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated so well. Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Vol. III. p. 519. See a curious anecdote of Richard Cromwell in Dr. Maty's *Memoirs of Lord Chilterfield*.

Ver. 237.] A sneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon observes) "was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe him-

And
For w
And t
To fee
Delic
Of m
And fr
Should
To ed
Or Jo
Who, t
Upon
Was m
Of all
And n
Whoe
For, w
Not on
But fou
From f
While e
Strove
And it
Were f
For, th
And ma
Yet mar
Are fou
And m
As dow
Some
But all
Unlefs k
For Flee

"self in
"ton ac
"time b
"over
"years.
"Ver.
"That
"Culper
"total f
"that in
"predic
"they f
"down
"all our
"Engl
"crab
"root
"inn no
"Ver. 2
"in the
"That
"rather
"in Eng
"but oth
"Ver. 2
"men, w
"well and

And now the Saints began their reign,
 For which they 'ad yearn'd so long in vain,
 And telt such bowel hankerings,
 To see an empire all of kings,
 Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
 Of justice, government and law,
 And free t' erect what spiritual cantons
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,
 To edify upon the ruins
 Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
 Who, for a weather-cock hung up
 Upon their mother church's top,
 Was made a type by Providence,
 Of all their revelations since,
 And now fulfill'd by their successors,
 Who equally mistook their measures.
 For, when they came to shape the model,
 Not one could fit another's noddle;
 But found their Light and Gifts more wide
 From fading, than th' unanctify'd;
 While every individual Brother
 Strove hand to fist against another,
 And still the maddest, and most crackt,
 Were found the busiest to tranfact;
 For, though most hands dispatch apace
 And make light work (the proverb says)
 Yet many different intellects
 Are found t' have contrary effects;
 And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,
 As slowest insects have most legs.
 Some were for setting up a king,
 But all the rest for no such thing,
 Unless king Jesus: others tamper'd
 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert: 270

"self inspired; which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth, for a thousand years."

Ver. 241, 242.] Dr. James Young observes, "That two Jesuitical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so confident, *anno* 1652, of the total subversion of the law and gospel-ministry, that in their scurrilous prognostications they predicted the downfall of both; and, in 1654, they foretold that the laws should be pulled down to the ground,—the Great Charter, and all our liberties, destroyed, as not suiting with Englishmen; in their blessed times; that the crab-tree of the law should be pulled up by the roots, and grow no more, there being no reason now we should be governed by them."

Ver. 267, 268.] Harry Martyn, in his speech, in the debate *Whether a King or no King*, said, "That if they must have a King, they had rather have had the last than any gentleman in England. He found no fault in his person, but office."

Ver. 269.] Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy-men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell and set up King Jesus.

Some for the Rump; and some, more crafty,
 For Agitators, and the Safety:
 Some for the Gospel, and massacres
 Of spiritual Affidavit-makers,
 That swore to any human regence 275
 Oaths of supremacy and allegiance;
 Yea, though the ablest swearing Saint,
 That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant:
 Others for pulling down th' high-places
 Of Synods and Provincial Classes, 280
 That us'd to make such hostile inroads
 Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
 Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
 And th' extirpation of th' Excise;
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage 285
 Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage:
 Some for the cutting down of Groves,
 And rectifying bakers' Loaves;
 And some for finding out expedients
 Against the slavery of Obedience: 290
 Some were for Gospel-ministers,
 And some for Red-coat seculars,
 As men most fit t' hold-forth the Word,
 And wield the one and th' other sword:
 Some were for carrying on the Work 295
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk:
 Some for engaging to suppress
 The camifado of Surplices,

Ver. 269, 270. *Others tamper'd—For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert.*] Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general: he married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's second daughter; was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper house: his salary supposed to be 6600*l.* a year.—Desborough, a yeoman of 60 or 70 *l.* per annum; some say a plowman. Bennet, speaking to Desborough says, "When your Lordship was a plowman, and wore high shoon—Ha! how the Lord raiseth some men, and depresseth others."—Desborough married Cromwell's sister, cast away his spade, and took up a sword, and was made a colonel; was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the protectorship; upon which he was made one of his council, a General at Sea, and Major-general of divers counties of the west; and was one of Oliver's upper house. His annual income was 3236*l.* 13*s.* and 4*d.*

Ibid. Lambert.] Lambert, in the first edition 1678. Altered 1684. He was one of the Rump Generals, and a principal opposer of General Monk in the Restoration of King Charles II. The writer of the *Narrative of the late Parliament* so called, 1657, p. 9. observes, "That Major-general Lambert, as one of Oliver's council, had 1000*l.* per annum, which with his other places, in all amounted to 6512*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*"

Ver. 272. *Agitators.*] In 1647, the Army made choice of a set number of officers, which they called the *General Council of Officers*; and the common soldiers made choice of three or four of

That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
 And turn'd to th' outward man the inward: 300
 More proper for the cloudy night
 Of Popery than Gospel-light:
 Others were for abolishing
 That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
 With which th' un sanctify'd bridegroom 305
 Is marry'd only to a thumb
 (As wife as ringing of a pig,
 That us'd to break up ground, and dig);
 The bride to nothing but her will,
 That nulls her after-marriage still: 310
 Some were for th' utter extirpation
 Of Linsey-wolsey in the nation;
 And some against all idolising
 The Cross in shop-books, or Baptising:
 Others, to make all things recant 315
 The Christian or surname of Saint,
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,
 The holy title to renounce:
 Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,
 And bringing down the price of Coals: 320
 Some for abolishing black-pudding,
 And eating nothing with the blood in;
 To abrogate them root and branches;
 While others were for eating Haunches
 Of warriors, and, now and then, 325
 The Flesh of kings and mighty men:
 And some for breaking of their Bones
 With rods of iron, by secret ones;
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells
 For hallowing carriers' packs and bells; 330
 Things that the legend never heard of,
 But made the Wicked fore afraid of.

each regiment, mostly corporals and serjeants, who were called by the name of *Agitators*, and were to be a House of Commons to the council of officers: these drew up a Declaration, that they would not be disbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full provision made for liberty of conscience,

Ver. 308. *That us'd to.*] *That is to,* edition 1678. *That us'd to,* editions 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Altered 1710, as it stands here.

Ver. 317, 318.] The mayor of Colchester banished one of that town for a malignant and a cavalier, in the year 1643, whose name was Parsons; and gave this learned reason for this exemplary piece of justice, that it was an ominous name.

Ver. 323.] This was the spirit of the times. There was a proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's Army, to expose them to the fire of the enemy; and one Gourdon moved, "That the Lady Capel, and her children, and the Lady Norwich, might be sent to the General with the same directions, saying, their husbands would be careful of their safety; and when divers opposed so barbarous a motion, and alledged that Lady Capel was great with child, near her time, Gourdon pressed it the more eagerly, as if he had taken the General "for a man mid-wife." Nay, it was debated at

The quacks of government (who fate
 At th' unregarded helm of state,
 And understood this wild confusion 335
 Of fatal madness and delusion,
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,
 Portend destruction to be nigh)
 Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
 And save their wind-pipes from the law; 340
 For one rencounter at the bar
 Was worse than all they 'ad 'scap'd in war;
 And therefore met in consultation
 To cant and quack upon the nation;
 Not for the sickly patient's sake,
 Nor what to give, but what to take; 345
 To feel the pulses of their fees,
 More wise than fumbling arteries;
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
 And from the grave recover—Gain. 350
 'Mong these there was a politician
 With more heads than a beast in vision,
 And more intrigues in every one
 Than all the whores of Babylon;
 So politic, as if one eye 355
 Upon the other were a spy,
 That, to trepan the one to think
 The other blind, both strove to blink;
 And in his dark pragmatic way
 As busy as a child at play. 360

"a council of war, to massacre and put to the sword all the King's party: the question put was carried in the negative but by two votes." "Their endeavour was, how to diminish the number of their opposites, the Royalists and the Presbyterians, by a massacre; for which purpose many dark-lanterns were provided last winter, 1649; which coming to the common rumour of the Town, put them in danger of the infamy and hatred that would overwhelm them; so this was laid aside." A bill was brought in, 1656, for decimating the Royalists, but thrown out. And this spirit was but too much encouraged by their clergy. Mr. Caryl, in a *Thanksgiving Sermon* before the Commons, April 23, 1644, p. 46. says, "If Christ will let up his kingdom upon the carcasses of the slain, it will become all elders to rejoice and give thanks. Cut them down with the sword of justice, root them out, and consume them with fire, that no root may spring up again."

Of this spirit was Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham, in Suffolk, who, in a prayer, July 13, 1641. or 1642, has the following remarkable words: "Lord, if no composition will end the controversy between the King and the Parliament, but the King and his party will have blood, let them drink of their own cup; let their blood be spilled like water; let their blood be sacrificed to thee, O God, for the sins of our nation."

Ver. 351.] This was Sir Anthony-Ashley Cooper, who complied with every change in those times.

He 'ad f
 And ha
 Was for
 But bar
 For, by t
 He mad
 Play'd tr
 His conf
 For, by t
 Transfor
 By giving
 He never
 But got t
 And, at a
 Could tur
 As many
 By turnin
 Int' high
 For when
 Instead of
 And pass
 He play'd
 But being
 To mount
 Would str
 The public
 So little di
 The desper
 For, when
 For frauds
 Had forc'd
 To thev his
 And, when
 For art and
 So right his
 And made a
 And both to
 At deeds of
 As th' earth
 By vermin in
 By all thes
 He 'ad par
 Our state-ar
 Which way t

Ver. 420.]
 miller's mind
 rebellion in t
 Sir William
 rigorous man
 him to be ha
 went off, told
 gentlemen wo
 if they enqui
 to say that he
 according to
 miller, the po
 miller. Upon
 servants to seiz
 tree; which te
 him cry out, I
 man. The Pri
 "take him at
 "miller, thou

He 'ad seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in every one;
Was for them, and against them all,
But barbarous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his interest with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd:
For, by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble state-camelion,
By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of every state,
And, at a change, ne'er came too late;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith
As many ways as in a lath;
By turning wriggle, like a screw:
Int' highest trust, and out, for new:
For when he 'ad happily incurr'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went;
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The public ruin, and his own;
So little did he understand
The desperate feats he took in hand,
For, when he 'ad got himself a name
For frauds and tricks, he spoil'd his game;
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
To throw his play at fast and loose;
And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
For art and subtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together most profound
At deeds of darkness under ground;
As th' earth is easiest undermin'd,
By vermin impotent and blind.
By all these arts, and many more
He 'ad parctis'd long and much before,
Our state-artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw:

For, as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints;
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And, better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons;
So guilty sinners, in a state,
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a shower of rain:
He, therefore, wisely cast about
All ways he could t' insure his throat,
And hither came, t' observe and smoke
What courses other riskers took,
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself, and hang the rest.
To match this Saint there was another,
As busy and perverse a Brother,
An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and state affairs;
More Jew than Rabbi Achithophel,
And better gifted to rebel;
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
The Cause, aloft upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So suddenly addicted still
To 's only principle, his will,
That, whatso'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'barn,
Could render half a grain less stubborn;
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' harangue;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle;
In which his parts were so accomplish'd,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust;
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;
And with its everlasting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to picqueer,

Ver. 420.] Sir A. Ashley Cooper was of the miller's mind who was concerned in the Cornish rebellion in the year 1558: he, apprehending that Sir William Kingston, Provost-marshal, and a rigorous man upon that occasion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree before he went off, told his servant that he expected some gentlemen would come a-fishing to the mill, and, if they enquired for the miller, he ordered him to say that he was the miller. Sir William came according to expectation, and inquiring for the miller, the poor harmless servant said he was the miller. Upon which the Provost ordered his servants to seize him, and hang him upon the next tree: which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out, I am not the miller, but the miller's man. The Provost told him, "That he would take him at his word: if (says he) thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and rebel;—and

"if thou art the miller's man, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to hang for him:" and, without more ceremony, he was executed.

Ver. 421.] This character exactly suits John Lilburn, and no other, especially the 437, 438, 439, and 440th lines: for it was said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, "That if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn:" which part of his character gave occasion for the following lines at his death;

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?
Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.
Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,
Let them not both in one grave buried be:
Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,
For if they both should meet they would fall out.

And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
 When he engag'd in controversy;
 Not by the force of carnal reason,
 But indefatigable teasing;
 With volleys of eternal babble,
 And clamour, more unanswerable.
 For though his topics, frail and weak,
 Could ne'er amount above a freak,
 He still maintain'd them, like his faults,
 Against the desperat'ft assaults.
 And back'd their feeble want of sense
 With greater heat and confidence:
 As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
 The more they're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer.
 Yet, when his profit moderated,
 The fury of his heat abated;
 For nothing but his interest
 Could lay his devil of contest:
 It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
 T' espouse the cause for better or worse,
 And with his worldly goods and wit,
 And soul and body, worship'd it:
 But when he found the fullen trapes
 Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps;
 The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
 Not half so full of jadish tricks;
 Though squeamish in her outward woman,
 As loose and rampant as Dol Common;
 He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater;
 And still, the skittisher and looser
 Her freaks appear'd, to fit the closer:
 For fools are stubborn in their way,
 As coins are harden'd by th' alloy;
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
 These two, with others, being met,
 And clofe in consultation set,
 After a discontented pause,
 And not without sufficient cause,
 The orator we nam'd of late,
 Less troubled with the pangs of state
 Than with his own impatience
 To give himself first audience,
 After he had a while look'd wife,
 At last broke silence, and the ice.
 Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
 Our last outgoings brought about,
 More than to see the characters
 Of real jealousies and fears,
 Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
 Scor'd upon every Member's forehead;
 Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
 And threaten sudden change of weather,
 Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
 And revolutions in their corns;

* Ver. 485, 486.] This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London. I heartily wish the Poet had introduced the worthy Sir Hudibras into this grand assembly; his presence would have continued an uniformity in this Poem, and been very pleasing to the spectator. His natural

And, since our workings-out are crost,
 Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
 Was it to run away we meant
 When, taking of the covenant,
 The lamest cripples of the Brothers
 Took oaths to run before all others,
 But, in their own sense, only swore
 To strive to run away before,
 And now would prove, that words and oath
 Engage us to renounce them both?
 'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch,
 Between a right and mongrel-church,
 The Presbyter and Independent,
 That stickle which shall make an end on't;
 As 'twas made out to us the last
 Expedient,—(I mean Margaret's fast)
 When Providence had been suborn'd
 What answer was to be return'd:
 Else why should tumults fright us now,
 We have so many times gone through
 And understand as well to tame
 As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all engagements of the rabble;
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
 With drums and rattles, like a child,
 But never prov'd so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us;
 For all our scouring of religion
 Began with tumults and sedition;
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion
 Became strong motives to devotion
 (As carnal famen, in a storm,
 Turn pious converts, and reform);
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
 And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,
 Made bills to pass the Grand Committee;
 When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
 Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,
 And made the Church, and Sate, and Laws,
 Submit t' old iron, and the Cause.
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
 So might be better now again,
 If we knew how, as then we did,
 To use them rightly in our need:
 Tumults, by which the mutinous
 Betray themselves instead of us;
 The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
 And close malignant are detected;
 Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
 For pledges to secure our own;

propension to loquacity would certainly have exerted itself on so important an occasion; and his rhetoric and jargon would not have been less politic or entertaining than that of the two orators here characterised.

Ver. 521.] Alluding to the impudence of those pretended saints, who frequently directed God Almighty what answers he should return to their prayers. Mr. Shuteon Ash was called the *God-challenger*.

Ver. 600.] This is false print or exempt, which time.

Vol. II.

And freely sacrifice their ears
 T' appease our jealousies and fears:
 And yet for all these providences
 We are offer'd, if we had our senses,
 We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
 Our hands committed to our pockets,
 And nothing but our tongues at large,
 To get the wretches a discharge;
 Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
 Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;
 Or fools besotted with their crimes,
 That know not how to shift betimes,
 That neither have the hearts to stay,
 Nor wit enough to run away;
 Who, if we could resolve on either,
 Might stand or fall at least together;
 No mean nor trivial solaces
 To partners in extreme distress;
 Who use to lessen their despair
 By parting them int' equal shares;
 As if, the more they were to bear,
 They felt the weight the easier;
 And every one the gentler hung,
 The more he took his turn among.
 But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
 If we had courage left, or wit,
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,
 Are fited for the bravest courie.
 Have time to rally, and prepare
 Our last and best defence, despair:
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
 Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
 And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
 By being courageously outbrav'd;
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
 And poisons by themselves expell'd:
 And so they might be now again,
 If we were, what we should be, men;
 And not so dully desperate,
 To side against ourselves with Fate:
 As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
 This comes of breaking Covenants,
 And setting up exauns of Saints,
 That sine, like aldermen, for grace,
 To be excus'd the effience:
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,
 That mount their banks, for independent,
 To hang, like Mahomet, in the air,
 Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
 By pure geometry, and hate
 Dependence upon church or state:
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
 And, since obedience is better
 (The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
 Presume the less on 't will suffice;
 And scorn to have the moderat'st flints
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
 Or any opinion, true or false,
 Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals;

But left at large to make their best on,
 Without being call'd t' account or question:
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,
 As Whittington explain'd the bells;
 And bid themselves turn back again
 Lord Mayor's of New Jerusalem;
 But look so big and overgrown,
 They scorn their edifiers to own,
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
 Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions,
 Bestow'd their gifts upon a Saint,
 Like charity, on those that want;
 And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes;
 For which they scorn and hate them worse
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders:
 For who first bred them up to pray,
 And teach the House of Commons' way?
 Where had they all their gifted phrases
 But from our Calamies and Cafes?
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
 Their Dispensations had been stifled,
 But for our Adoniram Byfield;
 And, had they not begun the war,
 They had ne'er been faintest as they are:
 For Saints in peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate;
 Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,
 Without the power of sacrifice:
 And though they've tricks to cast their sins,
 As easy as serpents do their skins,
 That in a while grow out again,
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,
 And, from the most resind of Saints,
 As naturally grow miscreants
 As barnacles turn soland geese
 In th' islands of th' Orcaides.
 Their Dispensation 's but a ticket
 For their conforming to the Wicked,
 With whom the greatest difference
 Lies more in words and shew than sense:
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,
 Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well;
 And, if the world has any troth,
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.

Ver. 636.] Calamy and Cafe were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were amongst the Independents.

Ver. 640.] *Adoniram Byfield*. He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines; and, no doubt, for his great zeal and pains-taking in his office, he had the profit of printing the *Directory*, the copy whereof was sold for 400*l*. though, when printed, the price was but three-pence.

Ver. 648.] It is an observation made by many writers upon the Assembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the Bible they cautiously avoid speaking upon the subject of sacrifice.

Ver. 660.] *And setting up exauns of Saints*. This is false printed; it should be written *exempts*, or *exempt*, which is a French word, pronounced *exempt*.

But that which does them greatest harm,
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,
 Which puts the over heated fots
 In fever still, like other goats;
 For though the Whore bends heretics
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
 Our Schismatics so vastly differ,
 Th' hotter they 're they grow the stiffer;
 Still setting off their spiritual goods
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds;
 For Zeal 's a dreadful termagant,
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant;
 And Independents to profess
 The doctrine of Dependences;
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
 To Rawheads fierce and Bloodybones;
 And, not content with endless quarrels
 Against the Wicked and their morals,
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,
 Divert their rage upon themselves.
 For, now the war is not between
 The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
 But Saint and Saint, to spill the blood
 Of one another's Brotherhood,
 Where neither side can lay pretence
 To liberty of conscience,
 Or, zealous suffering for the Cause,
 To gain one groat's-worth of applause;
 For, though endur'd with resolution,
 'Twill ne'er amount to perfection.
 Shall precious Saints, and secret ones,
 Break one another's outward bones,
 And eat the flesh of Brethren,
 Instead of kings and mighty men?
 When fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greater elves?
 When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
 And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
 When savage bears agree with bears,
 Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,
 And not atone their fatal wrath,
 When common danger threatens both?
 Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold?
 And Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
 No notice of the danger take?
 But though no power of heaven or hell
 Can pacify fanatic zeal,
 Who would not guess there might be hopes,
 The fear of gallowses and ropes,
 Before their eyes, might reconcile
 Their animosities a while,
 At least until they 'ad a clear stage,
 And equal freedom to engage,
 Without the danger of surprise
 By both our common enemies?
 This none but we alone could doubt,
 Who understand their workings-out,
 And know them, both in soul and conscience,
 Given up t' as reprobate a nonsense
 As spiritual outlaws, whom the power
 Of miracle can ne'er restore.
 We whom at first they set-up under
 In revelation only of plunder,
 Who since have had so many trials
 Of their incroaching self-dentials,

That rook'd upon us with design
 To out-reform and undermine;
 Took all our interests and commands
 Perfidiously out of our hands;
 Involve'd us in the guilt of blood,
 Without the motive-gains allow'd,
 And made us serve as ministerial;
 Like younger sons of Father Belial:
 And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong
 They 'ad done us and the Cause so long,
 We never fail'd to cary on
 The Work still, as we had begun;
 But true and faithfully obey'd;
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
 Nor troubled them to drop our ears,
 Nor hang us, like the Cavaliers;
 Nor put them to the charge of jails,
 To find us pillories and carts'-tails,
 Or hangman's wages, which the state
 Was forc'd before them to be at:
 That cut, like tallies to the stumps,
 Our ears for keeping true accompts,
 And burnt our vessels, like a new
 Seal'd peck, or bushel, for being true;
 But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
 Held for the Cause against all others,
 Disdaining equally to yield
 One syllable of what we held.
 And, though we differ'd now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,
 Our inward men, and constant frame
 Of spirit, still were near the fame;
 And till they first began to cant,
 And sprinkle down the Covenant,
 We ne'er had call in any place,
 Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace;
 But join'd our Gifts perpetually
 Against the common enemy,
 Although 'twas our and their opinion,
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon;
 And yet for all this Gospel-union,
 And outward shew of Church-communion,
 They'd ne'er admit us to our shares,
 Of ruling church or state affairs,
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
 T' our own conditions of repentance;
 But shar'd our dividend o' the Crown
 We had so painfully preach'd down,
 And forc'd us, though against the grain,
 T' have calls to teach it up again;
 For 'twas but justice to restore
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
 And when 'twas held forth in our way,
 We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;
 Who, for the right we've done the nation,
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
 And put our vessels in a way,
 Once more, to come again in play:
 For if the turning of us out
 Has brought this providence about,
 And that our only suffering
 Is able to bring-in the King,
 What would our actions not have done,
 Had we been suffer'd to go on?
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,
 At least, in carrying on th' affair;

But whether that be so or not,
 We've done enough to have it thought,
 And that 's as good as if we 'ad done 't,
 And easier pass'd upon account;
 For if it be but half deny'd,
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.
 The world is naturally averse
 To all the truth it sees or hears,
 But swallows nonsense, and a lye,
 With greediness and gluttony;
 And though it have the pique, and long,
 'Tis still for something in the wrong;
 As women long, when they're with child,
 For things extravagant and wild;
 For meats ridiculous and fustome.
 But seldom any thing that 's wholesome;
 And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles,
 And what they're confidently told,
 By no sense else can be controul'd.
 And this, perhaps, may prove the means
 Once more to hedge in Providence.
 For, as relapses make diseases
 More desperate than their first accesses,
 If we but get again in power,
 Our work is easier than before,
 And we more ready and expert
 I th' mystery, to do our part;
 We, who did rather undertake
 The first war to create than make;
 And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
 Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on;
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,
 With plots and projects of our own;
 And if we did such feats at first,
 What can we, now we're better vers'd?
 Who have a freer latitude,
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd;
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,
 On fairest terms, our Discipline;
 To which it was reveal'd long since
 We were ordain'd by Providence,
 When three Saints' ears, our predecessors,
 The Cause's primitive confessors,
 Being crucify'd, the nation stood
 In just so many years of blood,
 That, multiply'd by Six, express'd
 The perfect number of the Beast,
 And prov'd that we must be the men
 To bring this work about again;
 And those who laid the first foundation,
 Complete the thorough Reformation:
 For who have gifts to carry on
 So great a work, but we alone;
 What Churches have such able pastors,
 And precious, powerful, preaching Masters?
 Possess'd with absolute dominions
 O'er Brethren's piques and opinions?
 And, trusted with the double keys
 Of heaven and their warehouses;

Ver. 841.] Barton, Prynne, and Eastwicke,
 three notorious ringleaders of the factions, just
 at the beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

Who, when the Cause is in distress,
 Can furnish out what sums they please,
 That brooding lie in banker's hands,
 To be dispos'd at their commands,
 And daily' increase and multiply
 With Doctrine, Use and Usury;
 Can fetch-in parties (as, in war,
 All other heads of cattle are)
 From th' enemy of all religions,
 As well as high and low conditions,
 And share them, from blue ribbands, down
 To all blue aprons in the town:
 From ladies hurried in calleches,
 With cornets at their footmen's breeches,
 To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
 All guts and belly, like a crab,
 Our party's great, and better ty'd
 With oaths, and trade, than any side;
 Has one considerable improvement
 To double fortify the Covenant;
 I mean our Covenant to purchase
 Delinquents' titles, and the Church's,
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
 Among ourselves, for current land,
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
 According to the rate of factions;
 Our best reserve for Reformation,
 When new Outgoings give occasion;
 That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,
 The Covenant (their creed) t' assert;
 And, when they've pack'd a Parliament,
 Will once more try th' expedient:
 Who can already muster friends
 To serve for members to our ends,
 That represent no part o' th' nation,
 But Fisher's-folly congregation;
 Are only tools to our intrigues,
 And sit like geese to hatch our eggs;
 Who, by their precedents of wit,
 T' outlast, outloiter, and outstir,
 Can order matters underhand,
 To put all business to a stand;
 Lay public bills aside for private,
 And make them one another drive out;
 Divert the great and necessary,
 With trifles to contest and vary;
 And make the nation represent,
 And serve for us in Parliament;
 Cut out more work than can be done
 In Plato's year, but finish none,
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,
 That always pass'd for fundamental;

Ver. 809.] Mr. Lenthal was Speaker to that
 House of Commons which begun the Rebellion,
 murdered the King, becoming then but the Rump,
 or sag-end of a House, and was turned out by
 Oliver Cromwell, restored after Richard was
 outed, and at last dissolved themselves at General
 Monk's command: and as his name was set to
 the ordinances of this House, these ordinances are
 here called the *Bulls of Lenthal*, in allusion to the
 Pope's bulls, which are humorously described by
 the author of *A Tale of a Tub*.

Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away and bandy;
Make Lords and Commons lay sieges
To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, th' only scope
And consolation of our hope;
Who, though we do not play the game,
Assist as much by giving aim;
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions, t' act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A seconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a casting voice comes to,
That turns up trump of *Aye* or *No*;
And, by adjusting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend:
An art that so much study cost,
And now 's in danger to be lost,
Unless our ancient virtuoso's,
That found it out, get into th' Houses,
These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or crook,
And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door.
Besides, the herds of Boutevuses
We set on work without the House,
When every knight and citizen
Kept legislative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points, of the rabble's sense,
And fill the lobbies of both Houses,
With politic important buzzes;
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack designs without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use;
Agree upon the plot of the farce,
And every one his part rehearse;
Make Q's of answers, to waylay
What th' other party 's like to say;
What repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;
And who shall break the master-jeit,
And what, and how, upon the rest:
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper slanders and seditions,
And treason for a token send,
By letter, to a country friend;
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit,
With falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betray,
Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He 's in his calling to be seen;
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth;

Ver. 934.] Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of ship-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer; which occasioned the ways to say, that the King carried it by *Hutton*, but not by *Crook*.

Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations:
For charlatans can do no good,
Until they 're mounted in a crowd;
And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't;
As long as confessors are sure
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution:
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In powdering-tubs their richest trade;
And, while they kept their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen;
Disdain to own the least regret,
For all the Christian blood we 've let;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain
Our title to do so again;
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy to our principles,
In time, will wear out all things else;
Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses;
While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths;
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they swung.
As they had turn'd from side to side;
And as the changeings lived they dy'd.
This said, th' impatient Statesinonger
Could now contain himself no longer,
Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
Against th' haranguer's politics.
With smart remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After h' had administer'd a dose
Of snuff munducous to his nose,
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of the outward jobbernoil,
He shook it with a scornful look
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke:
In dressing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols
With such insufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the King
And keeping of him oft one thing?
Which none could do, but those that swore
T' as point-blank' nonsense heretofore;
That to defend was to invade,
And to assassinate to aid.

Ver. 995, 996.] Dr. South remarks upon the Regicides, "That to sure did they make of heaven, and so fully reckoned themselves in the high road thither, that they never so much as thought that their Samitups should take Tyburn in the way."

Ver. 1004.] *Grimashee*, edition 1674. Altered 1684.

Ver. 1007.] *Infile of his soul*, in the first edition of 1678. Altered to *fall*, 1684, 1685 years after Mr. Butler's death.

Unless, I
(And th
No pow
And bri
A spirit
Most p
'Tis true,
To care
And wea
And heal
But whet
So much
Or wit
These wh
Indeed 's
Th' arrea
And, for
Y had up
Be us'd fo
As not to
For letting
To rage ju
And, setti
To burn t
For ventur
And cut th
And not be
To take the
Especially
Of self-den
Who, when
Can lay the
On those ye
And sprin
As we have
Of Christia
Is so our i
To damn ou
Till, findin
We like to
And win you
As well as
(He had
And nick'd
We drew th
Where y' ha
And brought
And 1602
Redem'd y
From perch
And rescue
From hangin
For which i
For Preb
Was freely
And not hav
These were
And scruple
To turn you
To him of co

Ver. 1006
From, who
Admonish

Unless, because you drove him out,
 (And that was never made a doubt)
 No power is able to restore
 And bring him in, but on your score:
 A spiritual doctrine, that conduces
 Most properly to all your uses.
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
 To cure the wounds the vermin made;
 And weapons dress'd with salves restore
 And heal the hurts they gave before:
 But whether Presbyterians have
 So much good-nature as the salve,
 Or virtue in them as the vermin,
 Those who have try'd them can determine.
 Indeed 'tis pity you should miss
 The arrears of all your services,
 And, for th' eternal obligation
 Yield upon th' ungrateful nation,
 Be so unconscionably hard,
 As not to find a just reward
 For letting rapine loose, and murder,
 To rage just so far, but no further,
 And, setting all the land on fire,
 To burn t' a scantling, but no higher;
 For venturing to assassinate
 And cut the throats of Church and State,
 And not be allow'd the fittest men
 To take the charge of both again;
 Especially that have the grace
 Of self-denying gifted face:
 Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
 On those you painfully trepann'd,
 And sprinkled in at second-hand;
 As we have been, to share the guilt
 Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt;
 For our ignorance was flamm'd,
 To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd;
 Till, finding your old foe, the hangman,
 We like to lurch you at Back-gammon,
 And win your necks upon the set,
 As well as ours, who did but bet
 How he had drawn your ears before,
 And nick'd them on the self-same score),
 We drew the box and dice away,
 Where y' had lost us at foul play,
 And brought you down to rook and lye,
 And spaz only on the bye;
 Redem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
 From perching upon lofty poles,
 And rescued all your outward traitors
 From hanging up, like alligators;
 From which ingenuously ye 've shew'd
 Your Presbyterian gratitude;
 Who freely have paid us home in kind,
 And not have been one rope behind.
 These were your motives to divide,
 And scruple, on the other side:
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
 To fits of conscience and remorse;

To be convince'd they were in vain,
 And face about for new again:
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
 Than maggots are convince'd to flies;
 And therefore all your Lights and Calls
 Are but apocryphal and false,
 To charge us with the consequences
 Of all your native insolences,
 That to your own imperious wills
 Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels;
 Corrupted the Old Testament,
 To serve the New for precedent;
 T' amend its errors and defects
 With murder and rebellion texts;
 Of which there is not any one
 In all the book to fow upon;
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
 Held Christian doctrine forth, and use;
 As Mahomet (your chief) began
 To mix them in the Alcoran;
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
 And bended elbows on the cushion;
 Stole from the beggars all your tones,
 And gifted mortifying groans;
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,
 As pigs are said to see the wind;
 Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
 And Knightbridge with illumination;
 Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
 As bad as Bloody bones or Lunsford.

Ver. 1086.] *Than maggots are convince'd to flies.*
 Thus it stands in all editions to 1710, exclusive,
 and then altered, *Than maggots when they turn*
to flies.

Ver. 1093.] This was done by a fanatical
 printer, in the seventh commandment; who
 printed it, *Thou shalt commit adultery*, and was
 fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High-com-
 mission Court.

Ver. 1112. *Or Lunsford.*] It was one of the ar-
 tifices of the Male-contents in the Civil war, to
 raise false alarms, and to fill the people full of
 frightful apprehensions. In particular they raised
 a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they
 conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel
 Lunsford. Lilburn glories, upon his trial, for
 being an incendiary on such occasions, and men-
 tions the tumult he raised against the innocent
 Colonel as a meritorious action: "I was once
 "arraigned (says he) before the House of Peers,
 "for sticking close to the liberties and privileges
 "of this nation, and those that stood for them,
 "being one of these two or three men that first
 "drew their swords in Westminster-hall against
 "Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his af-
 "fociates: at that time it was supposed they in-
 "tended to cut the throats of the chiefest men
 "then sitting in the House of Peers." And,
 to render him the more odious, they reported
 that he was of so brutal an appetite that he
 would eat children. And, to make this gen-
 tleman the more detestable, they made horrid
 pictures of him. Colonel Lunsford, after all,

Ver. 1065.] Alluding to the case of Mr.
 Prynne, who had his ears cropped twice for his
 seditious writings.

While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
 For being to malignants marry'd:
 Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs, 1115
 Whose husbands were not for the Cause;
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
 Because they came not out to battle;
 Made taylor's 'prentices turn heroes,
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz, 1120
 And rather forfeit their indentures,
 Than not espouse the Saints' adventures:
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
 Enchant the King's and Church's lands, 1125
 T' obey and follow your commands,
 And settle on a new freehold,
 As Marcy-hill had done of old;
 Could turn the Covenant, and translate
 The Gospel into spoons and plate:
 Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
 And open th' intricatest places;
 Could catechise a money-box,
 And prove all pouches orthodox;
 Until the Cause became a Damon, 1135
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon:
 And yet, in spite of all your charms
 To conjure Legion up in arms,
 And raise more devils in the rout,
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out,
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools,
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,
 Have made it plain they have more wit;
 By whom you've been so oft trepann'd,
 And held forth out of all command;
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
 And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on;
 Of all your Dispensations worm'd;
 Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd;
 1150 Ejected out of Church and State,
 And all things but the people's hate;
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments
 Of precious, edifying employments,
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155
 Like better bowlers, in your places:
 All which you bore with resolution,
 Charg'd on th' account of persecution;
 And though most righteously oppress'd,
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;
 1160 And never humm'd and hah'd Sedition,
 Nor snuff'd Treason, nor Misprision:
 That is, because you never dur'd
 For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
 Alas! you were no longer able 1165
 To raise your posse of the rabble:
 One single red-coat centinel
 Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse,
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and versé, 1170
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,
 To leave it ever in your powers,

was a person of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643.

Or trust our safeties or undoings,
 To your disposing of Outgoings,
 Or, to your ordering Providence, 1175
 One farthing's-worth of consequence.
 For had you power to undermine,
 Or wit to carry a design,
 Or correspondence to trepan,
 Inveigle, or betray one man, 1180
 There's nothing else that intervenes,
 And bars your zeal to use the means:
 And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,
 To bring in kings, or keep them out:
 Brave undertakers to restore, 1185
 That could not keep yourselves in power;
 T' advance the interests of the Crown,
 That wanted wit to keep your own.
 'Tis true ye have (for I'd be loth
 To wrong you) done your parts in both, 1190
 To keep him out, and bring him in,
 As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
 And sanctify'd impertinence,
 1195 Your carrying business in a huddle,
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model,
 Oblig'd the State to tack about,
 And turn you, root and branch, all out;
 To reformedo, one and all,
 1200 T' your great Croysado General:
 Your greedy flaving to devour,
 Before 'twas in your clutches, power:
 That sprung the game you were to set,
 Before ye 'ad time to draw the net:
 1205 Your spite to see the Church's lands
 Divided into other hands,
 And all your sacrilegious ventures
 Laid out in tickets and debentures:
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,
 1210 By under-churches in the Town,
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
 Nor th' Independents' spreading growths:
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true
 None bring him in so much as you,
 1215 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
 Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots;
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,
 Than all their own rash politics.
 And this way you may claim a share
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair; 1220
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
 From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns looke,
 And flies and mange, that set them free
 From task-masters and slavery,
 1225 Were likelier to do the feat,
 In any indifferent man's conceit:
 For who e'er heard of Restoration,
 Until your thorough Reformation?
 That is, the King's and Church's lands
 Were sequester'd int' other hands; 1230
 For only then, and not before,
 Your eyes were open'd to restore;
 And, when the work was carrying on,
 Who cross'd it but yourselves alone? 1235
 As by a world of hints appears,
 All plain, and extant, as your ears.
 But first, o' th' first: The life of Wight
 Will rise up, if you should deny 't,

Where
 Were to
 To pass
 Although
 Ver.
 in the y
 English
 one of v
 and the
 Henderfo
 byterian
 King to
 his Maje
 came pro
 purpose:
 as well a
 papers p
 several ti
 that the K
 one to a
 champion
 no hyper
 and Scot
 and made
 with gre
 sense of th
 author and
 friends an
 followed
 solemn dec
 of England
 "had bee
 "against
 "restore
 "and dign
 "tride li
 "ruin."
 tioning his
 his charity
 words: "w
 "world, w
 "State, I
 "man tha
 "my exp
 "was ofte
 "sefs of h
 "how he,
 "creations,
 "knowledg
 "vinced in
 "give him
 "invernefs
 "ever I fac
 "never me
 "and calm
 "his widdo
 "out an ext
 "I dare say
 "all the bi
 "that has
 "prevented
 Ver. 1242
 the context,

Where Henderfon, and th' other Masses,
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases:
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Although but paitry Ob and Sollers:

1240

As if th' unseasonable fools

Had been a coursing in the schools,
Until they 'ad prov'd the devil author, 1245
O' th' Covenant, and the Cause his daughter:
For, when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt,
They did not mean he wrought th' effusion
In person, like Sir Pride or Hughfon; 1250
But only those who first began
The quarrel were by him set on;
And who could those be but the Saints,
Those Reformation termagants?
But ere this pass'd, the wife debate 1255
Spent so much time it grew too late;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' inclose him with his warriors round;
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260

Nor had the Uxbridge business less
Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness;
When from a scoundrel holder-forth,
The scum as well as son o' th' earth,

designed as a character of Mr. Henderfon and his fellow disputants, who are called *Masses* (as *Mas* is an abridgment of *Master*) that is, young masters in divinity; and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars; particularly such as had studied controversies, as they are handled by little books or systems (of the Dutch and Geneva cut) where the authors represent their adversaries' arguments by small objections, and subjoin their own pitiful solutions. In the margin of these books may be seen *Ob* and *Sol*. Such mushroom-divines are ingeniously and compendiously called *Ob* and *Sollers*.

Ver. 1250. *Pride*.] *Pride* was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in secluding the members, in order to the King's trial; which great change was called Colonel *Pride's Purge*. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper house. He is called *Thomas Lord Pride*, in the commission for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewit, &c. Mr. Butler calls him *Sir Pride*, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being knighted; for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-stick instead of a sword.

Ibid. *Hughfon*.] He was a cobbler, went into the army, and was made a colonel; knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help to cobbler the crazy state of the nation, was made one of Oliver's upper house.

Ver. 1263.] This was Mr. Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King's commissioners met those of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there, on the 30th of January, against the treaty, and said, among other things, that "no good was to be expected from it, for that they meaning the King's commis-

Ver. 1239. *Where Henderfon*.] When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the English Parliament sent him some propositions, one of which was the abolition of Episcopacy, and the setting up Presbytery in its stead. Mr. Henderfon one of the chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to induce the King to agree to this proposition, it being what his Majesty chiefly stuck at. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpose: the controversy was debated in writing, as well as by personal conference, and several papers passed between them, which have been several times published; from which it appears, that the King, without books or papers, or any one to assist him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the Kirk (and, I think it will be no hyperbole if I add, for all the then English and Scotch Presbyterian teachers put together), and made him so far a convert, that he departed, with great sorrow, to Edinburgh, with a deep sense of the mischief of which he had been the author and abettor; and not only lamented to his friends and confidants, on his death-bed, which followed soon after, but likewise published a solemn declaration to the Parliament and Synod of England, in which he owned, "That they had been abused with most false aspersions against his Majesty, and that they ought to restore him to his full rights, royal throne, and dignity, lest an endless character of ingratitude lie upon them, that may turn to their ruin." As to the King himself, besides mentioning his justice, his magnanimity, his sobriety, his charity, and other virtues, he has these words: "I do declare, before God and the world, whether in relation to the Kirk or State, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man that ever I spake with, as far beyond my expression as expectation.—I profess I was oftentimes astonished with the quickness of his reasons and replies; wondered how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great knowledge; and must confess that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable satisfaction; yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper; which convinced me that his wisdom and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of divine grace. I dare say, if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that has been committed, would have been prevented."

Ver. 1242. *Ob and Sollers*.] Whoever considers the context, will find that *Ob* and *Sollers* are

Your mighty senators took law; 1265
 At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
 To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
 So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
 Th' espousers of your cause and monies, 1270
 Who had so often, in your aid,
 So many ways been soundly paid,
 Came in at last for better ends,
 To prove themselves your trusty friends,
 You safely left them and the Church 1275
 They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
 To fall before, as true Philistines.
 This shews what utensils y' have been,
 To bring the King's concerns in; 1280
 Which is so far from being true,
 That none but he can bring in you;
 And if he take you into trust,
 Will find you most exactly just,
 Such as will punctually repay 1285
 With double interest, and betray.
 Not that I think these pantomimes,
 Who vary action with the times,
 Are less ingenious in their art,
 Than those who dully act one part, 1290
 Or those who turn from side to side,
 More guilty than the wind and tide.
 All countries are a wife man's home,
 And so are governments to some,
 Who change them for the same intrigues 1295
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues;
 While others in old faiths and troths
 Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
 And nastier in an old opinion,
 Than those who never shift their linen. 1300
 For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
 Which way soever the game goes;
 And, whether parties lose or win,
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in:
 While power usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305
 Is more bewitching than the right;
 And, when the times begin to alter,
 None rise so high as from the halter.
 And so may we, if we 'ave but sense
 To use the necessary means, 1310

"sioners) came from Oxford with hearts full
 of blood."

Ver. 1269, 1270.] The expence the English
 rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their
 brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an
 extravagant sum; their receipts in money and
 free-quarter, 1,462,769*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* William Lilly,
 the *Sidrephel* of this Poem, observes of the Scots,
 "That they came into England purposely to
 steal our goods, ravish our wives, enslave our
 persons, inherit our possessions and birth-
 rights, remain here in England, and everlast-
 ingly to inhabit among us."
 Mr. Bowlstrode, son of Colonel Bowlstrode,
 a factious rebel in Buckinghamshire, in his

And not your usual stratagems
 On one another—lights and dreams:
 To stand on terms as positive,
 As if we did not take, but give;
 Set up the Covenant on crutches, 1315
 'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
 And dream of pulling churches down,
 Before we 're sure to prop our own;
 Your constant method of proceeding,
 Without the carnal means of heeding, 1320
 Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
 Are worse, than if y' had none, accounted.
 I grant all courses are in vain,
 Unless we can get in again;
 The only way that's left us now, 1325
 But all the difficulty 's how.
 'Tis true we 'ave money, th' only power
 That all mankind falls down before:
 Money, that, like the swords of kings,
 Is the last reason of all things; 1330
 And therefore need not doubt our play
 Has all advantages that way,
 As long as men have faith to sell,
 And meet with those that can pay well;
 Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice, 1335
 One church and state will not suffice,
 T' expose to sale, besides the wages,
 Of storing plagues to after-ages,
 Nor is our money less our own
 Than 'twas before we laid it down; 1340
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
 If we are brought in play upon 't,
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
 What power can hinder us to win?
 We know the arts we us'd before, 1345
 In peace and war, and something more,
 And by th' unfortunate events
 Can mend our next experiments;
 For when we 're taken into trust,
 How easy are the wisest choust, 1350
 Who see but th' outides of our feats,
 And not their secret springs and weights,
 And, while they 're busy at their ease,
 Can carry what designs we please?
 How easy is 't to serve for agents 1355
 To prosecute our old engagements?
 To keep the good old Cause on foot,
 And present power from taking root;

prayer before his sermon, at Horton, near Cole-
 brook, used the following words: "Thou hast,
 "O Lord, of late, written bitter things against
 "thy children, and forsaken thine own inheri-
 "tance; and now, O Lord, in our misery and
 "distress we expected aid from our brethren
 "of our neighbouring nation (the Scots I mean),
 "but, good Lord, thou knowest that they are
 "a false, perfidious nation, and do all they do
 "for their own ends."

By the author of a tract, entitled *Lex Talentis*,
 1647, it is proposed, as a preventing remedy,
 "to let the Scots, in the name of God, or of the
 "devil that sent them, go home."

Inflan
 Of pl
 To ke
 From
 Profes
 For
 The
 Be dea
 (As bo
 On pur
 Fir if
 Twoul
 And th
 To stan
 But kee
 In vigo
 To reco
 Our Bre
 Unite th
 As long
 And mal
 As when
 Erect the
 New Jew
 To join
 And only
 And all th
 Make ene
 Take all
 From Con
 Agreeing
 According
 Sometimes
 And spirit
 But in ano
 As Dispe
 And stand
 All contrac
 Protect the
 To preach
 And, when
 Release the
 And turn th
 Oatho the
 To keep the
 From break
 and, when
 Before the fu
 Put off their
 Following f
 And keep th
 Like hawks,
 That, when
 Of quitting
 They may be
 Their own
 Meanwhile
 Against revol

Ver. 1362]
 1704. exclu
 Ver. 1368.]
 1704. exclu
 Vol. II.

Inflame them both with false alarms
 Of plots, and parties taking arms;
 To keep the nation's wounds too wide
 From healing up of side to side;
 Profess the passionat'st concerns
 For both their interests by turns,
 The only way t' improve our own,
 By dealing faithfully with none
 (As bowls run true, by being made
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd);
 For if we should be true to either,
 'Twould turn us out of both together;
 And therefore have no other means
 To stand upon our own defence,
 But keeping up our ancient party
 In vigour, confident and hearty:
 To reconcile our late Dissenters,
 Our Brethren, though by other venters;
 Unite them, and their different maggots,
 As long and short sticks are in faggots,
 And make them join again as close,
 As when they first began t' espouse;
 Erect them into separate
 New Jewish tribes in Church and State;
 To join in marriage and commerce,
 And only among themselves converse,
 And all that are not of their mind,
 Make enemies to all mankind:
 Take all religions in, and stickle
 From Conclave down to Conventicle;
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
 According to the Light in being.
 Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
 And spiritual misuse in one sense;
 But in another quite contrary,
 As dispensations chance to vary;
 And stand for, as the times will bear it,
 All contradictions of the Spirit:
 Protect their emissaries, impower'd
 To preach Sedition and the Word;
 And, when they're hamper'd by the laws,
 Release the labourers for the Cause,
 And turn the persecution back
 On those that made the first attack,
 To keep them equally in awe
 From breaking or maintaining law;
 And, when they have their fits too soon,
 Before the full-tides of the moon,
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
 Pursuing faction in and treason;
 And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
 Like hawks, from baiting on their perches,
 That, when the blessed time shall come
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own fifth monarchy once more.
 Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence
 Against revolts of Providence,

1360 By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind sides of it, as they happen:
 For, if success could make us Saints,
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants;
 A scandal that would fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
 1365 These are the courses we must run,
 Spite of our hearts, or be undone,
 And not to stand on terms and freaks,
 Before we have secur'd our necks.
 But do our work as out of sight,
 As stars by day, and suns by night;
 All licence of the people own,
 In opposition to the Crown;
 And for the Crown as fiercely side,
 The head and body to divide:
 The end of all we first design'd,
 And all that yet remains behind.
 Be sure to spare no public rapin,
 On all emergencies that happen;
 For 'tis as easy to supplant
 Authority, as men in want;
 As some of us, in trusts, have made
 The one hand with the other trade;
 Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
 The right a thief, the left receiver;
 1385 And what the one, by tricks, foresail'd,
 The other, by as sly, retail'd,
 For gain has wonderful effects,
 T' improve the factory of sects;
 The rule of faith in all professions,
 And great Diana of th' Ephesians:
 Whence turning of religion's made
 The means to turn and wind a trade;
 And though some change it for th' worse,
 They put themselves into a course,
 And draw in store of customers,
 To thrive the better in commerce:
 For all religions flock together,
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;
 To nab the itches of their sects,
 As jades do one another's necks.
 Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
 Will serve t' improve a Church as zeal;
 As persecution, or promotion,
 Do equally advance devotion.

Ver. 1419, 1420.] The author of the *Fourth Part of the History of Independency*, p. 56, compares the governors of those times with the Turks, who ascribe the goodness of their cause to the keenness of their sword, denying that any thing may properly be called *nefas*, if it can but win the epithet of *prospereum*. Dr. Owen seems to have been in this way of thinking. "Where," says he (*Eden Exer.* p. 13. *L'Estrange's Dissenter's Sayings*, part ii. p. 11.), is the God of "Marston Moor, and the God of Naseby? is an acceptable expostulation in a glorious day. "O! what a catalogue of mercies has this nation to plead by in a time of trouble? The God came from Naseby, and the holy One from "the West. *Selah.*"

Ver. 1362.] For *healing up*, in all editions to 1794, exclusive.

Ver. 1368.] Of *purpose false*, in all editions to 1794, exclusive.

Ver. 11.

Let business, like ill watches, go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow;
For things in order are put out
So easy, ease itself will do 't:
But, when the feat's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.

All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, intangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;
But in affairs of less import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply,
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust.
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own;
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State:
Express the horrid 'st detestation,
And pity the distracted nation:
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
I half in words, and half in face
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs);
Intrust it under solemn vows
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
To be retail'd again in whispers,
For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the Statesman—when a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste,
Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath,
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits:

That heastly rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the Town,
And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of door,

Ver. 1504.] We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell. Sir Martyn tells his story naturally, and begins like a man in a fright and out of breath, and continues to make breaks and stops till he naturally recovers it, and then proceeds floridly, and without impediment. This is a beauty in the Poem not to be disregarded; and let the reader make an experiment, and shorten his breath, or, in other words, put himself into Sir Martyn's condition, and then read this relation, and he will soon be convinced that the breaks are natural and judicious.

Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the Grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgessees, 1515
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages;
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil, 1520
And every representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive:
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here, and jar, 1525
We're grill'd all at Temple-bar;
Some, on the sign-post of an alehouse,
Hang in effigie, on the gallows,
Made up of rags to personate
Respective officers of state; 1530
That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the work is carrying on,
Be ready list'd under Dun,
That worthy patriot, once the bellows, 1535
And tinder-box, of all his fellows;
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth again 1540
(For since the state has made a quint
Of Generals, he's list'd in 't):
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie his own way;
For, moulded to the life, in clouts 1545
They've pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,

Ver. 1505.] This is an accurate description of the mob's burning ramps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

Ver. 1534.] Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name.

Ver. 1540.] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641-2; was Governor of Newcastle upon Tyne, had the Bishop of Durham's house, park, and manor of Aukland, and 6500*l.* in money given him. He died in the Tower of London, Jan. 8, 1661.

Ver. 1541, 1542.] The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk should be of that quorum; but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued sole General notwithstanding.

Ver. 1543.]
Which in
of high trea
a formal ple
mitted to the
own trial be
layer for
Tyburn as a
Ver. 1544.]
Jesuit, hat
mythical tes
cut out.

He's mounted on a hazel bavin,
A cropp'd malignant baker gave them;
And to the largest bonfire riding,
They've roasted Cook already and Pride in; 1550
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at Thanksgivings th' us'd to do,
Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555
Like vermin in effigie slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Their rumps are but the tail o' th' Beal,
Set up by Popish engineers;
Ashy the crackers plainly appears; 1560
For none, but Jesuits, have a mission
To reach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the Church with powder;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
These spiritual pioneers o' th' Whore's, 1565
That have the charge of all her stores,
Since first they fail'd in their designs,
To take in heaven by springing mines,
And with unanswerable barrels
Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels, 1570
Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up, in th' open streets,
Disguis'd in rumps, like fambenites,
More like to ruin and confound, 1575
Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor have they choien rumps amiss,
For symbols of State-mysteries,
Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few, 1580
Who, cause they're waffled to the stumps,
Are represented best by rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper reaches,
In all their politic far-fetches,
And from the Coptic priest Kircherus, 1585
Found out this mystic way to jeer us:
For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
To express their antique Ptolomies,
And by their slings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and power; 1590
Because these subtle animals
Bear all their interests in their tails,
And when they're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state;
They thought a'l governments were best 1595
By hieroglyphic rumps express.

Ver. 1580.] The wicked wretch, who acted as
solicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge
of high treason against him, and had drawn up
a formal plea against him, in case he had sub-
mitted to the jurisdiction of the Court. At his
own trial he pleaded that what he did was as a
lawyer for his fee. He deservedly suffered at
Tyburn as a Regicide.

Ver. 1585. Kircherus.] Athanasius Kircher, a
Jesuit, hath written largely on the Egyptian
mystical learning. Kircher, in the two first
editions,

For as, in bodies natural,
The rump 's the fundament of all;
So, in a common-wealth or realm, 1600
The government is call'd the Helm,
With which, like vessels under fail,
They're turn'd and winded by the tail;
The tail, which birds and fishes steer
Their courses with through sea and air,
To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605
The same thing with the stern and compass.
This shews how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in Nature jump:
For as a fly, that goes to bed,
Rests with his tail above his head; 1610
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabb'e are the supreme powers,
That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
A jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews 1615
Write, there 's a bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the last great day,
All th' other members scall, they say, 1620
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned sons of Art
Or *factum* justly style that part:

Then what can better represent, 1625
Than this rump-bone, the Parliament,
That, after several rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reverfions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives? 1630
But now, alas! they're all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as members, fir'd;
Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out;

Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, 1635
And paltry, private wretchedness;
Worse than the devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of restoration;
And parted, like the body and soul,
From all dominion and control. 1640

We, who could lately, with a look,
Enact, establish, or revoke;
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluster of whose huff,
All hats, as in a storm, flew off:
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet;
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats; 1650
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruin 's just as low as high:
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall;

For some of us have scores more large 1655
Than heads and quarters can discharge;
And others, who by restless scraping,
With public fraud, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last; 1660

And, to be but undone, entail
Their vessels on perpetual jail,
And bless the devil to let them farms
Of forfeit soul, on no worse terms.

This fairly, a near and louder shout
Put altho' assembly to the rout;
Who now began to outrun their fear,
As horses do, from those they bear;
But crowded on with so much haste,
Until they 'd block'd the passage fast. 1670
And barricaded it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a crippled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675
Than have them grill'd on the embers;
Still pressing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs,
The van-guard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear, 1680
But, borne down headlong by the rout,
We e trampled sorely under foot;
Yet nothing prov'd to formidable
As th' horrid cookery of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685
As lesser pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd them with a fresh supply
Of rallied force, enough to fly,

Ver. 1661, 1662.] This the Regicides, in general, would have done gladly, but the ring-leaders of them were executed *in terrorum*. Those that came in upon proclamation were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, 25th Nov. 1661, to answer what they could say for themselves why judgment should not be executed against them? They severally alleged, "That, upon his Majesty's gracious Declaration from Breda, and the votes of the Parliament, &c." they did render themselves, being advised "that they should thereby secure their lives;" and humbly crav'd the benefit of the proclamation, &c." And Harry Martyn briskly added, "That he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped he should not be hanged for taking the King's word now." A bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but afterwards dropt, and so they were all sent to their several prisons, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and some others, escap'd by flying among the Swiss Cantons.

Ver. 1665, 1666.] When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple-bar; but, by the time he had concluded his discourse, they were advanced near Whitehall and Westminster. This alarmed our caballers, and perhaps terrified them with the apprehension of being hanged or burned in reality, as some of them that very instant were in effigy. No wonder, therefore, they broke up so precipitately, and that each endeavoured to secure himself. The manner of it is described with a poetical licence, only to embellish this Canto with a diverting catastrophe.

And beat a Tuscan running-horse,
Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.

1690

H U D I B R A S.

PART III. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bower by night.
He plods to turn his amorous suit,
T' a plea in law, and prosecute:
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprize;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.*

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation, 5
But merely in th' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves. 10
For fear does things to like a witch,
'Tis hard to unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences:
As Rosierucian virtuoso's 15
Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
And, when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supplied by fear,
That makes them in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions, 20
And, when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best;
Do things not contrary, alone,
To th' course of Nature, but its own;

Our Poet now resumes his principal subject: and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is, because we had lost sight of our heroes for the space of the longest Canto in the whole poem: this respite might probably occasion forgetfulness in some readers, whose attention had been so long suspended: it was therefore necessary that a repetition should be made of the dark adventure, and that it should be made clear and intelligible to the reader.

The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn pultrons as valiant :
For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they 're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions, rout.

This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies left *perdue*,
And haunted with detachments, sent
From Marshal Legion's regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and rescued with a cheat;
When nothing but himself, and fear,
Was both the imp and conjurer;
As by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
It follows in due form of poëse.

Disguis'd in all the marks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blindman's buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and desperate course,
He knew no better than his horse;
And, by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled,
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away, his best;
To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear.
And though with kicks and hangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer side,
(As fiamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse,
And, when the hackney fails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run a-drift);
So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste;
Forsore, though fleetest than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the moon began to appear,
And shift'd another scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid,

Ver. 36.] Alluding to Stephen Marshal's
bellying out treason from the pulpit, in order
to recruit the army of the Rebels. He was called
the *Geneva Bull*.

Ver. 67.] I have before observed, that we
may trace our heroes morning and night. This
particular is always essential in poetry, to avoid
confusion and disputes among the critics. How
would they have calculated the number of days
taken up in the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradise*
Lost, if the poets had not been careful to lead
them into the momentous discovery? Mr. Butler
is as clear in this point as any of them: for, from
opening of these *Adventures*, every morning
and night have been poetically described; and
now we are arrived at the third day.

25 And forc'd him from the foe to escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard to interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told 75
The Lady all he had to unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain the approaching Knight;
And, while he gave himself diversion,
To accommodate his beast and person, 80

35 And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her,
She order'd th' antimaquerade
(For his reception) afore said:
But, when the ceremony was done, 85

40 The lights put out, the Furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,
The wretched caitiff, all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan, 90

45 And tell his story to himself,
The Knight mistook him for an elf;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralpho's outward man,
And thought, because they oft agreed 95

50 To appear in one another's stead,
And act the faint's and devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes; 100

55 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My Squire, or that bold sprite
That took his place and shape to-night?

60
Ver. 88.] But she convey'd him, &c. First edit.
1678. Altered, 1684, to convey'd.

65 Ver. 102, 103, 104.] Here is an amazing dis-
covery opened. The Knight's dreadful appre-
hensions vanish with night: no sooner does the
day break, but with joy he perceives his mis-
take; he finds Ralpho in his company instead of
an elf or a ghost; upon this he is agreeably
surprised, as he was before terribly affrighted.
But let us examine whether this meeting, and
the reconciliation that follows it, are naturally
brought about, since, the day before, they had
mutually resolved to abandon each other. I
think he hath judiciously formed this incident:
for it is plain the Knight and the Squire were
conscious they had wronged one another, the one
by his base intentions, and the other by his
treachery and gross imposition; but fortunately
they were ignorant of each other's designs, and,
consequently, each thought himself the offender:
it is, therefore, natural and probable that they
should easily come to a good understanding.
The Knight compounds with the Squire for his
imposition as a ghost, not only from a sense of
his own base intentions, but for the happy escape
from witches, spirits, and elves, from which
the Squire pretends to have freed him. On
the other hand, the Squire is willing to re-

Some busy independent pug,
Retainer to his synagogue?
Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those
Your bosom friends, as you suppose,
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Who 'as dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire, 110
And from th' enchantments of a Widow,
Who 'a turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
And, though a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe, where now you are;
Which you would gratefully repay, 115
Your constant Presbyterian way.
That 's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger;
Who gave thee notice of my danger?

Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
Pursu'd, and took me prisoner; 120
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said or did;
And, though they lay to him the pageant, 125
I did not see him, nor his agent;
Who play'd their forceries out of sight,
T' avoid a fiercer, second fight.
But didst thou see no devils then?
Not one (quoth he) but carnal men,
A little worse than fiends in hell,
And that she-devil Jezebel,
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,
To see them take your deposition.

What then (quoth Hudibras) was he
That play'd the devil to examine me?
A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown;
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
But for my part I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats;
Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
The naked truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the reverend writer
That to our Churches veil'd his mitre;
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgel'd me to underwrite.

enter into the Knight's service, and to attend him once more in his peregrinations, when he found this sham meritorious action had deluded him into a suspension of that resentment which he might justly have exerted: thus are they fortunately reconciled, and thus are these momentous Adventures continued, to the satisfaction of the reader, and applause of the Poet.

Ver. 103.] *Sprite*, in all the editions to 1726, inclusive. *Spright*, edition 1739.

Ver. 110.] *Dunship*, in all editions to 1710. *Donship*, in later editions.

Ver. 145, 146.] Though there were more than one in those times that this character would have suited, yet it is probable that Mr. George Graham, Bishop of Orkney, is sneered at in this

What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone, 130
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
And frame of spirit too obstinate, 135
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The devil a while, to nick your wit;
The devil, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye: 140
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
They 'ad left the enemy behind,
And saw no farther harm remain 145
But feeble weariness and pain,
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,
And, by declining of the road, 150
They had, by chance, their rear made good;
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That partings wont to rant and tear,
And give the desperat' st attack
To danger still behind its back:

For, having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past success reflect; 155
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;
And, when no devil had appear'd,
What else it could be said he fear'd, 160
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;

Toss'd, like a foot-ball, back again
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain. 165
Quoth he, It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer rise,
And, when I 'ad half-reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base:

Was better cover'd by the new-
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew; 170
To slight my new acquiesce, and run,
Victoriously, from battles won;
And, reckoning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost;

place by Mr. Butler. He was so base as to renounce and abjure Episcopacy, signing the abjuration with his own hand, at Breckness, in Strones, Feb. 11, 1639. To this remarkable incident Bishop Hall alludes (Epistle Dedicatory prefixed to his *Episcopacy by Divine Right*, &c. 1640, p. 1.) where he observes, "That he 'craved pardon for having accepted his Episcopal function, as if he had thereby committed some heinous offence." Upon which he uses the following exclamation, "Good God! what is this I have lived to hear? That a 'bishop, in a Christian assembly, should renounce his Episcopal function, and cry Mercy for his now abandoned calling."

To m
And,
To dr
Durit
To m
Upo
Exp
Wit
Led,
I migh
And, t
Adm
All t
Not to
You, w
Than w
To mow
Than m
Dragg'd
Eras'd,
Who, th
Had hac
But, fin
To blam
And refe
From un
The ene
And we
Disarm'd
And no
Which, y
Has giv
But, w
T' reinf
Tis now
To think
Nometic
Can ever
Nor cast
As gamet
Beide, o
Are fit fo
And for a
To rally,
And there
This strat
To make a
A d wave
For those
Which he
Hence tim
Of condu
By which
As citizens
And cannot
They seem
Is held the
To great ex
That spares
And danger
And, in the
As those th
But make t
Beyond the

To make me put myself to flight,
And, conquering, run away by night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do:
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew;
And, to preserve thy outward man,
Assum'd my place, and led the van.
All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you:
You, who were dam'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powdering-tubs;
To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse;
Drag'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd, or coupd for perjurers;
Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain, 215
Had had no reason to complain;
But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons.
The enemy was reinforc'd,
And we disabled and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight.
Which, though as desperate in th' attempt, 225
Has given you freedom to condemn 't.
But, were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable and vain
To think of falling on again:
No mortal project to surprize
Can ever be attempted twice,
Nor cast design serve afterwards;
As gamesters tear their losing-cards.
Beside, our bangs of man and beast
Are fit for nothing now but rest,
And for a while will not be able
Totally, and prove serviceable:
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem to amuse our foes,
To make an honourable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat;
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct, in the martial art:
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive,
And cannons conquer armies while
They seem to draw off and recoil;
Behold the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest;
That spares th' expence of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of brains;
And, in the end, prevails as certain
As those that never trust to Fortune;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution;

As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow. 260
If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest men,
That only sav'd a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If every one would save but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265
Where all resolve to save the most?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done;
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory, 270
And sometime, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a gun, 275
Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome;
To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame, 280
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells;
And, though reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;
Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285
By flattering Heaven with a lye,
And, for their beating, giving thanks,
They 'ave rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly; 290
And, when the fight becomes a chace,
Those win the day that win the race;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights.
Recover'd many a desperate campaign 295
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ;
And made them stoutly overcome
With Baerack, Hocomore, and Mum; 300
With th' uncontrol'd decrees of Fate
To victory necessitate:
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return;
Or else their sultan populaces 305
Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.
Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out they 'ad won the day; 310
Although the rabble fous'd them for 't,
O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
'Tis true, our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not so resolute and bold, 315
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unless it be to herds of cattle;

Ver. 300. *With Baerack.*] Or *Baccharack*. *Ba-*
crack, edition 1684, and following editions.

Or fighting convoys of provision,
 The whole design o' th' expedition,
 And not with downright blows to rout
 The enemy, but eat them out:
 As fighting in all beasts of prey,
 And eating, are perform'd one way,
 To give defiance to their teeth,
 And fight their stubborn guts to death;
 And those atchieve the high't renown,
 That bring the other stomachs down.
 There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine,
 And feats of arms, to plot, design,
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine;
 But have no need nor use of courage,
 Unless it be for glory' or forage:
 For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
 When one side venturing to advance,
 And come uncivilly too near,
 Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear,
 And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
 To keep hereafter at a distance:
 To pick out ground t' incamp upon,
 Where store of largest rivers run,
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
 To part th' engagements of their warriors;
 Where both from side to side may skip,
 And only' encounter at bo-peep:
 For men are found the flouter-hearted,
 The certainer they're to be parted,
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,
 As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,
 And made their mortal enemy,
 The water-rat, their strict ally.
 For 'tis not now who's stout and bold?
 But who bears hunger best, and cold?
 And he's approv'd the most deserving,
 Who longest can hold out at starving;
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,
 The formidablest man of prowess,
 So th' Emperor Caligula,
 That triumph'd o'er the British sea,
 Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
 And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;
 Engag'd his legions in fierce buffles,
 With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels,
 And led his troops with furious gallops,
 To charge whole regiments of scallops;
 Not like their ancient way of war,
 To wait on his triumphal car;
 But, when he went to dine or sup,
 More bravely ate his captives up,
 And left all war, by his example,
 Reduc'd to victualling of a camp well.
 Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I could add,
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;
 To hope, by stratagem, to wooe her,
 Or waging battle to subdue her;

Though some have done it in romances,
 And bang'd them into amorous fancies;
 As those who won the Amazons,
 By wanton drubbing of their bones;
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
 By courting of her back and side.
 But, since those times and feats are over,
 They are not for a modern lover,
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd
 By such addresses to be gain'd;
 And if they were, would have it out
 With many another kind of bout.
 Therefore I hold no course so infeasible,
 As this of force, to win the Jezabel,
 To storm her heart, by th' antic charms
 Of ladies errant, force of arms:
 But rather strive by law to win her,
 And try the title you have in her.
 Your case is clear, you have her word
 And me to witness the accord;
 Besides two more of her retinue
 To testify what pass'd between you;
 More probable, and like to hold,
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,
 For which so many, that renounc'd
 Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
 And bills upon record been found,
 That forc'd the ladies to compound;
 And that, unless I mis the matter,
 Is all the business you look after.
 Besides, encounters at the bar
 Are braver now than those in war,
 In which the law does execution,
 With less disorder and confusion;
 Has more of honour in 't, some hold,
 Not like the new way, but the old,
 When those the pen had drawn together,
 Decided quarrels with the feather,
 And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
 And more than bullets now of lead:
 So all their combats now, as then,
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;
 That does the feat, with braver vigours,
 In words at length, as well as figures;
 Is judge of all the world performs
 In voluntary feats of arms,
 And, whatsoe'er 's achiev'd in fight,
 Determines which is wrong or right:
 For, whether you prevail or lose,
 All must be try'd there in the close;
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
 What you must trust to ere ye've done.
 The law, that settles all you do,
 And marries where you did but wooe;
 That makes the most perfidious lover,
 A lady, that 's as false, recover;
 And, if it judge upon your side,
 Will soon extend her for your bride,
 And put her person, goods, or lands,
 Or which you like best, int' your hands.
 For law 's the wisdom of all ages,
 And manag'd by the ablest sages:
 Who, though their business at the bar
 Be but a kind of civil war,

Ver. 328.] *The other's stomachs*, edition 1700,
 and following ones.

In which they engage with fiercer dudgeon
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
They never manage the contest 445
To impair their public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession:
No like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cause, and side; 450
And, though we're all as near of kindred,
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the slightest single-fangle;
While lawyers have more sober sense, 455
Than t' argue at their own expence,
Let make their best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swifts;
And, out of foreign controversies,
Drawing both sides, fill their purses; 460
But have no interest in the cause
For which they engage, and wage the laws,
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And, though they abound in all ages 465
With sundry learned clerks and sages;
Though all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvass every suit,
They're no disputers about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert; 470
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound:
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
Philosophers, mathematicians;
The Galenist and Paracelsian, 475
Condemn the way each other deals in;
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle;
Astrucians dispute their dreams.
That in their deeps their talk of schemes; 480
And heralds fickle who got who,
Some hundred years ago.
But lawyers are too wise a nation
To expose their trade to disputation,
Or make the busy rabble judges 485
Of all their secret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay.
Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats; 490
When in all other sciences
They swarm like insects, and increase.
For what bigot durst ever draw,
By sacred Light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495
In answer to a Declaration?
For those that meddle with their tools
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools:
And if you follow their advice, 500
In bills, and answers, and replies,

They'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife;
Or make her weary of her life.
The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts 505
To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own
(All plagiarists' constant course
Of sinking, when they take a purse), 510
Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise;
And, after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by transition, fall upon 515
The resolution as his own.
Quoth he, This gambol thou advicest
Is, of all others, the unwiseest;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing sillier nor vainer. 520
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' expence;
To act against myself, and traverse
My suit and title to her tavern;
And if she should, which Heaven forbid, 525
O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,
What after course have I to take,
'Gaint I long all I have at stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530
Is sillier than a sottish chough,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applauds himself to cunning-men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain, 535
Is but to squander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play:
For to reduce her by main force
Is now in vain: by fair means, worse; 540
But worst of all to give her over,
Till she's as desperate to recover:
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they're never to be won.
But, since I have no other course, 545
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known; 550
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue;
Whom I must answer, or begin,
Inevitably, first with him; 555
For I've receiv'd advertisement,
By times enough, of his intent:
And, knowing he that first complains
Th' advantage of the business gains;
For courts of justice understand 560
The plaintiff to be eldest hand;

Ver. 475.] Galen was born in the year 130,
and lived to the year 200. Paracelsus was born
at the latter-end of the 15th, and lived almost
in the middle of the 16th century.

Ver. II.

Ver. 507.] Cry'd him down, edition 1678, 1684.
Cry'd them down, 1700, and following editions.
3 [P]

Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear;
Is freely' admitted to all grace;
And lawful favour, by his place;
And, for his bringing custom in,
Has all advantages to win:
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel, to advise
Which way t' encounter or surprize;
And, after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occasion,
Most apt for what I have to do,
As counsellor, and justice too.
And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A lawyer fit for such a case.

An old dull sot, who told the clock,
For many years, at Bridewell-dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;
Where, in all governments and times,
He 'ad been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hindering justice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage;
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For being behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money:
Engag'd the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes commoners or lords,
And kept them prisoners of course,
For being sober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free,
Or bind them over, for his fee.
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel, and the king's highway,
For being unmolested, pay;
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most;
Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And, for false weights, on chandeleers;
Made victualers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly' offend;
As residentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive stol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church-duties and his fees;
But was implacable and aukward
To all that interlop'd and hawk'd.

To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counsel in his law affairs;
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for shew,
565 Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
570 As th' other courteously strain'd;
And, to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.
Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgel'd—Very well.
575 And now he brags to have beaten me.
—Better, and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me—Best of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
580 That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.
When he 'as confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me hang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
585 Now, whether I should beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.
Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson.
Or, if 'tis better to indict,
590 And bring him to his trial?—Right.
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?—True.
Or whether he that is defendant,
In this case has the better end on 't;
595 Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the action?—Better still.
Then there's a lady, too—Aye, marry.
That's easily prov'd accessory;
A Widow, who, by solemn vows
600 Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the devil of hell;
605 Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body—Good again.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
610 And false imprisonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle—Worse and worse.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcher'd miscarriage.
615 Sir (quoth the lawyer) not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim:
For if they 've us'd you as you say,
620 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy:
I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe:
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse;

For matrimony and hanging, here,
Both go by destiny to clear,
That you as sure may pick and chuse,
As crofs I win, and pile you lose:
And, if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any case I've known;
But we that practise dare not own:
The law severely contrabands
Our taking business off men's hands;
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To stick a pin in, left of either;
For which some do the summer-fault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault:
But you may swear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state;
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—)
For justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like Charity; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight
Convey men's interest and right
From Siles' pocket into Nokes's,
As easily as *Hæus Pocus*;
Easy fast and loose, makes men obnoxious;
And clear again, like *hæcins declins*.
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The business to the law's a one,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses,
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expences
By th' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out, to hire, their ears
To Affidavit-customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for juries, or tales,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.
For that quoth he, let me alone;
We're sure of such, and all our own,
Fed up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.
That's well (quoth he); but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages,
Your next way is first to pitch
On Bongey for a water-witch;

Ver. 723.] *Alone*, in all editions to 1704, inclusive, *All one*, in later editions.

Ver. 742.] Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century; a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular

685 And when ye've hang'd the conjurer,
Ye've time enough to deal with her.
In th' interim spare for no trepans 745
To draw her neck into the banes;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait them well, for quirks and quillets,
690 With trust' inveigle and surprize
Her headless answers and replies;
And in the self the mouse-trap lines, 750
They'll serve for other bye-designs;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper, 755
To steal in something to entrap her:
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temples, under trees, 760
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common bail, 765
And Affidavit-men, ne'er fail
To expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their on y necessary tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their souls; 770
And, when ye're furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.
I would not give (quoth Hudibras) 715
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill 775
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws,
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces, 780
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.

acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age every thing that seem'd extraordinary was reputed magic, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also, publishing a treatise of natural magic, confirm'd some well-meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was altogether groundless, for Bongey was chosen Provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

Ver. 782.] The beggar's prayer for the lawyer would have suited this gentleman very well. See the works of J. Taylor, the Water-poet, p. 101. "May the Terms be everlasting to thee, thou man of tongue; and may contentions grow and multiply! may actions beget actions, and cases engender cases, as thick as hops; may every day of the year be a Shrove-Tuesday; let proclamations forbid fighting, to increase actions of battery; that thy cassock may be three-piled, and the welts of thy gown may not grow thread-bare!"

3 [P] 2

I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice;
To bait a letter as you bid.
As, not long after, thus he did:
For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

A N

HEROICAL EPISTLE*

O F

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And, from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle:
For, since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Lost to the world and you, I'm sent
To everlasting banishment,
Where all the hopes I had to've won
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.

Yet, if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,
You'd find, upon my just defence,
How much you've wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not because it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought;
To undergo the loss of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there's a difference in the case,
Between the noble and the base;
Who always are observ'd to've done 't
Upon as different an account;
The one for great and weighty cause,
To save, in honour, ugly flaws;

* This Epistle was to be the result of all the fair methods the Knight was to use in gaining the Widow; it therefore required all his wit and dexterity to draw from this artful Lady an unwary answer. If the plot succeeded, he was to compel her immediately, by law, to a compliance with his desires. But the Lady was too cunning to give him such a handle as he longed for: on the contrary, her Answer silenced all his pretensions.

For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those who 're nicest of their honour:
The other, for base gain and pay,
785 Forswear and perjure by the day,
And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls and consciences a calling.

It is no scandal nor aspersion,
Upon a great and noble person,
To say he naturally abhor'd
Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
In meaner men, to do the same:
For to be able to forget,
45 Is found more useful to the great,
Than gear, or deafness, or bad eyes.
To make them pass for wondrous wife.
But though the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not just, that does exempt
The guilty, and punish th' innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;
And, when one member is forsworn,
55 Another to be cropt or torn.

And if you should, as you design,
By course of law, recover mine,
You're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by 't.
For he that for his lady's sake
10 Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her.

This ye've acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own:
But sentence what you ~~for~~ her ought
T' esteem good service than a fault.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer;
But, by the practice of the age,
20 Are to be judg'd how far they' engage;
And, where the sense by custom's check'd,
Are found void and of none effect;
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do:
25 Nor are they' obliged to be so brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as best-temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So truest oaths are still most tough,
30 And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not be allow'd
To love a greater latitude?

For, as the law of arms approves
All ways to conquest, so should Love's;
And not be ty'd to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails:
For how can that which is above
40 All empire, high and mighty Love,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case?
The fundamental law of Nature
Be overrul'd by those made after?

Commit the censure of its cause
To any but its own great laws?
Love, that's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive;
Controls the mighty power of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of Nature, that restores
As fast as Time and Death devours;
To whose free-gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too:
For Love's the only trade that's driven,
The interest of state in heaven,
Which nothing but the soul of man
Is capable to entertain,
For what can earth produce, but Love,
To represent the joys above?
Or ahe, but Lovers, can converse,
Like angels, by the eye-discourse?
Address and compliment by vision,
Make love and court by intuition?
And burn in amorous flames as fierce
As those celestial ministers?
The how can any thing offend,
In order to so great an end?
Or Heaven itself a sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for th' offence's sake?
Or if it did not, but the cause
Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
Admit no sense of love or hate,
That have no passion of their own,
Necessary to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Punings, on criminals as strict:
But to have power to forgive,
Pardon and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn.
But, since so few do what they ought,
To great indulgence a well-meaning fault;
For why should he who made address
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return
But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
Not strive by wit to co-intermine,
And bravely carry his design?
For who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
To wrap with philtres of love-powder?
And, after letting blood, and purging,
To demand voluntary scourging;
And with many a horrid fright,
As if he'd by goblins in the night;
To be revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude invasion of his beard;
And, when your sex was foully scandal'd,
As badly by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by despicable foes,
And crush'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his guard;

When horses, being spur'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites;
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nursing babies that lie in,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cally sex, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows,
Against your firm agens t' oppose,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes:
As pirates all false colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary mariner;
So women, to surprize us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Display them thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raise a ore devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' less subtle books:
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In towers, and curis, and perriwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard;
Preposterously t' entice and gain
Those to adore them they disdain;
And only draw them in to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
A lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his mistress but the more a slave,
And whatsoever the commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands,
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust or just.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures he would else forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when necessity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore when the mighty powers
Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
Join'd forces, not to be withstood
By frail insour'd flesh and blood,
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will;
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are those scandals I confess,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done, of course,
By all men, when they're under force:
Whence come, upon the rack, confessions
What th' hangman and their prompters please;
But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure
To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of flars, whom they all claim under:

And therefore, when I told him none,
 I think it was the wiser done.
 Nor am I without precedent,
 The first that on th' adventure went;
 All mankind ever did of course,
 And daily does, the same, or worse.
 For what romance can shew a lover,
 That had a lady to recover,
 And did not steer a nearer course,
 To fall aboard in his amours?
 And what at first was held a crime,
 Has turn'd to honourable in time.
 To what a height did Infant Rome,
 By ravishing of women, come?
 When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd;
 They nee'r forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
 Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd;
 Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
 Nor play'd the masquerade, to woo:
 Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents,
 Nor juggled about settlements;
 Did need no license, nor no priest,
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist.
 Nor lawyers, to join land and money
 In th' holy state of matrimony,
 Before they settled hands and hearts,
 Till alimony or death departs;
 Nor would endure to stay until
 They 'ad got the very bride's good will,
 But took a wife and shorter course
 To win the ladies, downright force;
 And justly made them prisoners then,
 As they have, often since, us men,
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
 The luckiest of all Love's intrigues;
 And, when they had them at their pleasure,
 They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;
 For, after matrimony's over,
 He that holds out but half a lover,
 Deserves, for every minute, more
 Than half a year of love before;
 For which the dames, in contemplation
 Of that best way of application,
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known
 By suit or treaty to be won;
 And such as all posterity
 Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,
 Nor men for them.—It follows, then,
 That men have right to every one,
 And they no freedom of their own;
 And therefore men have power to chuse,
 But they no charter to refuse.
 Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
 Soe'er we take to your amours,
 Though by the indirectest way,
 'Tis no injustice nor foul play;
 And that you ought to take that course,
 As we take ypu, for better or worse,

Ver. 230.] *And daily does*, in all editions to 1776, inclusive. *Daily do*, 1776, &c.

And gratefully submit to those
 Who you, before another, chose.
 For why should every savage beast
 Exceed his great Lord's interest?
 Have freer power than he, in Grace
 And Nature, o'er the creature has?
 Because the laws he since has made
 Have cut off all the power he had;
 Retrench'd the absolute dominion
 That Nature gave him over women;
 When all his power will not extend
 One law of Nature to suspend;
 And but to offer to repeat
 The smallest clause, is to repel.
 This, if men rightly understood
 Their privilege, they would make good,
 And not, like fots, permit their wives
 To encroach on their prerogatives;
 For which sin they deserve to be
 Kept, as they are, in slavery:
 And this some precious Gifted Teachers,
 Unreverently reputed Leachers,
 And disobey'd in making love,
 Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
 And make ye fester, as you ought,
 For that uncharitable fault:
 But I forget myself, and rove
 Beyond th' instructions of my love.
 Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,
 Since 'tis too much at once to show
 Excess of love and temper too;
 All I have said that's bad and true,
 Was never meant to aim at you,
 Who have so sovereign a control
 O'er that poor slave of your's, my soul,
 That, rather than to forfeit you,
 Has ventured loss of heaven too;
 Both with an equal power posselt,
 To render all that serve you best;
 But none like him, who's destin'd either
 To have or lose you both together;

Ver. 305, 306.] Sir Roger L'Estrange (*Key to Hudibras*) mentions Mr. Cate as one; and Mr. Butler, in his *Posthumous works*, mentions Dr. Burges and Hugh Peters: and the writer of a letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, p. 9, observes of Peters, "That it was offered to be publicly proved that he got both mother and daughter with child."—"I am glad, says an anonymous person (*Thurloe's State Papers*, vol. IV. p. 734.) to hear that Mr. Peters shews his head again; it was reported here (*Amsterdam*, May 5, 1655) that he was found with a where a-bed, and he grew mad, and said nothing but O blood, O blood, that troubles me."

* It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Butler left no genuine poems besides those in the possession of Mr. Longueville, and published by Mr. Thyer in 1759; which are all inserted in this volume.

And,
 (For
 I'll p
 Which
 And e
 Th' t
 For t
 Th' a
 Which
 Your
 The
 Believ
 And re
 With g
 Subfer
 And bu
 And da
 Gl'n f
 Then se
 A smok
 Upon a
 And nea
 Of all h
 There to
 Then ga
 With les
 She fin
 To tend
 But, goe
 Though
 She open
 With m
 Resolv'd
 And thus

L A I

T

THAT
 Is n
 At least
 Did from
 When bot
 In combat
 That swor
 Th' inven
 And never
 But cut th
 Br Trella
 Disarm'd
 Your hee
 And in th
 Where still
 If I, in p
 Had not,
 Release'd

And, if you 'll but this fault release
(For so it must be, since you please),
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded. And I swore,
And expiate, upon my skin,
Th' appears in full of all my sin:
For 'tis but oft that I should pay
Th' accruing penance for delay;
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,
Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whistle,
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applause, 't' himself, twice over; 340
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit,
And dated it with wondrous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;
Then seal'd it with his coat of love,
A smoking faggot—and above,
Upon a scroll—I burn and weep,
And near it—For her Ladyship,
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present;
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how to observe and eye her.
She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter:
But, guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering frown;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd. 360

THE

LADY'S ANSWER

TO

THE KNIGHT.

THAT you 're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your sword and spurs were won
In combat by an Amazon;
That sword that did, like Fate, determine
Th' inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trella was, in single fight,
Disarm'd and wrestled from its Knight;
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners,
Where still they 'ad lain, in base restraint,
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on honourable conditions,
Releas'd them from the worst of prisons;

And what return that favour met
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When, being free, you strove t' evade 40
The oaths you had in prison made;
Forsook yourself, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd, and justify'd it;
And, when ye 'ad falsely broke one vow, 25
Absolv'd yourself by breaking two:
For, while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears, 30
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only course;
We have no title nor pretence 35
To body, soul, or conscience,
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware:
These are the motives which, t' induce,
Or fright us into love, you use; 40
A pretty new way of gallantry,
Between soliciting and ranting!
Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But, since you undertake to prove 45
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war between two enemies,
Or forfeitures, which every lover,
That would but sue for, might recover; 50
It is not hard to understand
The mystery of this bold demand,
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim
'Tis not those paltry counterfeit 55
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your amorous hearts on fire:
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads,
Which on our lips you lay for reds, 60
And make us wear like Indian Dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames;
But those two rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth, 65
That you are so transported with;
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.
Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair, 70
The periwigs you make us wear;
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wildfire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I 've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know, 75
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their mystic cabals, and jargones;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous, 80
Of th' charms and graces of my house;
What ecstacy and scorching flame,
Burns for my money in my name;

What, from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle, takes its fire;
What tender sigh and trickling tear
Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' att'acts which most men fall
Inamour'd, at first sight, withal;
To these they' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Ye'ave suffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they' ll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
That, all your oaths and labour lost,
They' ll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post,
This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love,
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of mankind study't as an art;
For love should, like a dead and,
Still fall to th' owner of the land;
And, where there 's substance for its ground, 105
Cannot but be more firm and found,
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;
Which is of such thin subtilty,
It steals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces but by these;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty' invades and conquers with, 120
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philtre love commands?

This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force them t' intermarry and wed, 125
As if th' were burying of the dead;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the settlement 's in force,
Take all the rest for better or worse;
For money has a power above
The stars, and fate, to manage love;
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And, though some say the parents' claims 135
To make love in their children's names;
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
And woe and contract in their names, 140
And, as they christen, use to marry them,
And, like their gossips, answer for them;
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money;
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do't for worse than nothing;

And, when they're at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage chafe.
85 All this is right; but, for the course
You take to do't, by fraud or force
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than fetters can betray.
90 That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow.
Which all men either break or bow;
155 Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woe?
95 Such as beforehand swear and lye,
For earnest to their treachery,
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less;
100 Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the last;
And, when their crimes were made appear, 165
As plain as witnesses can swear,
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lye.
Nor are the virtues you contend
T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170
So slight as to be justify'd,
By being as shamefully deny'd;
As if you thought your w'd would pass,
Point-blank, on both sides of a case;
110 Or credit were not to be lost
By a brave Knight-errant of the Post,
That eats perditionally his word,
And swears his ears through a two-inch board;
115 Can own the same thing, and disown,
And perjure booty *pro and con*;
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
And help him out, to be forsworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,
To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.
These are the virtues in whose name 185
A right to all the world you claim,

Ver. 183.] The way of taking an oath is by
laying the right hand upon the four Evangelists,
which denominates it A corporal oath. This
method was not always complied with in those
iniquitous times. In the trial of Mr. Christopher
Love, in the year 1651, one *Jaguel*, an evidence,
laid his hand upon his buttons, and not upon the
book, when the oath was tendered him; and,
when he was questioned for it, he answered, "I
am as good as under an oath." In the trial of
the brave Colonel Morrice (who kept Pontefract
Castle for the King) at York, by Thorp and
Puleston, when he challenged one *Brook*, his pro-
fessed enemy, the Court answered, He spoke too
late; *Brook* was sworn already. *Brook* being
asked the question, whether he were sworn or
no, replied, "He had not yet kiss'd the book."
The Court answered, That was no matter; it
was but a ceremony; he was recorded sworn, and
there was no speaking against a record.

And b
In G
Of w
Thon
Altho
Wit
To go
Who
For, i
And w
You T
(As th
And
Th by
Th w
And to
For, w
With
Seren
Like fo
And, w
Most ig
You z
To copy
To lay p
And dr
And, in
Your ow
For by t
We gain
And tho
That gre
For great
Too rich
Nor are t
To be pe
Which,
The simpl
How fair
Beyond th
For, with
Of flower
How dull
And belitt
Though E
It was not
The whole
Would be t
And mank
For all tha
This does h
Leaves Art
Though we
Yemen se
For when
Min first
How soon h
And that it
Tous alone
And where
And our un
Since all the
And falsely
Vol. II.

And boldly challenge a dominion,
In Grace and Nature, o'er all women;
Of whom no less will satisfy,
Than all the sex, your tyranny:
Although you 'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern such a numerous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you;
For, if you all were Solomons,
And wise and great as he was once,
You 'll find they 're able to subdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
Tis by your own temptation done,
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the 'sight;
For, when we find you 're still more taken
With false attracts of our own making,
Swear that 's a rose, and that 's a stone,
Like fots, to us that laid it on,
And, what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,
You force us, in our own defence,
To copy beams and influences;
To by perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces,
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeits:
For by the practice of those arts
We gain a greater share of hearts;
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost:
For great perfections are, like heaven,
Too rich a present to be given.
Nor are those master strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty,
Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted rose
Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
For, without art, the noblest feeds
Of flowers degenerate into weeds:
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
And polish'd, looks a diamond?
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness;
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd:
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves Art to polish and refine.
Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
For when (out-witted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet,
Thus alone you are in debt.
And where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the privilege you boast,
And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost,
VOL. II.

Is now our right, to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration,
And if we had not w^{ell} justify cause
To not appear, in making laws,
We could, in spite of all your tricks,
And shallow formal politics,
Force you our managements t^o obey,
As we yours (in them) give way.
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive
T^o advance your high prerogative,
You basely after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;
And, 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our interests own,
Like fots, suppose we have no shares
In ordering you and your affairs,
When all your empire and command
You have from us, at second-hand;
As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only, while he 'steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
And did not guide the man of war:
Nor we, because we don't appear
In Councils, do not govern there;
While, like the mighty Prester John,
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close disguise,
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,
W^e enjoy as large a power, unseen,
To govern him, as he does men;
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emperors at our feet fall down;
Or Joan de Pucelle's brave name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim;

Ver. 277.] Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

Ver. 284.] Joan of Arc, called also *The Pucelle*, or *Maid of Orleans*. She was born at the town of Damremi, on the Meuse, daughter of James de Arc and Isabella Romee; was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English, and defended by John Comte de Dennis, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles VII. when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity, and members of parliament, openly declared that there was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent for a sword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catherine de Forbois, upon the blade of which the *cross* and *fleur de lis* were engraven; which put the King in a very great

Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a Grand Countess.

We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges, and the Cause;
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight,
In all the world's affairs of state;
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.
We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all Conventicles:
By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
We rule in every public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man of war strike fail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state,
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That 's haughty and imperious?
He 's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cause to do 't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are your guardians, that increase,
Or waste your fortunes how we please;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose, alone,
Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust;
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please,
And force you t' own them, though begotten
By French valets, or Irish footmen.
Nor can the rigoroufist course
Prevail, unless to make us woe;

great surprize, in regard none besides himself knew of it: upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which he relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Patay, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a sally at Champagne, in 1430, and tried for a witch or forceress, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1430.

Ver. 283.] All this is a satire on King Charles II. who was governed so much by his mistresses; particularly this line seems to allude to his French mistresses, the Dutchess of Portsmouth, given by that Court; whom she served in the important post of governing King Charles as they directed.

Who still, the harsher we are us'd,
Are further off from being reduc'd,
And scorn t' abate, for any ills,
The least punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits to apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy,
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when ye 've try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools d' we make of you in plays?
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in despite of Nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts;
To do your exercise for honour,
And have your brains beat out the sooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known;
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your projects are preposterous;
To square the circle of the arts,
And run stark mad to shew your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we see cause;
Be our solicitors and agents,
And stand for us in all engagements.
And these are all the mighty powers
You vainly boast to cry down ours,
And, what in real value 's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting:
Because yourselves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's pride,
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd, and submit:
By your example, lose that right
In treaties which we gain'd in fight;
And, terrified into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a Salique law;
Or, as some nations use, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race;
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women.

THE

ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.*

A LEARN'D society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,

* This Poem was intended by the Author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuosi taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history.

Agreed upon a summer's night,
To search the Moon by her own light;
To take an inventory of all
Her real estate, and perional;
And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The fly surveyors stole a shire:
To observe her country, how 't was planted,
With what sh' abounded most, or wanted;
And make the proper 'st observations
For settling of new plantations,
If the Society should incline
To attempt so glorious a design.

This was the purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they heaven itself assail,
Was mounted full against the Moon,
And all stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should have the honour,
To plant an ensign first upon her.

When one, who for his deep belief,
Was virtuoso then in chief,
Approv'd the most profound and wise,
To solve impossibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glass his judging eye,
Cry'd, Strange!—then reinforce'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow,
As if he meant to gaze her through;
When all the rest began to admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand.
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.

Quoth he, Th' inhabitants of th' Moon,
Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,
Dabbe in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,
(In which at once they fortify
Against the sun and th' enemy)
Which they count towns and cities there,
Because their people 's civil;
Than those rude peasants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly engag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many tall on both sides slain,
As by the glass 's clear and plain,
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the sight before 's done.

With that a great philosopher,
Alm'd, and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Apply'd one eye, and half a nose,
Unto the optic engine close:

For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publish in a book,
That men, whose natural eyes are out,
May, by more powerful art, be brought
To see with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again;
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
To make an optic of a nose,
As clearly 't may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear,
By which both senses being united,
Does render them much better sighted.
This great man, having fix'd both sights
To view the formidable fights,
Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,
The battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a rally
Upon the stubborn enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.

These filly ranting Privolvans,
Have every summer their campaigns,
And muster, like the warlike sons
Of Kawhead and of Bloodybones,
As numerous as Soland geese,
I' th' islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a stand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
And vapouring of their victories.
From th' old Arcadians they 're believ'd
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd,
And when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence translated:
For as th' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddling,
They still retain the antique course
And custom of their ancestors,
And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest weight they do.

While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' assembly with the Privolvans,
Another, of as great renown,
And solid judgment, in the Moon,
That understood her various soils,
And which produc'd best genet-moyles,
And in the register of fame
Had enter'd his long-living name,
After he had por'd long and hard
I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd—
Quoth he, A stranger sight appears
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres;
A wonder more unparallel'd,
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An Elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose,
And with the horror of the sight
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:
Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Should cause the startled beast to hobble.

It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
From which we boldly may infer,
The Moon is much the fruitfuller.
And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
Against the Romans, in the field,
It may an argument be held
(Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of Greece)
To prove what this illustrious person
Has made so noble a discourse on,
And amply satisfy'd us all
Of the Privolvans' original.
That Elephants are in the Moon,
Though we had now discover'd none,
Is easily made manifest,
Since, from the greatest to the least,
All other stars and constellations
Have cattle of all sorts of nations,
And heaven, like a Tartar's herd,
With great and numerous droves is stor'd;
And if the Moon produce by Nature,
A people of so vast a stature,
'Tis consequent she should bring forth
Far greater beasts, too, than the earth
(As by the best accounts appears
Of all our great'st discoverers);
And that those monstrous creatures there
Are not such rarities as here.

Meanwhile the rest had had a sight
Of all particulars o' th' fight,
And every man, with equal care,
Perus'd of th' Elephant his share,
Proud of his interest in the glory
Of so miraculous a story;
When one, who for his excellence
In heightening words and shadowing sense,
And magnifying all he writ
With curious microscopic wit,
Was magnify'd himself no less
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, transported with the twang
Of his own trillio, thus t' harangue.

Most excellent and virtuous Friends,
This great discovery makes amends
For all our unsuccessful pains,
And lost expence of time and brains:
For, by this sole phenomenon,
We've gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
With all the planets that stand out;
To carry this most virtuous war
Home to the door of every star,
And plant th' artillery of our tubes
Against their proudest magnitudes;
To stretch our victories beyond
Th' extent of planetary ground,
And fix our engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fix'd stars' vast dimensions,
(Which Archimede, so long ago,
Durst not presume to wish to do)
And prove if they are other fane,
As some have held opinions,

Or windows in the empyreum,
From whence those bright effluvia come
Like flames of fire (as others guess)
That thine i' th' mouths of furnaces.
Nor is this all we have atchiev'd,
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our best designs,
Because they 're ours, believ'd ill signs.
I' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
Nor shall our ablest virtuosos
Prove arguments for coffee-houses;
Nor those devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor those made
Hereafter, gain belief among
Our strictest judges, right or wrong:
Nor shall our past misfortunes more
Be charg'd upon the ancient score;
No more our making old dogs young
Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;
Nor new-invented chariots draw
The boys to course us without law;
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
To turn them into mungrel-curs,
Make them suspect our sculls are brittle,
And hold too much wit, or too little;
Nor shall our speculations, whether
An elder-stick will save the leather
Of schoolboys' breeches from the rod,
Make all we do appear as odd.
This one discovery 's enough
To take all former scandals off—
But since the world 's incredulous
Of all our scrutinies, and us,
And with a prejudice prevents
Our best and worst experiments,
(As if they were destin'd to miscarry,
In comfort try'd, or solitary)
And since it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur again,
Let us as cautiously contrive
To draw an exact Narrative
Of what we every one can swear
Our eyes themselves have seen appear,
That, when we publish the Account,
We all may take our oaths upon 't.
This said, they all with one consent
Agreed to draw up th' Instrument,
And, for the general satisfaction,
To print it in th' next Transaction.
But whilst the chiefs were drawing up
This strange Memoir o' th' telescope,
One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant advance,
And from the west side of the Moon
To th' east was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a stop
To what the rest were drawing up;
And every man, amaz'd anew
How it could possibly be true,
That any beast should run a race
So monstrous, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At least as possible as he could,

And ra
Than o
Whi
Of gre
'Tis str
Wha
Espe
A diti
Where
May the
Nor can
By any
To wh
Has the
Nor is
In every
The fan
Upon th
Since th
Have fac
And th
Variety
Hence m
We 'ave
That Ele
From the
Born in l
As being
That the
Thurs th
And yet
Than the
This fa
Fam'd fo
Look'd w
And lear
But there
That foll
Of mathe
Upon an
And that
Do both
Their acc
Of both
But so pre
That vast
In less tim
Though h
Which we
As you ha
This gran
By clum
And make
We're the
To clear
Of th' mo
With th
As men ar
Applauded
And grew
By having
than if it

And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than question what he 'ad seen with them. 260

While all were thus resolv'd, a man
Of great renown there thus began—
'Tis strange, I grant! but who can say
What cannot be, what can, and may?
Especially at so hugely vast 265
A distance as this wonder 's plac'd,
Where the least error of the sight
May shew things false, but never right;
Nor can we try them, so far off,
By any subsidiary proof:

For who can say that Nature there
Has the same laws the goes by here?
Nor is it nice she has infus'd,
In every species there produc'd,
The same efforts she does confer 275
Upon the same productions here,
Since those with us, of several nations,
Have such prodigious variations,
And the effects so much to use
Variety in all the does.

Hence may b' infer'd that, though I grant
We 'ave seen i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may differ so
From those upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and speed, 285
As being of a different breed,
That though our own are but slow pac'd,
There's there may fly, or run as fast,
And yet be Elephants, no less
Than those of Indian pedigrees.

This said, another of great worth,
Fond for his learned works put forth,
Look'd wise, then said—All this is true,
And learnedly observ'd by you:

But there 's another reason for 't,
That tells but very little short
Of mathematic demonstration,
Upon an accurate calculation,
And that is—As the earth and moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But so prodigiously fast,

That vast spaces may be past
In less time than the beast has gone,
Though he 'ad no motion of his own,
Which we can take no measure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.

This granted, we may boldly thence
By claim't a nobler inference,
And make this great phenomenon
(Were there no other) serve alone
To clear the grand hypothesis

Of th' motion of the earth from this.
With this they all were satisfy'd,
As men are wont o' th' bias'd side,
Appointed the profound dispute,

And grew more gay and resolute,
By having overcome all doubt,
That if it never had fall'n out;

And, to complete their Narrative,
Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.

But while they were diverted all
With wording the Memorial,
The footboys, for diversion too, 325
As having nothing else to do,

Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosos for their pleasure;
Began to gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on had done. 330
With monkeys' ingenuity,

That love to practise what they see;
When one, whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, discover'd more 335
Than all the learn'd had done before.

Quoth he, A little thing is slunk
Into the long star-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against mine eye. 340

This being overheard by one
Who was not so far overgrown
In any virtuous speculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a guess 345
At solving all appearances,

A way far more significant
Than all their hints of th' Elephant,
And found, upon a second view,
His own hypothesis most true; 350
For he had scarce apply'd his eye

To th' engine, but immediately
He found a Mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between
The two glass windows in restraint, 355
Was swell'd into an Elephant,

And prov'd the virtuous occasion
Of all this learn'd dissertation:
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore 360
A silly mouse; this mouse, as strange,

Brought forth a mountain in exchange.
Meanwhile the rest in consultation
Had penn'd the wonderful Narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and wit, 365
T' attest the truth of what they 'ad writ,

When this accurs'd phenomenon
Confounded all they 'ad said or done:
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
But they' all were in a tumult strait, 370
More furiously enraged by far,

Than those that in the Moon made war,
To find so admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed t' have seen 't,
And were engag'd to make it cut, 375
Obstructed with a paltry doubt:

When one, whose task was to determine,
And solve th' appearances of vermin,
Who 'ad made profound discoveries
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice, 380
(Though not so curious, 'tis true,

As many a wise rat-catcher knew)

After he had with signs made way
For something great he had to say ;

* This disquisition

Is, half of it, in my * disquisition ;
For though the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs of right to all the rest,
The Moufe, being but a vermin, none
Has title to but I alone ;

And therefore hope I may be heard,
In my own province, with regard.

It is no wonder we 're cry'd down,
And made the talk of all the Town,
That rants and swears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,

If every one have leave to doubt,
When some great secret 's half made out :

And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,
Obstruct, and ruin all we do.

As no great act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with truth alone,

If nothing else but truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what we do :

For truth is too reserv'd, and nice,
T' appear in mix'd societies ;

Delights in solitary abodes,
And never shews herself in crowds ;

A fullen little thing, below
All matters of pretence and show ;

That deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but rare and strange,

To treat the world with what is fit
And proper to its natural wit ;

The world, that never sets esteem
On what things are, but what they seem,

And, if they be not strange and new,
They 're ne'er the better for being true.

For what has mankind gain'd by knowing
His little truth, but his undoing,

Which wisely was by Nature hidden,
And only for his good forbidden ?

And therefore with great prudence does
The world still strive to keep it close ;

For if all secret truths were known,
Who would not be once more undone ?

For truth has always danger in 't,
And here, perhaps, may cross some hint

We have already agreed upon,
And vainly frustrate all we 've done,

Only to make new work for Stubs,
And all the academic clubs.

How much, then, ought we have a care
That no man know above his share,

Nor dare to understand, henceforth
More than his contribution's worth ;

That those who 've purchas'd of the college
A share, or half a share, of knowledge,

And brought in none, but spent repute,
Should not b' admitted to dispute,

Nor any man pretend to know
More than his dividend come to ?

* Sic Orig.

For partners have been always known
To cheat their public interest prone ;
And if we do not look to ours,
'Tis sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole assembly allow'd
The doctrine to be right and good,

And, from the truth of what they 'ad heard,
Resolv'd to give Truth no regard,

But what was for their turn to vouch,
And either find, or make it such :

That 'twas more noble to create
Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,

Than with vexatious pains and doubt
To find, or think t' have found, her out.

This being resolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Moufe, and Moon ;

But still the narrower they pry'd,
The more they were unsatisfy'd ;

In no one thing they saw agreeing,
As if they 'ad several faiths of seeing.

Some swore, upon a second view,
That all they 'ad seen before was true,

And that they never would recant
One syllable of th' Elephant ;

Avow'd his shout could be no Moufe's,
But a true Elephant's proboscis.

Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,

And knew not whether to espouse
The cause of th' Elephant or Moufe.

Some held no way so orthodox
To try it, as the ballot-box,

And, like the nation's patriots,
To find, or make, the truth by votes :

Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T' unmount the tube, and open it,

And, for their private satisfaction,
To re-examine the Transaction,

And after explicate the rest,
As they should find cause for the best.

To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly gave consent ;

But, ere the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the first phenomenon :

For, at the end, prodigious swarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,

Had all past muster, by mischance,
Both for the Sub. and Privolvans.

This being discover'd, put them all
Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,

Asham'd that men so grave and wise
Should be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,

And take the feeble insects' swarms
For mighty troops of men at arms ;

As vain as those who, when the Moon
Bright in a crystal river shone,

Threw casting-nefts as subtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' water.

But when they had uncrew'd the glass,
To find out where th' impostor was,

And saw the Moufe, that, by mishap,
Had made the telescope a trap,

Amaz'd, confounded, and addicted,
To be so openly convicted,

Imme-
With t-
That t-
Things
Thun-
To m-
And n-
Of tale-
And n-
That is-
And ex-
Not as-
In vain
And, fi-

ELEPH

A VIE
A TH

Ver. co-
of the w-
real inten-
real and u-
ted and v-
inspiring
learned o-
improvement
ver, in ju-
fined that
did somet-
superstition
deserved v-
was after
"Transac-
" After
Gout ver-
belong. T-
manifest
even a va-
though in
more than
for, prefer-
velas it is
besides, un-
none, whic-
preceding t-
the curtain
one of the
writing the
referred to
of the Act. I

Immediately they get them gone,
With this discovery alone:
That those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful instead of true;
That in their speculations chuse
To make discoveries strange news,
And natural history a Gazette
Of tales stupendous and far-fet;
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please;
In vain strive Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn. 520

THE

ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE.*

A VIRTUOUS, learn'd society, of late,
The pride and glory of a foreign state,

Ver. 509, [510.] From this moral application of the whole, one may observe that the Poet's real intention, in this satire, was not to ridicule real and useful philosophy, but only that conceited and whimsical taste for the marvellous and surprising, which prevailed so much among the learned of that age: and though it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the many useful improvements then made in natural knowledge, yet, in justice to the satirist, it must be confessed that these curious inquirers into Nature did sometimes, in their researches, run into a superstitious and unphilosophical credulity, which deserved very well to be laughed at; and which was afterwards so happily ridiculed in the "Transactioneer" of Dr. King.

* After the Author had finished this story in long verse, he took it in his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other, is manifest from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper: and though in most places the Poet has done little more than filled up the verse with an additional line, preserving the same thought and rhyme, yet as it is a singular instance in its way, and has besides, many considerable additions and variations, which tend to illustrate and explain the preceding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a curiosity in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's. This I mention only to remove the objections of those who may think it needless to fill up the volume. To the admirers of Butler, I am sure, no apology is necessary.

Made an agreement, on a summer's night,
To search the Moon at full by her own light;
To take a perfect inventory of all
Her real fortunes, or her personal; 5
And make a geometrical survey
Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
As accurate as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyor 's said t' have sunk a shire: 10
T' observe her country's climate, how 'twas
planted,
And what she most abounded with, or wanted;
And draw maps of her properest situations
For settling, and erecting new plantations,
If ever the Society should incline 15
T' attempt so great and glorious a design:
"A task in vain, unless the German Kepler
"Had found out a discovery to people her,
"And stock her country with inhabitants
"Of military men and Elephants: 20
"For th' Ancients only took her for a piece
"Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponnesse,
"Till he appear'd; for which, some write, she
sent

"Upon his tribe as strange a punishment."

This was the only purpose of their meeting, 25
For which they chose a time and place most fitting,

When, at the full, her equal shares of light
And influence were at their greatest height.
And now the lofty telescope, the scale,
By which they venture heaven itself t' assail, 30
Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,
And all the rest stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should bear away the honour
To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.

When one, who for his solid deep belief 35
Was chosen virtuoso then in chief,
Had been approv'd the most profound and wise
At solving all impossibilities,
With gravity advancing, to apply
To th' optic glass his penetrating eye, 40
Cry'd out, O strange!—then reinforce'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his art and might,
And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,
As if he meant to stare and gaze her through;
While all the rest began as much t' admire, 45
And, like a powder train, from him took fire,
Surpriz'd with dull amazement beforehand,
At what they would, but could not understand,
And grew impatient to discover what
The matter was they so much wonder'd at. 50

Quoth he, The old inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the sun shines hottest about noon,
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they use to fortify 55
Against the sunbeams and the enemy,

Ver. 17.] This and the following verses, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition; and are distinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed with inverted commas.

Are counted borough towns and cities there,
 Because th' inhabitants are civiler
 Than those rude country peasants that are found,
 Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground,
 Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are
 Perpetually in state of open war;
 And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,
 Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,
 And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain,
 As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain,
 Look in it quickly then, that every one
 May see his share before the battle's done.

At this a famous great philosopher,
 Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near,
 As one of wondrous singular invention,
 And equal universal comprehension;
 "By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,
 "For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,
 "An universal canting idiom,
 "To understand the swinging pendulum,
 "And to communicate, in all designs,
 "With th' Eastern virtuosi Mandarines;"
 Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a nose,
 To th' end and centre of the engine close:
 For he had very lately undertook
 To vindicate, and publish in a book,
 That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,
 May by more admirable art be brought
 To see with empty holes, as well and plain
 As if their eyes had been put in again.
 This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight
 T' observe the bloody formidable fight,
 Consider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
 'Tis true, the battle's desperately fought;
 The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
 And from their trenches valiantly sally,
 To fall upon the stubborn enemy,
 Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.

These paltry domineering Privolvans,
 Have, every summer-season, their campaigns.
 And muster, like the military fons
 Of Rawhead and victorious Bloody-bones,
 As great and numerous as Soland geese
 I th' summer-islands of the Orcades,
 Courageously to make a dreadful stand,
 And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,
 Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,
 And then disband, and march in triumph home,
 And spend the rest of all the year in lyes,
 And vapouring of their unknown victories.
 From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd
 To be, before the Moon herself, deriv'd,
 And, when her orb was first of all created,
 To be from thence to people her translated:
 For, as those people had been long reputed,
 Of all the Peloponnesians, the most stupid,
 Whom nothing in the world could ever bring
 T' endure the civil life, but fiddling,
 They ever since retain the antique course
 And native frenzy of their ancestors,
 And always use to sing and fiddle to
 Things of the most important weight they do.

While thus the virtuoso entertains
 The whole assembly with the Privolvans,

"Another fopphist, but of less renown,
 "Though longer observation of the Moon,"
 That understood the difference of her soils,
 And which produc'd the fairest genet-moyle,
 "But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension
 "Had sin'd for wit and judgment, an invention,"
 Who, after poring tedious and hard
 I th' optic engine, gave a start, and start'd,
 And thus began—A stranger sight appears
 Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres!
 A greater wonder, more unparallel'd
 Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld!
 A mighty Elephant from one of those
 Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,
 And, with the desperate horror of the fight
 Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright!
 Look quickly; lest the only sight of us
 Should cause the startled creature to imbosc.
 It is a large one, and appears more great
 Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet;
 From which we confidently may infer,
 The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.
 And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
 Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,
 Against the Roman army in the field,
 It may a valid argument be held,
 (The same Arcadia being but a piece,
 As his dominions were, of antique Greece)
 To vindicate what this illustrious person
 Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on,
 And given us ample satisfaction all
 Of th' ancient Privolvans' original.

That Elephants are really in the Moon,
 Although our fortune had discover'd none,
 Is easily made plain, and manifest,
 Since, from the greatest orbs, down to the least,
 All other globes of stars and constellations
 Have cattle in them of all sorts and nations,

Ver. 121, 122.] In the shorter verse it stands thus:

Another of as great renown,
 And solid judgment in the Moon.

And though the variation in words is but small,
 it makes a considerable difference in the character.

Ver. 125, 126.] These two verses are inserted instead of the following in the other copy in short measure:

And in the register of Fame
 Had enter'd his long-living name.

The Poet had added the two following lines in this character, but afterwards crossed them out.

And first found out the building Paul's,
 And paving London with sea-coals.

I transcribe them, to gratify the curiosity of such as are desirous to investigate who the particular persons are that are designed by these characters.

And heaven, like a northern Tartar's herd,
With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd; 160
And, if the Moon can but produce by Nature
A people of so large and vast a stature,
The more than probable she should bring forth
A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth;
As, by the best accounts we have, appears 165
Of all our creditless discoverers;

And that those vast and monstrous creatures there
Are not such far-fet rarities as here.

Meanwhile th' assembly now had had a fight
Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight, 170

And every man, with diligence and care,
Pers'd and view'd o' th' Elephant his share,
And of his equal interest in the glory
Of so stupendous and renown'd a story;

When one, who for his fame and excellence 175
In the shining of words and shadowing sense,
And magnifying all he ever writ
With delicate and microscopic wit,

Has long been magnify'd himself no less
In foreign and domestic colleges, 180
Began, at last (transported with the twang
Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue.

Most virtuous and incomparable Friends,
The great discovery fully makes amends

For all our former unsuccessful pains, 185
And lost expences of our time and brains:

For, by this admirable phenomenon,
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,

And gain'd a prize, t' engage and hold dispute
With all the other planets that stand out; 190

And carry on this brave and virtuous war
Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,
And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes
Amidst the proudest of their magnitudes;

To stretch our future victories beyond 195
The uttermost of planetary ground,
And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,

To prove if they are other suns or not,
As some philosophers have wisely thought; 200
As sole windows in the empyreum,
Through which those bright o'astavias use to come;

Which Archimede, so many years ago,
Durst never venture but to wish to know.

For is this all that we have now atchiev'd, 205
But greater things!—henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our best or worst designs,
Because they're ours, suspected for ill signs.

To cast-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,
Must, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge; 210
For shall our best and ablest virtuosos
From arguments again for coffee-houses;

For shall our stories gain belief among
Our criticillest judges, right or wrong?"

With four new-invented chariots draw 215
The ways to court us in them without law;

" Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,
" Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries:

" No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)
" With butter only harden'd in the sun: 220

" Or men that use to whistle loud enough
" To be heard by others plainly five miles off,

" 'Cause all the rest, we own and have avow'd,
" To be believ'd as desperately loud."

Nor shall our future speculations, whether 225
An elder-stick will render all the leather
Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,
Make all we undertake appear as odd.

This one discovery will prove enough
To take all past and future scandals off: 230
But since the world is so incredulous
Of all our usual scrutinies and us,

And with a constant prejudice prevents
Our best as well as worst experiments,
As if they were all destin'd to miscarry, 235
As well in concert try'd as solitary:

And that th' assembly is uncertain when
Such great discoveries will occur again;

'Tis reasonable we should, at least, contrive
To draw up as exact a Narrative 240
Of that which every man of us can swear
Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,

That, when 'tis fit to publish the Account,
We all may take our several oaths upon 't.

This said, the whole assembly gave consent
To draw up th' authentic instrument, 245
And, for the nation's general satisfaction,
To print and own it in their next Transaction:

But while their ablest men were drawing up
The wonderful Memoir o' th' telescope, 250
A member peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,

That from the west-by-north side of the Moon
To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone.

This being related, gave a sudden stop 255
To all their grandees had been drawing up;
And every person was amaz'd anew,
How such a strange surprisal should be true,

Or any beast perform to great a race,
So swift and rapid, in so short a space, 260
Resolv'd, as sudden'y, to make it good,
Or render all as fairly as they could,

And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,
Than question what they had beheld with them.

While every one was thus resolv'd, a man
Of great esteem and credit thus began— 265

of parenthesis; and the two following lines are
also omitted:

Like flames of fire, as others guess.
That mine t' th' mouths of turbines

Ver. 213.] In this latter part of the speech,
Butler makes a considerable variation, by adding
omitting, and altering; which it would be both
tedious and unnecessary minutely to point out,
as the reader may so easily compare the two
Poems.

3 [R]

Ver. 204, 204.] These two lines are here
inserted in a different and better place than they
were in the former verse, where they made a sort
of a

'Tis strange, I grant! but who, alas! can say
 What cannot be, or justly can, and may?
 Especially at so hugely wide and vast
 A distance as this miracle is plac'd, 270
 Where the least error of the glass, or sight,
 May render things amiss, but never right?
 Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,
 By any equal sublunary proof:
 For who can justify that Nature there 275
 Is ty'd to the same laws she acts by here?
 Nor is it probable she has infus'd,
 Int' every species in the Moon produc'd,
 The same efforts she uses to confer
 Upon the very same productions here; 280
 Since those upon the earth, of several nations,
 Are found t' have such prodigious variations,
 And the affects so constantly to use
 Variety in every thing she does.
 From hence may be infer'd that, though I grant
 We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant, 286
 That Elephant may chance to differ so
 From those with us upon the earth below,
 Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,
 As being of a different kind and breed, 290
 That though 'tis true our own are but slow-pac'd,
 Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,
 And yet be very Elephants, no less.
 Than those deriv'd from Indian families. 294
 This said, another member of great worth,
 Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,
 "In which the mannerly and modest author
 "Quotes the Right Worshipful his elder brother,"
 Look'd wise a while, then said—All this is true, 300
 And very learnedly observ'd by you;
 But there's another nobler reason for 't,
 That, rightly observ'd, will fall but little short
 Of solid mathematic demonstration,
 Upon a full and perfect calculation;
 And that is only this—As th' earth and moon 306
 Do constantly move contrary upon
 Their several axes, the rapidity
 Of both their motions cannot fail to be
 So violent and naturally fast,
 That larger distances may well be past 310
 In less time than the Elephant has gone,
 Although he had no motion of his own;
 Which we on earth can take no measure of,
 As you have made it evident by proof.
 This granted, we may confidently hence 315
 Claim title to another inference,
 And make this wonderful phenomenon
 (Were there no other) serve our turn alone.
 To vindicate the grand hypothesis 319
 And prove the motion of the earth from this.
 This said, th' assembly now were satisf'd,
 As men are soon upon the bias'd side;
 With great applause receiv'd th' admir'd dispute,
 And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,
 By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt, 326
 Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out;
 Resolving to complete their Narrative,
 And punctually insert this strange retrieve.

But while their grantees were diverted all
 With nicely wording the Memorial, 330
 The footboys, for their own diversion, too,
 As having nothing, now, at all to do,
 And when they saw the telescope at leisure,
 Turn'd virtuosos, only for their pleasure;
 "With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity, 335
 "That take delight to practise all they see,"
 Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,
 As those they waited on before had done:
 When once whose turn it was by chance to peep,
 Saw something in the lofty engine creep, 340
 And, viewing carefully, discover'd more
 Than all their masters hit upon before.
 Quoth he, O strange! a little thing is slunk
 On th' inside of the long star-gazing trunk,
 And now is gotten down so low and nigh, 345
 I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.
 This chancing to be overheard by one
 Who was not, yet, so hugely overgrown
 In any philosophic observation,
 As to conclude with mere imagination, 350
 And yet he made immediately a guess
 At fully solving all appearances
 A plainer way, and more significant,
 Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant;
 And quickly found, upon a second view, 355
 His own conjecture, probably, most true;
 For he no sooner had apply'd his eye
 To th' optic engine, but immediately
 He found a small field-mouse was gotten in
 The hollow telescope, and, shut between 360
 The two glass-windows, closely in restraint,
 Was magnify'd into an Elephant,
 And prov'd the happy virtuous occasion
 Of all this deep and learned dissertation.
 And as a mighty mountain, heretofore, 365
 Is said t' have been got with child, and bore
 A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,
 Produc'd another mountain in exchange.
 Meanwhile the grantees, long in consultation,
 Had finish'd the miraculous Narration, 370
 And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,
 T' attest and vouch the truth of all they had writ,
 When this unfortunate phenomenon
 Confounded all they had declar'd and done:
 For, 'twas no sooner told and hinted at, 375
 But all the rest were in a tumult strait,
 More hot and furiously enrag'd by far,
 Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,
 To find so rare and admirable a hint, 379
 When they had all agreed and sworn t' have seen 't,
 And had engag'd themselves to make it out,
 Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt.
 When one, whose only task was to determine
 And solve the worst appearances of vermin,
 Who oft' had made profound discoveries 385
 In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,
 (Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true,
 As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew),
 After he had a while with signs made way
 For something pertinent he had to say; 390

And last prevail'd—Quoth he, This disquisition
Is the one half of it, in my disquisition:
For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs, of natural right, to all the rest,
The Mouse, that's but a paltry vermin, none 395
Can claim a title to but I alone;
And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,
In my own province, freely, with regard.

It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,
And made the table-talk of all the Town, 400
That rants and vapours still, for all our great
Reasons and projects, we've done nothing yet,
If every one have liberty to doubt.

When some great secret's more than half made out,
Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true, 405
And put a stop to all w' attempt to do.
As no great action ever has been done,

Nor ever's like to be, by Truth alone,
If nothing else but only truth w' allow,
Tis no great matter what w' intend to do: 410

"For truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,
'T' endure to be, by all the Town embrac'd;
"A solitary anchorite, that dwells,

"Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,"
Disdains all great assemblies, and desires 415
The press and crowd of mix'd societies,

That use to deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange,
To entertain the world with what is fit

And proper for its genius and its wit; 420
The world, that's never found to set esteem
On what things are, but what they appear and

seem;
And, if they are not wonderful and new,
They're ne'er the better for their being true;

"For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
"Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind, 425
"A giddiness and quivering o' th' brain,

"That lings to eat forbidden fruit again,
"And grows more desperate, like the worst
diseases

"Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes?"
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
His little truth, unless his own undoing,

That prudently by nature had been hidden,
And, only for his greater good, forbidden?

And therefore with as great discretion does 435
The world endeavour still to keep it close:
Till the secrets of all truths were known,

What then should, once more, be as much undone?
Truth is never without danger in 't,
As he it has depriv'd us of a hint, 440

The whole assembly had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all we had done.

"By giving footboys leave to interpose,
"And disappoint whatever we propose:"

For nothing but to cut out work for Stubs. 445
And all the busy academic clubs,

"For which they have deserv'd to run the risks
"Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks."

How much, then, ought we have a special care
To none promise to know above his share, 450
Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth,

More than his weekly contribution's worth,

That all those that have purchas'd of the college
A half, or but a quarter share, of knowledge,
And brought none in themselves, but spent reputation,
Should never be admitted to dispute, 456

Nor any member undertake to know
More than his equal dividend comes to?

For partners have perpetually been known
T' impose upon their public interest prone; 460

And, if we have not greater care of ours,
It will be sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole Society allow'd
The doctrine to be orthodox and good,
And, from the apparent truth of what they had

heard, 465
Resolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their interests to vouch,

And either find it out, or make it such;
That 'twas more admirable to create

Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit, 470
Than with vexatious study, pains and doubt
To find, or but suppose t' have found, it out.

This being resolv'd, th' assembly, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon;

But still the more and curiousest they pry'd, 475
They but became the more unsatisfy'd;
In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,

As if they had different principles of seeing.
Some boldly swore, upon a second view,
That all they had beheld before was true, 480

And dam'd themselves they never would recant
One syllable they had seen of th' Elephant;

Avow'd his shape and snout could be no Mouse's,
But a true natural Elephant's proboscis,

Others began to doubt as much and waver, 485
Uncertain which to disallow or favour;

"Unt' I they had as many cross resolves,
"As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,"

And grew distracted, whether to espouse
The party of the Elephant or Mouse. 490

Some held there was no way to orthodox,
As to refer it to the ballot-box,

And, like some other nation's patriots,
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:

Others were of opinion 'twas more fit 495
T' unmount the telescope, and open it,
And, for their own and all men's satisfaction,

To search and re-examine the Transaction.
And afterward to explicate the rest,

As they should see occasion, for the best. 500
To this, at length, as th' only expedient,

The whole assembly freely gave consent;
But, ere the optic tube was half let down,

Their own eyes clear'd the first phenomenon:
For at the upper end, prodigious swarms 505
Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms

Had all past muster in the glass by chance,
For both the Peri- and the Subvolvans.

This being discover'd, once more put them all
Into a worse and desperate brawl; 510

Surpris'd with shame, that men so grave and wise
Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies.

And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms
For squadrons and reserves of men in arms:

As politic as those who when the Moon 515
As bright and glorious in a river shone,
Threw casting-nets with equal cunning at her,
To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.

But when, at last, they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where the fly impostor was, 520
And saw 'twas but a Mouse, that by mishap
Had catch'd himself, and them, in th' optic trap,
Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted
To find themselves so openly convicted,
Immediately made haste to get them gone, 525
With none but this discovery alone:
That learned men, who greedily pursue
Things that are rather wonderful than true,
And, in their nicest speculations, chuse
To make their own discoveries strange news, 530
And natural history rather a Gazette
Of rarities stupendous and far-fet,
Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
That are not strongly vast and overgrown,
And strive to explicate appearances, 535
Not as they're probable, but as they please,
In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

A SATIRE

ON THE

ROYAL SOCIETY.

A FRAGMENT.

A Learned man, whom once a week
A hundred virtues seek,
And like an oracle apply to,
T' ask questions, and admire, and lye to:
Who entertain'd them all of course
(As men take wives for better or worse)
And pass them all for men of parts,
Though some but sceptics in their hearts;
For, when they're call'd into a jump,
Their talents equally must jump; 10

Ver. 217, 222.] Butler, to compliment his
Mouse for affording him an opportunity of in-
dulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit,
upon this occasion, has, to the end of this Poem,
subjoined the following epigrammatical note:

A Mouse, whose martial valour has so long
Ago been try'd, and by old Homer sung,
And purchas'd him mere everlasting glory
Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,
Though he appears unequal match, I grant,
In bulk and stature by the Elephant,
Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle
To have charg'd the proud and haughty cattle,

As metals mixt, the rich and base
Do both at equal values pass.

With these the ordinary debate
Was after news, and things of state,
Which way the dreadful comet went, 15
In sixty-four, and what it meant?
What nations yet are to bewail
The operation of its tail?
Or whether France or Holland yet,
Or Germany, be in its debt? 20
What wars and plagues in Christendom
Have happen'd since, and what to come?
What kings are dead, how many queens
And princesses are poison'd since?
And who shall next of all by turn 25
Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn?
What parties yet of foot or horse,
Will rout, or routed be, of course?
What German marches, and retreats,
Will furnish the next month's Gazettes? 30
What pestilent contagion next,
And what part of the world, infects?
What dreadful meteor, and where,
Shall in the heavens next appear?
And when again shall lay embargo 35
Upon the Admiral, the good ship Argo?
Why currents turn in seas of ice
Some thrice a day, and some but twice?
And why the tides, at night and noon,
Court, like Caligula, the Moon? 40
What is the natural cause why fish
That always drink, do never pass?
Or whether in their home, the deep,
By night or day they ever sleep?
If grass be green, or snow be white, 45
But only as they take the light?
Whether possessions of the devil,
Or mere temptations, do most evil?
What is 't that makes all fountains still
Within the earth to run up hill, 50
But on the outside down again,
As if th' attempt had been in vain?
Or what 's the strange magnetic cause
The steel or loadstone 's drawn, or draws?
The star the needle, which the stone 55
Has only been but touch'd upon?

When, having boldly enter'd the rebound,
And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his front,
The little vermin, like an errant-knight,
Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight.

* Butler formed a design of writing another
satire upon the Royal Society, part of which I
find amongst his papers, fairly and correctly
transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the
remainder of it be lost, is uncertain: the Frag-
ment, however, that is preserved, may not
improperly be added in this place, as in some sort
explanatory of the preceding Poem: and, I am
persuaded, that those who have a taste for Butler's
turn and humour will think this too curious a
Fragment to be lost, though perhaps too im-
perfect to be formally published.

What
With
(For r
Turns
Or wh
In th
What
That
To dra
As con
Which
Beacof
Whethe
Or cha
Or if th
Are on
Whethe
And ke
Or loit
And clo
Or wh
(For fo
Do bur
Their se
Whethe
And, if
Or, if
The ear
These
And all
To ma
And tur
To ma
By whic
To find
Althoug
H chemi
Can rail
Whether
Rise from
To new
Of hope
To expl
The gra
Add in
Fid out
It mure
A doub

REPORT

It was a
When

Rejoice
that hero

Whether the North-star's influence
 With both does hold intelligence?
 (For red-hot it'n, held tow'rd's the pole,
 Turns of itself to 't when 'tis cool:)
 Or whether male and female screws
 In th' iron and stone th' effect produce?
 What makes the body of the sun,
 That such a rapid course does run.
 To draw no tail behind through th' air,
 As comets do, when they appear;
 Which other planets cannot do,
 Because they do not burn, but glow?
 Whether the Moon be sea or land,
 Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand;
 Or if the dark holes that appear,
 Are only pores, not cities there?
 Whether the atmosphere turn round,
 And keep a just pace with the ground,
 Or loiter lazily behind,
 And clog the air with gusts of wind?
 Or whether crescents in the wane
 (For to an author has it plain)
 Do burn quite out, or wear away
 Their snuffs upon the edge of day?
 Whether the sea increase, or waste,
 And, if it do, how long 'twill last?
 Or, if the sun approaches near
 The earth, how soon it will be there?

These were their learned speculations,
 And all their constant occupations,
 To measure wind, and weigh the air,
 And turn a circle to a square;
 To make a powder of the sun,
 By which all doctors should b' undone;
 To find the north-west passage out,
 Although the farthest way about;
 If chemists from a rose's ashes
 Can raise the rose itself in glasses?
 Whether the line of incidence
 Rise from the object or the senie?
 To stew th' elixir in a bath
 Of hope, credulity, and faith;
 To explicate, by subtle hints,
 The grain of diamonds and flints,
 And in the braying of an ass
 Find out the treble and the base;
 If mares neigh alto, and a cow
 A double diapason low—
 * * * * *

REPARTES BETWEEN CAT AND PUSS

AT A CATERWAULING.

In the modern Heroic way.

It was about the middle age of night,
 When half the earth stood in the other's light,

[*Repartee.*] This poem is a satirical banter upon
 those heroic plays which were so much in vogue

And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
 Gave weary'd Nature a restorative;
 When Puss, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
 Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours; 6
 Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
 And sporting on delightful faggot piles;
 Of bolting out of bathes in the dark,
 As ladies use at midnight in the Park; 10
 Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,
 For assignations in th' affairs of love.
 At once his passion was both false and true,
 And the more false, the more in earnest grew.
 He fancy'd that he heard those amorous charms 15
 That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,
 To which he always brought an equal flame,
 To fight a rival, or to court a dame;
 And, as in dreams love's raptures are more taking
 Than all their actual enjoyments waking, 20
 His amorous passion grew to that extreme,
 His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.
 Thought he, What place is this! or whither art
 Thou vanish'd from me, Mistress of my heart?
 But now I had her in this very place 25
 Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,
 And, while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,
 I know not how, nor whither, thou 'rt escap'd;
 Stay, and I'll follow thee—With that he leapt
 Up from the lazy couch on which he slept, 30
 And, wing'd with passion, through his known
 purlieu,
 Swift as an arrow from a bow, he flew,
 Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd
 Where many an assignation he 'ad enjoy'd: 34
 Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame,
 That long had stay'd and call'd before he came,
 Impatient of delay, without one word,
 To lose no further time, he fell aboard,
 But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,
 While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd. 40
 C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address;
 Canst thou, at once, both injure and care?
 P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy powerful
 charms,
 And, I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.
 C. He that does love would set his heart a-tilt,
 Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt. 46
 P. Your wounds are but without, and mine
 within;
 You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin;
 And, while your eyes pierce deeper than my
 claws,
 You blame th' effect, of which you are the cause.
 C. How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade,
 Had it not first been by your own betray'd?
 Hence 'tis my greatest crime has only been
 (Not in mine eyes, but yours) in being seen.

at the time our Author lived: the dialogues of
 which, having what they called Heroic Love for
 their subject, are carried-on exactly in this strain,
 as any one may perceive that will consult the dra-
 matic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.

P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt. 55
 C. That's worse than making cruelty a sport.
 P. Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,
 That sets it off to a more noble height.
 C. He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,
 That takes it up beforehand of his pain. 60
 P. Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past.
 C. But grows intolerable if it last.
 P. Love is too full of honour to regard
 What it enjoys, but suffers as reward.
 What Knight durst ever own a lover's name, 65
 That had not been half murther'd by his flame,
 Or lady, that had never lain at stake,
 To death, or force of rivals, for his sake?
 C. When love does meet with injury and pain,
 Disdain 's the only medicine for disdain. 70
 P. At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,
 In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.
 C. Preposterous way of pleasure and of love,
 That contrary to its own end would move!
 'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy; 75
 Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.
 P. Enjoying and destroying are all one,
 As flames destroy that which they feed upon.
 C. He never lov'd at any generous rate,
 That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate, 80
 As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
 The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,
 So should fruition do the lover's fire,
 Instead of lessening, inflame desire. 84
 P. What greater proof that passion does transport,
 When what I would die for I'm forc'd to hurt?
 C. Death among lovers is a thing despis'd,
 And far below a fullen humour priz'd,
 That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,
 When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds: 90
 But since you understand not what you do,
 I am the judge of what I feel, not you.
 P. Passion begins indifferent to prove,
 When love considers any thing but love. 94
 C. The darts of love, like lightning wound within,
 And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin;
 They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
 Though through the tenderest part of all, the eye;
 But your sharp claws have left enough to shew
 How tender I have been, how cruel you. 100
 P. Pleasure is pain; for when it is enjoy'd,
 All it could wish for was but to b' allay'd.
 C. Force is a rugged way of making love.
 P. What you like best, you always disapprove.
 C. He that will wrong his love, will not be nice, 105
 T' excuse the wrong he does, to wrong her twice.
 P. Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.
 C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.
 P. When you mistake that for an injury
 I never meant, you do the wrong, not I. 110
 C. You do not feel yourself the pain you give;
 But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve;
 But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,
 That can be cruel where you own a flame.
 P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty, 115
 Which you at once outdo, and blame in me;
 For, while you stifle and inflame desire,
 You burn and starve me in the self-same fire.

C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
 Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for't: I to
 As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and sun,
 Make others pay for what themselves have done.

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, Esq.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF

THE BRITISH PRINCES*.

S I R,

YOU have oblig'd the British nation more
 Than all their bards could ever do before,
 And, at your own charge, monuments more hard
 Than brass or marble to their fame have rear'd:
 For, as all warlike nations take delight
 To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,
 You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
 And no less virtuously improv'd your own;
 Or they have acted, at a nobler height. 15
 You of their ancient princes have retriev'd
 More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
 Describ'd their customs and their rites anew,
 Bet'er than all their Druids ever knew;
 Unriddled their dark oracles as well. 20
 As those themselves that made them could foretell:
 For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
 Arthur would come to govern them again,
 You have fulfill'd their prophecy alone,
 And in this poem plac'd him on his throne. 25
 Such magic power has your prodigious pen,
 To raise the dead, and give new life to men;
 Make rival princes meet in arms and love,
 Whom distant ages did so far remove;
 For as eternity has neither past 30
 Nor future (authors say) nor first nor last,
 But is all instant, your eternal Muse
 All ages can to any one reduce.
 Then why should you, whose miracle of art
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart, 35
 Trouble in vain your better-bus'd head
 T' observe what time they liv'd in, or were dead?
 For, since you have such arbitrary power,
 It were defect in judgment to go lower,
 Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd, 40
 As use to take the vulgar latitude.

* Most of the celebrated wits in Charles the Second's reign addressed this gentleman, in a flattering way, upon his poem called *The British Princes*, and, among the rest, Butler.

There's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit;
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring sense that understands it here. 40

A PALINODIE

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, Esq.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF

THE BRITISH PRINCES.

IT is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muse
Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, sues;
For, having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to ask forgiveness, and submit;
Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write, 5
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white:
But such is her belief in your just candor,
She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,
To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense
Of silly emulation or offence. 10
Nor your sufficient wit does still declare
Himself too amply, they are mad that dare
Derain and senseless a presumption own,
To take your vast parts in comparison:
And yet you might have thought upon a way 15
To instruct us how you'd have us to obey,
And not command our praises, and then blame
All that's too great or little for your fame:
For who could chuse but err, without some trick
To take your elevation to a nick? 20
As he that was desir'd, upon occasion,
To make the Mayor of London an oration,
Desir'd his Lordship's favour, that he might
Take measure of his mouth to fit it right;
So, had you sent a scantling of your wit, 25
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;
But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down
All that's unequal to your huge renown;
For he that writes below your vast desert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art. 30
Poets, like a robe of state, should not sit close
To all person 'tis made for, but wide and loose;
Derive its comeliness from being unfit,
And such have been our praises of your wit;
Which is so extraordinary, no height 35
Of fancy but your own can do it right;
Whence those glorious poems you have writ,
Whose equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And those dependant discoveries
That's entirely made of wonders in the skies: 40
For who, but from yourself, did ever hear
The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere?

Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about vacuum?
What should confine those undetermin'd crowds, 45
And yet extend no further than the clouds?
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A sign and an ascendant were all one?
Or how 'tis possible the moon should shrowd
Her face, to peep at Mars behind a cloud, 50
Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd,
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd?
Who ever did a language so enrich,
To scorn all little particles of speech?
For though they make the sense clear, yet they're
found 55
To be a scurvy hindrance to the sound;
Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,
Or for the sense's sake to wave the rumble.
Had Homer known this art, he 'ad ne'er been fain
To use so many particles in vain, 60
That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps
To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.
You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those
Which in construction you o'ersee and lose;
And by this art do Priscian no wrong 65
When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
These are your own discoveries, which none
But such a Muse as your's could hit upon,
That can, in spite of laws of art, or rules,
Make things more intricate than all the schools: 70
For what have laws of art to do with you,
More than the laws with honest men and true?
He that 's a prince in poetry should strive
To cry them down by his prerogative,
And not submit to that which has no force 75
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.
Your poems will endure to be try'd
I' th' fire, like gold, and come forth purify'd;
Can only to eternity pretend, 80
For they were never writ to any end.
All other books bear an uncertain rate,
But those you write are always fold by weight;
Each word and syllable brought to the scale,
And valued to a scruple in the sale:
For when the paper 's charg'd with your rich wit, 85
'Tis for all purposes and uses fit,
Has an absterfve virtue to make clean
Whatever Nature made in man obscene.
Boys find, b' experiment, no paper kite,
Without your verse can make a noble flight. 90
It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet;
In Paris they perfume their rooms with it:
For, burning but one leaf of your's, they say,
Drives all their stinks and nastiness away.
Cooks keep their pyes from burning with your
wir, 95
Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit;
And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,
When arsenick's only wrap'd up in the verse.
These are the great performances that raise
Your mighty parts above all reach of praise, 100
And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,
Whose wondrous power 's so generally known,
Fame 's the echo, and her voice your own.

A PANEGYRIC

UPON

SIR JOHN DENHAM'S

RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS*.

SIR, you've outliv'd so desperate a fit
 As none could do but an immortal wit;
 Had your's been less, all helps had been in vain,
 And thrown away, though on a less sick brain;
 But you were so far from receiving hurt,
 You grew improv'd, and much the better for 't.
 As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,
 And burn himself in his own country's spice,
 A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,
 Which after does to a young phoenix turn: 10
 So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
 Did life renew'd and vigorous youth acquire;
 And with so much advantage, some have guest,
 Your after-wit is like to be your best,
 And now expect far greater matters of ye 15
 Than the bought Cooper's Hill, or borrow'd
 Sophy;
 Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse,
 Like those he made himself, or not much worse;
 And Seneca's dry sand unmix'd with lime,
 Such as you cheat the King with, botch'd in
 rhyme. 20
 Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride
 And native insolence quite laid aside;
 And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
 All, that you durst with safety, to affront.
 No China cupboard rudely overthrow'n, 25
 Nor lady-tipp'd, by being accosted, down;
 No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,
 With verses forty times more low'd than his:
 Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
 And hold it out, where you had built a sponce; 30
 Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,
 For asking what in fruit and love you 'ad scor'd;
 But all civility and complacence,
 More than you ever us'd before or since.
 Beside, you never over-reach'd the King 35
 One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
 Nor brought in false accomp't, with little tricks,
 Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks;

* It must surprize the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in so severe and contemptuous a manner, the character of a poet so much esteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is, indeed, some room for satire; but still there is such a spirit of bitterness runs through the whole, besides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but some personal quarrel or disgust. How far this weakness may carry the greatest geniuses, we have a proof in what Pope has written of Addison.

False muttering of workmen by the day,
 Deduction out of wages, and dead pay 40
 For those that never liv'd; all which did come,
 By thrifty management, to no small sum.
 You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse,
 Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,
 As you were wont, till all you built appear'd 45
 Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd:
 For had the stones (like his) charm'd by your verse
 Built up themselves, they could not have done
 worse;

And sure, when you first ventur'd to survey,
 You did design to do 't no other way. 50
 All this was done before those days began
 In which you were a wife and happy man:
 For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,
 Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes?
 Who ever greater treasure could command, 55
 Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
 Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast
 As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,
 Or all those practis'd upon public money?
 For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.
 For ever are you bound to curse those quacks
 That undertook to cure your happy cracks;
 For, though no art can ever make them sound,
 The tampering cost you three-score thousand pound.
 How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and 65
 lost,

Yet been no more undone by being choust,
 Nor forc'd upon the King's accomp't to lay
 All that, in serving him, you lost at play!
 For nothing but your brain was ever found
 To suffer sequestration, and compound. 70
 Yet you've an imposition laid on brick,
 For all you then laid out at Beast or Glee;
 And when you've rais'd a sum, strait let it fly,
 By understanding low, and venturing high;
 Until you have reduc'd it down to tick. 75
 And then recruit again from lime and brick.

UPON

CRITICS,

WHO JUDGE OF

MODERN PLAYS

Precisely by the Rules of the Ancients*.

WHO ever will regard poetic fury,
 When it is once found Idiot by a jury.

* This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Rymer, Historiographer to Charles II. who censured three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's. The cold, severe critic may perhaps find some few inaccuracies to censure in this composition; but the reader of taste will either overlook or pardon them for the sake of the spirit that runs through it.

And every pert and arbitrary fool
Can all poetic licence over-rule;
Assume a barbarous tyranny, to handle
The Muses worse than Otirogoth and Vandal;
Make them subject to verdict and report,
And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?
Much lets be sentenc'd by the arbitrary
Proceedings of a wide'st plagiarist, 10
That forges old records and ordinances
Against the right and property of fancies,
Miscellane and nice than weighing of the weather,
To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,
Or measuring of air upon Parnassus, 15
With cylinders of Torricellian gales;
Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,
down to its antique theatre, a cart,
And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
Of reverend choruses and episodes; 20
Reform and regulate a puppet play,
A coding to the true and ancient way,
That not an actor shall presume to squeak,
Unless he have a licence for 't in Greek;
Nor Whittington henceforward sell his cat in 25
Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin:
No Pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,
Unless it be in order to raise pity;
Nor devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd
To roar and spout, but to fright the crowd, 30
Unless some god or demon chance t' have piques
Against an ancient family of Greeks;
That other men may tremble, and take warning,
How such a fatal progeny they're born in;
For none but such for tragedy are fitted, 35
That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd;
And only those held proper to deter,
Who've had th' ill luck against their wills to err.
Whence only such as are of middling sizes,
Between morality and venial vices, 40
Are qualify'd to be destroy'd by Fate,
For other mortals to take warning at.
As if the antique laws of Tragedy
Did with our own municipal agree,
And serv'd, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the weak,
And give diversion to the great to break; 46
To make a less delinquent to be brought
To answer for a greater person's fault,
And suffer all the worst the worst approver
Can, to excuse and save himself, discover. 50
No longer shall Dramatics be confin'd
To draw true images of all mankind;
To punish in ensilage criminals,
Relieve the innocent, and hang the false;
But a class-law to execute and kill, 55
For nothing, wh' misfouler they please, at will,
To excite spectators from commenting
The crimes they did, and suffer'd for, unwitting.
These are the reformations of the Stage,
Like other reformations of the age, 60
On purpose to destroy all wit and sense,
And t' other did all law and conscience;
No better than the laws of British plays,
Confin'd in th' ancient good King Howell's days;
Who made a general council regulate 65
Men's catching women by the—you know what,
Vol. II.

And set down in the rubric at what time
It should be counted legal, when a crime;
Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,
And on what days it went out or came in. 70
An English poet should be try'd b' his peers,
And not by pedants and philosophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury:
Besides the most intolerable wrong 75
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
Or Tales falser than Euripides;
When not an English native dares appear
To be a witness for the prisoner; 80
When all the laws they use t' arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
Were made b' a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,
To put an end to all poetic scruples,
And, by th' advice of virtuous Tuscans, 85
Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins;
Gave judgment on all past and future plays,
As is apparent by Speroni's case,
Which Lope Vega fir'd began to steal,
And after him the French lion Corneille; 90
And since our English plagiarists nim
And steal their far-let criticisms from him,
And, by an action falsely laid of Trover,
The lumber for their proper goods recover,
Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers 95
Of witty Beaumont's poetry and Fletcher's;
Who, for a few misprisions of wit,
Are charg'd by those who ten times worse com-
mit;
And, for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
Are censur'd for t' with more unlucky sense; 100
When all their worst misdeeds delight,
And please more than the best that pedants write.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

ACTED BEFORE THE

DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTH-DAY*.

SIR, while so many nations strive to pay
The tribute of their glories to this day,

* It is pretty remarkable that, amongst such a variety of performances of our Poet's, this, and the Epilogue that follows, should be the only ones in the complimenting strain: and I dare say every reader will observe, with a smile, how soon, even in this, he deserts the region of panegyric, to resume his natural turn of satirical dexterity upon the critics.

3 [S]

That gave them earnest of so great a sum
Of glory (from your future acts) to come,
And which you have discharg'd at such a rate, 5
That all succeeding times must celebrate;
We, that subsist by your bright influence,
And have no life but what we own from thence,
Come humbly to present you, our own way,
With all we have (beside our hearts), a play. 10
But, as devoutest men can pay no more
To deities than what they gave before,
We bring you only what your great commands
Did rescue for us from ingrossing hands,
That would have taken out administration 15
Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation;
Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays
That come within their reach, as wefts and strays,
And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit,
But that your justice put a stop to it. 20
'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad
To admit of all who now write new and bad;
For, still the wickedest some authors write,
Others to write worse are encourag'd by 't;
And though those fierce inquisitors of wit, 25
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,
But, just as tooth-drawers, find, among the rout,
Their own teeth work in pulling others out;
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't. 30
Small poetry, like other heresies,
By being persecuted multiplies;
But here they 're like to fail of all pretence;
For he that writ this play is dead long since,
And not within their power; for bears a e said 35
To spare those that lie still and seem but dead.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

TO THE DUTCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,
No less than to your royal Lord, to you;
And, while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
You have, what's greater than them all, his heart;
That heart that, when it was his country's guard, 6
The fury of two elements outard,
And made a stubborn haughty enemy
The terror of his dreadful conduct fly;
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms
Appear no less victorious than his arms; 10
For which you off' have triumph'd on this day,
And many more to come Heaven grant you may!
But, as great princes use, in solemn times
Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,
If we have sinn'd without an ill intent, 15
And done below what really we meant,
We humbly ask your pardon for 't, and pray
You would forgive, in honour of the day.

UPON

PHILIP NYE'S

THANKSGIVING BEARD*.

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
That Nature orders for no other place;
The fringe and tassell of a countenance,
That hides his person from another man's,
And, like the Roman habits of their youth, 5
Is never worn until his perfect growth;
A privilege no other creature has,
To wear a natural mask upon his face,
That shifts its likeness every day he wears,
To fit some other persons' characters, 10
And by its own mythology implies,
That men were born to live in some disguise.
This satisfy'd a reverend man, that clear'd
His disagreeing conscience by his Beard.
He 'ad been prefer'd i' th' army, when the church 16
Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;
When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,
Were turn'd to officers of horse and zealots,
From whom he held the most pluralities
Of contributions, donatives, and salaries; 20
Was held the chiefest of those spiritual trumpets,
That sounded charges to their fiercest combats;
But in the despatch of defeats
Had never blown as opportune retreats,
Until the Synod order'd his departure 25
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
To sit among them, as he had been chosen,
And pass or null all things at his own disposing:

* As our Poet has thought fit to bestow so many verses upon this trumpeter of sedition, it may, perhaps, be no thankless office to give the reader some further information about him than what merely relates to his beard.—He was educated at Oxford, first in Brazen-nose College, and afterwards in Magdalen Hall; where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland, where he was not very likely to lessen those prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the Parliament; and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and spirit-up the cause of the Covenant; in defence of which he wrote several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self-interest and ambition, when the Independents began to have the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a strenuous preacher on that side; and in this situation he was when he fell under the lash of Butler's satire.

Could clap up souls in limbo with a vote,
And for their fees discharge and let them out; 30
Which made some grantees bribe him with the
place

Of holding forth upon Thanksgiving days;
Whether the Members, two and two abreast,
March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast;
Or the way repeated the oh-hones 35
Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones:
His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,
He practis'd only to animate the Cause,
With which the Sisters were so prepossess'd,
They could remember nothing of the rest. 40

He thought upon it, and resolv'd to put
His Beard into as wonderful a cut,
And, for the further service of the women,
Tabate the rigidity of his opinion;
And, but a day before, had been to find 45
The ablest virtuoso of the kind,

With whom he long and seriously conferr'd
On all intrigues that might concern his Beard;
By whose advice he fate for a design
Little drawn, exactly to a line, 50

That if the creature chance to have occasion
To undergo a thorough reformation,
He might be borne conveniently about,
And by the meanest artist copy'd out.

This done, he sent a journeyman sectary 55
He had brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,
To find out one that had the greatest practice,
To prune and bleach the hearts of all Fanatics,
And set their most confus'd disorders right,

Not by a new design, but newer light; 60
Who us'd to shave the grantees of their sticklers,
And crop the worthies of their Conventicle's;
To whom he shew'd his new-invented draught,
And bid him how 'twas to be copy'd out.

Quoth he, 'Tis but a false and counterfeit, 65
And scandalous device of human wit,
That's absolutely forbidden in the Scripture,
To make of any carnal thing the picture.

Quoth th' other saint, You must leave that to
us,
To agree what's lawful, or what scandalous; 70
For, till it is determin'd by our vote,
To either lawful, scandalous, or not;
Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,
Must indifferent to avoid or own.

Quoth he, My conscience never shall agree 75
To it, till I know what 'tis to be;
For though I use it in a lawful time,
What if it after should be made a crime?

'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience,
Against human contributions, in our own sense, So
Which I'm resolv'd perpetually to avow,
And make it lawful what's'er we do;
Then do your office with your greatest skill,
And let the event befall us how it will.

Thus said, the nice barbarian took his tools, 85
To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles;
To cut on as pertinently as he snipt,
A hundred times for every hair he clipt;
Till the Beard at length began to appear,

And resume its antique character, 90
Great more and more itself, that art might strive
And stand in competition with the life;

For some have doubted if 'twere made of snips
Of fables, glew'd and fitted to his lips,
And set in such an artificial frame, 95
As if it had been wrought in filograin,
More subtly fil'd and polish'd than the gin
That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in;
That Lachesis, that spins the threads of Fate,
Could not have drawn it out more delicate. 100

But being design'd and drawn so regular,
T' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,
Who could imagine that it should be portal
To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal? 105
And yet it was, and did abominate
The least compliance in the Church or State,
And from itself did equally dissent,
As from religion and the government*.

S A T I R E

UPON THE

WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN †.

WHO would believe that wicked earth,
Where Nature only brings us forth
To be found guilty and forgiven,
Should be a nursery for Heaven;

* I find among Butler's manuscripts several
other little sketches upon the same subject, but
none worth printing, except the following one
may be thought passable, by way of note.

This reverend brother, like a goat,
Did wear a tail upon his throat,
The fringe and tassel of a face,
That gives it a becoming grace,
But set in such a curious frame,
As if 'twere wrought in filograin,
And cut so even, as if 't had been
Drawn with a pen upon his chin.
No topiary hedge of quickset
Was e'er so neatly cut or thick set
That made beholders more admire,
Than China-plate that's made of wire;
But being wrought so regular
In every part, and every hair,
Who would believe it should be portal
To unconforming-inward mortal?
And yet it was, and did dissent
No less from its own government,
Than from the Church's, and detest
That which it held forth and profess;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in Church and State;
And, like an hypocritical brother,
Profess'd one thing and did another;
As all things, where they're most profess'd,
Are found to be regarded least.

† In this composition the reader will have the
pleasure of viewing Butler in a light in which

When all we can expect to do
Will not pay half the debt we owe,
And yet more desperately dare,
As if that wretched trifle were
Too much for the eternal Powers,
Our great and mighty creditors,
Not only slight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adulterate coin?
We only in their mercy trust,
To be more wicked and unjust;
All our devotions, vows, and prayers,
Are our own interest, not theirs;
Our offerings, when we come to adore,
But begging presents to get more;
The purest business of our zeal
Is but to err, by meaning well,
And make that meaning do more harm
Than our worst deeds, that are less warm;
For the most wretched and perverse
Does not believe himself he errs.

Our holiest actions have been
Th' effects of wickedness and sin;
Religious houses made compounders
For th' horrid actions of the founders;
Steeple that totter'd in the air,
By lechers sinn'd into repair;
As if we had retain'd no sign
Nor character of the divine
And heavenly part of human nature,
But only the coarse earthly matter.
Our universal inclination
Tends to the worst of our creation;
As if the stars conspir'd to imprint,
In our whole species, by instinct,
A fatal brand and signature
Of nothing else but the impure.
The best of all our actions tend
To the preposterous end.
And, like to mongrels, we're inclin'd
To take most to th' ignobler kind:
Or monsters, that have always least
Of th' human parent, not the beast.
Hence 'tis we've no regard at all
Of our best half original;
But, when they differ, still assert
The interest of th' ignobler part;

he has not hitherto appeared. Every thing, almost, that he has wrote, is indeed satirical, but in an arch and droll manner, and he may be said rather to have laugh'd at the vices and follies of mankind, than to have rail'd at them. In this he is serious and severe, exchanges the *ridiculum* for the *aeri*, and writes with the spirited indignation of a Juvenal or a Persius. Good-natured readers may perhaps think the invective too bitter; but the same good-nature will excuse the Poet, when it is considered what an edge must be given to his satirical wit by the age in which he lived, distinguished by the two extremes of hypocrisy and enthusiasm on the one part, and irreligion and immorality on the other.

5 Spend all the time we have upon
The vain caprices of the one,
But grudge to spare one hour to know
What to the better part we owe.
10 As, in all compound substances,
The greater still devours the less;
So, being born and bred up near
Our earthly gross relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race,
15 We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,
As modern Grecians are, and worse,
To their brave noble ancestors.
Yet, as no barbarousness beside
Is half so barbarous as pride,
20 Nor any prouder insolence
Than that which has the least pretence,
We are so wretched to profess
A glory in our wretchedness;
25 To vapour silly, and rant
Of our own misery and want,
And grow vain-glorious on a score
We ought much rather to deplore;
Who, the first moment of our lives,
30 Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;
And our great'st grace is not to know
When we shall pay them back, nor how;
Egotten with a vain caprich,
And live as vainly to that pitch.
35 Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical;
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.
40 Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms,
Are but out-houses to our tombs;
Cities, though e'er so great and brave
But mere warehouses to the grave.
Our bravery 's but a vain disguise,
45 To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedness is deckt;
Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
As if we 'ad gain'd by being lost.
50 All this is nothing to the evils
Which men, and their confederate devils,
Inflict, to aggravate the curse
On their own hated kind much worse;
As if by Nature they 'ad been serv'd
More gently than their fate deserv'd,
Take pains (in justice) to invent,
And study their own punishment;
That, as their crimes should greater grow,
So might their own inflictions too.
Hence bloody wars at first began,
The artificial plague of man,
That from his own invention rise,
To scourge his own iniquities;
That, if the heavens should chance to spare
Supplies of constant poison'd air,
They might not, with unfit delay,
For lingering destruction stay,
Nor seek recruits of death so far,
But plague themselves with blood and war.

And
Kind
But h
To hi
Make
Th' u
With
As wa
Promi
As fast
Like e
And, e
Make
As plu
And fi
Udo a
Inach
Fears,
Thi g
For ten
Like th
A trad
Advan
For bei
Raid
Before
Produce
For plea
And ma
A great
Make j
Then th
Till, un
To blow
Rally w
Rebellio
And mal
Of all t
And von
As other
Althoug
As all th
For thing
Do oft p
That w
As prefer
Is oft late
Of two y
And thou
Had liv
For what
Law, lux
Pain, ple
An easy

Ver. 1
transcribe
the sheet
my verses
added; b
chase rat
For r
The

And if these fail, there is no good
 Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd,
 But he can easily divert
 To his own misery and hurt;
 Make that which Heaven meant to bless
 Th' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace,
 With luxury and excess, as fast
 As war and desolation, waste;
 Promote mortality, and kill,
 As fast as arms, by sitting still;
 Like earthquakes, flay without a blow,
 And, only moving, overthrow;
 Make law and equity as dear
 As plunder and free-quarter were,
 And fierce encounters at the bar
 As fast as those in war;
 Lash bawds, whores, and usurers,
 Pimps, scribes, and silent ministers,
 That get estates by being undone
 For tender conscience, and have none.
 Like those that with their credit drive
 A trade, without a stock, and thrive;
 Advance men in the church and state
 For being of the meanest rate,
 Rais'd for their double-guill'd deserts,
 Before integrity and parts;
 Produce more grievous complaints
 For plenty, than before for wants,
 And make a rich and fruitful year
 A greater grievance than a dear;
 Make jests of greater dangers far
 Than those they trembled at in war;
 Till, unawares, they've laid a train
 To blow the public up again;
 Rally with horror, and, in sport,
 Rebellion and destruction court,
 And make Fanatics in despair
 Of all their madness, reason right,
 And vouch to all they have foretold,
 As other monsters oft have done,
 Although from truth and sense as far,
 As all their other maggots are:
 For things said false, and never meant,
 Do oft prove true by accident.
 That wealth that bounteous Fortune sends
 As presents to her dearest friends,
 Is oft laid out upon a purchase
 Of two yards long in parish-churches,
 And those too happy men that bought it
 Had liv'd, and happier too, without it:
 For what does vast wealth bring but cheat,
 Law, luxury, disease, and debt;
 Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,
 An easy-troubled life, and short?

Ver. 163.] Though this satire seems fairly
 transcribed for the press, yet, on a vacancy in
 the sheet opposite to this line, I find the follow-
 ing verses, which probably were intended to be
 added; but as they are not regularly inserted, I
 chuse rather to give them by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd so deep into
 The bowels of the earth below,

But all these plagues are nothing near
 Those, far more cruel and severe
 Unhappy man takes pains to find,
 T' inflict himself upon his mind:
 And out of his own bowels spins
 A rack and torture for his sins;
 Torments himself in vain, to know
 That most which he can never do;
 And, the more strictly 'tis deny'd,
 The more he is unsatisfy'd;
 Is busy in finding scruples out,
 To languish in eternal doubt;
 Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
 And starts, as horses do at posts,
 And, when his eyes assist him least,
 Discern such subtle objects best.
 On hypothetic dreams and visions
 Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
 And raises endless controversies
 On vulgar theorems and hearays;
 Grows positive and confident,
 In things so far beyond th' extent
 Of human sense, he does not know
 Whether they be at all or no,
 And doubts as much in things that are
 As plainly evident and clear;
 Disdains all useful sense, and plain,
 T' apply to th' intricate and vain;
 And cracks his brains in plodding on
 That which is never to be known;
 To pose himself with subtleties,
 And hold no other knowledge wise;
 Although, the subtler all things are,
 They're but to nothing the more near;
 And, the less weight they can sustain,
 The more he still lays on in vain,
 And hangs his soul upon as nice
 And subtle curiosities,
 As one of that vast multitude
 That on a needle's point have stood;
 Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,
 Upon as nice and subtle scales,
 As those that turn upon a plane
 With th' hundredth part of half a grain,
 And still the subtler they move,
 The sooner false, and useless prove.
 So man, that thinks to force and strain,
 Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,
 In vain torments it on the rack,
 And, for improving, sets it back;

For metals, that are found to dwell
 Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
 And have a magic power to sway
 The greedy souls of men that way,
 But with their bodies have been fain
 To fill those trenches up again;
 When bloody battles have been fought
 For sharing that which they took out
 For wealth is all things that conduce
 To man's destruction or his use;
 A standard both to buy and sell
 All things from heaven down to hell.

Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent;
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil where 'twas made:
For, as abortions cost more pain
Than vigorous births, so all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purposes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worse,
Than those of strong and lively force.

S A T I R E

UPON THE

CONTINUANCE OF CHARLES II.

As you appear we've liv'd in, and a lewd,
The fun in all his travels view'd;
As ever justice urg'd,
Antisocialist, to be scourg'd;
But as it scap'd, and yet has only learn'd,
The more 'tis plagu'd, to be the less concern'd.
Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,
Enough to fright the stubbornst hearted age;
The one to mow vast crowds of people down,
The other (as then needless) half the Town;
And two as mighty miracles restore
What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before;
In all as unconcern'd as if they had been
But pastimes for diversion to be seen,
Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.

Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly
blockhead)
The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,
Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose
As e'er the devil could teach, or sinners use,
And on the other side at once put in
As impotent iniquity and sin.
As skulls that have been crack'd are often found
Upon the wrong side to receive the wound;
And like tobacco-pipes at one end hit,
To break at th' other still that's opposite:
So men, who one extravagance would shun,
Into the contrary extreme have run;
And all the difference is, that, as the first
Provokes the other freak to prove the worst,

As the preceding satire was upon mankind in general, with some allusion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levelled at the licentious and debauched times of Charles II. humorously contrasted with the Puritanical ones which went before; and is a fresh proof of the Author's impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally, but falsely, imagined, a bigot to the Cavalier party.

So, in return, that strives to render less
The last delusion, with its own excess,
And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way,
With bungling t' help out one another's play.
For those who heretofore fought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
Wore vizards of hypocrisy to steal
And sink away in masquerade to hell,
Now bring their crimes into the open sun,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,
As eagles try their young against his rays,
To prove if they're of generous breed or base;
Call heaven and earth to witness how they've
aim'd,
With all their utmost vigour, to be damn'd,
And by their own examples, in the view
Of all the world, strive to damn others too;
On all occasions fought to be as civil
As possible they could t' his grace the Devil,
To give him no unnecessary trouble,
Nor in small matters use a fitted sword,
But with their constant practice done their best
To improve and propagate his interest:
For men have now made vice so great an art,
The matter of fact's become the slightest part;
And the debauch'd it actions they can do,
Mere trifles to the circumstance and show.
For 'tis not what they do that's now the sin,
But what they lowly affect and glory in.
As if preposterously they would profess
A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness,
And affectation, that makes good things bad,
Must make affected shame accus'd and mad;
For vices for themselves may find excuse,
But never for their compliment and shews;
That if there ever were a mystery
Of moral secular iniquity,
And that the churches may not lose their due
By being inroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new:
For men are now as scrupulous and nice,
And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice;
Disdain as proudly to be thought to have
To do in any mischief but the brave;
As the most scrupulous zealot of late times
T' appear in any but th' horrid crimes;
Have as precise and strict punctilios
Now to appear, as then to make no shews,
And steer the world, by disagreeing force
Of different customs, 'gainst her natural course.
So powerful 's ill example to encroach,
And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch,
Example, that imperious dictator,
Of all that 's good or bad to human nature,
By which the world 's corrupted and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be sav'd and studies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,
Imposes on divinity, and sets
Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits;
Alters all characters of virtue and vice,
And passes one for th' other in disguise;
Makes all things, as it pleases, understood.
The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good;

That fly counter-changes wrong and right,
Like white in fields of black, and black in white;
As if the laws of Nature had been made 95
Of purpose only to be disobey'd;
Or man had lost his mighty interest,
By having been distinguish'd from a beast;
And had no other way but sin and vice,
To be restor'd again to Paradise. 100

How copious is our language lately grown,
To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon!
And yet how expressive and significant,
In damns a once to curse, and swear, and rant!
As if no way express'd men's souls so well, 105
As damning of them to the pit of hell;
Nor any asseveration were so civil,
As mortgaging salvation to the devil;
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blasphemy a purity to our phrase. 110
For what can any language more enrich,
Than to pay souls for viciating speech;
When the great it'erant in the world made those
But lick their words out that abus'd his prose?

What trivial punishments did then protect 115
To public censure a profound respect,
When the most shameful penance, and severe,
That could be inflict'd on a Cavalier
For infamous debauchery, was no worse
Than but to be degraded from his horse, 120
And have his livery of oats and hay,
Instead of cutting spurs off, tak'n away?
They held no torture then so great as shame,
And that to slay was less than to defame;
For just so much regard as men express 125
To th' censure of the public, more or less
The same will be return'd to them again,
In shame or reputation, to a grain;
And, how perverse so'er the world appears.
Too just to all the bad it sees and hears; 130
And for that virtue strives to be allow'd
For all the injuries it does the good.

How silly were their fages heretofore,
To fight their heroes with a syren whore!
Make them believe a water-witch, with charms,
Could sink their men of war as easy as storms,
And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,
Into land porpoises, and cod and ling;
To terrify those mighty champions,
As we do children now with Bloody-bones: 140
Until the subtlest of their conjurers
Maid up the labels to his soul, his ears,
And ty'd his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,
And rather venture drowning than to wrong 145
The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song:
Ty'd out of countenance, and, like an ass,
Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glass;
Uncommonly refuse her treat and wine,
For fear of being turn'd into a swine, 150
When one of our heroic adventurers now
Shall drink her down, and turn her int' a fow!
So simple were those times, when a grave sage
Could with an old-wife's tale instruct the age,
To chide more fantastic ways and nice, 155
Than poets will now endure; improve in vice;

Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,
Do more than all our holdings-forth are able,
A forc'd obscure mythology convince,
Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins; 160
When an old proverb, or an end of verse,
Could more than all our penal laws coerce,
And keep men honest than all our furies
Of jailors, judges, countables, and juries;
Who were converted then with an old saying,
Better than all our preaching now, and praying.
What sops had these been, had they liv'd with us,
Where the best reason's made ridiculous,
And all the plain and sober things we say,
By raillery are put beside their play? 170
For men are grown above all knowledge now,
And what they're ignorant of disdain to know;
Engross truth (like Fanatics) underhand,
And boldly judge before they understand;
The self-same courses equally advance, 175
In spiritual and carnal ignorance,
And, by the same degrees of confidence,
Become impregnable against all sense;
For, as they outgrew ordinances then,
So would they now morality again. 180
Though Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,
And both descended from one parent, Sin,
And therefore seldom have been known to part,
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,
Yet they have north-west passages to steer, 185
A short way to it, without pains or care:
For, as implicit faith is far more stiff
Than that which understands its own belief,
So those that think, and do but think they know,
Are far more obstinate than those that do, 190
And more averse than if they 'ad ne'er been taught
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;
Take boldness upon credit beforehand,
And grow too positive to understand;
Believe themselves as knowing and as famous,
As if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*, 196
A bill of store to take up a degree,
With all the learning to it, custom-free,
And look as big for what they bought at Court,
As if they 'ad done their exercises for't. 200

S A T I R E

UPON

G A M I N G.

WHAT fool would trouble fortune more,
When she has been too kind before;
Or tempt her to take baton again
What she had thrown away in vain,
By idly venturing her good graces
To be dispos'd of by ames-aces;
Or settling it in trust to us
Out of his power, on trays and deuces;

To put it to the chance, and try,
 I th' ballot of a box and dye,
 Whether his money be his own,
 And lose it, if he be o'erthrown;
 As if he were betray'd, and set
 By his own stars to every cheat,
 Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate
 To throw dice for his own estate;
 As mutineers, by fatal doom,
 Do for their lives upon a drum?
 For what less influence can produce
 So great a monster as a chouse,
 Or any two-legg'd thing possess
 With such a brutish sottishness?
 Unless those tutelary stars,
 Intrusted by astrologers,
 To have the charge of man, combin'd
 To use him in the self-same kind;
 As those that help'd them to the trust,
 Are wont to deal with others just.
 For to become so sadly dull
 And stupid, as to fine for gull
 (Not, as in cities, to b' excus'd,
 But to be judg'd fit to be us'd),
 That whoso'er can draw it in
 Is sure inevitably t' win,
 And, with a curs'd half-witted fate,
 To grow more dully desperate,
 The more 'tis made a common prey,
 And cheated foppishly at play,
 Is their condition; Fate betrays
 To fully first, and then destroys.
 For what but miracles can serve
 So great a madness to preserve,
 As his, that ventures goods and chattels
 (Where there 's no quarter given) in battles,
 And fights with money-bags as bold,
 As men with sand-bags did of old;
 Puts lands, and tenements, and flocks,
 Into a paltry juggler's box;
 And, like an alderman of Gotham,
 Embarketh in so vile a bottom;
 Engages blind and senseless hap
 'Gainst high, and low, and slur, and knap
 (As Tartars with a man of straw
 Encounter lions hand to paw);
 With those that never venture more
 Than they had safely insur'd before;
 Who, when they knock the box, and shake,
 Do, like the Indian rattle-snake,
 But strive to ruin and destroy
 Those that mistake it for fair play;
 That have their fulhams at command,
 Brought up to do their feats at hand;
 That understand their calls and knocks,
 And how to place themselves i' th' box;
 Can tell the oddses of all games,
 And when to answer to their names;
 And, when he conjures them t' appear,
 Like imps, are ready every where;
 When to play foul, and when run fair
 (Out of design) upon the square,
 And let the greedy cully win,
 Only to draw him further in;

While those with which he idly plays
 Have no regard to what he says,
 Although he jernie and blaspheme,
 When they miscarry, heaven and them,
 And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,
 And crucify his Saviour worse
 Than those Jew-troopers that threw out,
 When they were raffling for his coat;
 Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
 And rightly understood and fear'd,
 And would take heed another time,
 How to commit so bold a crime;
 When the poor bones are innocent
 Of all he did, or said, or meant,
 And have as little sense, almost,
 As he that damns them when he 'as lost;
 As if he had rely'd upon
 Their judgment rather than his own;
 And that it were their fault, not his,
 That manag'd them himself amiss,
 And gave them ill instructions how
 To run, as he would have them do,
 And then condemns them fillily
 For having no more wit than he?

S A T I R E,

TO

A B A D P O E T

GREAT famous wit! whose rich and easy vein,
 Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
 Has all Apollo's treasure at command,
 And how good verse is coin'd do'st understand;
 In all Wit's combats master of defence!
 Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?
 'Tis said they apply to thee, and in thy verse
 Do freely range themselves as volunteers,
 And without pain, or pumping for a word,
 Place themselves fitly of their own accord.
 I, whom a loud caprich (for some great crime
 I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
 With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
 To reconcile them, but, alas! in vain.
 Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
 And, when I would say white, the verse says
 black;
 When I would draw a brave man to the life,
 It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,
 Or bafe poltroon, that would have sold his
 daughter,
 If he had met with any to have bought her;
 When I would praise an author, the untoward
 Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme —;

Ver. 22.] *Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme*

— This blank, and another at the close of
 the Poem, the Author evidently chose should be
 supplied by the reader. It is not my business,
 therefore, to deprive him of that satisfaction.

In fine, what'er I strive to bring about,
 The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out.
 Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains mispent,
 I give it over, tir'd, and discontent, 26
 And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times,
 By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes;
 But, having curs'd the Muses, they appear,
 To be reveng'd for 't, ere I am aware. 30
 Spite of myself, I strait take fire again,
 And to my task with paper, ink, and pen,
 And, breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
 From verse to verse expect their aid again.
 For, if my muse or I were so discreet 35
 To endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
 I might, like others, easily command
 Words without study, ready and at hand.
 Inventing Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,
 As quickly made to match her face and eyes—
 And gold and rubies, with as little care, 41
 To fit the colour of her lips and hair;
 And, mixing furs, and flowers, and pearl, and
 stones,
 Make them serve all complexions at once.
 With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ, 45
 I could make verses without art or wit,
 And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
 With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own:
 But in the choice of words my scrupulous wit
 Is fearful to pass one that is unfit; 50
 Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
 At a line's end, with one insipid phrase;
 And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,
 When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
 May he be damn'd who first found out that curse,
 To imprison and confine his thoughts in verse;
 To hang to gull a dog upon his wit,
 And make his reason to his rhyme submit!
 Without this plague, I freely might have spent 60
 My happy days with leisure and content;
 Had nothing in the world to do or think,
 Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;
 Had pass'd my time as pleasantly away,
 Sent all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
 My soul, that 's free from care, and fear, and 65
 hope,
 Knows how to make her own ambition sloop,
 To avoid uneasy greatness and resort,
 Or for preferment following the Court.
 How happy had I been if, for a curse,
 The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse! 70
 But, ever since this peremptory vein,
 With restless frenzy, first possess'd my brain,
 And that the devil tempted me, in spite
 Of my own happiness, to judge and write,
 Shut up against my will, I waite my age 75
 In mending this, and blotting out that page,
 And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
 I envy their condition that write bad.
 O happy Scudery! whose easy quill
 Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill; 80
 For, though thy works are written in despite
 Of all good sense, impertinent and slight,
 They never have been known to stand in need
 Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;

Vol. II.

For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end, 85
 No matter whether all the rest does tend.
 Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,
 Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.
 A sop that scribbles does it with delight,
 Takes no pains to consider what to write, 90
 But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
 Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;
 While brave and noble writers vainly strive
 To such a height of glory to arrive;
 But, still with all they do unsatisfy'd, 95
 Ne'er please themselves, though all the world be-
 side:
 And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
 With, for their own sakes, they had never writ.
 Thou, then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,
 Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme; 100
 And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
 Teach — how ne'er to write again.

S A T I R E

ON OUR

RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

WHO would not rather get him gone
 Beyond th' intollerablest zone,
 Or steer his passage through those seas
 That burn in flames, or those that freeze,
 Than see one nation go to school, 5
 And learn of another, like a fool?
 To study all its tricks and fashions
 With epidemic affectations,
 And dare to wear no mode or dress,
 But what they in their wisdom please; 10
 As monks are, by being taught
 To put on gloves and stockings, caught;
 Submit to all that they devise,
 As if it wore their liveries;
 Make ready and dress th' imagination, 15
 Not with the clothes, but with the fashion;
 And change it, to fulfil the curse
 Of Adam's fall, for new, though worse;
 To make their breeches fall and rise
 From middle legs to middle thighs, 20
 The tropics between which the hose
 Move always as the fashion goes:
 Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
 And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids;

VER. 1.] The object of this satire was that ex-
 travagant and ridiculous imitation of the French
 which prevailed in Charles the Second's reign,
 partly owing to the connexion and intercourse
 which the politics of those times obliged us to
 have with that nation, and partly to our eager
 desire of avoiding the formal and precise gravity
 of the hypocritical age that preceded.

3 [T]

With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas, 25
 And sometimes narrow' as Punchinello's:
 In coldest weather go unbrac'd,
 And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd;
 Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
 And sometimes straiter than a hide: 30
 Wear periwigs, and with false grey hairs
 Disguise the true ones and their years:
 That, when they 're modish, with the young
 The old may seem so in the throng:
 And, as some pupils have been known 35
 In time to put their tutors down,
 So ours are often found to 'ave got
 More tricks than ever they were taught:
 With sly intrigues and artifices
 Utter their poxes and their vices; 40
 With garnitures upon their shoes,
 Make good their claim to gouty toes:
 By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,
 Pretend to aches in their bones,
 To scabs and botches, and lay trains 45
 To prove their running of the reins;
 And, lest they should seem destitute
 Of any mangle that 's in repute,
 And be behind hand with the mode,
 Will swear to crystallin and node: 50
 And, that they may not lose their right,
 Make it appear how they came by 't:
 Disdain the country where they 're born,
 As bastards their own mothers scorn,
 And that which brought them forth condemn, 55
 As it deserves, for bearing them;
 Admire whate'er they find abroad,
 But nothing here, though e'er so good:
 Be natives wheresoe'er they come,
 And only foreigners at home:
 To which they appear so far estrang'd,
 As if they 'ad been i' th' cradle chang'd,
 Or from beyond the seas convey'd
 By witches—not born here, but laid;
 Or by outlandish fathers were 65
 Begotten on their mothers here,
 And therefore justly slight that nation
 Where they 've so mongrel a relation;
 And seek out other climates, where
 They may degenerate less than here;
 As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
 Borne on the wind's wings and their own,
 Forake the countries where they 're hatch'd,
 And seek out others to be catch'd: 70
 So they more naturally may please,
 And humour their own geniuses,
 Apply to all things which they see
 With their own fancies best agree;
 No matter how ridiculous,
 'Tis all one, if it be in use;
 For nothing can be bad or good,
 But as 'tis in or out of mode;
 And, as the nations are that use it,
 All ought to practise or refuse it;
 T' observe their postures, move, and stand, 75
 As they give out the word o' command;
 To learn the dullest of their whims,
 And how to wear their very limbs;

To turn and manage every part,
 Like puppets, by their rules of art; 90
 To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,
 And politely shake the head,
 Until the ignorant (that guets
 At all things by th' appearances)
 To see how Art and Nature strive, 95
 Believe them really alive,
 And that they 're very men, not things
 That move by puppet-work and springs;
 When truly all their feats have been 100
 As well perform'd by motion-men,
 And the wo st drolls of Punchinellos
 Were much th' ingenioufer fellows;
 For, when they 're perfect in their lesson,
 Th' hypothesis grows out of season, 105
 And, all their labour lost, they 're fain
 To learn new, and begin again;
 To talk eternally and loud,
 And all together in a crowd,
 45 No matter what; for in the noise
 No man minds what another says;
 T' assume a confidence beyond
 Mankind, for solid and profound,
 And still, the less and less they know, 50
 The greater dose of that allow:
 Decry all things; for to be wise
 Is not to know, but to despise;
 And deep judicious confidence
 Has still the odds of wit and sense,
 And can pretend a title to 55
 Far greater things than they can do:
 T' adorn their English with French scraps,
 And give their very language claps;
 To jernie rightly, and renounce
 60 I' th' pure and most approv'd-of tones,
 And, while they idly think t' enrich,
 Adulterate their native speech:
 For, though to smatter ends of Greek
 Or Latin be the rhetorique
 65 Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
 To smatter French is meritorious;
 And to forget their mother-tongue,
 Or purposely to speak it wrong,
 A hopeful sign of parts and wit,
 70 And that they 're improve and benefit;
 As those that have been taught amiss
 In liberal arts and sciences,
 Must all they 'ad learnt before in vain
 Forget quite, and begin again.

S A T I R E

UPON

DRUNKENNESS.

'TIS pity wine, which Nature meant
 To man in kindness to present,

And go
 And ch
 Of equ
 His ve
 Shout
 Which
 No foot
 But th'
 And th
 Becom
 That fo
 Kins ou
 And man
 Their gr
 T' shou
 So traly
 To coun
 And th
 To teach
 And, m
 To poss
 In choic
 Catch tru
 As men
 (While f
 As unaw
 To gain
 To man's
 Which pa
 By any o
 To pull o
 Things as
 Discover
 For wife
 With mon
 Make sho
 And mirt
 Against d
 To feel le
 Rich of th
 Or make
 Against th
 All the
 Of happi
 He valiel
 For madne
 When not
 And pe
 Like princ
 The outlie
 No loon
 With—Ca
 And the be
 Be instanc
 Where cap
 And canno
 That blon
 How ren
 Thout sp
 And near a
 comes to c
 On his own
 And those
 That from

And gave him kindly, to caress
 And cherish his frail happiness;
 Of equal virtue to renew
 His weary'd mind and body too;
 Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
 Which only grew to be forbidden)
 No sooner come to be enjoy'd,
 But th' owner 's fatally destroy'd;
 And that which she for good design'd,
 Becomes the ruin of mankind,
 That for a little vain excess
 Runs out of all its happiness,
 And makes the friend of Truth and Love
 Their greatest adversary prove:
 T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd
 So truly essential to his good,
 To countervail his pensive cares,
 And savish drudgery of affairs;
 To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,
 And, more than all these, confidence;
 To pass his times of recreation
 In choice and noble conversation,
 Catch truth and reason unawares,
 As men do health in wholesome airs
 (While fools their conversants possess
 As unawares with sottishness);
 To gain access a private way
 To man's best sense, by its own key,
 Which painful judges strive in vain
 By any other course t' obtain;
 To pull off all disguise, and view
 Things as they 're natural and true;
 Discover fools and knaves, allow'd
 For wise and honest in the crowd;
 With innocent and virtuous sport
 Make short days long, and long nights short,
 And mirth, the only antidote
 Against diseases ere they 're got;
 To free health harmless from th' access
 Rich of the medicine and disease;
 Or make it help itself, secure
 Against the desperate fit, the cure.
 All these sublime prerogatives
 Of happiness to human lives,
 He valily throws away and slights,
 For madness, noise, and bloody fights;
 When nothing can decide, but swords
 And pae, the right or wrong of words,
 Like princes' titles; and he 's outed
 The justice of his cause that 's routed.
 No sooner has a charge been founded
 With—*She is a whore, and Damn'd confounded,*
 And the bold signal given, the *eye,*
 But instantly the bottles fly,
 Where cups and glasses are small shot,
 And cannon-ball a pewter-pot;
 The blood, that 's hardly in the vein,
 Is now remanded back again;
 Though sprung from wine of the same piece,
 And near a-kin, within degrees,
 Strives to commit assassinations
 On its own natural relations;
 And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted,
 That from their friends so lately parted,

No sooner several ways are gone,
 But by themselves are set upon,
 Surpriz'd like brother against brother,
 And put to th' sword by one another:
 So much more fierce are civil wars,
 Than those between mere foreigners!
 And man himself, with wine possess'd,
 More savage than the wildest beast!
 For serpents, when they meet to water,
 Lay by their poison and their nature;
 And fiercest creatures, that repair,
 In thirsty deserts, to their rare
 And distant river's banks to drink,
 In love and close alliance link,
 And from their mixture of strange seeds
 Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,
 To whom the fiercer unicorn
 Begins a large health with his horn;
 As cuckolds put their antidotes
 When they drink coffee, into th' pots;
 While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
 Is far more savage and untam'd;
 Supplies his loss of wit and sense
 With barbarousness and insolence;
 Believes himself, the less he 's able,
 The more heroic and formidable;
 Lays-by his reason in his bowls,
 As Turks are said to do their souls,
 Until it has so often been
 Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
 At length it never can attain
 To find the right way back again;
 Drinks all his time away, and prunes
 The end of 's life, as vignerons
 Cut short the branches of a vine,
 To make it bear more plenty o' wine;
 And that which Nature did intend
 T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end.
 So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
 The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
 And all the passengers he bore
 Were on the new world set ashore,
 He made it next his chief design
 To plant and propagate a vine;
 Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
 Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
 Of wretched mankind, one by one,
 Than all the flood before had done.

S A T I R E

UPON

M A R R I A G E.

SURE marriages were never so well fitted,
 As when to matrimony' men were com-
 mitted,
 Like thieves by justices, and to a wife
 Bound, like to good behaviour, during life;
 3 [T] 2

For then 'twas but a civil contract made
Between two partners that set up a trade;
And if both fail'd, there was no conscience
Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense;
No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke
When men did free their gall'd necks from the
yoke;

But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts,
Might have it taken off, and take their rests,
Without being bound in duty to show canie,
Or reckon with divine or human laws.

For since, what use of matrimony' has been,
But to make gallantry a greater sin? 16
As if there were no appetite nor gust,
Below adultery, in modish lust;
Or no debauchery were exquisite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height. 20
For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear their friends;
Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate
As these endearing offices of late.

For men are now grown wise, and understand 25
How to improve their crimes as well as land;
And, if they've issue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the gossiping disburse,
And pay beforehand (ere they're born) the nurse;
As he that got a monster on a cow, 31
Out of design of setting up a show.

For why should not the brats for all account,
As well as for the christening at the fount,
When those that stand for them lay down the rate
O' th' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate?

The ancient Romans made the state allow
For getting all men's children above two:
Then married men, to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did, 40
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do;
For so they 'ad children, they regarded not
By whom (good men), or how, they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend, 45
Was then the civil office of a friend,
And he that made a scruple in the case
Was held a miserable wretch and base:
For when they 'ad children by them, th' honest
men

Return'd them to their husbands back again. 50
Then, for th' encouragement and propagation
Of such a great concernment to the nation,
All people were so full of complacence,
And civil duty to the public sense,
They had no name t' express a cuckold then, 55
But that which signified all married men;
Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,
Unless among the dirty populace,
And no man understands on what account
Less civil nations after hit upon't: 60
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Dishonour but to him that thinks it so;
For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,
His forehead 's shot-free, and he 's no'er the
worse:

For horns (like horny callouses) are found 65
To grow on sculls that have receiv'd a wound,
Are crackt, and broken: not at all on those
That are invulnerable and free from blows.

What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
When they were held the worthiest of men, 70
The real fathers of the commonwealth,
That planted colonies in Rome itself!
When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot
Most Romans, was the noblest patriot!
For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death
One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath, 75
He that more gallantly got three or four,
In reason must deserve a great deal more.
Then, if those glorious worthies of old Rome,
That civiliz'd the world they 'ad overcome, 80
And taught it laws and learning, found this way
The best to save their empire from decay,
Why should not these, that borrow all the worth
They have from them, not take this lesson forth
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money, 85

By prudent managing of matrimony?
For, if 'tis honourable by all confess'd,
Adultery must be worshipsful at least,
And these times great, when private men are
come

Up to the height and politic of Rome. 90
All by-blows were not only free-born then,
But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men;
Had equal right and privilege with these
That claim by title right of the four seas:
For, being in marriage born, it matters not 95
After what liturgy they were begot;
And if there be a difference, they have
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
By being engender'd with more life and force
Than those begotten the dull way of course. 100

The Chinese place all piety and zeal
In serving with their wives the commonweal;
Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation
Upon their women's supererogation;
With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind; 105
And those that can produce the most gallant,
Are held the preciousst of all their saints;
Wear rosaries about their necks, to eon
Their exercises of devotion on; 110

That serve them for certificates, to show
With what vast numbers they have had to do:
Before they're married, make a conscience
To omit no duty of incontinence;
And she that has been oftentimes prostituted, 115
Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.
But, when the conquering Tartar went about
To root this orthodox religion out,
They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,
Rather than change the ancient purity 120
Of that religion, which their ancestors
And they had prosper'd in so many years;
Yow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives,
And die their daughters martyrs, and their wives,
Before they would commit so great a sin 125
Against the faith they had been bred up in.

WHY
To
That all n
And make
As if, beca
Like pisse
Others mig
To pay the
To shut the
for breaki
Mark them
Like other
And in eff
The poor d
When no in
But where
For thou
It may b' a
And, like c
By being tr
And, as it
Nor pays o
With which
Then virtua
In other m
Nor shattl
Nor was it
Nor settl
Or if it w
Did never f
So th' no m
That's moun
Or to prop
Than th' un
For whic
To owe it
That has no
But as it is
Is peccab
As long as

* It is no
fate, or fo
liquely him
directly attr
Butler wa
of this con
them in the

Why it
To eve
And indeed
here out, a
what what
about it.

SATIRE

UPON

PLAGIARIES*.

WHY should the world be so averse
To plagiary privateers,
That all men's sense and fancy seize,
And make free prize of what they please?
As if, because they hurt and swell,
Like pilferers, full of what they steal,
Others might equal power assume,
To pay them with as hard a doom:
To that them up, like beasts in pounds,
For breaking into others' grounds;
Mark them with characters and brands,
Like other forgers of men's hands;
And in effigy hang and draw
The poor delinquents by club-law,
When no indictment justly lies,
But where the theft will bear a price.

For though wit never can be learn'd,
It may be assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,
By being transplanted and remov'd;
And, as it bears no certain rate,
Nor pays one penny to the state,
With which it turns no more t' account
Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont;
Neither moveable nor rent,
Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement,
Nor was it ever paid b' entail,
Nor settled upon heirs-male;
Or if it were, like ill-got land,
Did never fall t' a second hand;
So 'tis no more to be engros'd
Than sunshine, or the air inclos'd,
Or to propriety confin'd,
Than th' unconroll'd and scatter'd wind.
Nor why should that which Nature meant
To owe it being to its vent;
That has no value of its own,
But as it is divulg'd and known;
Is pernicious and destroy'd,
As long as it lies unenjoy'd;

* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this satire, or inserting apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem.

Butler was not pleased with the two first lines of this composition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus:

Why should the world be so severe
To every small-wit privateer?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better; but, as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, I did not think proper to adopt it.

Be scant of that liberal use,
Which all mankind is free to chuse,
And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,
Instead of being dispers'd and spread?
And, the more lavish and profuse,
'Tis of the nobler general use;
As riots, though supply'd by stealth,
Are wholesome to the commonwealth,
And men spend freelier what they win,
Than what they 've freely coming in.

The world 's as full of curious wit,
Which those that father never writ,
As 'tis of bastards, which the sort,
And cuckold owns that ne'er begot;
Yet pass as well as if the one
And th' other bye-blow were their own.
For why should he that 's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be stoop

To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At least th' expos'd and fatherless
Poor orphans of the pen and press,
Whose parents are obscure, or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred?

As none but kings have power to raise
A levy, which the subject pays,
And though they call that tax a loan,
Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own;

So he that 's able to impose
A wit-excite on verse or prose,
And still, the abler authors are
Can make them pay the greater share,
Is prince of poets of his time,
And they his vassals that supply' him;
Can judge more justly of what he takes
Than any of the best he makes,
And more impartially conceive
What 's fit to chuse, and what to leave.

For men reflect more strictly upon
The sense of others than their own;
And wit, that 's made of wit and sleight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As salt, that 's made of salt, 's more fine,
Than when it first came from the brine;
And spirits of a nobler nature
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.

Hence mighty Virgil's said, of old,
From dung to have extracted gold
(As many a stout and silly clown
By his instructions since has done);
And grew more lousy by that means,
Than by his livery-oats and beans,
When from his carts and country farms
He rose a mighty man at arms;
To whom th' Heroics ever since
Have sworn allegiance, as their prince,
And faithfully have in all times
Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.

'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
To void but what some author writ,
And what men understood by rote,
By as implicit sense to quote:
Then many a magisterial clerk
Was taught, like singing-birds, t' th' dark,

And understood as much of things,
As th' ablest blackbird what it sings;
And yet was honour'd and renown'd
For grave, and solid, and profound.
Then why should those who pick and chuse
The best of all the best compose,
And join it by Mosaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty suit,
But merit as complete repulse
As those who with less art and pains
Can do with their native brains,
And make the home-spun business fit
As nicely with their mother wit;
Since, what by Nature was deny'd
By art and industry's supply'd,
Both which are more our own, and brave,
Than all the alms that Nature gave?
For what w' acquire by pains and art
Is only due t' our own desert;
While all th' endowments she confers
Are not so much our own as hers,
That, like good fortune, unawares
Fall not t' our virtue, but our share,
And all we can pretend to merit
We do not purchase, but inherit.

Thus all the great'st inventions, when
They first were found out, were so mean,
That th' authors of them are unknown,
As little things they scorn'd to own;
Until by men of nobler thought
Th' were to their full perfection brought.
This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
Leaves Art to polish and review;
And that a wit at second-hand
Has greatest interest and command;
For to improve, dispose, and judge,
Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.

Invention's humorous and nice,
And never at command applies;
Disdains t' obey the proudest wit,
Unless it chance to be at leisure fit
(Like prophecy, that can preface
Successes of the latest age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next shall prophecy again);
Makes all her suitors course and wait,
Like a proud minister of state,
And, when she's serious, in some freak,
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her silly lazy pleasure,
Until she chance to be at leisure;
When 'tis more easy to steal wit:
To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the business and delight,
Like hunting sports, of those that write;
For thievery is but one sort,
The learned say, of hunting-sport.

Hence 'tis that some, who set up first
As raw, and wretched, and unversit,
And open'd with a flock as poor
As a healthy beggar with one fore;
That never writ in prose or verse,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse,

105 And at the best could but commit,
The petty-larceny of wit;
To whom to write was to purloin,
And printing but to stamp false coin;
110 Yet, after long and sturdy endeavours
Of being painful wit-receivers,
With gathering rags and scraps of wit,
As paper's made on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
115 The right—or wrong—to be admir'd;
And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd
The fool's good luck to be prefer'd.
For, as a banker can dispose
Of greater sums he only owes,
Than he who honestly is known
120 To deal in nothing but his own.
So, whoso'er can take up most,
May greatest fame and credit boast.

S A T I R E,

IN TWO PARTS,

Upon the Imperfection and Abuse of
HUMAN LEARNING.*

PART I.

135 IT is the noblest act of human reason,
To free itself from slavish prepossession,
140 Assume the legal right to disengage
From all it had contracted under age,
And not its ingenuity and wit,
To all it was imbued with first, submit;

145 * In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's
enlarged by Mr. Bernard, Birch, and Lockman,
we are told by the learned editors, under the
article *Hudibras*, that they were personally in-
150 formed by the late Mr. Longueville, That amongst
the genuine remains of Butler, which were in
his hands, there was a poem, entitled *The History of Learning*.—To the same purpose is the fol-
lowing passage, cited from *The Poetical Register*,
155 vol. II. p. 21.—“In justice to the public, it
“is thought proper to declare, that all the au-
“thorities Mr. Butler left behind him, are now
“in the custody of Mr. Longueville (among
“which is one, entitled *The History of Learning*,
“written after the manner of *Hudibras*) and that
“not one line of those poems lately published
“under his name is genuine.”

165 As these authorities must have given the world
reason to expect, in this Work, a poem of this
sort, it becomes necessary for me to inform the
public, that Butler did meditate a pretty long
satire upon the imperfection and abuse of Human
Learning; but that he only finished this first part

Take true or false for better or for worse,
To have or to hold indifferently of course.

For Custom, though but usher of the school,
Where Nature breeds the body and the soul, 10
Gives a greater power and interest
O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,
That by two different instincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred,
And trains him up with rudiments more false 15
Than Nature does her stupid animals;
And that 's one reason why more care 's bestow'd
Upon the body than the soul 's allow'd,
That is not found to understand and know
So subtly as the body 's found to grow. 20
Though children, without study, pains, or
thought,

Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their natural talents without care,
And apprehend before they are aware,
Yet as all strangers never leave the tones 25
They have been used of children to pronounce,
So most men's reason never can outgrow
The discipline it first receiv'd to know,
But renders words they first begin to con,
The end of all that 's after to be known, 30
And sets the help of education back,
Worse than, without it, man could ever lack;
Wise, therefore, finds the artificial 'st fools
Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle, but the
schools,
Where error, pedantry, and affectation, 35
Run them behind-hand with their education,

part of it, though he has left very considerable
and interesting fragments of the remainder,
some of which I shall subjoin.

The Poet's plan seems to have consisted of two
parts: the first, which he has executed, is to ex-
pate the defects of human learning—from the
wrong methods of education—from the natural
imperfection of the human mind—and from that
over-egerness of men to know things above the
reach of human capacity.—The second, as far
as one can judge by the *Remains*, and intended
parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has
asserted in the first; and ridiculed and saty-
rized the different branches of human learning, in
characterizing the philosopher, critic, orator, &c.
Mr. Longueville might be led, by this, into the
mistake of calling this work *A History of Learn-*
ing; or perhaps it might arise from Butler's hav-
ing, in one plan, which he afterwards altered,
begin with these two lines,

The history of learning is so lame,
That few can tell from whence at first it came.

What has been said will, I flatter myself, be a
sufficient apology for the printing an imperfect
work, if the many good things to be met with
in it does not make one unnecessary.—However,
for my reason, I did not think fit to place it
among his other Satires, which are perfect in
the different ways.

And all alike are taught poetic rage,
When hardly one 's fit for it in an age.

No sooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and steadfast to retain, 40
Best knowledges, but all 's laid out upon
Retrieving of the curse of Babylon;
To make confounded languages restore
A greater drudgery than it barr'd before:
And therefore those imported from the East, 45
Where first they were incurr'd, are held the best,
Although convey'd in worse Arabian pothooks
Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-
books;

Are really but pains and labour lost,
And not worth half the drudgery they cost, 50
Uniefs, like rarities, as they 've been brought
From foreign climates, and as dear; bought,
When those who had no other but their own,
Have all succeeding eloquence outdone:
As men that wink with one eye see more true, 55
And take their aim much better, than with two:
For, the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak;
And, for the industry he 's spent upon 't,
Must full as much some other way discount. 60
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,
And turn their wits, that strive to understand it
(Like those that write the characters) left-
handed:

Yet he that is but able to express 65
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learner than he that 's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.

These are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in fashion, 70
But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship;
Or Romish penitents let out their skins,
To bear the penalties of others' sins:
When letters, at the first, were meant for play,
And only us'd to pass the time away; 75
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no
name

To express a school and playhouse, but the same,
And in their languages, so long ago,
To study or be idle was all one; 80
For nothing more preserves men in their wits,
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
And waking, little less extravagances,
The rest and recreation of tir'd thought, 85
When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,
Of which whoever does not freely take
His constant share, is never broad awake
And, when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of sense. 90

Nor is their education worse design'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greatest inclinations with the least
Capacities are fatally possess'd.
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take 95
pains,

Without an equal competence of brains;

While those she has indulg'd in soul and body,
Are most averse to industry and study,
And th' activ'ft fancies share as loose alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoise. 100
But when those great conveniencies meet,
Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,
The one but strives the other to divert,
While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,
And scholars, by preposterous over-doing, 105
And under-judging, all their projects ruin;
Who, though the understanding of mankind
Within so strait a compass is confin'd,
Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond. 110
The bravest soldiers scorn, until they're got
Close to the enemy, to make a shot;
Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle every cause 115
That Nature uses, by their own bye-laws;
When 'tis not only impertinent, but rude,
Where she denies admission, to intrude;
And all their industry is but to err,
Unless they have free quarantine from her; 120
Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,
By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.

For Adam, with the loss of Paradise
Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,
And ever since that miserable fate 125
Learning did never cost an easier rate;
For, though the most divine and sovereign good
That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,
Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
To th' interest of truth than ignorance, 130
And therefore never bore so high a value
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow;
Had academies, schools, and colleges,
Endow'd for its improvement and increase;
With pomp and shew was introduc'd with maces,
More than a Roman magistrate had fasces;
Impower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,
T' assume an art, and after understand it;
Like bills of store for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it custom-free; 140
And own professions which they never took
So much delight in as to read one book:
Like princes, had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactors a reprieve;
And, having but a little paltry wit 145
More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,
But scorn'd, as soon as 'twas but understood,
As better is a spiteful foe to good,
And now has nothing left for its support,
But what the darkest times provided for 't. 150

Man has a natural desire to know,
But th' one half is for interest, th' other shew:
As scribes take more pains to learn the sleight
Of making knots, than all the hands they write:
So all his study is not to extend 155
The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end;
T' appear and pass for learned, though his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:
For most of those that drudge and labour hard,
Furnish their understandings by the yard, 160

As a French library by the whole is,
So much an ell for quartos and for folios;
To which they are but indexes themselves,
And understand no further than the shelves;
But smatter with their titles and editions, 165
And place them in their Classical partitions;
When all a student knows of what he reads
Is not in 's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own power,
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' cantore,
Where all he can make of it at the best, 171
Is hardly three per cent. for interest;
And whether he will ever get it out,
Into his own possession, is a doubt:
Affects all books of past and modern ages, 175
But reads no further than the title-pages,
Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients.
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet, 181
And compliment the rabble in the street,
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,
And, by so mean contemptible a bribe, 185
Trepann'd the suffrages of every tribe;
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,
And he's esteem'd the learned't of all others,
That has the largest catalogue of authors. 190

FRAGMENTS

OF AN INTENDED

SECOND PART

OF THE FORGOING SATIRE.

MEN'S talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they're beyond their just extent,

These *Fragments* were fairly written out, and several times, with some little variations, transcribed by Butler, but never connected or reduced into any regular form. They may be considered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each separately finished, but not united into one general design.

From these the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our Author's intended scheme: and will, I doubt not, regret, with me, that he did not apply himself to the finishing of a fitter so well suited to his judgment and particular turn of wit.

It may be thought, perhaps, that some parts of it ought to have been illustrated with notes; but

As faint
The less
And, w
Are wo
While th
Where
And wh
Fracts be
Enjoy an
O'er all t
Then tho
Where N
And still
Like grea
Will unde
From infi
Without a
To take th
Contell as
As if they
And whet
Contriv'd
When all t
Can never
Or give a
That also

WHAT
By th' anc
That were
Of all our
The first
Was crack
tion

And had n
But when h
Was after h
And suffer
Next than, h
All pious bi
End'd him
Notorious p
The tagari
The Europ
So he that p
And conten
Did but him
Though reve
Empedocles,
Leapt into A
That being h
The great p
That to his
And was him
The Cynic c
Of being han

the printin
by some read
train upon t
the objection
visions of mi
Vol. II.

As smatterers prove more arrogant and pert,
 The less they truly understand an art;
 And, where they 've least capacity to doubt;
 Are wout t' appear most peremptory and stout;
 While those that know the mathematic lines
 Where Nature all the wit of man confines;
 And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
 It acts beyond the limits of its sphere;
 Enjoy an absolute free command
 O'er all they have a right to understand,
 Than those that falsely venture to encroach
 Where Nature has deny'd them all approach,
 And still, the more they strive to understand,
 Like great estates, run furthest behind-hand;
 Will undertake the universe to fathom,
 From infinite down to a single atom;
 Without a geometric instrument,
 To take their own capacity's extent;
 Can tell as easy how the world was made,
 As if they 'ad been bred up to the trade,
 And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,
 Govern'd the whole establishment of Nature;
 When all their wits to understand the world
 Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,
 Or give a rational account why fish,
 That always use to drink, do never piss.

WHAT mad fantastic gambols have been play'd
 By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
 That were not much inferior to the freaks
 Of all our lunatic fanatic sects!
 The first and best philosopher of Athens
 Was crackt, and ran stark-staring mad with pa-
 tience,
 And had no other way to shew his wit,
 But when his wife was in her scolding-fit;
 Was after in the Paganquisition,
 And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.
 Next him, his scholar, striving to expel
 All poets his poetic commonweal,
 Built himself, and all his followers,
 Notorious poets, only bating verse.
 The satyrist, unable to expound
 The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd:
 So he that put his eyes out, to consider
 And contemplate on natural things the steadier,
 Did but himself for idiot convince,
 Though reverend'd by the learned ever since.
 Empedocles, to be esteem'd a god,
 Leapt into Ætna, with his sandals shod:
 That being blown out, discover'd what an ass
 The great philosopher and juggler was,
 That to his own new deity sacrific'd,
 And was himself the victim and the priest.
 The Cynic coin'd false money, and, for fear
 Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philosopher;

As the printing an imperfect work may be judged,
 By some readers of great delicacy, a sort of in-
 struction upon the public, I did not care to enhance
 the objection by clogging it with additional ob-
 servations of mine own.

Vol. II.

Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find
 One honest man i' th' heap of all mankind;
 An idle freak he needed not have done,
 If he had known himself to be but one.
 With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,
 The learned of all ages celebrate
 Things that are proper for Knightsbridge col-
 lege,
 Than th' authors and originals of knowledge;
 More sottish than the two fanatics, trying
 To mend the world by laughing, or by crying;
 Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whistle,
 To rally on an ass that ate a thistle;
 That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,
 A fitter mistress could not pick and chuse,
 Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,
 Like two indentures, did agree to fit.

THE antient sceptics constantly deny'd
 What they maintain'd, and thought they justify'd;
 For when they affirm'd that nothing's to be
 known,

They did but what they said before disown;
 And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce
 The same thing to be true and false at once.

These follies had such influence on the rabble,
 As to engage them in perpetual squabble;
 Divided Rome and Athens into clans
 Of ignorant mechanic partisans;
 That, to maintain their own hypotheses,
 Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace;
 Were often set by officers i' th' stocks
 For quarreling about a paradox:
 When pudding-wives were launcht in cock-quar-
 itools,

For falling foul on oyster-women's schools,
 No herb-women fold cabbages or onions,
 But to their gossips of their own opinions.
 A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to foal
 A pair of shoes of any other school:
 And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
 To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;
 That us'd t' encounter in athletic lists,
 With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,
 Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
 Of academics, to maintain the truth.
 But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic
 And Epicureans were the most heroic,
 That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
 To vindicate the interests of their sects,
 And still behav'd themselves as resolute
 In waging cuffs and bruises as dispute,
 Until with wounds and bruises which they had
 got,

Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot;
 When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
 Wer' but to prove disputes the soveraign good.

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at first de-
 sign'd

To regulate the errors of the mind,
 By being too nicely overstrain'd and vext,
 Have made the comment harder than the text,

3 [U]

And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
But break the bones in pieces, of a point,
And with impudent evasions force
The clearest reason from its native course —
That argues things to' uncertain, 'tis no matter
Whether they are, or never were in nature;
And ventures to demonstrate, when they 've flur'd,
And pawn'd a fallacy upon a word.
For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence
With blunted *bayes*) engage with blunted sense;
And, as they 're wont to falsify a blow,
Use nothing else to pass upon the foe;
Or, if they venture farther to attack,
Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack;
And, when they find themselves too hardly prest
on,
Prevaricate, and change the frate of th' quest'ion;
The noblest science of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert,
And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden
Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding

AS old knights-errant in their harness fought
As safe as in a castle or redoubt,
Gave one another desperate attacks,
To storm the countercarps upon their backs;
So disputants 'vance, and post their arms,
To storm the works of one another's terms;
Fall foul on some extravagant expression,
But ne'er attempt the main design and reason —
So some polemics use to draw their swords
Against the language, only and the words;
As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,
Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,
Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince,
The author of false Latin to convince;
But laid the merits of the cause aside,
By those that understood them to be try'd;
And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing
More capital than to behead a king;
For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd,
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or
false,
And still, the more 'tis us'd, is wont t' abate
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,
Unless 'tis false, and will not rise nor fall,
Like those that are less artificial;
And therefore students, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,
And by their over-understanding lose
Its active faculty with too much use;
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
Is but the next of all removed from none.

It is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind:
For, as those surnames are esteem'd the best
That signify in all things else the least,
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion,
That have the least of truth and reason in them.
Truth would undo the world, if it possist
The meanest of its right and interest;

Is but a titular princess, whose authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done, and carried in its name,
But most of all where it can lay no claim;
As far from gaiety and complaisance,
As greatness, infolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has surrendred her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right usurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lyes —
As no tricks on the rope but those that break,
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the fight, so nothing goes for wit
But nonsense, or th' next of all to it:
For nonsense, being neither false nor true,
A little wit to any thing may screw;
And, when it has a while been us'd, of course
Will stand as well in virtue, power and force,
And pass for sense t' all purposes as good
As if it had at first been understood:
For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
And more than all the strongest sense obliges;
That furnishes the schools with terms of art,
The mysteries of science to impart;
Supplies all seminaries with recruits
Of endless controversies and disputes;
For learned nonsense has a deeper sound
Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

FOR all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing but the words and style,
And the most curious critics or the learned
Believe themselves in nothing else concerned;
For, as it is the garniture and drest
That all things wear in books and languages
(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear,
According to the habits that they wear),
'Tis probable to be the truest test
Of all the ingenuity o' th' rest.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks;
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,
To learn the art of patrons, in defence
Of interest and their clients' eloquence;
When consuls, censors, senators, and praetors,
With great dictators, us'd to apply to rhetors,
To hear the greater magistrate o' th' school
Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule,
And those who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to say their lessons, and declame.

Words are but pictures, true or false design'd,
To draw the lines and features of the mind;
The characters and artificial draughts,
I' express the inward images of thoughts;
And artists say a picture may be good,
Although the moral be not understood:
Whence some infer they may admire a style,
Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile;
Applaud th' outsidings of words, but never mind
With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd.

So orators, enchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue:

Whole t
Convey
Casts m
To pass
And, if
Only to
Such as
And han
For, if t
No matt
The able
Would th
Hence
Is t'd to
That lay
Upon the
For all d
Are but
And th' a
Is doub't
Oay to f
Of equal
Whilit al
Are whe
Handles t
(Beside
Unfold
As if his
Uncharit
Hencefor

THE p
Among th
And, wh
And th' o
Like sp
And equ
For, whe
Includes t
Their tel
The ever
Their po
Has turn'
Or squan
Too many
Their con
Disports th
Or rude c
Get up, li
Until they
And chan
Or ventur
Has rende
But never
And there
Whereas
Here got
and, by
dove from
For ned
But in th
A mope
Fed by th

Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and false;
Casts mists before an audience's eyes,
To pass the one for th' other in disguise;
And, like a morrice-dancer dress'd with bells,
Only to serve for noise and nothing else,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendants in a horse's ear;
For, if the language will but bear the test,
No matter what becomes of all the rest:
The ablest orator, to save a word,
Would throw all sense and reason overboard.

Hence 'tis that nothing else but eloquence
Is ty'd to such a prodigal expence;
That lays out half the wit and sense it uses
Upon the other half's, as vain excuses:
For all defences and apologies
Are but specifics t' other frauds and lyes;
And th' artificial wath of eloquence
Is dub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,
Only to stain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perspicuity;
Whilst all the best and soberest things he does,
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose;
Handles no point to evident and clear
(Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher;
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't
Unobtrusively, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

THE pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern;
And, while their studies are between the one
And th' other spent, have nothing of their own;
Like sponges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures false:
For, whether 'tis their want of conversation,
Lashes them to all sorts of affectation;
Their sedentary life and melancholy,
The everlasting nursery of folly;
Their poring upon black and white too subtly
Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley;
Or squandering of their wits and time upon
Too many things, has made them fit for none;
Their constant overstraining of the mind
Distorts the brain, as hories break their wind;
Or rude confusions of the things they read
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
Until they have their constant wanes, and fulls,
And changes, in the insides of their skulls;
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
Has render'd them for a' things else unfit:
But never bring the world and books together,
And therefore never rightly judge of either:
Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
And, by th' immoderate excess of study,
Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body.
For mediocrity is but a corn or wart,
But in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,
A misap'd excellence, like a wen,
Fed by the prevalent humour of learn'd men,

That never grew from natural defects
Of downright and untor'd intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain—

So he that once stood for the learned'st man,
Had read out Little-Britain and Duck-Lane;
Worn out his reason, and reduc'd his body
And brain to nothing with perpetual study;
Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosos,
To read all authors to him with their glosses,
And made his lacquies, when he walk'd, bear
folios

Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,
To be read to him every way the wind
Should chance to sit, before him or behind;
Had read out all th' imaginary duels
That had been fought by consonants and vowels;
Had crackt his skull, to find out proper places
To lay up all memoirs of things in cases;
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of sciences and arts,
That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,
That ventures at grammatic beast, or noddy;
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry vats o'er from Francfort fairs,
Whose authors use t' articulate their surnames
With scraps of Greek more learned than the
Germans;

Was wont to scatter books in every room,
Where they might best be seen by all that come,
And lay a train that naturally should force
What he design'd, as if it fell of course;
And all this with a worse success than Cardan,
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
When, lighting on a philosophic spell,
Of which he never knew one syllable,
Presto, he gone, h' unriddled all he had read,
As if he had to nothing else been bred.

UPON AN HYPOCRITICAL

NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE*.

I.
THERE 's nothing so absurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,

* This and the two following compositions
are the only ones that our Author wrote in this
measure; which some readers may, perhaps,
think too grave and solemn for the subject, and
the turn of Butler's wit. It must, however, be
allowed, that he falls no way short of his usual
depth and reach of thought, keenness of satire,
and acuteness of expression.

But, if it lay the least pretence
To piety and godliness,
Or tender-hearted conscience,
And zeal for gospel-truths profess,
Does sacred instantly commence;
And all that dare but question it, are strait
Pronounc'd the uncircumcis'd and reprobate:
As malefactors, that escape and fly 10
Into a sanctuary for defence,
Must not be brought to justice thence,
Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high;
And he that dares presume to do't,
Is sentenc'd and deliver'd-up 15
To Satan, that engag'd him to't,
For venturing wickedly to put a stop
To his immunities and free affairs,
Or meddle saucily with theirs
That are employ'd by him, while he and they 20
Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

II.

And, as the Pagans heretofore
Did their own handyworks adore,
And made their stone and timber deities,
Their temples, and their altars, of one piece;
The same outgoings seem t' inspire
Our modern self-will'd Edifier,
That, out of things as far from sense, and more,
Contrives new light and revelation, 30
The creatures of th' imagination,
To worship and fall down before;
Of which his crack'd delusions draw
As monstrous images and rude,
As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
Or madman in a vision saw;
Mistakes the feeble impotence,
And vain delusions of his mind,
For spiritual gifts and offerings,
Which Heaven to present him brings;
And still, the further 'tis from sense, 40
Believes it is the more refin'd,
And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

III.

But, as all tricks whose principles
Are false, prove false in all things else,
The dull and heavy hypocrite
Is but in pension with his conscience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous rage and impudence;
And, as the one grows obstinate,
So does the other rich and fat;
Disposes of his gifts and dispensations
Like spiritual foundations
Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind;
But still diverts them as to bad, or worse, 55
Than others are by unjust governors:
For, like our modern publicans,
He still puts out all dues
He owes to Heaven the devil to use,
And makes his godly interest great gains
Takes all the Brethren (to recruit
The spirit in him) contribute,

And, to repair and edify his spent
And broken-winded outward man, present
For painful holding-forth against the government. 5

IV.

The subtle spider never spins,
But on dark days, his slimy gins;
Nor does our engineer much care to plant
His spiritual machines
Unless among the weak and ignorant, 70
Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,
The vain, the factious, and the slight,
That in their zeal are most extravagant;
For trouts are tickled best in muddy water:
And still, the muddier he finds their brains, 75
The more he's fought and follow'd after,
And greater ministrations gains:
For talking idly is admir'd,
And speaking nonsense held inspir'd;
And still, the flatter and more dull 80
His gifts appear, is held more powerful;
For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;
And dullest nonsense has been found,
By some, to be the solid'st and the most profound.

V.

A great Apostle once was said
With too much learning to be mad;
But our great Saint becomes distract,
And only with too little crackt;
Cries moral truths and human learning down, 90
And will endure no reason but his own:
For 'tis a drudgery and task
Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,
To answer all men can object or ask;
But to be found impregnable, 95
And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,
In spite of shame or reason resolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute:
As he that can draw blood, they say,
From witches, takes their magic power away, 100
So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:
For, while he holds that nothing is to damn'd
And shameful as to be asham'd,
He never can b' attack'd, 105
But will come off; for Confidence, well back'd,
Among the weak and prepossess'd,
Has often Truth, with all her kingly power, op-
press'd.

VI.

It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be subject, nor rebel, 110
Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
But where there's something to be gain'd;
And, that being once reveal'd, defies
The law, with all its penalties,
And is convinc'd no pale 115
O' th' church can be so sacred as a jail:
For, as the Indians' prisons are their mines,
So he has found are all restraints
To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints;

For the s
And like
He turns
Receives
For holdi
And take
And stan
For gall'd
Commits
Draw in
For birds
To draw
More pre
Than all

His slippe
Than all t
And every
All laws
And swai
And yet i
"Twill not
But at the
Distains e
No where
Can force
Who mak
A slave an
To serve i
And, thou
Acting
No dull a
In things
Preceden
But is imp
And out o
And, thou
And prop
His cross-g
Would ear
men

He does no
As if he w
Summons
And asw
Returns h
Not to per
Exhibits c
Against h
And all th
Pleads gui
Upon high
Excepts ag
And will
And grow
Tenth h
That w'd
And some
And some
And thren

For the same thing enriches that confines; 120
 And like to Lully, when he was in hold,
 He turns his baser metals into gold;
 Receives returning and retiring fees
 For holding forth, and holding of his peace;
 And takes a pension to be advocate 125
 And standing council 'gainst the church and state
 For gall'd and tender consciences;
 Commits himself to prison to trepan,
 Draw in, and spin all he can;
 For birds in cages have a call, 130
 To draw the wisest into nets,
 More prevalent and natural
 Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

VII.

His slippery conscience has more tricks
 Than all the juggling empiricks, 135
 And every one another contradicts;
 All laws of heaven and earth can break,
 And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy,
 And yet is so infirm and weak,
 'Twill not endure the gentlest check, 140
 But at the slightest nicety grows queasy;
 Disdains control, and yet can be
 No where, but in a prison, free;
 Can force itself, in spite of God,
 Who makes it free as thought at home, 145
 A slave and villain to become,
 To serve its interests abroad:
 And, though no Pharisee was e'er so cunning
 At tithing mint and cummin, 150
 No dull idolater was e'er so flat
 In things of deep and solid weight;
 Pretends to charity and holiness,
 But is implacable to peace,
 And out of tenderness grows obstinate.
 And, though the zeal of God's house ate a prince 155
 And prophet up (he says) long since,
 His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal
 Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a
 meal.

VIII.

He does not pray, but prosecute,
 As if he went to law, his suit; 160
 Summons his Maker to appear
 And answer what he shall prefer;
 Returns him back his gift of prayer,
 Not to petition, but declare;
 Exhibits cross complaints 165
 Against him the breach of Covenants,
 And all the charters of the Saints;
 Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands
 Upon high terms and bold demands;
 Excepts against him and his laws; 170
 And will be judge himself in his own cause;
 And grows more saucy and severe
 To the Heathen emperor was to Jupiter,
 Than he to wrangle with him and dispute,
 And sometimes would speak softly in his ear,
 And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
 And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

IX.

But when his painful gifts he employs
 In holding-forth, the virtue lies
 Not in the letter of the sense, 180
 But in the spiritual vehemence,
 The power and dispensation of the voice,
 The zealous pangs and agonies,
 And heavenly turnings of the eyes;
 The groans, with which he piously destroys 185
 And drowns the nonsense in the noise;
 And grows so loud, as if he meant to force
 And take-in heaven by violence;
 To fright the Saints into salvation,
 Or scare the devil from temptation; 190
 Until he falls so low and hoarse,
 No kind of carnal sense
 Can be made out of what he means;
 But, as the ancient Pagans were precise
 To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice, 195
 He still conforms to them, and has a care
 T' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

X.

The ancient churches, and the best,
 By their own martyrs' blood increas'd;
 But he has found out a new way, 200
 To do it with the blood of those
 That dare his church's growth oppose,
 Or her imperious canons disobey;
 And strives to carry on the Work,
 Like a true primitive reforming Turk, 205
 With holy rage, and edifying war,
 More safe and powerful ways by far:
 For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
 Was the first great Reformer, and the chief
 Of th' ancient Christian belief, 210
 That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
 With revelations, dreams, and visions,
 And apostolic superstitions,
 To be held forth and carry'd on by war;
 And his successor was a Presbyter, 215
 With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

XI.

For, as a Turk, that is to act some crime
 Against his Prophet's holy law,
 Is wont to bid his soul withdraw, 220
 And leave his body for a time;
 So, when some horrid action's to be done,
 Our Turkish proselyte puts on
 Another spirit, and lays by his own;
 And, when his over-heated brain
 Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman, 225
 He's judg'd inspir'd, and all his frenzies held
 To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
 The one believes all madmen to be saints,
 Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,
 And yet in madness all devotion plants, 230
 And where he differs most concurs;
 Both equally exact and just
 In perjury and breach of trust;
 So like in all things, that one Brother
 Is but a counterpart of th' other, 235

And both unanimously damn
And hate (like two that play one game)
Each other for it, while they strive to do the
same.

XII.

Both equally design to raise
Their churches by the self-same ways; 240
With war and ruin to assert
Their doctrine, and with fire and sword con-
vert;
To preach the gospel with a drum,
And for convincing overcome:
And though, in worshipping of God, all blood
Was by his own laws disallow'd, 246
Both hold no holy rites to be so good,
And, both, to propagate the breed
Of their own Saints, one way proceed;
For lust and rapes in war repair as fast 250
As fury and destruction waste:
Both equally allow all crimes,
As lawful means to propagate a sect;
For laws in war can be of no effect,
And licence does more good in gospel-times. 255
Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin;
For, when religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed.

UPON

MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

TIS well that equal Heaven has plac'd
Those joys above, that to reward
The just and virtuous are prepar'd,
Beyond their reach, until their pains are past;
Else men would rather venture to possess 5
By force, than earn their happiness;
And only take the devil's advice,
As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,
Though at the expence of Paradise:
For, as some say, to fight is but a base 10
Mechanic handy-work, and far below
A generous spirit to undergo;
So 'tis to take the pains to know:
Which some, with only confidence and face, 15
More easily and ably do;
For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.
Who would not rather make himself a judge,
And boldly usurp the chair, 20
Than with dull industry and care
Endure to study, think, and drudge,

For that which he much sooner may advance
With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance?

II.

For all men challenge, though in spite
Of Nature and their stars, a right 25
To censure, judge, and know,
Though she can only order who
Shall be, and who shall ne'er be, wife;
Then why should those whom she denies
Her favour and good graces to, 30
Not strive to take opinion by surprize,
And ravish what it were in vain to woo?
For he that desperately assumes
The censure of all wits and art,
Though without judgment, skill, and parts, 35
Only to startle and amuse,
And mask his ignorance (as Indians use
With gaudy-colour'd plumes
Their homely nether-parts to adorn),
Can never fail to captive some, 40
That will submit to his oraculous doom,
And reverence what they ought to scorn;
Admire his sturdy confidence,
For solid judgment and deep sense:
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit, 45
Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

III.

Two self-admirers, that combine
Against the world, may pass a fine
Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,
And settle it as they think fit 50
On one another, like the choice
Of Persia's princes, by one horse's voice:
For those fine pageants which some raise
Of false and disproportion'd praise,
To enable whom they please to appear 55
And pass for what they never were,
In private only being but nam'd,
Their modesty must be sham'd,
And not endure to hear,
And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd, 60
And own'd in public every where:
So vain some authors are to boast
Their want of ingenuity, and club
Their affidavit wits, to dub
Each other but a Knight of the Post, 65
As false as suborn'd perjurers,
That vouch away all right they have to their own
ears.

IV.

But, when all other courses fail,
There is one easy artifice,
That seldom has been known to miss— 70
To cry all mankind down, and rail:
For he whom all men do condemn,
May be allow'd to rail again at them,
And in his own defence
To outface reason, wit, and sense, 75
And all that makes against himself condemn;
To snarl at all things, right or wrong,
Like a mad dog that has a worm in his tongue;

Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
To its first original the devil;
And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,
To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ;
Though to perform his task as dull,
As if he had a toadstone in his skull,
And could produce a greater flock
Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

V.

The feeblest vermin can destroy
As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,
And, only with their eyes and breath,
Infect and poison men to death:
But that more impotent buffoon,
That makes it both his business and his sport
To rail at all, is but a drone,
That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt;
Enjoys a kind of lechery in spite, 95
Like o'ergrown sinners, that in whipping take
delight;

Injures the reputation of all those
That have, or have it not, to lose;
And, if he chance to make a difference,
It's always in the wrongest sense: 100
A rooking gamester's never lay
Upon those hands that use fair play,
But venture all their bets
Upon the flurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.

VI.

Nor does he vex himself much less 105
Than all the world beside;
Falls sick of other men's excess,
Lumbled only at their pride,
And wretched at their happiness;
Revenge on himself the wrong 110
Which his vain malice and loose tongue,
To those that feel it not, have done,
And whips and spurs himself because he is out-
gone, 114
Makes idle characters and tales,
As witcher pictures are, of wax and clay,
To those whom they would in effigie slay.
And, as the devil, that has no shape of 's own, 116
Affects to put the ugliest on,
And leaves a stink behind him when he's gone,
Such that 's worse than nothing strives t' appear
In 't likeness of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak; but, when men dare
Encounter with him, stinks and vanishes to air.

Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,
With settlements for after-lives: 5
For all that can be done or said,
Though e'er so noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard nor understood.
All our fine sleights and tricks of art, 10
First to create, and then adore desert,
And those romances which we frame,
To raise ourselves, not them, a name,
In vain are stult with ranting flatteries,
And such as, if they knew, they would despise,
For, as those times the Golden Age we call, 15
In which there was no gold in use at all;
So we plant glory and renown
Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,
But to worse purpose, many times,
To flourish o'er nefarious crimes, 20
And cheat the world, that never seems to mind
How good or bad men die, but what they leave
behind.

II.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name
Can never be worn-out by Fame;
That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind 25
A great example to mankind;
That fell a public sacrifice,
From ruin to preserve those few
Who, though born false, may be made true,
And teach the world to be more just and wise; 30
Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
Unmention'd in his silent chest,
Not for his own, but public interest.
He, like a pious man, some years before
The arrival of his fatal hour, 35
Made every day he had to live
To his last minute a preparative;
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more gentle mode;
Take prizes more obligingly than those 40
Who never had been bred *filous*;
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion
Than e'er was known before to the dull English
nation.

III.

In France, the staple of new modes,
Where garbs and miens are current goods; 45
That serves the ruder northern nations
With methods of address and treat;
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,
And how to drink and how to eat
No out-of-fashion wine or meat; 50

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE
MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE*.

I.

True, to compliment the dead
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twere of old to call them back again,

* This Ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's among the many spurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his *Remains*, was published by the Author himself, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three sheets 4to; and, agreeable to this, I find it in his own hand-writing among his manuscripts, with some little addition, and a few verbal alterations, as the reader may observe, in comparing it with the copy already printed.

To understand cravats and plumes,
And the most modish from the old perfumes;
To know the age and pedigrees
Of points of Flanders or Venise;
Cast their nativities, and, to a day, 55
Foretell how long they'll hold, and when decay;
T' affect the purest negligences
In gestures, gaits, and miens,
And speak by *repartee-rémines*
Out of the most authentic of romances, 60
And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,
What ribbands, all the year, are in or out of
season;

IV.

In this great academy of mankind
He had his birth and education,
Where all men are so ingeniously inclin'd, 65
They understand by imitation,
Improve untaught, before they are aware,
As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,
That naturally does dispense
To all a deep and solid confidence; 70
A virtue of that precious use,
That he whom bounteous Heaven endues
But with a moderate share of it,
Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
In all the deep Hermetic arts 75
(For so of late the learned call
All tricks, if strange and mystical).
He had improv'd his natural parts,
And with his magic rod could found
Where hidden treasure might be found: 80
He, like a lord o' th' manor, seiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his way,
As lawful west and stray,
And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first rudiments he grew 85
To nobler seats, and tried his force
Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
Whom he as bravely did subdue;
Declar'd all caravans, that go
Upon the king's highway, the foe; 90
Made many desperate attacks
Upon itinerant brigades
Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs;
Made them lay down their arms, and yield, 95
And, to the smallest piece, restore
All that by cheating they had gain'd before,
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.
In every bold affair of war
He had the chief command, and led them on;
For no man is judg'd fit to have the care 101
Of others' lives, until he has made it known
How much he does despise and scorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt fun and fun,
Have by his conquering sword been won; 105
And mighty sums of money laid,
For ransom, upon every man,

And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
Th' excise and chimney-publican,
The Jew's estate and ex-chancer, 110
To him for all their crimes did answer.
He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell
Of all his foes, the Constable;
And oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him and all his troop. 115
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
That in his own allow'd highway
Does feats of arms as great as his,
And, when they encounter in it, wins the day:
Safe in his garrison, the Court, 120
Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for 't,
To this stern foe he oft gave quarter,
But as the Scotchman did to 'a Tartar,
That he, in time to come,
Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty Town.
And brought its haughty spirit down;
Have cut it off from all relief,
And, like a wife and valiant chief, 125
Made many a fierce assault
Upon all ammunition-carts,
And those that bring up cheese, or malt,
Or bacon, from remoter parts;
No convoy e'er so strong with food 130
Durst venture on the desperate road;
He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
And the fierce higgler contribution pay;
The savage butcher, and stout drover 135
Durst not to him their feeble troops discover;
And, if he had but kept the field, 140
In time had made the City yield;
For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found
I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd 145
In which his stars began to frown,
And had in clofe cabals contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory down,
And he, by numerous foes oppress'd,
Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast, 150
Secur'd with mighty guards,
Left he by force or stratagem
Might prove too cunning for their chains and
them,
And break through all their locks, and bolts, and
wards;
Had both his legs by charms committed 155
To one another's charge,
That neither might be set at large,
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
As jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater care 160
Than those of meaner rates,
So he was in stone walls, and chains, and
grates.

IX.

Thither came ladies from all part,
To offer up clofe prisoners their hearts;

Which
And n
But in
Than
For the
But th
About
But all
And, f
In cont
With fu
With th
And all
He had
The oth
For, lat
By giv
So, whi
And fac
Their ge
pu

Never di
Diffused
As feeble
Would ha
And, bra
The worl
Stole wh
And chang
But, findi
To move h
Their life
As if it we
To live wh
Made loud
To let's har
Came, swee
To yield th
And follow
Chain'd to t

A

THE

ABOUT

A clofe
Sat the
to hatch t* The Bal
was cal ed.
Vol. II.

Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
 And made them yield up love and honour too,
 But in more brave heroic ways 166
 Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays:
 For these two spiteful foes, who never meet
 But full of hot contests and piques
 About punctilios and mere tricks, 170
 Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,
 And, far more generous and free,
 In contemplation only of him did agree,
 Not fully satisfy'd; the one
 With those fresh laurels he had won, 175
 And all the brave renowned feats
 He had perform'd in arms;
 The other with his person and his charms:
 For, just as larks are catch'd in nets,
 Pygmalion on a piece of glass, 180
 So, while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,
 And smoother-polish'd face,
 Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by sur-
 prise.

X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
 Distressed dames, such dreadful feat achieve 185
 As feeble damsels, for his sake,
 Would have been proud to undertake;
 And, bravely ambitious to redeem
 The world's loss and their own,
 Some who should have the honour to lay down
 And change a life with him; 191
 But, finding all their hopes in vain
 To move his fixt determin'd fate,
 Their life itself began to hate,
 As if it were an infamy 195
 To live when he was doom'd to die;
 Made loud appeals and moans,
 To less hard-hearted grates and stones;
 Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,
 To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers; 200
 And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,
 Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A BALLAD

UPON

THE PARLIAMENT,

WHICH DELIBERATED

ABOUT MAKING OLIVER KING*.

A S close as a goose
 Sat the Parliament-house,
 To hatch the royal gull;

* This Ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making
 Vol. II.

After much fiddle-faddie,
 The egg proved addle,
 And Oliver came forth Nol: 3

Yet old Queen Madge,
 Though things do not fadge,
 Will serve to be queen of a May-pole;
 Two princes of Wales, 10
 For Whitfun-ales,
 And her Grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.

In a robe of cow-hide
 Sat yesty Pride,
 With his dagger and his sling; 15
 He was the pertinent 'it peer,
 Of all that were there,
 To advise with such a king.

A great philosopher
 Had a goose for his lover, 20
 That fellow'd him day and night:
 If it be a true story,
 Or but an allegory,
 It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son,
 Both cast into one, 25
 Were meant for a single baron;
 But when they came to sit,
 There was not wit
 Enough in them both to serve for one. 30

Wherefore 'twas thought good
 To add Honeywood;
 But when they came to trial,
 Each one prov'd a fool,
 Yet three knaves in the whole, 35
 And that made up a Pair-royal.

A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS.

CONJECTURED TO BE ON

OLIVER CROMWELL*.

PART I.

DRAW near, good people all, draw near,
 And hearken to my ditty;

Oliver king, and petition'd him to accept the
 title; which he, out of fear of some republican
 zealots in his party, refused to accept, and con-
 tented himself with the power, under the name
 of *Protector*.

* To this humorous ballad Butler had prefixed
 this title—*The Privileges of Pimping*—but after-
 wards

- A stranger thing
Than this I sing
Came never to this city. 5
- Had you but seen this monster,
You would not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden. 10
- You would defy the pageants
Are borne before the mayor;
The strangest shape
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lmy fair! 15
- His face is round and decent,
As is your dish or platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a nose,
But, indeed, it is no such matter. 20
- On both sides of th' afore said
Are eyes, but they're not matches,
On which there are
To be seen two fair
And large well-grown mustaches. 25
- Now this with admiration
Does all beholders strike,
That a beard should grow
Upon a thing's brow,
Did ye ever see the like? 30
- He has no scull, 'tis well known
To thousands of beholders;
Nothing but a skin
Does keep his brains in
From running about his shoulders. 35
- On both sides of his noddle
Are straps o' th' very same leather;
Ears are imply'd,
But they're mere hide,
Or morsels of tripe, chuse ye whether. 40

wards crossed it out, for which reason I have not inserted it; and only mention it as a circumstance which may amuse such as are curious in hunting out the explication of niceties of this sort. It does not appear to bear any sense consistent with the subject; but some other critic may perhaps find one, or at least please himself with thinking so.

Ver. 16.] From the medals, and original portraits, which are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture, if not positively affirm, that this droll picture was designed for him. The roundness of the face, the edyness of the nose, and the remarkable largeness of the eyebrows, are particulars which correspond exactly with them.

- Between these two extendeth
A slit from ear to ear,
That every hour
Gapes to devour
The sowce that grows so near. 45
- Beneath, a tuft of bristles,
As rough as a frize jerkin;
If it had been a beard,
'Twould have serv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin. 50
- Within, a set of grinders
Most sharp and keen, corroding
Your iron and brags
As easy as
That you would do a pudding. 55
- But the strangest thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That useth to trail
Upon the ground as he goeth. 60

A BALLAD,

IN TWO PARTS.

CONJECTURED TO BE ON

OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART II.

- THIS monster was begotten
Upon one of the witches,
By an imp that came to her,
Like a man, to wooe her,
With black doublet and breeches. 5
- When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers several countries
The hogs and swine
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees. 10
- The winds did blow, the thunder
And lightning loud did rumble;
The dogs did howl,
The hollow tree in th' owl—
'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbled. 15

Ver. 13, 14.] This whimsical liberty our Author takes, of transposing the words for the sake of a rhyme, though at the expence of the sense, is a new kind of poetic licence; and it is merry enough to observe, that he literally does, what he jokingly charges upon other poets in another place;

But

As soon as he was brought forth,
At the midwife's throat he flew,
And threw the pap
Down in her lap;
They say 'tis very true.

And up the walls he clamber'd
With nails most sharp and keen,
The prints whereof,
I th' boards and roof,
Are yet for to be seen.

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney
He vanish'd, seen of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the stink
Knew which way he was gone.

The country round about there
Became like to a wildern-
ness; for the sight
Of him did fright
Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue,
And all those parts much harmed,
Till a wife-woman, which
Some call a white witch,
Him into a hog-stye charmed.

There, when she had him shut fast,
With brimstone and with nitre
She sing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a spagiel;
For the us'd to ride
On his back astride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But, to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been shown
In every town,
And eke in every shire.

And now, at length, he 's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where in Fleet-street
All those may see 't
That will not believe my ditty.

God save the King and Parliament,
And eke the Prince's highness,

But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake:
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think, 's sufficient at one time.

Had. p. II. c. i. v. 29.

And quickly fend
The wars an end,
As here my song has—*Finis.*

65

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS*.

ALL men's intrigues and projects tend,
By several courses, to one end;
To compass, by the properest shows,
Whatever their designs propose;
And that which owns the fairest pretext
Is often found the indirect'st.
Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint
Much fairer than the real saint,
And knaves appear more just and true
Than honest men, that make less show:
The dullest idiots in disguise
Appear more knowing than the wise;

Ver. 61.] From this circumstance it appears, that this Ballad was wrote before the murder of the King, and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's that has yet been made public; and I think one may, without prejudice, affirm, that it does no discredit to his younger years.

* This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were among many of the same kind, fairly written out by Butler, in a sort of poetical The-saurus, which I have before mentioned. Whether he intended ever to publish any of them as separate distinct thoughts, or to interweave them into some future compositions, a thing very usual with him, cannot be ascertained; nor is it, indeed, very material to those who are fond of his manner of thinking and writing. I have ventured to give them the title of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*; but I have not been over-curious in placing them in any methodical order. Out of this magazine he communicated to Mr. Aubrey that genuine fragment printed in his life, beginning,

No Jesuit e'er took in hand
To plant a church in barren land,
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede or Rust to reconcile, &c.

The publishing of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, or what passes under the name of *Table Talk*, might be justified by many names of the greatest authority in the learned world; and these sallies of wit, unconnectedly printed, sometimes give more pleasure than when they are interspersed in a long and regular work; as it is often more entertaining to examine jewels separately in a cabinet, than to see them adorning a prince's crown or a royal robe. One may venture to add, that these of our Author must have a kind of additional recommendation, by the agreeable singularity of their being in verse.

Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,
 Pass on the rabble for the learn'd;
 And cowards, that can damn and rant,
 Pass muster for the valiant:
 For he that has but impudence,
 To all things has a just pretence,
 And, put among his wants but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim.

HOW various and innumerable
 Are those who live upon the rabble!
 'Tis they maintain the church and state,
 Employ the priest and magistrate;
 Bear all the charge of government,
 And pay the public fines and rent;
 Defray all taxes and excises,
 And impositions of all prices;
 Bear all th' expence of peace and war,
 And pay the pulpit and the bar;
 Maintain all churches and religions,
 And give their pastors exhibitions:
 And those who have the greatest flocks
 Are primitive and orthodox;
 Support all schismatics and sects,
 And pay them for tormenting texts;
 Take all their doctrines off their hands,
 And pay them in good rents and lands;
 Discharge all costly offices,
 The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
 The hangman's wages, and the scores
 Of caterpillar bawds and whores;
 Discharge all damages and costs
 Of Knights and Squires of the Post;
 All statesmen, cutpurves, and padders,
 And pay for all their ropes and ladders;
 All pettifoggers, and all sorts
 Of markets, churches, and of courts;
 All sums of money paid or spent,
 With all the charges incident,
 Laid out, or thrown away, or given
 To purchase this world, hell, or heaven.

SHOULD once the world resolve t' abolish
 All that's ridiculous and foolish,
 It would have nothing left to do,
 T' apply in jest or earnest to,
 No business of importance, play,
 Or state, to pass its time away.

THE world would be more just, if truth and
 lies,
 And right and wrong, did bear an equal price;
 But, since impostors are so highly rais'd,
 And faith and justice equally debas'd,
 Few men have tempers, for such paltry gains,
 T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains,

THE sottish world without distinction looks
 On all that passes on th' account of books:
 And, when there are two scholars that within
 The species only hardly are a-kin,
 The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,
 If equally they've loiter'd in a college.

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed
 In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up,
 feed

Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
 And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
 Open the pores, and make way for the sun
 To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

AS all Fanatics preach, so all men write,
 Out of the strength of gifts, and inward light,
 In spite of art; as horses thorough pac'd
 Were never taught, and therefore go more fast,

IN all mistakes the strict and regular
 Are found to be the desperat' ways to err,
 And worst to be avoided; as a wound
 Is said to be the harder cur'd that's round;
 For error and mistake, the less they appear,
 In th' end are found to be the dangerouiser;
 As no man minds those clocks that use to go
 Apparently too over-fast or slow.

THE truest characters of ignorance
 Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
 As blind men use to bear their noses higher
 Than those that have their eyes and sight entire,

THE metaphysic's but a puppet motion
 That goes with screws, the notion of a notion;
 The copy of a copy, and lame draught,
 Unnaturally taken from a thought;
 That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
 And turns the eyes like an old crucifix;
 That counterchanges whatso'er it calls
 B' another name, and makes it true or false;
 Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
 By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'TIS not the art of schools to understand,
 But make things hard, instead of being explain'd.
 And therefore those are commonly the learned
 That only study between jest and earnest:
 For when the end of learning's to pursue
 And trace the subtle steps of false and true,
 They ne'er consider how they're to apply,
 But only listen to the noise and cry,
 And are so much delighted with the chase,
 They never mind the taking of their prey.

MORE profelytes and converts use t' accrue
 To false persuasions than the right and true;
 For error and mistake are infinite,
 But truth has but one way to be i' th' right;
 As numbers may t' infinity be grown,
 But never be reduc'd to less than one.

ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,
 The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
 Is forc'd for every carat to abate
 As much in value as it wants in weight.

THE great St. Lewis, king of France,
 Fighting against Mahometans,

In Egypt,
 Was routed
 The Sultan
 He and his
 A thousand
 And set
 The king
 And for
 The pyx,
 The body
 The Turk
 The king
 Such cred
 in those d
 That will
 among the

THOSE
 Their bodi
 To pass ch
 When th
 So those at
 By low ign
 Can stoop
 To wriggle
 Are like to
 Than those

ALL aft
 Are meant
 And not of
 And rather

LIONS a
 Is not to ru
 Such savage
 No better th

NOTHIN
 Than an old
 That know
 But such as
 And, to pass
 Or break al
 That runs b
 As credit to
 And, the fi
 has not one

THE De
 From whom
 Who was th
 Of beating
 And, thoug
 Was never
 Though ten
 down to th
 A property
 The family
 And theret
 They do or

THE wo
 To co the

In Egypt, in the holy war,
Was routed and made prisoner:
The Sultan then, into whose hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thousand weight of gold, to free
And let them all at liberty.
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,
And for the other offers bail,
The pyx, and in 't the eucharist,
The body of our Saviour Christ.
The Turk consider'd, and allow'd
The king's security for good:
Such credit had the Christian zeal,
In those days, with an Infidel,
That will not pass for two pence now,
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low.

THOSE that go up-hill use to bow
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
To please themselves, and sometimes creep,
When the way is direct and steep:
So those at court, that do address
By low ignoble offices;
Can stoop to any thing that's base,
To wriggle into trust and grace;
Are like to rise to greatness sooner
Than those that go by worth and honour.

ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,
Are meant of services that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather be'n rewarded than acquitted.

LIONS are kings of beasts, and yet their power
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beasts that do obey.

NOTHING 's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present strait,
And, to patch up, or shift, will close
Or break alike, with friends or foes;
That runs behind-hand, and has spent
No credit to the last extent;
And, the first time 'tis at a loss,
Has not one true friend nor one cross.

THE Devil was the first o' th' name
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the first bold undertaker
Of bearing arms against his Maker,
And, though miscarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Though tumbling from the top of bliss
Down to the bottomless abyss;
A property which, from their prince,
The family owns ever since,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do or suffer, like the devil.

THE worst of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm;

But draw their fwords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

NO feared conscience is so fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;
For Christian charity 's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace.

AS thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they 're grown;
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant
Does, like a rattle-snake, prevent.

MAN is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster;
Controls his fate, but nothing less
In ordering his own happiness;
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence
To render it secure and certain
Against the injuries of Fortune;
And oft, in spite of all his wit,
Is lost with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumstance,
And mere punctilio, of chance.

DAME Fortune, some men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them, without their care;
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like Fairies, for them in the dark;
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The naturals by blinder chances;
While others by desert or wit
Could never make the matter hit,
But still, the better they deserve,
Are but the abler thought to starve.

GREAT wits have only been preferr'd,
In princes' trains to be interr'd,
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the last;
But while they liv'd were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

AS gold, that 's proof against th' assay,
Upon the touchstone wears away,
And having stood the greater test,
Is overmaster'd by the least;
So some men, having stood the hate
And spiteful cruelty of Fate,
Transported with a false care
Of unacquainted happiness,
Lost to humanity and sense,
Have fall'n as low as insolence.

INNOCENCE is a defence
For nothing else but patience;

*Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,
Nor fence against the tricks of state;
Nor from th' oppression of the laws
Protect the plain't and justest cause;
Nor keep unpotted a good name
Against the obloquies of Fame;
Feeble as patience, and as soon,
By being blown upon, undone.
As beasts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worse.

WHO doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or false, engage;
And, 'cause they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal interest,
And free dominion o'er the rest.
And, as one shield that fell from heaven
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to secure the fate
And lasting empire of a state,
The false are numerous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that understand them least,
Are still the fiercest in contest;
Unfight, unseen, espouse a side
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their souls, and swear and lye for,
And at a venture live and die for.

OPINION governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in 's head,
Must be by 'a dog glad to be led;
And no beasts have so little in them
As that inhuman brute, Opinion;
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
The tokens upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion,
Invades the sick imagination;
And, when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poison to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match;
And nothing 's so perverse in nature
As a profound opiniator.

AUTHORITY intoxicates,
And makes mere fots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain;
By this the fool commands the wife,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the base submit.

A GODLY man, that has serv'd out his time
In holiness, may set up any crime;
As scholars, when they 've taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please.

WHY should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,

And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion?
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as suitors in petitions?
And in a congregation pray,
No less than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER's doctrine, and his proof,
Is all his province, and enough;
But is no more concern'd in use,
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

THE soberest faints are more stiff-necked
Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well
To propagate a church as zeal;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion;
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greatest faints and finners have been
made
Of profelytes of one another's trade.

YOUR wife and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please;
Have plenary indulgence to dispose,
At pleasure, of the strictest vows,
And challenge Heaven, they made them to,
To vouch and witness what they do;
And, when they prove averse and loth,
Yet for convenience take an oath,
Not only can dispense, but make it
A greater sin to keep than take it;
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
And only keep the keys within;
Has no superior to control
But what itself sets o'er the soul;
And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key;
Can walk invisible, and where,
And when, and how, it will appear:
Can turn itself into disguises
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices;
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus:
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,
Obey and follow its commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcy-hill remov'd of old;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith, to new proprietors;
And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments:
For true and faithful, good and just,
Are but preparatives to trust;
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and springs.

ALL love, at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;

But, whe
And from
Becomes
And prov

THE m
(The Lor
Are both
And so a
Which, th
More true

LOVE
For wretc
For, could
Against th
Which all
Byrigid l
It would b
For perith
Translat
For nothing

ALL wil
As if they
The lion's
And never
And she as
As virtuous
The docile
T' his own
And she as
That first
But paltry
Are never
As all poltr
And, thoug

THE sou
That some
Or if they
They 've bu
The other t
To make up
And, thoug
They are, l
To th' abso
Has soverei
And, as its
Can turn th
For nothing
To frantic l
And make t
T' as great
And hate a
To flames,

ALL fort
To bind the
To Heaven,
No Cut and
And worst
To hinder th

But, when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

THE motions of the earth or sun,
(The Lord knows which) that turn, or run,
Are both perform'd by fits and starts,
And so are those of lovers' hearts,
Which, though they keep no even pace,
Move true and constant to one place.

LOVE is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For, could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of Fate
Which all felicities below
Pyrrid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
To translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

ALL wild but generous creatures live, of course,
As if they had agreed for better or worse:
The lion 's constant to his only mifs,
And never leaves his faithful lioness;
And she as chaste and true to him again,
As virtuous ladies use to be to men.
The docile and ingenuous elephant,
T' his own and only female is gallant;
And she as true and constant to his bed,
That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead;
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,
Are never satisfy'd with new amours;
As all paltroons with us delight to range,
And, though but for the worst of all, to change.

THE souls of women are so small,
That some believe they 've none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They 've but one faculty, the will;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny;
And, though their passions have most power,
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more
To th' absolute will, that with a breath
Has sovereign power of life and death,
And, as its little interests move,
Can turn them all to hate or love;
For nothing, in a moment, turn
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn;
And make that love degenerate
To great extremity of hate,
And hate again, and scorn, and piques,
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

ALL sorts of votaries, that profess
To bind themselves apprentices
To Heaven, abjure, with solemn vows,
Not Cut and long-tail, but a spouse,
And 't' worst of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

MOST virgins marry, just as nuns
The same thing the same way renounce;
Before they 've wit to understand
The bold attempt they take in hand;
Or, having staid and lost their tides,
Are out of season grown for brides.

THE credit of the marriage-bed
Has been so loosely husbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women, separate alimony;
And ladies-errant, for debauching,
Have better terms, and equal caution;
And, for their journey-work and pains,
The chair-women clear greater gains.

AS wine that with its own weight runs is best,
And counted much more noble than the prest;
So is that poetry whose generous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.

SOME call it fury, some a Muse,
That, as possessing devils use,
Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,
And when he 's in, he 's out of 's wits.

ALL writers, though of different fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are distress'd and discontent,
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument,
And poets by their sufferings grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent.

IT is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not so before;
And those that have writ best, had they been
rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But, being for all other trades unfit,
Only to avoid being idle, set up wit.

THEY that do write in authors' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That 's not to give, but pay a due;
For praise, that 's due, does give no more
To worth than what it had before;
But to commend, without desert,
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what 's amiss,
And writes what should be, not what is.

IN foreign universities,
When a king 's born, or weds, or dies,
Straight other studies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry:
Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,
And some, more wise, in Arabic,
T' avoid the critic, and th' expence
Of difficult wit and sense;

And seem more learnedish than those
That at a greater charge compose.
The doctors lead, the students follow;
Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,
Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
On even terms, of all the gods;
Then Cæsar he 's nicknam'd, as duly as
He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,
And was address'd to, by a crow,
As pertinently, long ago;
And, as wit goes by colleges,
As well as standing and degrees,
He still writes better than the rest,
That 's of the house that 's counted best.

FAR greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to dispatch by fear.

THERE 's nothing our felicities endears
Likethat which falls among our doubts and fears,
And in the miserablest of distress
Improves attempts as desperate with success;
Success, that owns and justifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels;
Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

THE people have as much a negative voice
To hinder making war without their choice,
As kings of making laws in parliament;
"No money" is as good as "No assent."

WHEN princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

WHAT makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience,
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reason on each side?

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure,
Which men can neither want nor well endure.

DAME Justice puts her sword into the scales,
With which she 's said to weigh out true and false,
With no design but, like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the capital.

ALL that which law and equity miscalls
By th' empty idle names of True and False,
Is nothing else but maggots blown between
False witnesses and fatter jurymen.

NO court allows those partial interlopers
Of Law and Equity, two single paupers,
T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
Each other gratis in a suit at once;

For one at one time, and upon free cost, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with justice;
And, when the one side bringeth custom in,
And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
The devil himself will rather chuse to play
At pasture small-game than sit out, they say;
But when at all there 's nothing to be got,
The old wife, Law and Justice, will not trot.

THE law that makes more knaves than e'er it
Little considers right or wrong; [hung,
But, like authority, 's soon satisfy'd
When 'tis to judge on its own side.

THE law can take a purse in open court,
Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for 't;

WHO can deserve, for breaking of the laws,
A greater penance than an honest cause?

ALL those that do but rob and steal enough,
Are punishment and court of justice proof,
And, need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw,
In all the idle bugbears of the law,
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other sufferers, of their due:

OLD laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,
To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,
And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,
To turn and wind them any way they please.
The Statute Law 's their Scripture; and Reports
The ancient reverend fathers of their courts;
Records their general councils, and Decisions
Of judges on the bench their sole traditions,
For which, like Catholics, they 've greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law;
And strive perpetually to make the standard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord;
And, when two cases at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, suit,
The Court directs the obstinat' dispute;
There 's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

A MAN of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to those of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

TOO much or too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they 'ad none:

AS those that are stark blind can trace
The nearest ways from place to place,
And find the right way easier out,
Than those that hood-wink'd try to do 't;
So tricks of state are manag'd best
By those that are suspected least,
And greatest *finesse* brought about
By engines most unlike to do 't.

ALL

ALL the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his false dice freely run,
And trusts them to themselves alone,
But never lets a true one stir
Without some fingering trick or sur;
And, when the gamesters doubt his play,
Conveys his false dice safe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
To endure the torture of the search.

WHAT else does history use to tell us,
But tales of subjects being rebellious;
The vain perfidiousness of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words;
To foolish pride and insolence
Of statesmen, and their want of sense;
Their treachery, that undoes, of custom,
Their own selves first, next those who trust them?

BECAUSE a feeble limb's carest,
And more indulg'd than all the rest,
So frail and tender consciences
Are humour'd to do what they please;
When that which goes for weak and feeble
Is found the most incorrigible,
To outdo all the fiends in hell
With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

AS at th' approach of winter all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage;
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year:
So, when the glorious season's gone
With great men; and hard times come on,
The great'st calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

AS when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangled by the fleece,
With hawk's cruelty he flies
To attack him, and pick out his eyes;
So do those vultures use, that keep
Poor prisoners fast like silly sheep,
As greedily to prey on all
That in their ravenous clutches fall:
For thorns and brambles, that came in
To wait upon the curse for sin,
And were no part of th' first creation,
But, for revenge, a new plantation,
Are yet the fittest materials
To enclose the earth with living walls.
So jalous, that are most accus'd,
Are found most fit in being worst.

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear;
That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,
That's both a prisoner to itself, and jail;
Draws more fantastic shapes than in the grains
Of scotted wood in some men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,
Are only in the insides of their skulls.

Vol. II.

THE Roman Multi, with his triple crown,
Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven, own,
Beside th' imaginary territory,
He lays a title to in Purgatory;
Declares himself an absolute free prince
In his dominions, only over sins;
But as for heaven, since it lies so far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his Cross-keys badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:

Yet, when he comes to the account, and share
The profit of his prostituted ware,
He finds his gains increase, by sin and women,
Above his richest titular dominion.

A JUBILEE is but a spiritual fair
To expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,
In which his Holiness buys nothing in,
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin,
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times;
For, dealing both for Judas and th' high-priest,
He makes a plentiful trade of Christ.

THAT spiritual pattern of the church, the
ark,
In which the ancient world did once embark,
Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,
Although bound through an universal sea;
When all the modern church of Rome's concern
Is nothing else but in the helm and stern.

IN the church of Rome to go to shrift,
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift.

AN ass will with his long ears fray,
The flies, that tickle him, away;
But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

ALL wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.

IN little trades, more cheats and lying
Are us'd in selling than in buying;
But in the great, unjust dealing
Is us'd in buying than in selling.

ALL smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

LAW does not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't;
Or, if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude:
For wholesome laws preserve us free,
By stinting of our liberty.

THE world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Those things to practice that are of no use;

3 [Y]

And strives to practise things of speculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation;
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

IN all the world there is no vice
Less prone t' excess than avarice;
It neither cares for food nor cloathing:
Nature's content with little, that with nothing.

IN Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

IT is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal estimate,
Than cast up fractions, in th' account of heaven
Of time and motion, and adjust them even;
For modest persons never had a true
Particular of all that is their due.

SOME people's fortunes, like a west or stray
Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

AS he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good;
So he that cannot write one word of sense,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To scribble what he does not understand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

WERE Tully now alive, he'd be to seek
In all our Latin terms of art and Greek;
Would never understand one word of sense
The most irrefragable schoolman means:
As if the schools design'd their terms of art
Not to advance a science, but divert;
As Hocus Pocus conjures, to amuse
The rabble from observing what he does.

AS 'tis a greater mystery, in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out; so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

THE man that for his profit's thought t' obey,
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray;
And, when he's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

OPINIATORS naturally differ
From other men; as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way soe'er they are design'd to go.

NAVIGATION, that withstood
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And prov'd the only means to save
All earth's creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind
To pay a tribute on mankind,
That, by degrees, has swallow'd more
Than all it drown'd at once before.

THE prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate
It was to keep a school and rule a state,

Found that his sceptre never was so aw'd,
As when it was translated to a rod;
And that his subjects ne'er were so obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant:
For to instruct is greater than to rule,
And no command's so imperious as a school.

AS he whose destiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does lose his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his share;
So he whom Fate at once design'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich distress,
And starves with niggardly excess.

THE universal medicine is a trick,
That Nature never meant, to cure the sick,
Unless by death, the singular receipt,
To root out all diseases by the great:
For universals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art;
And therefore that French quack that set up phy-
Call'd his receipt a General Specific: [sic,
For, though in mortal poisons every one
Is mortal universally alone,
Yet Nature never made an antidote
To cure them all as easy as they're got;
Much less, among so many variations
Of different maladies and complications,
Make all the contrarieties in Nature
Submit themselves t' an equal moderator.

A CONVERT 's but a fly, that turns about,
After his head 's pull'd off, to find it out.

ALL mankind is but a rabble,
As silly and unreasonable
As those that, crowding in the street,
To see a show or monster, meet;
Of whom no one is in the right,
Yet all fall out about the sight;
And, when they chance t' agree, the choice is
Still in the most and worst of vices;
And all the reasons that prevail
Are measur'd, not by weight, but tale.

AS in all great and crowded fairs
Monsters and puppet-plays are wares,
Which in the less will not go off,
Because they have not money enough;
So men in princes' courts will pass,
That will not in another place.

LOGICIANS use to clap a proposition,
As justices do criminals, in prison,
And, in as learn'd authentic nonsense writ,
The names of all their moods and figures fit:
For a logician's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reason by the book,
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

THOSE get the least that take the greatest pains
But most of all i' th' drudgery of brains;
A natural sign of weakness, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant;

And children are more busy at their play
Than those that wisely 't pass their time away.

ALL the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains;
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake or oversight.

TRIPLETS UPON AVARICE.

AS misers their own laws enjoin,
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they should the ore purloin;

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,
Is from the use of all debarr'd.

And, though he can produce more spankers
Than all the usurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers;

And, after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Neptune,
And, when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;
Just live as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd;
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
And, when their merchants are blown-up, and
crack,
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreckt;
That feed, like Cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes:
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

TO HIS MISTRESS,

DO not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
It had so long suppress'd.

Its own aches it design'd
For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

DO not mine affection slight,
Cause my locks with age are white:
Your breaths have snow without, and snow within,
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

EPIGRAM ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

THE jolly members of a topping club,
Like pipe-staves, are but hoop'd into a tub,
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else but only to hold drink.

HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY*.

IN days of yore, when knight or squire
By Fate were summoned to retire,
Some martial poet still was near,
To bear them to the hemisphere,
And there among the stars to leave them,
Until the gods sent to relieve them:
And sure our Knight, whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
Should he neglected lie, and rot,
Stink in his grave, and be forgot,
Would have just reason to complain,
If he should chance to rise again;
And therefore, to prevent his dudgeon,
In mournful doggerel thus we trudge on.

Oh me! what tongue, what pen, can tell
How this renowned champion fell,
But must reflect, alas! alas!
All human glory fades like grass,
And that the strongest martial seats
Of errant knights are all but cheats!
Witness our Knight, who sure has done
More valiant actions, ten to one,
Than of More! all the mighty More,
Or him that made the Dragon roar;
Has knock'd more men and women down
Than Bevis of Southampton town,
Or than our modern heroes can,
To take them singly man by man.

No, sure, the grisly King of terror
Has been to blame, and in an error,
To issue his dead-warrant forth,
To seize a knight of so much worth,
Just in the nick of all his glory,
I tremble when I tell the story.
Oh! help me, help me, some kind Muse,
This fury tyrant to abuse,
Who, in his rage, has been so cruel
To rob the world of such a jewel!
A knight, more learned, stout, and good,
Sure ne'er was made of flesh and blood:
All his perfections were so rare,
The wit of man could not declare

* Neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, is to be found in *The Genuine Remains of Butler*, as published by Mr. Thyer. Both however having frequently been reprinted in *The Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler*; and as they, besides, relate particularly to the hero of his principal poem; there needs no apology for their being thus preserved. Some other of the *posthumous poems* would not have disgraced their supposed author: but, as they are so positively rejected by Mr. Thyer, we have not ventured to admit them. N.

Which single virtue, or which grace,
Above the rest had any place,
Or which he was most famous for,
The camp, the pulpit, or the bar;
Of each he had an equal spice,
And was in all so very nice,
That, to speak truth, th' account it lost,
In which he did excel the most.
When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,
And out he went a colonelling,
Strange hopes and fears possess the nation,
How he could manage that vocation,
Until he shew'd it to a wonder,
How nobly he could fight and plunder.
At preaching, too, he was a dab,
More exquisite by far than Squab;
He could fetch uses, and infer,
Without the help of metaphor,
From any Scripture text, howe'er
Remote it from the purpose were;
And with his list, instead of a stick,
Beat pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Till he made all the audience weep,
Excepting those that fell asleep,
Then at the bar he was right able,
And could bind o'er as well as swaddle;
And famous, too, at petty sessions,
Gainst thieves and whores, for long digressions.
He could most learnedly determine
To Bridewell, or the stocks, the vermin.
For his address and way of living,
All his behaviour, was so moving,
That, let the dame be ne'er so chaste,
As people say, below the waist,
If Hudibras but once come at her,
He 'd quickly make her chaps to water;
Then for his equipage and shape,
On vestals they 'd commit a rape;
Which often, as the story says,
Have made the ladies weep both ways.
Ill has he read, that never heard
How he with Widow Tomson far'd,
And what hard conflict was between
Our Knight and that insulting quean.
Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains,
For rhymes for his melodious strains,
Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
To get into a jilt's good graces,
Than did Sir Hudibras to get
Into this subtle gypsy's net;
Who, after all her high pretence
To modesty and innocence,
Was thought by most to be a woman
That to all other knights was common.

Hard was his fate in this, I own,
Nor will I for the trapes atone;
Indeed to guess I am not able,
What made her thus inexorable,
Unless she did not like his wit,
Or, what is worse, his perquisite.
Howe'er it was, the wound she gave
The Knight, he carry'd to his grave:

Vile harlot! to destroy a knight,
That could both plead, and pray, and fight.
Oh! cruel, base, inhuman drab,
To give him such a mortal stab,
That made him pine away and moulder,
As though that he had been no soldier:
Could'st thou find no one else to kill,
Thou instrument of death and hell!
But Hudibras, who stood the Bears
So oft against the Cavaliers,
And in the very heat of war
Took stout Crowdero prisoner;
And did such wonders all along,
That far exceed both pen and tongue?
If he had been in battle slain,
We 'ad had less reason to complain;
But to be murder'd by a whore,
Was ever knight to serv'd before?
But, since he 's gone, all we can say,
He chanc'd to die a lingering way;
If he had liv'd a longer date,
He might, perhaps, have met a fate
More violent, and fitting for
A knight so fam'd in civil war.
To sum up all—from love and danger
He 's now (O happy Knight!) a stranger;
And, if a Muse can aught foretell,
His fame shall fill a chronicle,
And he in after-ages be
Of errant knights th' epitome.

HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

UNDER this stone rests Hudibras,
A Knight as errant as e'er was;
The controversy only lies,
Whether he was more stout than wife;
Nor can we here pretend to say,
Whether he best could fight or pray;
So, till those questions are decided,
His virtues must rest undivided.
Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,
And full as oft took pains in tubs;
Of which the most that can be said,
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.
As for his personage and shape,
Among the rest we 'll let them scape;
Nor do we, as things stand, think fit
This stone should meddle with his wit.
One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
He liv'd and dy'd a colonel;
And for the Good old Cause stood buff,
'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff.
But, since his Worship 's dead and gone,
And mouldering lies beneath this stone,
The Reader is desir'd to look,
For his achievements in his Book;
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

P.R.Y.
Sir
To wha
Love co

Perjur'd
When d
In pity
Which fi

Women
Men diff
What ad
If I lye,

Tell me
Love fro
Why the
Where th

Love, like
Cries for
Which w
Wantonly

Still on w
Love does
Barely fly
Merrily in
Flattering
Generous
All his joy
All his wo

Vol. II

SELECT POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

A DIALOGUE.

STREPHON.

PR'YTHEE now, fond fool, give o'er;
 Since my heart is gone before,
 To what purpose should I stay?
 Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd swain, I knew the time
 When dissembling was your crime,
 In pity now employ that art,
 Which first betray'd, to ease my heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with pleasure feign:
 Men dissemble still with pain.
 What advantage will it prove,
 If I lye, who cannot love?

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the reason, why
 Love from hearts in love does fly?
 Why the bird will build a nest,
 Where the ne'er intends to rest?

STREPHON.

Love, like other little boys,
 Cries for hearts, as they for toys:
 Which when gain'd, in childish play,
 Wantonly are thrown away.

DAPHNE.

Still on wing, or on his knees,
 Love does nothing by degrees:
 Baskly flying when most priz'd,
 Meanly sawning when despis'd.
 Flattering or insulting ever,
 Generous and grateful never:
 All his joys are fleeting dreams,
 All his woes severe extremes.

Vol. II.

STREPHON;

Nymph, unjustly you inveigh;
 Love, like us, must Fate obey.
 Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
 Constancy alone is strange.
 See the heavens in lightnings break,
 Next in storms of thunder speak;
 Till a kind rain from above
 Makes a calm—so 'tis in love.
 Flames begin our first address,
 Like meeting thunder we embrace:
 Then, you know, the showers that fall
 Quench the fire, and quiet all.

DAPHNE.

How should I the showers forget?
 'Twas so pleasant to be wet!
 They kill'd love, I knew it well.
 I dy'd all the while they fell.
 Say at least what nymph it is,
 Robs my breast of so much bliss?
 If she 's fair, I shall be eas'd,
 Through my ruin you 'll be pleas'd.

STREPHON.

Daphne never was so fair,
 Strephon, scarcely, so sincere.
 Gentle, innocent, and free,
 Ever pleas'd with only me.
 Many charms my heart enthral,
 But there 's one above them all:
 With aversion, she does fly
 Tedious, trading, constancy.

DAPHNE.

Cruel shepherd! I submit,
 Do what love and you think fit:
 Change is fate, and not design,
 Say you would have still been mine.

STREPHON.

Nymph, I cannot: 'tis too true,
 Change has greater charms than you,

Be, by my example, wife;
Faith to pleasure sacrifice.

DAPHNE.

Silly swain, I'll have you know,
"Twas my practice long ago:
Whilst you vainly thought me true,
I was false, in scorn of you.
By my tears, my heart's disguise,
I thy love and thee despise.
Womankind more joy discovers
Making fools, than keeping lovers.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXIS AND STREPHON.

Written at the Bath in the Year 1674.

ALEXIS.

THERE sighs not on the plain
So lost a swain as I;
Scorch'd up with love, froze with disdain,
Of killing sweetness I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.
Since first my dazzled eyes were thrown
On that betwitching face,
Like ruin'd birds robb'd of their young,
Lamenting, frightened, and undone,
I fly from place to place.
Fram'd by some cruel powers above,
So nice she is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove
Since all, who are not blind, must love;
Who are not vain, despair.

ALEXIS.

The gods no sooner give a grace,
But, fond of their own art,
Severely jealous, ever place,
To guard the glories of a face,
A dragon in the heart.
Proud and ill-natur'd powers they are,
Who, peevish to mankind,
For their own honour's sake, with care
Make a sweet form divinely fair:
Then add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since she's insensible of love,
By honour taught to hate;
If we, forc'd by decrees above,
Must sensible to beauty prove,
How tyrannous is Fate!
I to the nymph have never nam'd
The cause of all my pain.

ALEXIS.

Such bashfulness may well be blam'd;
For, since to serve we're not asham'd,
Why should she blush to reign?

STREPHON.

But, if her haughty heart despise
My humble proffer'd one,
The just compassion she denies,
I may obtain from others' eyes;
Hers are not fair alone.
Devouring flames require new food;
My heart's consum'd almost:
New fires must kindle in her blood,
Or mine go out, and that's as good.

ALEXIS.

Would'st live when love is lost?
Be dead before thy passion dies;
For if thou should'st survive,
What anguish would thy heart surprize,
To see her flames begin to rise,
And thine no more alive?

STREPHON.

Rather what pleasure should I meet
In my triumphant scorn,
To see my tyrant at my feet;
While, taught by her, unmov'd I sit
A tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle shepherd! cease, for shame,
Which way can you pretend
To merit so divine a flame,
Who to dull life make a mean claim,
When love is at an end?
As trees are by their bark embrac'd,
Love to my soul doth cling;
When torn by the herd's greedy taste,
The injur'd plants feel they're defac'd,
They wither in the spring.
My rifled love would soon retire,
Dissolving into air,
Should I that nymph cease to admire,
Bless'd in whose arms I will expire,
Or at her feet despair.

THE ADVICE.

ALL things submit themselves to your command,

Fair Calia, when it does not love withstand:
The power it borrows from your eyes alone;
All but the god must yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, such are the charms you have,
He'd quit his godhead to become your slave:
Be proud to act a mortal hero's part,
And throw himself for fame on his own dart.
But fate has otherwise dispos'd of things,
In different bands subjected slaves and kings:
Fetter'd in forms of royal state are they,
While we enjoy the freedom to obey.
That fate, like you, restless does ordain
To Love, that over Beauty he shall reign.
By harmony the universe does move,
And what is harmony but mutual love?
Who would resist an empire so divine,
Which universal nature does enjoin?

See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged banks on either side;
While in their crystal streams at once they show,
And with them feed the flowers which they be-
flow :

Though rudely throng'd by a too near embrace,
In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace
To the lov'd sea ; for streams have their desires ;
Cool as they are, they feel love's powerful fires,
And with such passion, that if any force,
Stop or molest them in their amorous course,
They swell, break down with rage, and savage

o'er
The banks they kiss'd, and flowers they fed be-
fore.

Submit then, Cælia, ere you be reduc'd,
For rebels, vanquish'd once, are vilely us'd.
Beauty's no more but the dead foil, which Love
Matures, and does by wife commerce improve :
Sailing by sighs, through seas of tears, he sends
Courtships from foreign hearts, for your own ends :
C cherish the trade, for as with Indians we
Get gold and jewels, for our trumpery,
So to each other, for their useless toys,
Lovers afford whole magazines of joys.
But, if you're fond of baubles, be, and starve,
Your gewgaw reputation still preserve :
Live upon modesty and empty fame,
Foregoing sense for a fantastic name.

THE DISCOVERY.

CÆLIA, that faithful servant you disown,
Would in obedience keep his love his own :
But bright ideas, such as you inspire,
We can no more conceal than not admire.
My heart at home in my own breast did dwell,
Like humble hermit in a peaceful cell ;
Unknown and undisturb'd it rested there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Despair.
Now Love with a tumultuous train invades
The sacred quiet of those hallow'd shades ;
His fatal flames shine out to every eye,
Like blazing comets in a winter sky.
How can my passion merit your offence,
That challenges so little recompence ?
For I am one born only to admire,
Too humble e'er to hope, scarce to desire.
A thing, whose bliss depends upon your will,
Who would be proud you'd deign to use him ill.
Then give me leave to glory in my chain,
My fruitless sighs, and my un pity'd pain.
Let me but ever love, and ever be
Th' example of your power and cruelty.
Since so much scorn does in your breast reside,
Be more indulgent to its mother Pride.
Kill all you strike, and trample on their graves ;
But own the fates of your neglected slaves :
When in the crowd yours undistinguish'd lies
You give away the triumph of your eyes.
Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find
More mercy, than your anger has design'd :
But Love has carefully design'd for me,
The last perfection of misery,

For to my state the hopes of common peace,
Which every wretch enjoys in death, must cease,
My worst of fates attend me in my grave,
Since, dying, I must be no more your slave.

WOMAN'S HONOUR.

A SONG.

I.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd ;
Phyllis continued still unkind :
Then you may e'en despair, he said,
In vain I strive to change her mind.

II.

Honour's got in, and keeps her heart,
Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own right I'd take your part,
And shew myself a mightier god.

III.

This huffing Honour domineers
In breasts, where he alone has place :
But if true generous Love appears,
The hector dares not shew his face.

IV.

Let me still languish and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd :
I have some pleasure in my pain,
She can have none with all her pride.

V.

I fall a sacrifice to Love,
She lives a wretch for Honour's sake.
Whose tyrant does most cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

VI.

Consider Real Honour then,
You'll find hers cannot be the same ;
'Tis noble confidence in men,
In women mean mistrustful shame.

GRECIAN KINDNESS.

A SONG.

I.

THE utmost grace the Greeks could shew,
When to the Trojans they grew kind,
Was with their arms to let them go,
And leave their lingering wives behind.
They beat the men, and burnt the town :
Then all the baggage was their own.

II.

There the kind deity of wine
Kiss'd the soft wanton god of love ;
This clapp'd his wings, that press'd his vine ;
And their best powers united move,
While each brave Greek embrac'd his punk,
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

THE MISTRESS.

A SONG.

I.

AN age, in her embraces past,
Would seem a winter's day;
Where life and light, with envious haste,
Are torn and snatch'd away.

II.

But, oh! how slowly minutes roll,
When absent from her eyes;
That fed my love, which is my soul,
It languishes and dies.

III.

For then, no more a soul but shade,
It mournfully does move;
And haunts my breast, by absence made
The living tomb of love.

IV.

You wiser men despise me not;
Whose love-sick fancy raves,
On shades of souls, and heaven knows what:
Short ages live in graves.

V.

Where'er those wounding eyes, so full
Of sweetness you did see,
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

VI.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
My best-belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we disagree.

VII.

Alas! 'tis sacred jealousy,
Love rais'd to an extreme;
The only proof, 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantastic fancies fondly move,
And in frail joys believe:
Taking false pleasure for true love;
But pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when past,
Prove our heart's treasure fix'd and dear,
And make us bless'd at last.

A SONG.

I.

ABSENT from thee I languish still;
Then ask me not, When I return?
The straying fool 't will plainly kill,
To wish all day, all night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

III.

When wearied with a world of woe
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love and peace, and truth, does flow,
May I contented there expire!

IV.

Left, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest;
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.

A SONG.

I.

PHILLIS, be gentler, I advise,
Make up for time mis-spent,
When beauty on its death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

II.

Such is the malice of your fate,
That makes you old so soon;
Your pleasure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

III.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
Whose stars contrive, in spite,
The morning of her love should be
Her fading beauty's night.

IV.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
You'll peevishly be coy,
Die with the scandal of a whore,
And never know the joy.

TO CORINNA.

A SONG.

I.

WHAT cruel pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmless frown;
When not one charm her face forsakes,
Love cannot lose his own.

II.

So sweet a face, so soft a heart,
Such eyes so very kind,
Betray, alas! the silly art
Virtue had ill design'd.

III.

Poor feeble tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Against kind Nature to maintain
Affected rules of honour.

IV.

The scorn she bears so helpless proves,
When I plead passion to her,
That much she fears (but more she loves)
Her vassal should undo her.

LOVE AND LIFE.

A S O N G.

I.

ALL my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone :
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

II.

The time that is to come is not ;
How can it then be mine ?
The present moment's all my lot ;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

III.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows ;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

A S O N G.

I.

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a blest'd amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin :
Tis not for pity that I move ;
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

II.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing ;
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But, whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure ;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

A S O N G.

I.

TO this moment a rebel, I throw down my
arms,
Great Love, at first sight of Olinda's bright
charms :
Made proud and secure by such forces as these,
You may now play the tyrant as soon as you please.

II.

When innocence, beauty, and wit, do conspire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire ;
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleasing hope by base fear be destroy'd ?

III.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauty's inclin'd, or why should it pursue me ?
And wit has to pleasure been ever a friend ;
Then what room for despair, since delight is Love's
end ?

IV.

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
Where love is secur'd by good-nature and truth.
On her beauty I 'll gaze, and of pleasure complain ;
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize,
But her wit leads in triumph the slave of her eyes :
I beheld, with the loss of my freedom before ;
But, hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

VI.

Too bright is my goddess, her temple too weak :
Retire, divine image ! I feel my heart break.
Help, Love ; I dissolve in a rapture of charms,
At the thought of those joys I should meet in her
arms.

UPON

HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS.

I.

'TIS not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone :
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine :
You, whom some kinder power did fashion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at least of a whole nation ?

II.

Let meaner spirits of your sex,
With humble aims their thoughts perplex :
And boast, if, by their arts, they can
Contrive to make one happy man.
While, mov'd by an impartial sense,
Favours, like Nature, you dispense,
With universal influence.

UPON

DRINKING IN A BOWL.

I.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old;
Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

II.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

III.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
With war I've nought to do;
I'm none of those that took Mæstrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd stars, or constellations:
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

V.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds intwine,
The type of future joys.

VI.

Cupid and Bacchus my fains are.
May drink and love still reign!
With wine I wash away my cares,
And then to Love again.

A S O N G.

I.

AS Chloris full of harmless thoughts
Beneath a willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful shepherd brought,
To pass the time away.

II.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
And chid the amorous swain;
But, as she strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her down again.

III.

A sudden passion seiz'd her heart,
In spight of her disdain;
She found a pulse in every part,
And love in every vein.

IV.

Ah, youth! (said she) what charms are these,
That conquer and surprise?
Ah! let me—for, unless you please,
I have no power to rise.

V.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply;
Her lovely eyes her heart betray,
And give her tongue the lyc.

VI.

Thus she, who princes had deny'd,
With all their pomp and train,
Was in the lucky minute try'd,
And yielded to a swain.

A S O N G.

I.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you false, and then to say
You shall not keep my heart a day:
But, alas! against my will,
I must be your captive still.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindness has resistless charms,
All besides but weakly move,
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.
Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the lover's servile chain,
And makes the slaves grow pleas'd again.

THE ANSWER.

I.

NOTHING adds to your fond fire
More than scorn, and cold disdain:
I, to cherish your desire,
Kindness us'd, but 't was in vain.

II.

You insisted on your slave,
Humble love you soon refus'd;
Hope not then a power to have
Which ingloriously you us'd.

III.

Think not, Thyrsis, I will e'er
By my love my empire lose;
You grow constant through despair,
Love return'd you would abuse.

IV.

Though you still possess my heart,
Scorn and rigour I must feign:
Ah! forgive that only art
Love has left your love to gain.

V.

You that could my heart subdue,
To new conquests ne'er pretend:
Let th' example make me true,
And of a conquer'd foe a friend.

VI.

Then, if e'er I should complain
Of your empire, or my chain,
Summon all the powerful charms,
And kill the rebel in your arms.

CONSTANCY.

A S O N G.

I.

I Cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no, your heart to move
A surer way I'll try;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now un pity'd rise,
The tears that vainly fall:
That welcome hour that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

A S O N G.

I.

MY dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's restless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

II.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

A S O N G.

IN IMITATION OF SIR JOHN EATON.

I.

TOO late, alas! I must confess,
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
'Twere madness not to love ye.

II.

Then spare a heart you may surprize,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

A L E T T E R

FROM ARTEMISA IN THE TOWN,
TO CLOE IN THE COUNTRY.

CLOE, by your command in verse I write;
Shortly you'll bid me ride astride and fight:
Such talents better with our sex agree,
Than lofty flights of dangerous poetry.
Among the men, I mean the men of wit,
(At least they pass'd for such before they writ)
How many bold adventurers for the bays,
Proudly designing large returns of praise;
Who durst that stormy pathless world explore,
Where soon dash'd back, and wreck'd on the dull
shore,

Broke of that little stock they had before!
How would a woman's tottering barque be tost,
Where stoutest ships (the men of wit) are lost!
When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise,
And my own self I gravely thus advise:

Dear Artemisa! poetry's a snare;
Bedlam has many mansions, have a care;
Your Muse diverts you, makes the reader sad;
You think yourself inspir'd, he thinks you mad.
Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,
To make yourself the fiddle of the town.
To find th' ill-humour'd pleasure at their need:
Curs'd when you fail, and scorn'd when you suc-
ceed.

Thus, like an arrant woman as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd writing's a shame,
That Whore is scarce a more reproachful name
Than Poetess—

Like men that marry, or like maids that woo,
Because 'tis th' very worst thing they can do:
Pleas'd with the contradiction and the sin,
Methinks I stand on thorns till I begin.

Y' expect to hear, at least, what love has past
In this lewd town, since you and I saw last;
What change has happen'd of intrigues, and whe-
ther

The old ones last, and who and who's together.
But how, my dearest Cloe, should I set
My pen to write what I would fain forget!
Or name that lost thing Love, without a tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred customs here?
Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find;

The safe director of unguided youth,
 Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth;
 That cordial-drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down;
 On which one only blessing God might raise,
 In lands of Atheists, subsidies of praise:
 For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
 But felt a God, and bless'd his power, in love:
 This only joy, for which poor we are made,
 Is grown, like play, to be an arrant trade:
 The rooks creep in, and it has got of late
 As many little cheats and tricks as that;
 But, what yet more a woman's heart would vex,
 'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own sex;
 Our silly sex, who born, like monarchs, free,
 Turn Gipsies for a meaner liberty,
 And hate restraint, though but from infamy:
 That call whatever is not common nice,
 And, deaf to Nature's rule, or Love's advice,
 Forsake the pleasure, to pursue the vice.
 To an exact perfection they have brought
 The action Love, the passion is forgot.
 'Tis below wit, they tell you, to admire,
 And ev'n without approving they desire:
 Their private wish obeys the public voice,
 'Twixt good and bad whimsy decides, not choice:
 Fashions grow up for taste, at forms they strike,
 They know what they would have, not what they
 like.

Bovy's a beauty, if some few agree
 To call him so, the rest to that degree
 Affected are, that with their ears they see.

Where I was visiting the other night,
 Comes a fine lady, with her humble knight,
 Who had prevail'd with her, through her own
 skill,

At his request, though much against his will,
 To come to London—

As the coach stoppt, I heard her voice, more loud
 Than a great-belly'd woman's in a crowd;
 Telling the knight, that her affairs require
 He, for some hours, obsequiously retire.

I think she was ashamed she should be seen:
 Hard fate of husbands! the gallant had been,
 Though a diseas'd, ill-favour'd fool, brought in.
 Dispatch, says she, the business you pretend,
 Your beastly visit to your drunken friend,
 A bottle ever makes you look so fine;
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of wine.

Your country drinking breath 's enough to kill;
 Sour ale corrected with a lemon-peel.

Pr'ythee, farewell; we'll meet again anon:
 The necessary thing bows, and is gone.

She flies up stairs, and all the haste does show
 That fifty antic postures will allow;

And then bursts out—Dear madam, am not I
 The strangest, alter'd creature; let me die,

I find myself ridiculously grown,
 Embarrass'd with my being out of town:

Rude and untaught, like any Indian queen,
 My country nakedness is plainly seen.

How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the state;
 And pray who are the men most worn of late?

When I was marry'd, fools were à-la-mode,
 The men of wit were then held incommode:

Slow of belief, and fickle in desire,
 Who, ere they'll be persuaded, must enquire,
 As if they came to spy, and not t' admire:
 With searching wisdom, fatal to their ease,
 They still find out why what may should not please;
 Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare
 Make them think better of us than we are;
 And if we hide our frailties from their sights,
 Call us deceitful jilts and hypocrites;
 They little guess, who at our arts are griev'd,
 The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd;
 Inquisitive as jealous cuckolds grow;
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know
 What, being known, creates their certain woe.
 Women should these, of all mankind, avoid,
 For wonder, by clear knowledge, is destroy'd.
 Woman, who is an arrant bird of night,
 Bold in the dusk, before a fool's dull sight
 Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring light.
 But the kind easy fool, apt to admire
 Himself, trusts us; his follies all conspire
 To flatter his, and favour our desire:
 Vain of his proper merit, he with ease
 Believes we love him best, who best can please;
 On him our gross, dull, common flatteries pass,
 Ever most happy when most made an ass;
 Heavy to apprehend, though all mankind
 Perceive us false, the fop himself is blind;
 Who, doating on himself—
 Thinks every one that sees him of his mind.
 These are true womens men—Here, forc'd to cease
 Through want of breath, not will, to hold her
 peace,

She to the window runs, where she had spy'd
 Her much-esteem'd dear friend, the monkey, ty'd;
 With forty smiles, as many antic bows,
 As if 't had been the lady of the house,
 The dirty chattering monster she embrac'd,
 And made it this fine tender speech at last:

Kiss me, thou curious miniature of man;
 How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan!
 Oh! I could live and die with thee: then on,
 For half an hour, in compliments she ran:
 I took this time to think what Nature meant,
 When this mixt thing into the world she sent,

So very wise, yet so impertinent:
 One that knows every thing that God thought fit,
 Should be an ass through choice, not want of wit;
 Whose foppery, without the help of sense,
 Could ne'er have rose to such an excellence:

Nature 's as lame in making a true fop,
 As a philosopher; the very top
 And dignity of folly we attain

By studious search and labour of the brain,
 By observation, counsel, and deep thought:

God never made a coxcomb worth a groat;
 We owe that name to industry and arts:

An eminent fool must be a fool of parts,
 And such a one was she, who had turn'd o'er

As many books as men, lov'd much, read more,
 Had a discerning wit; to her was known

Every one's fault, or merit, but her own.
 All the good qualities that ever blest

A woman so distinguish'd from the rest,
 Except discretion only, she possess.

But now, *mon cher*, dear Pug, she cries, adieu;
And the discourse broke off does thus renew:
You smile to see me, who the world perchance
Mistakes to have some wit, so far advance
The interest of fools, that I approve
Their merit more than men of wit in love;
But in our sex too many proofs there are
Of such whom wits undo, and fools repair.
This, in my time, was so observ'd a rule,
Hardly a wench in town but had her fool;
The meanest common slut, who long was grown
The jest and scorn of every pit buffoon,
Had yet left charms enough to have subdued
Some fop or other, fond to be thought lowd.
Efter could make an Irish lord a Nokes,
And Betty Morris had her city Cokes.
A woman's ne'er so ruin'd, but she can
Be still reveng'd on her undoer, man:
How list for'er, she'll find some lover more
A lewd abandon'd fool than she a whore.
That wretched thing Corinna, who has run
Through all the several ways of being undone:
Cozen'd at first by love, and living then
By turning the too dear-bought cheat on men:
Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they

flew,
When first the town her early beauties knew;
Court'd, admir'd, and lov'd, with presents fed,
Tenth in her looks, and pleasure in her bed;
Till late, or her ill angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a man of wit;
Who found 't was dull to love above a day,
Made his ill-natur'd jest, and went away.
Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,
She's a *momento mori* to the rest:
Disgrac'd, decay'd, to take up half a crown
Must mortgage her long scarf and mantua gown;
Poor creature, who, unheard-of, as a fly
In some dark hole must all the winter lie,
And want and dirt endure a whole half-year,
Till for one month she tawdry may appear.
In Easter-term she gets her a new gown;
When my young master's worship comes to town,
From pedagogue and mother just set free,
The heir and hopes of a great family;
Who with strong beer and beef the country rules,
And ever since the Conquest have been fools;
And now, with careful prospect to maintain
This character, lest crossing of the strain
Should mend the booby breed, his friends provide
A cousin of his own to be his bride:
And thus set out—
With an estate, no wit, and a young wife,
The solid comforts of a coxcomb's life,
Daughill and pease forsook, he comes to town,
Turns fop, learns to be lewd, and is undone;
Nothing suits worse with vice than want of sense,
Fools are still wicked at their own expence.
This o'er-rown school-boy lost Corinna wins;
At the first dash to make an ass begins:
Pretends to like a man that has not known
The vanities or vices of the town;
Fresh is the youth, and faithful in his love,
Eager of joys which he does seldom prove;

Healthful and strong, he does no pains endure
But what the fair-one he adores can cure;
Grateful for favours, does the sex esteem,
And libels none for being kind to him;
Then of the lewdness of the town complains,
Rails at the wits and atheists, and maintains
'Tis better than good sense, than power or wealth,
To have a blood untainted, youth, and health.
The unbred puppy, who had never seen
A creature look so gay, or talk so fine,
Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt;
Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient seat,
To buy his mistress a new house for life,
To give her plate and jewels, robs his wife;
And when to th' height of fondness he is grown,
'Tis time to poison him, and all's her own:
Thus meeting in her common arms his fate,
He leaves her bastard heir to his estate;
And, as the race of such an owl deserves,
His own dull lawful progeny he starves.
Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
But does each insect to some end ordain)
Wifely provokes kind keeping fools, no doubt,
To patch up vices men of wit wear out.

Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of sense
Still mixt with follies of impertinence.
But now 'tis time I should for-pity show
To Cloe, since I cannot choose but know,
Readers must reap what dullest writers sow.
By the next post I will such stories tell,
As, join'd to these, shall to a volume swell;
As true as heaven, more infamous than hell.
But you are tir'd, and so am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY

FROM LORD ROCHESTER TO LORD MULGRAVE,

UPON

THEIR MUTUAL POEMS.

DEAR friend, I hear this town does so abound
In fauce censurers, that faults are found
With what of late we, in poetic rage
Bestowing, threw away on the dull age.
But (howsoever envy their spleen may raise,
To rob my brows of the deserved bays)
Their thanks, at least, I merit; since through me
They are partakers of your poetry.
And this is all I'll say in my defence,
T' obtain one line of your well-worded sense,
I'll be content t' have writ the "British Prince." }
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
T' avoid with care all sort of self-denial.
Which way soever desire and fancy lead,
(Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:
And if exposing what I take for wit,
To my dear self a pleasure I beget, }
No matter though the censuring critics fret.
These whom my Muse displeases are at strife,
With equal spleen, against my course of life;

4[C]

The least delight of which I'll not forego,
 For all the flattering praise man can bestow.
 If I design'd to please, the way were then
 To mend my manners, rather than my pen :
 The first's unnatural, therefore unfit ;
 And for the second I despair of it,
 Since grace is not so hard to get as wit :
 Perhaps ill vers's ought to be confin'd,
 In mere good breeding, like unfavoury wind.
 Were reading forc'd, I should be apt to think,
 Men might no more write scurvily than stink.
 I'll own that you write better than I do,
 But I have as much need to write as you.
 In all I write, should sense, and wit, and rhyme,
 Fail me at once, yet something so sublime
 Shall stamp my poem, that the world may see,
 It could have been produc'd by none but me.
 And that's my end ; for man can with no more
 Than so to write, as none e'er writ before ;
 Yet why am I no poet of the times ?
 I have allusions, similes, and rhymes,
 And wit ; or else 'tis hard that I alone,
 Of the whole race of mankind, should have none
 Unequally the partial hand of heaven
 Has all but this one only blessing given.
 The world appears like a great family,
 Whose lord, oppress'd with pride and poverty,
 (That to a few great bounty he may show)
 Is fain to starve the numerous train below.
 Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,
 Keeping more creatures than it can maintain :
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
 And for one prince, it makes ten thousand slaves.
 In wit alone 't has been magnificent,
 Of which so just a share to each is sent,
 That the most avaricious are content.
 For none e'er thought (the due division's such)
 His own too little, or his friend's too much.
 Yet most men flow, or find, great want of wit,
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.
 But I, who am of sprightly vigour full,
 Look on mankind as envious and dull.
 Born to myself, I like myself alone,
 And must conclude my judgment good, or none :
 For could my sense be naught, how should I know
 Whether another man's were good or no ?
 Thus I resolve of my own poetry,
 That 'tis the best ; and there's a fame for me.
 If then I'm happy, what does it advance,
 Whether to merit due, or arrogance ?
 Oh, but the world will take offence hereby !
 Why then the world shall suffer for't, not I.
 Did e'er this faucy world and I agree,
 To let it have its beastly will on me ?
 Why should my prostituted sense be drawn,
 To every rule their musty customs spawn ?
 But men may censure you ; 'tis two to one,
 Whene'er they censure, they'll be in the wrong.
 There's not a thing on earth, that I can name,
 So foolish, and so false, as common fame.
 It calls the courtier knave, the plain-man rude,
 Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd,
 Impertinent the brisk, morose the sad,
 Mean the familiar, the reserv'd-one mad.
 Poor helpless woman is not favour'd more,
 She's a sly hypocrite, or public whore,

Then who the devil would give this—to be free
 From th' innocent reproach of infamy ?
 These things consider'd, make me (in despite
 Of idle rumour) keep at home and write.

A TRIAL OF THE POETS FOR THE BAYS.*

IN IMITATION OF A SATYR IN BOILEAU.

SINCE the sons of the Muses grew numerous
 and loud,
 For th' appealing so factious and clamorous a
 crowd,
 Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a cause,
 To establish a government, leader, and laws.
 The hopes of the bays, at the summoning call,
 Had drawn them together, the Devil and all ;
 All thronging and listening, they gap'd for the
 blessing :
 No presbyter sermon had more crowding and pres-
 furing :
 In the head of the gang, John Dryden appear'd,
 That ancient grave wit so long lov'd and fear'd,
 But Apollo had heard a story in town,
 Of his quitting the Muses, to wear the black
 gown ;
 And so gave him leave now his poetry's done,
 To let him turn priest since R—— is turn'd nun.
 This reverend author was no sooner set by,
 But Apollo had got gentle George in his eye,
 And frankly confess'd, of all men that writ,
 There's none had more fancy, sense, judgment, and
 wit :
 But in th' crying sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,
 That his long seven years silence was not to be
 pardon'd.
 —W——y † was the next man shew'd his face,
 But Apollo e'en thought him too good for the
 place ;
 No gentleman writer that office should bear,
 But a trader in wit the laurel should wear,
 As none but a Cit——e'er makes a Lord-Mayor.
 Next into the crowd, Tom Shadwell does wallow,
 And swears by his guts, his paunch, and his tallow,
 That 'tis he alone best pleases the age,
 Himself and his wife have supported the stage :
 Apollo, well pleas'd with so bonny a lad,
 T' oblige him, he told him, he should be huge
 glad,
 Had he half so much wit, as he fancy'd he had.
 Nat Lee stepp'd in next, in hopes of a prize,
 Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice ;
 By the rubies in's face, he could not deny,
 But he had as much wit as wine could supply ;

* See " The Session of the Poets," in the State Poems, vol. I. and " The Election of the Poet Laureat, 1719," in Sheffield Duke of Buckingham's Works.

† Sir George Etherege,

† Mr. Wycherley.

Confess'd that indeed he had a musical note,
But sometimes strain'd so hard that he rattled in
throat ;

Yet owning he had sense, t' encourage him for't,
He made him his Ovid in Augustus's court.
Poor Settle, his trial was the next came about,
He brought him an Ibrahim with the preface torn
out,

And humbly desir'd he might give no offence ;
D—n him, cries Shadwell, he cannot write sense :
And Bancks, cry'd Newport, I hate that dull
rogue ;

Apollo, considering he was not in vogue,
Would not trust his dear bays with so modest a
fool,

And bid the great boy be sent back to school.
Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear
Zany,

And swears, for heroics, he writes best of any :
Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his minge was quite cur'd, and his lice were
all kill'd ;

Anababalthu put in for a share,
And little Tom Essence's author was there :
But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The scum of a play-house, for the prop of an
age.

In the numerous croud that encompass'd him round,
Little starch'd Johnny Crown at his elbow he
found,

His cravat-string new iron'd, he gently did stretch
His lily-white hand out, the laurel to reach.
Allegding that he had most right to the bays,
For writing romances, and sh-ting of plays :
Apollo rose up, and gravely confess'd,
Of all men that writ, his talent was best ;
For since pain and dishonour man's life only
damn,

The greatest felicity mankind can claim,
Is to want sense of smart, and be past sense of
shame ;

And to perfect his bliss in poetical rapture,
He bid him be dull to the end of the chapter.
The poetess Afra next shew'd her sweet face,
And swore by her poetry, and her black ace,
The laurel by a double right was her own,
For the plays she had writ, and the conquests she
had won.

Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
Yet, to deal frankly and ingenuously by her,
He told her, were conquests and charms her pre-
tence,

She ought to have pleaded a dozen years since.
Nor could D'Uissey forbear for the laurel to flie-
ble,

Pretending that he had the honour to tickle
In ears of the town, with his dear madam
Fickle.

With other pretenders, whose names I'd rehearse,
But that they're too long to stand in my verse :
Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious harangue,
At last found Tom Betterton's face in the gang,
For, since poets without the kind players may
long,

By his one sacred light he solemnly swore,
That in search of a laureat, he'd look out no
more,

A general murmur ran quite through the hall,
To think that the bays to an actor should fall ;
Tom told them, to put his desert to the test,
That he had MAID plays as well as the best,
And was the great't wonder the age ever bore,
Of all the play-scribblers that e'er writ before,
His wit had most worth, and modesty in't,
For he had writ plays, yet ne'er came in print.

A SATYR

AGAINST MANKIND.

WERE I, who to my cost already am
One of those strange prodigious creatures
man,

A spirit free, to choose for my own share,
What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear, }
I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
Or any thing, but that vain animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
The senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
A sixth, to contradict the other five ;
And, before certain instinct, will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaves the light of nature, sense, behind :
Pathless and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
Through error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes ;
Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain
Mountains of whimsies, heapt in his own brain :
Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong
down

Into Doubt's boundless sea, where like to drown
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with bladders of philosophy ;
In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light, }
The vapour dances in his dazzled sight,
Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal night.
Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in dirt, this reasoning creature lies,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise.
Pride drew him in, as cheats their blind search.
And made him venture to be made a wretch :
His wisdom did his happiness destroy,
Aiming to know the world he should enjoy :
And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
Of pleasing others at his own expence ;
For wits are treated just like common whores,
First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors.
The pleasure pass, a threatening doubt remains,
That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains.
Women, and men of wit, are dangerous tools,
And ever fatal to admiring fools.
Pleasure allures ; and when the fops escape,
'Tis not that they are lov'd, but fortunate ;
And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate. }

But now, methinks, some formal band and beard
 Takes me to task : come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.
 Then, by your favour, any thing that's writ,
 Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
 Likes me abundantly; but you'll take care,
 Upon this point, not to be too severe;
 Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part;
 For, I profess, I can be very smart
 On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
 I long to lash it in some sharp essay,
 But your grand indifcretion bids me stay,
 And turns my tide of ink another way.
 What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
 To make you rail at reason and mankind?
 Blest glorious man, to whom alone kind heaven
 An everlasting soul hath freely given;
 Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
 That from himself he did the image take,
 And this fair frame in shining reason dress'd,
 To dignify his nature above beast:
 Reason, by whose aspiring influence,
 We take a flight beyond material sense,
 Dive into mysteries, then soaring pierce
 The flaming limits of the universe,
 Search heaven and hell, find out what's acted
 there,

And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.
 Hold, mighty man, I cry; all this we know
 From the pathetic pen of Angelo,
 From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
 And 'tis this very reason I despise
 This supernatural gift, that makes a mite
 Think he's the image of the Infinite;
 Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
 To the Eternal and the Ever-bless'd.
 This busy puzzling stirrer up of doubt,
 That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out,
 Filling with frantic crouds of thinking fools,
 The reverend bedlams, colleges and schools,
 Borne on whose wings, each heavy foot can pierce
 The limits of the boundless universe.
 So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
 And bear a crippled carcase through the sky.
 'Tis this exalted power, whose business lies
 In nonsense and impossibilities:
 'This made a whimsical philosopher,
 Before the spacious world his tub prefer;
 And we have many modern coxcombs, who
 Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
 But thoughts were given for actions' government,
 Where action ceases, thought's impertinent.
 Our sphere of action is life's happiness,
 And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.
 Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,
 I own right reason, which I would obey;
 That reason, which distinguishes by sense,
 And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
 That bounds desires with a reforming will,
 To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
 Your reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
 Renewing appetites, yours would destroy.
 My reason is my friend, yours is a cheat;
 Hunger calls out, my reason bids me eat;
 Perverfely yours, your appetite does mock;
 This asks for food; that answers, what's a clock?

'This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures;
 'Tis not true reason I despise, but yours.
 Thus I think reason righted: but for man,
 I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.
 For all his pride, and his philosophy,
 'Tis evident beasts are, in their degree,
 As wise at least, and better far than he.
 Those creatures are the wisest, who attain,
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
 If therefore Jowler finds, and kills his hare,
 Better than Meres supplies committee-chair;
 Though one's a statesman, th' other but a hound,
 Jowler in justice will be wiser found.
 You see how far man's wisdom here extends:
 Look next if human nature makes amends;
 Whose principles are most generous and just;
 And to whose morals you would sooner trust:
 Be judge yourself, I'll bring it to the test,
 Which is the basest creature, man or beast:
 Birds feed on birds, beasts on each other prey,
 But savage man alone does man betray.
 Press'd by necessity, they kill for food;
 Man undoes man, to do himself no good:
 With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
 Nature's allowance, to supply their want.
 But man, with smiles, embraces, friendships, praise,
 Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays;
 With voluntary pains works his distress;
 Not through necessity, but wantonness.
 For hunger or for love, they bite or tear,
 Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear:
 For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid,
 From fear to fear successively betray'd:
 Base fear, the source whence his base passions
 came,

His boasted honour, and his dear-bought fame:
 The lust of power, to which he's such a slave,
 And for the which alone he dares be brave;
 To which his various projects are design'd,
 Which makes him generous, affable, and kind:
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
 And screws his actions in a forc'd disguise;
 Leads a most tedious life, in misery,
 Under laborious, mean hypocrisy.
 Look to the bottom of his vast design.
 Wherein man's wisdom, power, and glory join:
 The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
 'Tis all from fear, to make himself secure.
 Merely for safety, after fame they thirst;
 For all men would be cowards if they durst:
 And honesty's against all common sense;
 Men must be knaves; 'tis in their own defence,
 Mankind's honest; if you think it fair,
 Amongst known cheats, to play upon the square,
 You'll be undone—
 Nor can weak truth your reputation save;
 The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a villain than the rest.
 Thus here you see what human nature craves,
 Most men are cowards, all men should be knaves.
 The difference lies, as far as I can see,
 Not in the thing itself, but the degree;
 And all the subject-matter of debate,
 Is only who's a knave of the first rate.

ALL
 At the
 Who, f
 False
 Over
 But it
 (In cour
 Who do
 Not to o
 Since fla
 Is still a
 If so up
 Whole p
 Who doe
 To raise
 Is ther
 Whole li
 Not one
 Who, for
 Whole en
 Dares chi
 Who in h
 More bit
 'Tis not a
 Whoa the
 None of
 In avarice
 Who hum
 Whole lu
 They act
 And, ere
 Can from
 Half a la
 Not do
 For domin
 A greater
 Fonder of
 Than the
 With all hi
 But a m
 Who, prea
 Whole p
 Mysterious
 It upon ear
 I'll here rec
 Adore thos
 And, with
 If rich ther
 Man differ
 bea

THE

As some
 Depr
 still,
 Two rival
 Crawl to

POSTSCRIPT.

ALL this with indignation have I hurl'd,
At the pretending part of the proud world,
Who, swoln with selfish vanity, devise
Falle freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lyes,
Over their fellow-slaves to tyrannize.
But if in court so just a man there be,
(In court a just man, yet unknown to me)
Who does his needful flattery direct,
Not to oppress and ruin, but protect;
Since flattery, which way soever laid,
Is still a tax on that unhappy trade;
If so upright a statesman you can find,
Whose passions bend to his unbiass'd mind;
Who does his arts and policies apply,
To raise his country, not his family.
Is there a mortal who on God relies?
Whose life his faith and doctrine justifies?
Not one blown up with vain aspiring pride,
Who, for reproof of sins, does man deride:
Whose envious heart with fancy eloquence,
Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of sense:
Who in his talking vents more peevish lyes,
More bitter railings, scandals, calumnies,
Than at a gossiping are thrown about,
When the good wives drink free, and then fall out.
None of the sensual tribe, whose talents lie
In avarice, pride, in sloth, and gluttony;
Who hunt preferment, but abhor good lives,
Whose lust exalted to that height arrives,
They act adultery with their own wives;
And, ere a score of years completed be,
Can from the lofty stage of honour see,
Half a large part in their own progeny.
Nor daring — who would be ador'd,
For scheming at the council board,
A greater top, in business at fourscore,
Fonder of serious toys, affected more,
Than the gay glittering fool at twenty proves,
With all his noise, his tawdry cloaths, and loves.
But a meek humble man of modest sense,
Who, preaching peace, does practise continence;
Whose pious life's a proof he does believe
Mysterious truths, which no man can conceive.
If upon earth there dwell such godlike men,
I'll here recant my paradox to them;
Adore those shrines of virtue, homage pay,
And, with the thinking world, their laws obey,
If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
Man differs more from man, than man from
beast.

THE MAIMED DEBAUCHEE.

I.

As some brave Admiral, in former war
Depriv'd of force, but prest with courage
still,
Two rival fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent hill:

II.

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he
views
The wife and daring conduct of the fight:
And each bold action to his mind renews
His present glory and his past delight.

III.

From his fierce eyes flashes of rage he throws,
As from black clouds when lightning breaks
away,
Transported thinks himself amidst his foes,
And absent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

IV.

So when my days of impotence approach,
And I'm by wine and love's unlucky chance,
Driven from the pleasing billows of debauch,
On the dull shore of lazy temperance:

V.

My pains at last some respite shall afford,
While I behold the battles you maintain;
When fleets of glasses sail around the board,
From whose broadsides volleys of wit shall rain.

VI.

Nor shall the sight of honourable scars,
Which my too forward valour did procure,
Frighten new-listed foldiers from the wars;
Past joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.

Should some brave youth (worth being drunk)
prove nice,
And from his fair inviter meanly shrink,
'Twould please the ghost of my departed vice,
If, at my council, he repent and drink.

VIII.

Or should some cold-complexion'd sot forbid,
With his dull morals, our night's brisk alarms;
I'll fire his blood, by telling what I did
When I was strong, and able to bear arms.

IX.

I'll tell of whores attack'd their lords at home,
Bawds quarters beaten up, and fortrefs won;
Windows demolish'd, watches overcome,
And handsome ills by my contrivance done.

X.

With tales like these I will such heat inspire,
As to important mischief shall incline;
I'll make him long some ancient church to fire,
And fear no lewdness they're call'd to by wine.

XI.

Thus statesman-like I'll saucily impose,
And, safe from danger, valiantly advise;
Shelter'd in impotence urge you to blows,
And, being good for nothing else, be wise.

UPON NOTHING.

I.

NOTHING! thou elder brother ev'n to shade,
That hadst a being ere the world was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were
not,
When primitive Nothing Something straight be-
got,
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

III.

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

IV.

Yet something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand,
Snatch'd men, beasts, birds, fire, air, and land.

V.

Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace,
And rebel light obscur'd thy reverend dusky face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did
join;
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

VII.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves
again.

VIII.

Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies:

IX.

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,
Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray.

X.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wise
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philoso-
phies.

XI.

Is, or is not, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate;

XII.

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and
best.

XIII.

But Nothing, why does Something still permit,
That sacred monarchs should at council sit,
With persons highly thought at best for nothing
fit?

XIV.

Whilst weighty Something modestly abstains
From princes' coffers, and from statemens' brains,
And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,
For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,
Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they
like thee look wise.

XVI.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in
thee.

XVII.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,
Kings' promises, whores' vows, towards thee they
bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

TRANSLATION

OF

SOME LINES IN LUCRETII.

THE Gods, by right of nature, must possess
An everlasting age of perfect peace;
Far off remov'd from us and our affairs,
Neither approach'd by dangers or by cares;
Rich in themselves, to whom we cannot add;
Not pleas'd by good deeds, nor provok'd by bad.

THE LATTER END OF THE

CHORUS

OF THE SECOND ACT OF

SENECA'S TROAS,

TRANSLATED.

AFTER Death nothing is, and nothing Death,
The utmost limits of a gasp of breath.
Let the ambitious zealot lay aside
His hope of heaven (whose faith is but his pride);
Let slavish souls lay by their fear,
Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
After this life they shall be hurl'd:
Dead, we become the lumber of the world,
And to that mass of matter shall be swept
Where things destroy'd with things unborn are
kept;

Devouring,
Impartial
For hell,
The ev
Devis'd by
With his g
Are sen
Dreams, v

S A

R

VIRTU
gaze
At once th
Which in e
Cut of the
Whilst Eng
helf the m
And royal K
Fencing her
Forgive this
Your best a
And though
The weight
In fact befor
My manly w
In whom a c
A father's all
Whose one a
by during lo
Wash. Co

SACRE

DEATH OF

RESPIRE

fears:

There's no in

Through our u

Yet sighs have

Oh! stay a wi

To understand

You that in m

And seem to h

Whom traitor

When to most

And did there

To take his he

You that unne

When three gr

Devouring Time swallows us whole,
Impartial Death confounds body and soul.
For hell, and the foul fiend that rules
The everlasting fiery gaols,
Devis'd by rogues, dreaded by fools,
With his grim grisly dog that keeps the door,
Are senseless stories, idle tales,
Dreams, whimsies, and no more.

TO HIS
SACRED MAJESTY,
ON HIS
RESTORATION
IN THE YEAR 1660.

VIRTUE's triumphant shrine! who dost en-
gage
At once three kingdoms in a pilgrimage:
Which in extatic duty strive to come
Cut of themselves, as well as from their home;
Whilst England grows one camp, and London is
Herself the nation, not metropolis,
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men;
Forgive this distant homage, which does meet
Your blest approach on sedentary feet;
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of arms, denies me to appear
In field before you; yet, great Sir, approve
My many wishes, and more vigorous love;
In whom a cold respect were treason to
A father's ashes, greater than to you;
Whose one ambition 't is for to be known,
Be during loyalty, your Wilmot's son.
Wadh. Coll. ROCHESTER.

TO HER
SACRED MAJESTY THE QUEEN-
MOTHER,
ON THE
DEATH OF MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.
RESPITE, great queen, your just and hasty
fears:
There's no infection lodges in our tears.
Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,
Yet sighs have an untainted guiltless breath.
Oh! stay a while, and teach your equal skill
To understand, and to support our ill.
You that in mighty wrongs an age have spent,
And seem to have out-liv'd ev'n banishment:
Whom traiterous mischief fought its earliest prey,
When to most sacred blood it made its way;
And did thereby its black design impart,
To take his head, that wounded first his heart:
You that unmov'd great Charles's ruin stood,
When three great nations sunk beneath the load;

Then a young daughter lost, yet balsam found
To stanch that new and freshly-bleeding wound;
And, after this, with fixt and steady eyes
Beheld your noble Gloucester's obsequies.
And then sustain'd the royal Princess' fall;
You only can lament her funeral.
But you will hence remove, and leave behind
Our sad complaints lost in the empty wind;
Those winds that bid you stay, and loudly roar
Destruction, and drive back to the firm shore;
Shipwreck to safety, and the envy fly
Of sharing in this scene of tragedy:
While sickness, from whose rage you post away,
Relents, and only now contrives your stay;
The lately fatal and infectious ill
Courts the fair princess, and forgets to kill:
In vain on fevers curses we dispense,
And vent our passion's angry eloquence:
In vain we blast the ministers of Fate,
And the forlorn physicians imprecate;
Say they to death new poisons add and fire,
Murder securely for reward and hire;
Arts basilisks, that kill whome'er they see,
And truly write bills of mortality,
Who, lest the bleeding corpse should them betray,
First drain those vital speaking streams away.
And will you, by your flight, take part with
these?
Become yourself a third and new disease?
If they have caus'd our loss, then so have you,
Who take yourself and the fair princess too:
For we, depriv'd, an equal damage have
When France doth ravish hence, as when the
grave:
But that your choice th' unkindness doth improve,
And dereliction adds to your remove.

ROCHESTER, of Wadham College.

AN EPILOGUE.

SOME few, from wit, have this true maxim
got,
"That 't is still better to be pleas'd than not;"
And therefore never their own torment plot.
While the malicious Critics still agree
To loath each play they come and pay to see.
The first know 'tis a meaner part of sense
To find a fault, than taste an excellence:
Therefore they praise, and strive to like, while
these
Are dully vain of being hard to please.
Poets and women have an equal right
To hate the dull, who, dead to all delight,
Feel pain alone, and have no joy but spite. }
'Twas impotence did first this vice begin;
Fools censure wit, as old men rail at sin:
Who envy pleasure which they cannot taste,
And, good for nothing, would be wise at last.
Since therefore to the women it appears,
That all the enemies of wit are theirs, }
Our poet the dull herd no longer fears.
Whate'er his fate may prove, 'twill be his pride
To stand or fall with beauty on his side.

AN ALLUSION

TO THE

Tenth Satire of the First Book of

HORACE.

WELL, Sir, 't is granted; I said Dryden's rhymes

Were stolen, unequal, nay dull many times:

What foolish patron is there found of his,

So blindly partial to deny me this?

But that his plays, embroider'd up and down

With wit and learning, justly pleas'd the town,

In the same paper I as freely own.

Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy mass

That stuffs up his loose volumes, must not pass;

For by that rule I might as well admit

Crown's tedious scenes for poetry and wit.

'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense,

Hits the false judgment of an audience

Of clapping fools assembling, a vast croud,

Till the throng'd playhouse crack'd with the dull load;

Though ev'n that talent merits, in some sort,

That can divert the rabble and the court,

Which blundering Settle never could obtain,

And puzzling Otway labours at in vain:

But within due proportion circumscribe

Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide

The style may rise, yet in its rise forbear

With useless words t' oppress the weary'd ear.

Here be your language lofty, there more light,

Your rhetoric with your poetry unite.

For elegance sake, sometimes allay the force

Of epithets, 'twill soften the discourse:

A jest in scorn points out and hits the thing

More home, than the remotest satire's sting.

Shakespeare and Jonson did in this excel,

And might herein be imitated well,

Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,

But is himself a sheer original,

Nor that slow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,

Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,

And rides a jaded Muse, whipt, with loose reins.

When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,

And Hannibal a whining amorous slave,

I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd fustian fool

In Busby's hands, to be well lash'd at school.

Of all our modern wits, none seem to me

Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,

But hasty Shadwell, and slow Wycherley.

Shadwell's unfinish'd works do yet impart

Great proofs of force of nature, none of art;

With just bold strokes he dashes here and there,

Showing great mastery with little care,

Scorning to varnish his good touches o'er,

To make the fools and women praise them more.

But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains,

He wants no judgment, and he spares no pains:

He frequently excels, and, at the least,

Makes fewer faults than any of the rest.

Waller, by Nature for the Bays design'd,

With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,

In panegyric does excel mankind.

He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,

To praise great conquerors, and flatter kings.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

For songs and verses mannerly obscene,

That can stir Nature up by springs unseen,

And, without forcing blushes, warm the queen;

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,

That can with a resistless power impart

The loosest wishes to the chastest heart,

Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,

Betwixt declining virtue and desire,

Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,

In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of wit;

For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit

To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob,

And thus he got the name of Poet Squab.

But, to be just, 't will to his praise be found,

His excellencies more than faults abound:

Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear

The laurel, which he best deserves to wear.

But does not Dryden find even Jonson dull?

Beaumont and Fletcher uncorrect, and full

Of lewd lines, as he calls them? Shakespeare's

style

Stiff and affected? To his own the while

Allowing all the justice that his pride

So arrogantly had to these deny'd?

And may not I have leave impartially

To search and censure Dryden's works, and try

If those gross faults his choice pen doth commit

Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit?

Or if his lumpy fancy does refuse

Spirit and grace to his loose flatterer Muse?

Five hundred verses every morning writ,

Prove him no more a poet than a wit:

Such scribbling authors have been seen before;

Multapha, the Island Princess, forty more,

Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour.

To write what may securely stand the test

Of being well read over thrice at least;

Compare each phrase, examine every line.

Weigh every word, and every thought refine;

Scorn all applause the vile rout can bestow,

And be content to please those few who know.

Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,

To wish thy works might make a play-house ring

With the unthinking laughter and poor praise

Of fops and ladies, factious for thy plays?

Then send a cunning friend to learn thy doom

From the shrewd judges in the drawing-room.

I've no ambition on that idle score,

But say with Betty Morice heretofore,

When a court lady call'd her Buckhurst's whore;

I please one man of wit, am proud on't too,

Let all the coxcombs dance to bed to you.

Should I be troubled when the Purblind Knight,

Who squints more in his judgment than his sight,

Picks silly faults, and censures what I write?

* The same probably who is celebrated by Lord Buckhurst (or Dorset) in his Poems. See Gent. Mag. 1780, p. 218.

Or who
For scab
Iloath
If Sedley
God's pr
And lom
Approve

Sir Car
the latt
Poem
the fall

T O

T O rae
In S
In the w
When in t
That satire
For God m
To show th
Fram'd for
In these are
That make
A lamp de
Begot in I
And art gr
Harsh to th
Yet Love's
Curse on th
Thy madne
To paint th
And all the
Thy loathf
Who needs
Spit at, an
Where dire
place
To fright th
While every
Starts back
for
For none fo
Where you
'Twere labor
But thy half
Half witty,
Half honest
Made up of
For any thin

A S charm
Which
For songs an
And doggrel
Vol. II.

Or when the poor-fed poets of the town
For scabs and coach-room cry my verses down?
Hloath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
And some few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my sense. I count their censure fame.

Now to machines and a dull mask you run;
We find that wit's the monster you would shun,
And by my troth 'tis most discreetly done.
For since with vice and folly wit is fed,
Through mercy 'tis most of you are not dead.
Players turn puppets now at your desire,
In their mouth's nonsense, in their tail's a wire,
They fly through crouds of clouts and showers
of fire.

A kind of losing Loadum is their game,
Where the worst writer has the greatest fame.
To get vile plays like theirs shall be our care;
But of such awkward actors we despair.

False taught at first——
Like bowls ill-bias'd, still the more they run,
They're further off than when they first begun.
In comedy their unweigh'd action mark,
There's one is such a dear familiar spark,
He yawns as if he were but half awake,
And fribbling for free-speaking does mistake;
False accent and neglectful action too:
They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,
That both together, like an ape's mock-face,
By near resembling man, do man disgrace.
Thorough-pac'd ill actors may, perhaps, be cur'd;
Half players, like half wits, can't be endur'd.
Yet these are they, who durst expose the age
Of the great * wonder of the English stage;
Whom Nature seem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him speak, as the bid Shakspeare write.
Those blades indeed are cripples in their art,
Mimic his foot, but not his speaking part.
Let them the Traitor or Volpone try,
Could they——

Rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die,
They ne'er had sent to Paris for such fancies,
As monsters heads and Merry-Andrew's dances.
Wither'd, perhaps, not perish'd, we appear;
But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
Th' old poets dress'd your mistress Wit before;
These draw you on with an old painted whore,
And sell, like bawds, patch'd plays for maids
twice o'er.

Yet they may scorn our house and actors too,
Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.
They cry, Pox o' these Covent-Garden men,
Damn them, not one of them but keeps out ten.
Were they once gone, we for those thundering
blades

Should have an audience of substantial trades,
Who love our muzzled boys and tearing fellows,
My Lord, great Neptune, and great nephew
Æolus.

O how the merry citizen's in love
With——

Psyche, the goddess of each field and grove.
He cries, I' faith, methinks 'tis well enough;
But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd stuff!
So to their house the graver fops repair,
While men of wit find one another here.

* Major Mohun.

4 [D]

Sir Car Scrope, who thought himself reflected on at the latter end of the preceding Poem, published a Poem "In Defence of Satire," which occasioned the following Reply.

TO SIR CAR SCROPE.

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning brain,
In Satire's praise, to a low untun'd strain,
In thee was most impertinent and vain.
When in thy person we more clearly see
That satire's of divine authority,
For God made one on man when he made thee;
To shew there were some men, as there are apes,
Fram'd for meer sport, who differ but in shapes:
In thee are all these contradictions join'd,
That make an ass prodigious and refin'd.
A lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,
Begot in Love's despight and Nature's scorn;
And art grown up the most ungrateful wight,
Harsh to the ear, and hideous to the sight;
Yet Love's thy business, Beauty thy delight.
Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd
Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd;
To paint thy grisly face, to dance, to dress,
And all those awkward follies that express
Thy loathsome love, and filthy daintiness.
Who needs wilt be an ugly Beau-Garçon,
Spit at, and shunn'd by every girl in town;
Where dreadfully Love's scare-crow thou art
plac'd,
To fright the tender flock that long to taste:
While every coming maid, when you appear,
Starts back for shame, and straight turns chaste
for fear;
For none so poor or prostitute have prov'd,
Where you made love, t' endure to be belov'd.
'Twere labour lost, or else I would advise;
But thy half-wit will ne'er let thee be wise,
Half witty, and half mad, and scarce half brave,
Half honest (which is very much a knave)
Made up of all these halves, thou canst not pass
For any thing entirely, but an Ass.

EPILOGUE.

AS charms are nonsense, nonsense seems a charm,
Which hearers of all judgment does disarm;
For songs and scenes a double audience bring,
And doggrel takes, which smooths in satin sing.

Vol. II.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE
COURT AT WHITEHALL,

BEFORE

KING CHARLES II.

BY THE LADY ELIZABETH HOWARD.

WIT has of late took up a trick t' appear
Unmannerly, or at the best, severe :
And poets share the fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to please you all.
'Tis hard your scorn should against such prevail,
Whose ends are to divert you, though they fail.
You men would think it an ill-natur'd jest,
Should we laugh at you when you do your best.
Then rail not here, though you see reason for 't ;
If wit can find itself no better sport,
Wit is a very foolish thing at court.
Wit's business is to please, and not to fright ;
'Tis no wit to be always in the right ;
You'll find it none, who dare be so to-night.
Few so ill-bred will venture to a play,
To spy out faults in what we women say.
For us, no matter what we speak, but how :
How kindly can we say—I hate you now !
And for the men, if you'll laugh at them, do ;
They mind themselves so much, they'll ne'er mind
you.

But why do I descend to lose a prayer
On those small saints in wit ? the god sits there !

TO THE KING.

TO you (Great SIR) my message hither tends,
From Youth and Beauty, your allies and friends ;
See my credentials written in my face,
They challenge your protection in this place ;
And hither come with such a force of charms,
As may give check ev'n to your prosperous arms.
Millions of Cupids hovering in the rear,
Like angels following fatal troops, appear :
All waiting for the slaughter which draws nigh,
Of those bold gazers who this night must die.
Nor can you 'scape our soft captivity,
From which old age alone must set you free.
Then tremble at the fatal consequence,
Since 'tis well known, for your own part, great
Prince,

'Gainst us you still have made a weak defence.
Be generous and wise, and take our part ;
Remember we have eyes, and you a heart ;
Else you may find, too late, that we are things
Born to kill vassals, and to conquer kings.
But oh to what vain conquest I pretend !
While Love is our commander, and your friend.
Our victory your empire more assures,
For Love will ever make the triumph yours.

ELEGY

ON THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

BY MRS. WHARTON*.

DEEP waters silent roll ; so grief like mine
Tears never can relieve, nor words define.
Stop then, stop your vain source, weak springs of
grief,

Let tears flow from their eyes whom tears relieve.
They from their heads shew the light trouble there,
Could my heart weep, its sorrows 'twould declare :
When drops of blood, my heart, thou'lt lost ; thy
pride,

The cause of all thy hopes and fears, thy guide !
He would have led thee right in Wisdom's way,
And 'twas thy fault when'er thou went'st astray :
And fadest thou stray'd'st when guided and led on,
Thou wilt be surely lost now left alone.

It is thy Elegy I write, not his :
He lives immortal and in highest bliss,
But thou art dead, alas ! my heart, thou 'rt dead ;
He lives, that lovely soul for ever fled,
But thou 'mongst crouds on earth are buried.
Great was thy loss, which thou canst ne'er express,
Nor was th' insensible dull nation's loss ;
He civiliz'd the rude, and taught the young,
Made fools grow wise ; such artful magic hang
Upon his useful kind instructing tongue.

His lively wit was of himself a part,
Nor, as in other men, the work of art ;
For, though his learning like his wit was great,
Yet sure all learning came below his wit ;
As God's immediate gifts are better far
Than those we borrow from our likeness here,
He was—but I want words, and ne'er can tell,
Yet this I know, he did mankind excell.

He was what no man ever was before,
Nor can indulgent nature give us more,
For, to make him, she exhausted all her store.

* See Mr. Waller's verses on the Elegy here printed ; and verses also on Mrs. Wharton's " Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer." Waller's two cantos of Divine Poesy were " occasioned upon " sight of the 53d chapter of Isaiah, turned into " verse by Mrs. Wharton." Her " Verses to " Mr. Waller" are mentioned by Ballard ; and her translation of " Penelope to Ulysses " is printed in Tonson's edition of Ovid's Epistles. For further particulars of this lady, see " Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, 1780," vol. I. p. 51. vol. II. p. 319.

TRA

HAPPY

Repair
And happy
On great A
And with s
Have learn
But since th
Conspire to
Provok'd to
To the few
For who h
more

To search th
Or dig in G
The noblest
With early h
Familiar Ov
And Nature
Theoritus
And Allion
Who has no
Above the M
Or Gallus' f
As ev'n Lyc
When moun
heari
Who does no
But hear, oh
Soliman Mus
Prochim S
reign

John

P O E M S

BY THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

AN

E S S A Y

ON

TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author, whose correct * essay
Repairs so well our old Horatian way :
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age:
Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,
To the few virtues that we have, be just.
For who have long'd, or who have labour'd
more
To search the treasures of the Roman store;
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle
With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.
Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
And Nature secends all his soft desires :
Theocritus does now to us belong ;
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.
Who has not heard how Italy was blest,
Above the Medes, above the wealthy East ?
Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view !
When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis'
hearse,
Who does not weep that reads the moving verse !
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
Salian Muses through these happy plains
Proclaim Saturnian times—our own Apollo
reigns !

John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamshire.

When France had breath'd, after intestine
broils,
And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils.
There (cultivated by a royal hand)
Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the
land ;
The choicest books that Rome or Greece have
known,
Her excellent translators made her own :
And Europe still considerably gains,
Both by their good example and their pains.
From hence our generous emulation came,
We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
But now, we shew the world a nobler way,
And in translated verse do more than they ;
Serene and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
With sweetness not to be express'd in prose :
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill :
I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
Scarce know my master as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their
cares,
The fault is more their language's than theirs :
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords ;
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive English energy ?
The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages
shine.
I speak my private, but impartial sense,
With freedom, and (I hope) without offence ;
For I'll recant, when France can shew me wit,
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
But good translation is no easy art.
For though materials have long since been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound ;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.

The soil intended for Pierian feeds
Must be well purged from rank pedantic weeds.
Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
At the rude rumbling Baralippton makes.
For none have been with admiration read,
But who (beside their learning) were well bred.

The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true :
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve ;
Dissect your mind, examine every nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground.
And (if my Muse can through past ages see)
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he ;
Exploded, when with universal scorn,
The mountains labour'd and a mouse was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wise !
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedge'd in that timber, which he strove to rend.

Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to Epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to Lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind ;
Then, seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend,
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond ;
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls
agree,

No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd !
How nice the reputation of the maid !
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant-breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence ;
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate sop would rake the Park or fens,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may
choose ?

Variety of such is to be found :
Take then a subject proper to expound :
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of sense despise a trivial choice :
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street,
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign,
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
It must delight us when 'tis understood,
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)

With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise :
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd ?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded Gods,
Makes some suspect he snores, as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down ;
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts ;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass :
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing
came ;

But few, oh few souls, præordain'd by fate,
The race of Gods, have reach'd that envy'd
height.

No Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills can hither climb :
The grizly ferryman of hell deny'd
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide :
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without
call !

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men, who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast :
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ !
How few are they who understand him yet !
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there :
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets should before their Mantuan God,
Hail mighty Maro ! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame ;
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse,
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the
Muse !

What I have instant'd only in the best,
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar ;
Search every comment that your care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind ;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng ;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd ;
Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
And future ages to your labour owe ?
Such secrets are not easily found out,
But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.

Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

Truth still is one; truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
You may confound, but never can translate.
Your style will this through all disguises show,
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he understands a text
Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names insist,
Rather create than dissipate the mist;
And grow unjust by being over-nice,
(For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)
Let Crassus's * ghost and Labienus tell
How twice in Partian plains their legions fell.
Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monceles' name.

Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And some that Rome admir'd in Caesar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shews a translator both discreet and bold.

Excursions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much siser to leave out than add.
Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness;
For truth shines brightest through the plainest
drefs.

Th' Aeneas Muse, when she appears in state,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait.
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
Your author always will the best advise,
Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.
Affected noise is the most wretched thing,
That to contempt can empty scriblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
On even syllables (and still the last)
Though gross innumerable faults abound,
In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
But this is meant of even verse alone,
As being most harmonious and most known:
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd syllables must lie.
Whatever sister of the learned Nine
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
Uge your success, deserve a lasting name,
She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.
But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with every gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care,
For the sad prospect of a just despair.

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame:
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;
And largely, what she wants in words, supplies,
With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!)

* Hor. 3 Od. vi.

For, greedy of physicians frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then
From saving women falls to killing men.
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew;
And where they fell, as certainly they flew;
His name struck every where as great a damp,
As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre Famine star'd him in the face:
Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no husband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd
too;

In this sad case, what could our vermin do?
Worry'd with debts and past all hope of bail,
Th' un pity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail:
And there with basket-aims, scarce kept alive,
Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And sellow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse.
'Tis very dangerous, tampering with a Muse,
The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attained race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they
write,

Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
And panting; Lo! the god, the god, she cries;
With words not hers, and more than human sound
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling
through the ground.
But, though we must obey when heaven com-
mands,

And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd.
Thus make the proper use of each extreme.
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat;
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate metals to the sterling stamp,
Appear not meaner, than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines;
These nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
There, cold salutes; but here a lover's kiss.

Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide,
With foaming waves the passive Soane divide;
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to licence by too just a name,
Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
Which scorns to take it—
Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Base fugitives to that asylum fly,
And sacred laws with insolence defy.
Not thus our heroes of the former days,
Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I mistake, or far the greatest part
Of what some call neglect, was study'd art.
When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your fight,
To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
I lose my patience, when with saucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.
Reverse of nature! shall such copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen!
And the rude notions of pedantic schools
Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules!

The delicacy of the nicest ear
Finds nothing harsh or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
The sound is still a comment to the sense.

A skilful ear in numbers should preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When, by impulse from heaven, Tyrtæus sung,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what two generals lost a poet gain'd.
By secret influence of indulgent skies,
Empire and poetry together rise.

True poets are the guardians of a state,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate,
For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,
Was not the Vestal, but the Muses' fire;
Heaven joins the blessings: No declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

Of many faults, rhyme is (perhaps) the cause;
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.

I grant that from some mossy, idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
And by succession of unlearned times,
As Bards began, so Monks rung on the chimes.

But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine,
With all their beams on our blest island shine,
Why should not we their ancient rites restore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

* Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous
'prose

* An essay on blank verse, out of Paradise Lost,
B. VI.

' Led our exalted souls through heavenly camps,
' And mark'd the ground where proud apostate
' thrones
' Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt host and host,
' (A narrow, but a dreadful interval)
' Portentous fight! before the cloudy van
' Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
' Came towering arm'd in adamant and gold.
' There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
' Dispers'd æthereal forms, and down they fell
' By thousands, angels on archangels roll'd;
' Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
' Which (with their ponderous load, rocks, waters,
' woods)
' From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops
' They bore like shields before them through the
' air,
' Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes,
' All was confusion, heaven's foundation shook,
' Threatning no less than universal wreck,
' For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
' And over-press'd whole legions weak with sin:
' Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,
' Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
' And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious
' Son
' (Effulgence of paternal deity)
' Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
' Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
' And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.
O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

TO THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

ON HIS ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE,

BY DR. CHETWOOD, 1684.

AS when by labouring stars new kingdoms rise,
The mighty mass in rude confusion lies,
A court uniform'd, disorder at the bar,
And ev'n in peace the rugged mien of war,
Till some wise statesman into method draws
The parts, and animates the frame with laws;
Such was the case when Chaucer's early toil
Founded the Muses' empire in our soil.
Spenser improv'd it with his painful hand,
But lost a noble Muse in Fairy-land.
Shakspeare said all that Nature could impart,
And Jonson added Industry and Art.
Cowley and Denham gain'd immortal praise;
And some, who merit as they wear the bays,
Search'd all the treasures of Greece and Rome,
And brought the precious spoils in triumph home.
But still our language had some ancient rust;
Our flights were often high, but seldom just.

There
Make
One w
To hel
in wh
And fo
Who gr
But ma
Who k
And ma
c
Few c
d
Tis a fr
Thos
Were a f
Wit, rea
A head
While in
Created t
Your file
Works are
Rough fro
Touch'd
A secret g
And inspi
Writers, i
Betray the
No fame y
Still true
So Saints,
Live to th
Horace, if
Would giv
Hail'd
You have
Tune Oph
Solen the
Tell all th
When Fate
Securely thr
By guards of
Heaven kin
To crown w
Make warli
The second
Heaven in c
To tame the
But what bl
Or a fit off
In joys, in g
Great alway
True Roman
And every ge
Her beauties
For the gros
It is your par
To prophesy
shall give an
Who over all
Both awe the
It is your plac
Through the v

There wanted one, who license could restrain,
Make civil laws o'er barbarous usage reign :
One worthy in Apollo's chair to sit,
To hold the scales, and give the stamp of wit;
In whom ripe judgment and young fancy meet ;
And force poetic rage to be discreet;
Who grows not nauseous while he strives to please,
But marks the shelves in the poetic seas.
Who knows, and teaches what our clime can
bear,
And make the barren ground obey the labourer's
care.

Few could conceive, none the great work could
do,

Tha fresh province, and reserv'd for you.
Those talents all are yours, of which but one
Were a fair fortune for a Muse's son.
Wit, reading, judgment, conversation, art,
Ahead well-balanc'd, and a generous heart.
While insect rhymes cloud the polluted sky,
Created to molest the world, and die.
Your file does polish what your fancy cast ;
Works are long forming which must always last.
Rough iron sense, and stubborn to the mold,
Touch'd by your chemic hand, is turn'd to gold,
A secret grace fashions the flowing lines,
And inspiration through the labour shines,
Writers, in spite of all their paint and art,
Betray the darling passion of their heart.
No fame you wound, give no chaste ears offence,
Still true to friendship, modesty, and sense.
So Saints, from Heaven for our example sent,
Live to their rules, have nothing to repent.
Horace, if living, by exchange of fate,
Would give no laws, but only yours translate.
Hail fail, bold writers, search, discover far,
You have a compass for a Polar-star.
Tune Orpheus' harp, and with enchanting rhymes
Soften the savage humour of the times.
Tell all those untouch'd wonders which appear'd
When Fate itself for our great Monarch fear'd :
Securely through the dangerous forest led
By guards of Angels, when his own were fled.
Heaven kindly exercis'd his youth with cares,
To crown with unmix'd joys his riper years.
Make warlike James's peaceful virtues known,
The second hope and genius of the throne.
Heaven in compassion brought him on our stage,
To tame the fury of a monstrous age.
But what blest voice shall your Maria sing ?
Or art offering to her altars bring ?
In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great always, without aiming to be great.
True Roman majesty adorns her face ;
And every gesture 's form'd by every Grace.
Her beauties are too heavenly and refin'd
For the gross senses of a vulgar mind.
It is your part (you Poets can divine)
To prophesy how she by Heaven's design
shall give an heir to the great British line,
Who over all the Western isles shall reign,
Both awe the continent, and rule the main.
It is your place to wait upon her name
Through the vast regions of eternal fame.

True Poets souls to Princes are ally'd,
And the world's Empire with its Kings divide.
Heaven trusts the present time to Monarch's care,
Eternity is the good Writer's share.*

TO THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON;

OCCASIONED BY HIS LORDSHIP'S ESSAY ON
TRANSLATED VERSE.

From the Latin of Mr. Charles Dryden.

BY MR. NEEDLER.

THAT happy Britain boasts her tuneful race,
And laurel wreaths her peaceful temples
grace,

The honour and the praise is justly due
To you alone, illustrious Earl ! to you.
For soon as Horace, with his artful page,
By thee explain'd, had taught the listening age ;
Of brightest Bards arose a skillful train,
Who sweetly sung in their immortal strain.
No more content great Maro's steps to trace,
New paths we search, and tread unbeaten ways.
Ye Britons, then, triumphantly rejoice ;
And with loud peals, and one consenting voice,
Applaud the man who does unrival'd sit,
" The sovereign-judge and arbiter of wit !"

For, led by thee, an endless train shall rise
Of Poets, who shall climb superior skies ;
Heroes and Gods in worthy verse shall sing,
And tune to Homer's lay the lofty string.
Thy works too, sovereign Bard ! if right I see,
They shall translate with equal majesty ;
While with new joy thy happy shade shall rove
Through the blest mazes of th' Elysian grove,
And, wondering, in Britannia's rougher tongue
To find thy heroes and thy shepherds sung,
Shall break forth in these words : " Thy favour'd
name,

Great heir and guardian of the Mantuan fame !
How shall my willing gratitude pursue
With praises large as to thy worth are due ?
Though tasteless Bards, by Nature never taught,
In wretched rhymes disguise my genuine thought ;
Though Homer now the wars of godlike Kings
In Ovid's soft enervate numbers sings :
Tuneful Silenus, and the matchless verse
That does the birth of infant worlds rehearse,
Atones for all, by that my rescued fame
Shall vie in age with Nature's deathless frame ;
By thee the learned song shall nobly live,
And praise from every British tongue receive.
Give to thy daring genius then the rein,
And freely launch into a bolder strain ;

* See Miscellany Poems, 1780, vol. III. p. 173.

† Virgil. H. N.

Nor with these words my happy spirit grieve :
 ' The last good office of thy friend receive *.'

On the firm base of thy immortal lays,
 A nobler pile to thy lov'd Maro raise ;
 My glory by thy skill shall brighter shine,
 With native charms and energy divine !
 Britain with just applause the work shall read,
 And crown with fadeless bays thy sacred head.
 Nor shall thy Muse the graver's pencil need,
 To draw the hero on his prancing steed ;
 Thy living verse shall paint th' imbattled host
 In bolder figures than his art can boast.
 While the low tribe of vulgar writers strive,
 By mean false arts to make their versions live ;
 Forsake the text, and blend each sterling line
 With comments foreign to my true design ;
 My latent sense thy happier thought explores,
 And injur'd Maro to himself restores."

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

CXLVIIIth P S A L M.

O Azure vaults ! O crystal sky !
 The world's transparent canopy,
 Break your long silence, and let mortals know
 With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the god of war,
 Who conquer where'er you are,
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known
 On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne.

Great eye of all, whose glorious ray
 Rules the bright empire of the day,
 O praise his name, without whose purer light
 Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

Ye moon and planets, who dispense,
 By God's command, your influence ;
 Recline to him, as your Creator due,
 That veneration which men pay to you.

Fairest, as well as first, of things,
 From whom all joy, all beauty springs ;
 O praise th' Almighty Ruler of the globe,
 Who useth thee for his empyreal robe.

Praise him ye loud harmonious spheres,
 Whose sacred stamp all nature bears,
 Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
 And whose command is th' universal law :

Ye watery mountains of the sky,
 And you so far above our eye,
 Vast ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
 Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

* " Cape dona extrema tuorum ;" the motto to
 Lord Roscommon's Essay. H. N.

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
 Peoples the dark retreats of death,
 Change your fierce hissing into joyful song,
 And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
 That in the seas vast bosoms sleep ;
 At whose command the foaming billows roar,
 Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
 And you who through the concave blow,
 Swift executors of his holy word,
 Whirlwinds and tempests, praise th' Almighty
 Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
 Seem less than mole-hills do to you,
 Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,
 All heaven was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise him sweet offspring of the ground,
 With heavenly nectar yearly crown'd ;
 And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praise,
 That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle musicians of the spring,
 Whose only care's to love and sing,
 Fly through the world, and let your trembling
 throat
 Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each savage furious beast,
 That on his stores do daily feast :
 And you tame slaves of the laborious plow,
 Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestic monarchs, mortal gods,
 Whose power hath here no periods,
 May all attempts against your crowns be vain !
 But still remember by whose power you reign.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
 Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,
 And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those
 Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,
 Praise him from whom your power derives ;
 Be true and just like him, and fear his word,
 As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him, old monuments of time ;
 O praise him in your youthful prime ;
 Praise him, fair idols of our greedy sense ;
 Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name shall only last,
 When heaven, and earth, and all is past :
 Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
 But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,
 The God of gods, the God of grace ;
 Who will above the stars your empire raise,
 And with his glory recompense your praise.

A PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK,

AT EDINBURGH.

TOLLY and vice are easy to describe,
 The common subjects of our scribbling tribe;
 But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
 All great, all royal, shine divinely bright,
 Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;
 Let England, Flanders, let all Europe speak,
 Let France acknowledge that her shaken throne
 Was once supported, Sir, by you alone;
 Enslav'd from thence for an usurper's sake,
 Yet trusted then with her last desperate stake:
 When wealthy neighbours strove with us for power,
 Let the sea tell, how in their fatal hour,
 Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
 Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
 His name struck fear, his conduct won the day,
 He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling prey,
 And while the heavens were fire and th' ocean
 blood,
 Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.
 O happy islands, if you knew your bliss!
 Strong by the sea's protection, safe by his!
 Expect your gratitude the only way,
 And humbly own a debt too vast to pay:
 Let Fame aloud to future ages tell,
 None e'er commanded, none obey'd so well;
 While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
 So loyal, so submissively resign'd,
 Proclaim that such a hero never springs
 But from the uncorrupted blood of kings.

S O N G.

ON A YOUNG LADY WHO SANG FINELY, AND
 WAS AFRAID OF A COLD.

WINTER, thy cruelty extend,
 Till fatal tempests swell the sea.
 In vain let sinking pilots pray;
 Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,
 Let piercing frost, and lasting snow,
 Through woods and fields destruction sow!

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
 While you these lesser ills create,
 These we can bear; but, gentle Fate,
 And thou, blest Genius of our isle,
 From Winter's rage defend her voice,
 At which the listening Gods rejoice.

May that celestial sound each day
 With ecstasy transport our souls,
 While all our passions it controuls,
 And kindly drives our cares away;
 Let no ungentle cold destroy,
 All taste we have of heavenly joy!

Vol. II.

VIRGIL'S SIXTH ECLOGUE,

S I L E N U S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This Eclogue was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

First of Romans sleep'd to rural strains,
 Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian swains,
 When my Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
 And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
 Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse,
 And with this whisper check th' aspiring Muse:
 A shepherd, Tityrus, his flocks should feed,
 And choose a subject suited to his need.
 Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares
 To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars)
 My pastoral tribute in low numbers pay,
 And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
 Can look on this, and such a trifle prize)
 Thee only, Varus, our glad swains shall sing,
 And every grove and every echo ring.
 Phœbus delights in Varus' favourite name,
 And none who under that protection came
 Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of fame.
 Proceed my Muse.

Young Chromis and Mnasyllus chanc'd to stray
 Where (sleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,
 Whose constant cups fly fuming to his brain,
 And always boil in each extended vein;
 His trusty flaggon, full of potent juice,
 Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use;
 Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
 In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound;
 Eager, for both had been deluded long
 With fruitless hope of his instructive song:
 But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
 Ægle, the fairest Nais of the flood,
 With a vermilion dye his temples stain'd.
 Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?
 Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
 And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
 The promis'd verse no longer I'll delay
 (She shall be satisfy'd another way).

With that he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
 The knotty oaks their listening branches bow'd,
 And savage beasts and Sylvan Gods did crowd;
 For lo! he sung the world's stupendous birth,
 How scatter'd seeds of sea, and air, and earth,

And purer fire, through universal night
And empty space, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular successive order springs.

By what degrees this earth's compacted sphere
Was harden'd, woods and rocks and towns to bear;
How sinking waters (the firm land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born sun surpris'd the dazzled sight;
How vapours turn'd to clouds obscure the sky,
And clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply;
How the first forest rais'd its shady head,
Till when, few wandering beasts on unknown
mountains fed.

Then Pyrrha's stony race rose from the ground,
Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,
And bold Prometheus (whose untam'd desire
Rival'd the sun with his own heavenly fire)
Now doom'd the Scythian vulture's endless prey,
Severely pays for animating clay.
He nam'd the nymph (for who but Gods could
tell?)

Into whose arms the lovely Hylas fell;
Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas in vain refounds through all the coast.

He with compassion told Paliphaë's fault,
Ah! wretched queen! whence came that guilty
thought?

The maids of Argos, who with frantic cries
And imitated lowings fill the skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
Did never burn with such unnatural heat.

Ah! wretched queen! while you on mountains
stray,

He on soft flowers his snowy side does lay;
Or seeks in herds a more proportion'd love:
Surround, my nymphs, she cries, surround the
grove;

Perhaps some footsteps printed in the clay,
Will to my love direct your wandering way;
Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam,
My happier rivals have entic'd him home.

He sung how Atalanta was betray'd
By those Hesperian baits her lover laid,
And the sad sisters who to trees were turn'd,
While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd.
All he describ'd was present to their eyes,
And as he rais'd his verse, the poplars seem'd to
rise.

He taught which Muse did by Apollo's will
Guide wandering Gallus to th' Aonian hill:
(Which place the God for solemn meetings chose)
With deep respect the learned senate rose,
And Linus thus (deputed by the rest)
The hero's welcome, and their thanks, ex-
press'd:

'This harp of old to Hesiod did belong,
To this, the Muses' gift, join thy harmonious
song:

Charm'd by these strings, trees starting from the
ground,

Have follow'd with delight the powerful sound.
Thus consecrated, thy Gynæan grove
Shall have no equal in Apollo's love.

Why should I speak of the Megarian maid,
For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?
And her, who round with barking monsters arm'd,
The wandering Greeks (ah frightened men!)
alarm'd;

Whose only hope on shatter'd ships depends,
While fierce sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd shape,
And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
Who to those woods directs her mournful course,
Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,
While, loth to leave the palace too well known,
Progné flies, hovering round, and thinks it still
her own?

Whatever near Eurota's happy stream
With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme,
Silenus sings; the neighbouring rocks reply,
And send his mystic numbers through the sky;
Till night began to spread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted sheep from every dale;
The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing shades the murmuring world
resign'd.

O D E

UPON

SOLITUDE,

I.

HAIL, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay,
I view the world's tempestuous sea,
And with wise pride despise
All those senseless vanities:
With pity mov'd for others, cast away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss'd
On rocks of folly, and of vice, I see them lost:
Some the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men or adverse Fate,
Sunk deep into the gulphs of an afflicted state.
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
Whilst Virtue courts them, but alas in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing arms,
Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest
charms,
And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease,
They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate
please.

II.

Hail, sacred Solitude! soul of my soul,
It is by thee I truly live,
Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give;
Dost each unruly appetite controul:
Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast,
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
Presuming love does ne'er invade
This private solitary shade:
And, with fantastic wounds by beauty made,

The joy has no alloy of jealousy, hope, and fear,
The solid comforts of this happy sphere :

Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendship, abhorring fardid gain,
And purify'd from Lust's dishonest stain :
Nor is it for my solitude unfit,
For I am with my friend alone,
As if we were but one ;
'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendship does two souls in one comprise.

III.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow
All blessings man can hope to know ;
Here in a deep recess of thought we find
Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the
mind ;
Pleasures which do from friendship and from
knowledge rise,
Which make us happy, as they make us wise ;
Here may I always on this downy grass,
Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass :
Till with a gentle force victorious death
My solitude invade,
And, stopping for a while my breath,
With ease convey me to a better shade.

THE

TWENTY-SECOND ODE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence,

The surest guard is innocence :
None knew, till guilt created fear,
What darts or poison'd arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Through Libyan sands and Scythian snows,
Or where Hydaspes' wealthy side
Pays tribute to the Persian pride.

For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
Careless in Sabine woods I stray'd,
A grisly foaming wolf unled,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.
No beast of more portentous size
In the Hercinian forest lies ;
None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place,
That Neptune's frozen arms embrace ;
Where angry Jove did never spare
One breath of kind and temperate air.

Set me where, on some pathless plain
The swarthy Africans complain,
To see the chariot of the Sun
So near their scorching country run.

The burning zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Cælia's smiles :
All cold but in her breast I will despise,
And dare all heat but that in Cælia's eyes.

THE SAME IMITATED.

I.

VIRTUE (dear friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence :
Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

II.

An honest mind safely alone
May travel through the burning zone ;
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

III.

While, rul'd by a resistless fire,
Our great * Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace ;
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

VI.

The magic of Orinda's name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in verse.

PART OF THE FIFTH SCENE OF THE SECOND
ACT IN

GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO,

TRANSLATED.

AH happy grove ! dark and secure retreat
Of sacred silence, rest's eternal seat ;
How well your cool and unfrequented shade
Suits with the chaste retirements of a maid ;
Oh ! if kind heaven had been so much my friend,
To make my fate upon my choice depend ;
All my ambition I would here confine,
And only this Elysium should be mine :
Fond men, by passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those idols which their fancy made ;
Purchasing riches with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare ;
And, having all, all to ourselves refuse,
Oppress'd with blessings which we fear to use.

* Mrs. Catharine Philips.

Fame is at best but an inconstant good,
Vain are the boasted titles of our blood;
We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
And with our youth our short-liv'd beauty dies;
In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
If our abundance makes us wish for more;
How happy is the harmless country-maid,
Who, rich by nature, scorns superfluous aid!
Whose modest cloaths no wanton eyes invite,
But like her soul preserves the native white;
Whose little store her well-taught mind does please,
Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton

ease,
Who, free from storms, which on the great-ones

fall,
Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all;
No care but love can discompose her breast,
Love, of all cares, the sweetest and the best:
While on sweet grass her bleating charge does lie,
Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;
Not one on whom or Gods or men impose,
But one whom love has for this lover chose,
Under some favourite myrtle's shady boughs,
They speak their passions in repeated vows,
And whilst a blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful heart makes as sincere returns;
Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
And while they live, their flames can never die.

THE DREAM.

TO the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,
Ungrateful we do gentle sleep compare,
Who, though his victories as numerous are,
Yet from his slaves no tribute does he take,
But woeful cares that load men while they wake.
When his soft charms had eas'd my weary sight
Of all the baleful troubles of the light,
Dorinda came, divested of the scorn
Which the unequal'd maid so long had worn;
How oft, in vain, had Love's great God essay'd
To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid!
Yet, spite of all the pride that swells her mind,
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.
A rising blush increas'd the native store
Of charms, that but too fatal were before.
Once more present the vision to my view,
The sweet illusion, gentle Fate, renew!
How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I!
Shew me, blest God of Sleep, and let me die.

THE GHOST

OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS,

TO THE NEW ONE, APPOINTED TO MEET AT
OXFORD.

FROM deepest dungeons of eternal night,
The seats of horror, sorrow, pains, and spite,
I have been sent to tell you, tender youth,
A seasonable and important truth.

I feel (but, oh! too late) that no disease
Is like a surfeit of luxurious ease:
And of all others, the most tempting things
Are too much wealth, and too indulgent kings.
None ever was superlatively ill,
But by degrees, with industry and skill:
And some whose meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.
My time is past, and yours will soon begin,
Keep the first blossoms from the blast of sin;
And by the fate of my tumultuous ways,
Preserve yourselves, and bring sadder days.
The busy, subtle serpents of the law,
Did first my mind from true obedience draw:
While I did limits to the king prescribe,
And took for oracles that caunting tribe,
I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,
And grew seditious for variety:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the laws illegally abus'd;
The robe was summon'd, Maynard in the head,
In legal murder none so deeply read;
I brought him to the bar, where once he stood,
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood
Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms
rung
With his accumulative hackney-tongue;
Prisoners and witnesses were waiting by,
These had been taught to swear, and those to

die,
And to expect their arbitrary fates,
Some for ill faces, some for good estates.
To fright the people, and alarm the town,
Bedloe and Oates employ'd the reverend gown.
But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
The king's three crowns were their rebellious

aim:
I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the guards,
And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards:
Anti-monarchic Heretics of state,
Immoral Atheists, rich and reprobate:
But above all I got a little guide,
Who every ford of villainy had try'd:
None knew so well the old pernicious way,
To ruin subjects, and make kings obey;
And my small Jehu, at a furious rate,
Was driving Eighty back to Forty-eight.
This the king knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
But I mistook his patience for his fear.
All that this happy island could afford,
Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous board.
In his whole paradise, one only tree
He had excepted by a strict decree:
A sacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,
Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear;
Beware, my child! divinity is there.
This so undid all I had done before,
I could attempt, and he endure no more;
My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath,
Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of death;
And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd
To th' utter darkness of the lower world:
A dreadful place! which you too soon will see,
If you believe seducers more than me.

THOU,
From
Repair, and
Last friends,
A still a pru
from noise,
Tough life
Gilding intel
How didst th
Thou who co
Poor Cynic!
Thy awful m
Is when on
Gilding the
How fondly
What we the

ALEXA

WHEN ACT

YOU've f

The m

posited

The kings in

And kingdom

His fortune

And when his

He empire, c

Was all prov

Great Charles

away,

Whole awful

Seem'd by hig

Shore the rea

These miracl

That heaven

care;

How to advan

his own, his

Faction, that

And stop our

And like a mil

And when, in h

And, and ref

And I thought

And kept the c

And light of fac

And leaves bel

And who before

And to de

ON THE
DEATH
OF
A LADY'S DOG.

THOU, happy creature, art secure
From all the torments we endure;
Despair, ambition, jealousy,
Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee;
A foolish prudence drew thee hence
From noise, fraud, and impertinence.
Though life e'as'd the surest wile,
Gilding itself with Laura's smile;
How didst thou scorn life's meaner charms,
Thou who could'st break from Laura's arms!
Poor Cynic! still methinks I hear
The awful murmurs in my ear;
As when on Laura's lap you lay,
Chiding the worthless crowd away.
How loudly human passions turn!
What we then envy'd, now we mourn!

EPILOGUE

TO

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

WHEN ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN DUBLIN.

YOU've seen to-night the glory of the East,
The man, who all the then known world
possess'd,
The kings in chains did son of Ammon call,
And kingdoms thought divine, by treason fall.
Her Fortune only favour'd for her sport:
And when his conduct wanted her support,
His empire, courage, and his boasted line,
Was all prov'd mortal by a slave's design.
Great Charles, whose birth has promis'd milder
days,
Whose awful nod all nations must obey,
Sustain'd by higher powers, exalted stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Those miracles that guard his crowns, declare
That heaven has form'd a monarch worth their
care;
Dare to advance the loyal, and depose
His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.
Factions, that once made diadems her prey,
And stop our prince in his triumphant way,
Take a mill before this radiant day.
When, in heaven, the mighty rebels rose,
And resolv'd that empire to depose,
And thought first, but unsuccessful prov'd,
To keep the conquest for his best-belov'd;
In sight of such omnipotence they fly,
Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.
All who before him did ascend the throne,
Learn'd to draw three reſtive nations on.

He boldly drives them forward without pain,
They hear his voice, and straight obey the rein.
Such terror speaks him destin'd to command;
We worship Jove with thunder in his hand;
But when his mercy without power appears,
We slight his altars, and neglect our prayers.
How weak in arms did civil discord shew!
Like Saul, she struck with fury at her foe,
When an immortal hand did ward the blow.
Her offspring, made the royal hero's scorn,
Like sons of earth, all fell as soon as born:
Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride,
When with their blood our neighbour lands were
dy'd,
Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd.

ON THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

II.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

III.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

IV.

Nature and Death shall, with surprize,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

VII.

O then! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

X.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting-day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep: Accept my tears.

XIII.

Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Halt given me hope, now give relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preserve me from that dangerous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race;
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

XVI.

From that insatiable abyfs,
Where flames devour, and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

XVII.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forsake me in my end.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death;
Thou great Creator of Mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find!

P R O L O G U E

TO

POMPEY, A TRAGEDY,

TRANSLATED BY MRS. CATH. PHILIPS,

From the French of Monsieur CORNEILLE,

AND ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN DUBLIN.

THE mighty rivals, whose destructive rage
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their choice,
To have their fates determin'd by your voice.
Cæsar from none but you will have his doom,
He hates th' obsequious flatteries of Rome:

He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the world beside.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,
Had stain'd with blood, Peace flourish'd in this
isle;

And you alone may boast, you never saw
Cæsar till now, and now can give him law.

Great Pompey too, comes as a suppliant here,
But says he cannot now begin to fear:

He knows your equal justice, and (to tell
A Roman truth) he knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on Cæsar's side,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he died.
His fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.
Then of what doubt can Pompey's cause admit,
Since here so many Cato's judging sit.

But you, bright nymphs, give Cæsar leave to
woo,

The greatest wonder of the world, but you;
And hear a Muse, who has that hero taught
To speak as generously as e'er he fought;
Whose eloquence from such a theme deters
All tongues but English, and all pens but hers,
By the just Fates your sex is doubly blest,
You conquer'd Cæsar, and you praise him best.

And you ('illustrious Sir) receive as due,
A present destiny preserv'd for you
Rome, France, and England, join their forces
here,

To make a poem worthy of your ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow,
Who gave so many crowns, bestow one now.

ROSS'S GHOST.

SHAME of my life, disturber of my tomb,
Bafe as thy mother's prostituted womb;
Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
To knaves a fool, to credulous fools a knave,
The king's betrayer, and the people's slave. }
Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,
I rise, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.
I strove in vain th' infected blood to cure;
Streams will run muddy where the spring's im-
pure.

In all your meritorious life, we see
Old Taaf's invincible sobriety.
Places of Master of the Horse, and Spy,
You (like Tom Howard) did at once supply:
From Sidney's blood your loyalty did spring,
You shew us all your parents, but the king,
From whose too tender and too bounteous arms
(Unhappy he who such a viper warms!
As dutiful a subject as a son!)

To your true parent, the whole town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old apostate fell,
Out-do his pride, and merit more than hell:

* To the Lord Lieutenant.

Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The first and fairest of the sons of light :
But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

THE SIXTH ODE

OF THE

THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

OF THE CORRUPTION OF THE TIMES.

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling temples which the gods provoke,
And statues fully'd yet with sacrilegious smoke,

Propitious heaven, that rais'd your fathers high,
For humble, grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your neglect;
All empires on the gods depend,
Began by their command, at their command they
end.

Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
And, with unsulking pride,
Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride.

The Scythian and Ægyptian scum
Had almost ruin'd Rome,
While our seditions took their part,
Fill each Ægyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian
dart.

First, those flagitious times
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious streams of crowding sins began,
And through the spurious breed and guilty nation
ran.

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
Bound prentice to the wanton trade,
Ionian artils, at a mighty price,
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice;
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
And with an early hand they form the temper'd
clay.

Marry'd, their lessons she improves
By practice of adulterous loves,
And scorns the common mean design
To take advantage of her husband's wine,
Or snatch, in some dark place,
A hasty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd husband knows of all,
And bids her rise when lovers call;
Hither a merchant from the straits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,
Or city cannibal, repairs,
Who feeds upon the flesh of heirs;
Convenient brutes, whose tributary flame
Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the slighted
shame.

'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides;
Made the proud Asian monarch feel
How weak his gold was against Europe's steel,
Forc'd even dire Hannibal to yield;
And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal
field.

But soldiers of a rustic mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or through hewn woods their weighty strokes did
found.

And after the declining sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was
done,
Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the
day.

Time sensibly all things impairs;
Our fathers have been worse than theirs;
And we than ours; next age will see
A race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to
be.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOLLOWING
VERSE

FROM LUCAN.

Vixit Causa Diis placuit, sed Vixit Catoni.

THE gods were pleas'd to chuse the conquering
side,
But Cato thought he conquer'd when he dy'd.

H O R A C E ' S

A R T O F P O E T R Y *.

“ *Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium & fons.* ”

I HAVE seldom known a trick succeed, and will put none upon the reader ; but I tell him plainly that I think it could never be more seasonable than now to lay down such rules, as, if they be observed, will make men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly : but Horace must be read seriously, or not at all, for else the reader won't be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labour. I have kept as close as I could, both to the meaning and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive ; and I have often asked myself that question. I know this is a field,

“ *Per quem magnus equos Aurunca flexit Alumnus.* ”

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben Jonson, to which no man pays more veneration than I ; it cannot be denied, that the constraint of rhyme, and a literal translation (to which Horace in this book declares himself an enemy), has made him want a comment in many places.

My chief care has been to write intelligibly ; and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics ; but, if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that, in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best natured.

IF in a picture (Piso) you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts of the most different kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds,
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad !
Trust me, that book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style (like sick men's dreams)
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
Painters and Poets have been still allow'd
Their pencils, and their fancies unconfin'd.
This privilege we freely give and take ;
But Nature, and the common laws of sense,
Forbid to reconcile Antipathies,
Or make a snake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs,

Some, that at first have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themselves, when a few florid lines
Shine through the insipid dulness of the rest ;
Here they describe a temple, or a wood,
Or streams that through delightful meadows run,
And there the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine ;
But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
And are as much to seek in other things,
As he that only can design a tree,
Would be to draw a shipwreck or a storm.
When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low ?
Be what you will, so you be still the same.

* Printed from Dr. Rawlinson's copy, corrected by the Earl of Roscommon's own hand.

Most p
Deluded
By strivin
And when
fl
Their spiri
A lofty fly
Some timo
And, feari
Others, in
Draw boar
Thus fear
Is a most c
The mea
My grave
But cannot
What can l
For one cr
Where all t
Make it bu
Let poet
And often t
And what t
After a seri
Method and
As well th
Consists in c
And knowin
In her full fl
Words mu
You gain yo
Of good con
Is made at fir
But if you w
Some of you
So it be fello
But he that h
Must so desir
As they may
Can an impar
In Varius, or
In Plautus or
Be envy'd for
When Ennius
Have so enric
Men ever ha
To coin new
Words are lik
And every ye
Death is a tri
The Lucrine
Protects our m
And (since Ce
We plow and
See how the T
So often overfl
Now runs a fr
Confin'd by ou
Yet this, and
Why then shou
When great
The may reviv
And banish the
Life is the judg
Vol. II.

Most poets fall into the grossest faults,
Deluded by a seeming excellence :
By striving to be short, they grow obscure,
And when they would write smoothly, they want
strength,

Their spirits sink ; while others, that affect
A lofty style, swell to a tympany ;
Some timorous wretches start at every blast,
And, fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore ;
Others, in love with wild variety,
Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood ;
Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill,
Is a most certain way of erring still.

The meanest workman in th' Æmilian square,
May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
But cannot finish what he hath begun ;
What can be more ridiculous than he ?
For one or two good features in a face,
Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let poets match their subject to their strength,
And often try what weight they can support,
And what their shoulders are too weak to bear.
After a serious and judicious choice,
Method and eloquence will never fail.

As well the force as ornament of verse
Consists in choosing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a Muse may be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.

Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with skill :
You gain your point, when by the noble art
Of good connexion, an unusual word
Is made at first familiar to our ear.

But if you write of things abstruse or new,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
But it be seldom and discreetly done :
But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
Must so derive them from the Grecian spring,
As they may seem to flow without constraint.

Can an impartial reader discommend
In Varius, or in Virgil, what he likes
In Plautus or Cæcilius ? Why should I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When Ennius and Cato's copious style
Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our tongue ?
Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well suited to the age.
Words are like leaves, some wither every year,
And every year a younger race succeeds.

Death is a tribute all things owe to fate ;
The Lucrine mole (Cæsar's stupendous work)
Protects our navies from the raging north ;
And (since Cethegus drain'd the Pontine lake)
We plow and reap where former ages row'd.

See how the Tiber (whose licentious waves
So often overflow'd the neighbouring fields)
Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,
Confin'd by our great Emperor's command :
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot ;
Why then should words challenge eternity,
When greatest men and greatest actions die ?
We may revive the obsolete words,
And banish those that now are most in vogue ;
We are the judge, the law, and rule of speech.

VOL. II.

Homer first taught the world in epic verse
To write of great commanders and of kings.

Elegies were at first design'd for grief,
Though now we use them to express our joy :
But to whose Muse we owe that sort of verse,
Is undecided by the men of skill.

Rage with lambicks arm'd Archilochus,
Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
And favourites of the Dramatic Muse.
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding sound
Awe the tumultuous noises of the pit,
And whose peculiar province is the stage.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper subjects for the Lyric song.

Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,
Who neither knows nor would observe a rule ;
And chooses to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his ignorance, and learn ?
Let every thing have its due place and time.

A comic subject loves an humble verse,
Thyestes scorns a low and comic style.
Yet comedy sometimes may raise her voice,
And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail :
Tragedians too lay by their fate to grieve ;
Peleus and Telephus exil'd and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.
He that would have spectators share his grief,
Must write not only well, but movingly,
And raise men's passions to what height he will.
We weep and laugh, as we see others do :
He only makes me sad who shews the way,
And first is sad himself ; then, Telephus,
I feel the weight of your calamities,

And fancy all your miseries my own :
But, if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh ;
Your looks must alter, as your subject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe :
For nature forms, and softens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul,
And these are all interpreted by speech ;
But he whose words and fortunes disagree,
Absurd, unpity'd, grows a public jest.
Observe the characters of those that speak,
Whether an honest servant, or a cheat,
Or one whose blood boils in his youthful veins,
Or a grave matron, or a busy nurse,
Extorting merchants, careful husbandmen,
Argives or Thebans, Asians or Greeks.

Follow report, or feign coherent things ;
Describe Achilles, as Achilles was,
Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all judges, and all law but arms ;
Medea must be all revenge and blood,
Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,
Io must wander, and Orestes mourn.

If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the stage,
Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
New subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better choose a well-known theme
Than trust to an invention of your own ;

For what originally others writ,
May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,
That with some justice it may pass for yours;
But then you must not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully translate,
Nor (as some servile imitators do)
Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules,
As you must ever slavishly observe,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.

Begin not as th' old poetaster did,
"Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I sing."
In what will all this ostentation end?
The labouring mountain scarce brings forth a mouse:

How far is this from the Mæonian stile?
"Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of
"Troy,

"So many towns, such change of manners saw."

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,
The other out of smoke brings glorious light.
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprizes us with daring miracles,
The bloody Lestrygon, Charybdis' gulph,
And frighted Greeks, who near the Ætina shore,
Hear Scylla bark, and Polyphemus roar.
He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,
When he begins to write the Trojan war;
Nor, writing the return of Diomed,
Go back as far as Meleager's death:
Nothing is idle, each judicious line
Inensibly acquaints us with the plot;
He chooses only what he can improve,
And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd
That all seems uniform, and of a piece.

Now hear what every auditor expects;
If you intend that he should stay to hear
The epilogue, and see the curtain fall;
Mind how our tempers alter in our years,
And by that rule form all your characters.
One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,
Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes every hour his wavering mind.
A youth that first casts off his tutor's yoke,
Loves horses, hounds, and sports, and exercise,
Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
And make us slaves to interest and power.
Old men are only walking hospitals,
Where all defects and all diseases crowd
With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,
Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
Oppress'd with riches which they dare not use;
Ill-natur'd censors of the present age,
And fond of all the follies of the past.
Thus all the treasure of our flowing years,
Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.

Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear moves less than what we see;
Spectators only have their eyes to trust,
But auditors must trust their ears and you;
Yet there are things improper for a scene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.
Medea must not draw her murdering knife,

And spill her childrens blood upon the stage,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare.
Cadmus and Progne's metamorphosis,
(She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake)
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.

Five acts are the just measure of a play.
Never presume to make a God appear,
But for a business worthy of a God;
And in one scene no more than three should speak.

A chorus should supply what action wants,
And hath a generous and manly part;
Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,
And strict observance of impartial laws,
Sobriety, security, and peace,
And begs the Gods who guide blind fortune's
wheel,

To raise the wretched, and pull down the proud.
But nothing must be sung between the acts,
But what some way conduces to the plot.

First the shrill sound of a small rural pipe
(Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was entertainment for the infant stage,
And pleas'd the thin and bashful audience
Of our well-meaning, frugal ancestors.
But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
And men (grown wanton by prosperity)
Study'd new arts of luxury and ease,
The verse, the music, and the scene, 's improv'd;
For how should ignorance be judge of wit,
Or men of sense applaud the jest of fools?
Then came rich cloaths and graceful action in,
Then instruments were taught more moving
notes,

And eloquence with all her pomp and charms
Foretold us useful and sententious truths,
As those deliver'd by the Delphic God.

The first tragedians found that serious style
Too grave for their uncultivated age,
And so brought wild and naked satyrs in,
Whose motion, words, and shape, were all a
farce,

(As oft as decency would give them leave)
Because the mad ungovernable rout,
Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd such variety and antic tricks.
But then they did not wrong themselves so much
To make a god, a hero, or a king,
(Strip of his golden crown and purple robe)
Descend to a mechanic dialect,
Nor (to avoid such meannesses) soaring high
With empty sound and airy notions fly;
For tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls:
You must not think that a satiric style
Allows of scandalous and brutish words,
Or the confounding of your characters.
Begin with Truth, then give Invention scope,
And if your style be natural and smooth,
All men will try, and hope to write as well:
And (not without much pains) be undeciv'd.
So much good method and connexion may
Improve the common and the plainest things.
A satyr that comes staring from the woods,
Must not at first speak like an orator:

But, though his language should not be refin'd,
It must not be obscene and impudent;
The better sort abhors scurrility,
And often censures what the rabble likes.
Unpolish'd verses pass with many men,
And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
But then to write at a loose rambling rate,
In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
Is such a rash ill-grounded confidence,
As men may pardon, but will never praise.
Be perfect in the Greek originals,
Read them by day, and think of them by night.
But Plautus was admir'd in former time
With too much patience (not to call it worse):
His harsh, unequal verse was music then,
And rudeness had the privilege of wit.

When Thespis first expos'd the Tragic Muse,
Rude were the actors, and a cart the scene,
Where ghastly faces stain'd with lees of wine
Frighted the children, and amus'd the crowd;
This Æschylus (with indignation) saw,
And built a stage, found out a decent dress,
Brought vizards in (a civiler disguise),
And taught men how to speak and how to act.
Next Comedy appear'd with great applause,
Till her licentious and abusive tongue
Waken'd the magistrates coercive power,
And forc'd it to suppress her insolence.

Our writers have attempted every way;
And they deserve our praise, whose daring Muse
Dissin'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
And found fit subjects for her verse at home.
Nor should we be less famous for our wit,
Than for the force of our victorious arms;
But that the time and care that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and polish well,
Fright poets from that necessary toil.

Democritus was so in love with wit,
And some men's natural impulse to write,
That he despis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none poets till their brains were crack'd;

And this hath so intoxicated some,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanliness and company renounce
For lunacy beyond the cure of art,
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Pass current for Apollo's livery.
O my unhappy stars! if in the Spring
Some physic had not cur'd me of the spleen,
None would have writ with more success than I;

But I must rest contented as I am,
And only serve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly resign my claim.
Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is;
Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.
Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;
And when Philosophy directs your choice
To proper subjects rightly understood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters,
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,

And what we owe our country, parents, friends,
How judges and how senators should act,
And what becomes a general to do;
Those are the likest copies, which are drawn
By the original of human life.
Sometimes in rough and undigested plays
We meet with such a lucky character,
As, being humour'd right, and well pursued,
Succeeds much better than the shallow verse
And chiming trifles of more studious pens.

Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
For her ambition and her end was fame.
Our Roman youth is diligently taught
The deep mysterious art of growing rich,
And the first words that children learn to speak
Are of the value of the names of coin;
Can a penurious wretch, that with his milk
Hath suck'd the basest dregs of usury,
Pretend to generous and heroic thoughts?
Can rust and avarice write lasting lines?
But you, brave youth, wife Numa's worthy
heir,

Remember of what weight your judgment is,
And never venture to commend a book,
That has not pass'd all judges and all tests.

A poet should instruct, or please, or both:
Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,
That ready wits may comprehend them soon,
And faithful memories retain them long;
All superfluities are soon forgot.
Never be so conceited of your parts,
To think you may persuade us what you please,
Or venture to bring in a child alive,
That Cannibals have murder'd and devour'd.
Old age explodes all but morality;
Austerity offends aspiring youths;
But he that joins instruction with delight,
Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes:
These are the volumes that enrich the shops,
These pass with admiration through the world,
And bring their author to eternal fame.

Be not too rigidly censorious,
A string may jar in the best master's hand,
And the most skilful archer miss his aim;
But in a poem elegantly writ,
I would not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse;
But he that hath been often told his fault,
And still persists, is as impertinent
As a musician that will always play,
And yet is always out at the same note:
When such a positive abandon'd fop
(Among his numerous absurdities)
Stumbles upon some tolerable line,
I fret to see them in such company,
And wonder by what magic they came there.
But in long works sleep will sometimes sur-
prize;

Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.

Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near,
Some love the dark, some choose the clearest
light,

And boldly challenge the most piercing eye;
Some please for once, some will for ever please.

But, Piso, (though your knowledge of the world,
Join'd with your father's precepts, make you
wife)

Remember this as an important truth :
Some things admit of mediocrity,
A counsellor, or pleader at the bar,
May want Messala's powerful eloquence,
Or be less read than deep Cascellius ;
Yet this indifferent lawyer is esteem'd ;
But no authority of gods nor men
Allow of any mean in poetry.
As an ill concert, and a coarse perfume,
Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
And might with more discretion have been
spar'd ;

So poetry, whose end is to delight,
Admits of no degrees, but must be still
Sublimely good, or despicably ill.
In other things men have some reason left,
And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
Despairing of success, forbears to try ;
But all (without consideration) write ;
Some thinking that the omnipotence of wealth
Can turn them into poets when they please.
But, Piso, you are of too quick a sight
Not to discern which way your talent lies,
Or vainly with your genius to contend ;
Yet if it ever be your fate to write,
Let your productions pass the strictest hands,
Mine and your father's, and not see the light
Till time and care have ripen'd every line.
What you keep by you, you may change and
mend,

But words once spoke can never be recall'd.
Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human power,
Did not, as poets feign, tame savage beasts,
But man as lawless and as wild as they,
And first dissuad'd them from rage and blood ;
Thus, when Amphion built the Theban wall,
They feign'd the stones obey'd his magic lute ;
Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their proper, native use ;
Some they appropriated to the gods,
And some to public, some to private ends :
Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,
Cities were built, and useful laws were made,
So great was the divinity of verse,
And such observance to a poet paid.
Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial Muse
Waken'd the world, and sounded loud alarms.
To verse we owe the sacred oracles,
And our best precepts of morality ;
Some have by verse obtain'd the love of kings,
(Who, with the Muses, ease their weary'd minds)
Then blush not, noble Piso, to protect
What gods inspire, and kings delight to hear.
Some think that poets may be form'd by art,
Others maintain that Nature makes them so ;
I neither see what art without a vein,
Nor wit without the help of art can do,
But mutually they crave each other's aid.
He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize
Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,
Take leave of wine, and the soft joys of love ;
And no musician dares pretend to skill,

Without a great expence of time and pains ;
But every little busy scribbler now
Swells with the praises which he gives himself ;
And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
Braggs of his impudence, and scorns to mend.
A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
A flattering audience, than poor tradesmen do
To persuade customers to buy their goods.
'Tis hard to find a man of great estate,
That can distinguish flatterers from friends.
Never delude yourself, nor read your book
Before a brib'd and fawning auditor,
For he'll commend and feign an extasy,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please :
True friends appear less mov'd than counter-
feit ;

As men that truly grieve at funerals,
Are not so loud as those that cry for hire.
Wife were the kings, who never chose a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts ;
You cannot arm yourself with too much care
Against the smiles of a designing knave.

Quintilius (if his advice were ask'd)
Would freely tell you what you should correct,
Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
And with more care supply the vacancy ;
But if he found you fond and obstinate
(And apter to defend than mend your faults),
With silence leave you to admire yourself,
And without rival hug your darling book.
The prudent care of an impartial friend
Will give you notice of each idle line,
Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants orna-
ment,

Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd ;
Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
And with a strict enquiry mark your faults ;
Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love :
Those things which now seem frivolous and
flight,

Will be of a most serious consequence,
When they have made you once ridiculous.

A poetaster, in his raging fit,
(Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)
Is dreaded and proscrib'd by men of sense ;
They make a lane for the polluted thing,
And fly as from th' infection of the plague,
Or from a man whom, for a just revenge,
Fanatic phrenzy sent by heaven pursues.
If (in the raving of a frantic Muse)
And minding more his verses than his way,
Any of these should drop into a well,
Though he might burst his lungs to call for help,
No creature would assist or pity him,
But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd ;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
In a cold fit leap'd into Ætna's flames.
Give poets leave to make themselves away,
Why should it be a greater sin to kill,
Than to keep men alive against their will ?
Nor was this chance, but a deliberate choice ;
For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,
He would be at his frolic once again,

And hi
'Tis ha
Or ince
The rhy
But the
And, li

And his pretensions to divinity :
'Tis hard to say whether for sacrilege,
Or incest, or some more unheard-of crime,
The rhyming fiend is sent into these men ;
But they are all most visibly possess'd,
And, like a baited bear when he breaks loose,

Without distinction seize on all they meet ;
None ever escap'd that came within their reach,
Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood,
Without remorse insatiably they read,
And never leave till they have read men dead.

*** Lord Roscommon's verses on the " Religio Laici" are printed in this Collection.

P O E M S

BY

T H O M A S O T W A Y.

WINDSOR CASTLE,

IN A MONUMENT TO OUR LATE SOVEREIGN KING CHARLES II. OF
EVER BLESSED MEMORY.

" Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
" Dúmque thymo pascuntur apes, dum rore cicadæ ;
" Semper Honos, Noménque tuum, Laudésque manebunt.
" Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ."

VIRG.

To the immortal Fame of our late dread Sovereign King CHARLES II. of ever
blessed Memory ; and to the sacred Majesty of the most august and mighty Prince
JAMES II. now by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. this following POEM is in all humility dedi-
cated by his ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

THOUGH poets immortality may give,
And Troy does still in Homer's numbers
live :
How dare I touch thy praise, thou glorious frame,
Which must be deathless as thy raiser's name :
But that I wanting fame am sure of thine
To eternize this humble song of mine ?
At least the memory of that more than man,
From whose vast mind thy glories first began,
Shall ev'n my mean and worthless verse commend,
For wonders always did his name attend.

Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise,
Great were the toils attending the command
Of an ungrateful and a stiff-neck'd land,
Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over-blest,
Would never give its nursing father rest ;
But, having spoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,
By rods and axes had been kept in awe ;
But that his gracious hand the sceptre held,
In all the arts of mildly guiding skill'd ;

Who saw the
Griev'd at o
Knew the v
And watch'
Yet when up
Lent to our
Though now
Yet shall his
arise.

Mercy's is
For gods ha
Which if kin
Mercy shoul
Compassion'
Its warmth
And round
sprea

To heave th
by example

And after, b
Under Philis

When he, o
But thence t
The royal de

And when th
Brought bal
made

Though now
Yet shall his
it rise

Then mat
And triumph
thror

On his each
Like two sup

The first, fo
As Fame e'e

Of nature ge
To flattery d

Referv'd in p
Youthful in

True to his f
And a just v

Slow to cond
The brave m

fricne

Now justly
to which hig

Virtue's grea
Long may b

Till all his fo
And growl a

The secon
Of steady ju

To all the ne
Both men a

read a
Nationald th

And having
Learn then

state,
And could w

But our then
And never st

For, oh! w
With plenty

Who saw those engines which unhing'd us move,
Griev'd at our follies with a father's love,
Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
And watch'd what haste we did to ruin make;
Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand, 25
Lent to our succour a forgiving hand.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels thence
arise.

Mercy's indeed the attribute of heaven,
For gods have power to keep the balance even, 30
Which if kings loose, how can they govern well?
Mercy should pardon, but the sword compel:
Compassion's else a kingdom's greatest harm,
Its warmth engenders rebels till they swarm;
And round the throne themselves in tumults
spread, 35

To heave the crown from a long-sufferer's head.
By example this that godlike king once knew,
And after, by experience, found too true.
Under Philistian lords we long had mourn'd,
When he, our great Deliverer, return'd; 40
But thence the deluge of our tears did cease,
The royal dove shew'd us such marks of peace:
And when this land in blood he might have laid,
Brought balm for the wounds ourselves had
made.

Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies, 45
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

Then matrons blest'd him as he pass'd along,
And triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd
throng:

On his each hand his royal brothers shone,
Like two supporters of Great Britain's throne: 50

The first, for deeds of arms, renown'd as far
As Fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;
Of nature generous, and of steadfast mind,
To slattery deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,
Referv'd in pleasures, but in dangers bold, 55
Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,

True to his friends, as watchful o'er his foes,
And a just value upon each bestows;
Slew to condemn, nor partial to commend,
The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's
friend. 60

Now justly seated on th' imperial throne,
In which high sphere no brighter star e'er shone:

Turn'd the great pattern, and rebellion's dread,
Long may he live to bruise that serpent's head,
Till all his foes their just confusion meet, 65
And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet!

The second, for debates in council fit,
Of steady judgment and deep piercing wit:
To all the noblest heights of learning bred,
Both men and books with curious search had
read: 70

Fathom'd the ancient policies of Greece,
And having form'd from all one curious piece,
Learn'd thence what springs best move and guide a
state,

And could with ease direct the heavy weight.
But our then angry fate great Glo'ster seiz'd, 75
And never since seem'd perfectly appeas'd:
For, oh! what pity, people blest'd as we
With plenty, peace, and noble liberty,

Should so much of our old disease retain,
To make us surfeit into slaves again! 80
Slaves to those tyrant lords whose yoke we bore,
And serv'd so base a bondage to before;
Yet 'twas our curse, that blessings flow'd too fast,
Or we had appetites too coarse to taste.
Fond Israelites, our manna to refuse, 85
And Egypt's loathsome flesh-pots murmuring
chuse.

Great Charles saw this, yet hush'd his rising breast,
Though much the lion in his bosom prest:
But he for sway seem'd so by nature made,
That his own passions knew him, and obey'd: 90
Master of them, he soften'd his command,
The sword of rule scarce threaten'd in his hand:
Stern majesty upon his brow might sit,
But smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet:
So finely mix'd, had Nature dar'd t' afford 95
One least perfection more, h' had been ador'd.
Merciful, just, good-natur'd, liberal, brave,
Witty, and pleasure's friend, yet not her slave:
The paths of life by noblest methods trod;
Of mortal mold, but in his mind a god. 100
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

In this great mind long he his cares revolv'd,
And long it was ere the great mind resolv'd:
Till weariness at last his thoughts compos'd; 105
Peace was the choice, and their debates were
clos'd.

But, oh!
Through all this isle, where it seems most de-
sign'd,

Nothing so hard as wish'd-for peace to find.

The elements due order here maintain, 110

And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain:

Cool shades and streams, rich fertile lands abound,

And Nature's bounty flows the seasons round.

But we, a wretched race of men, thus blest,

Of so much happiness (if known, possess) 115

Mistaking every noblest use of life,

Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender wife, }

For the unwholesome, brawling harlot, Strife. }

The man in power, by wild ambition led,

Envy'd all honours on another's head; 120

And, to supplant some rival, by his pride

Embroid'd that state his wisdom ought to guide.

The priests, who humble temperance should pro-
fess,

Sought silken robes and fat voluptuous ease;

So, with small labours in the vineyard shewn, 125

Forsook God's harvest to improve their own.

That dark ænigma (yet unriddled) Law,

Instead of doing right and giving awe,

Kept open lists, and at the noisy bar,

Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war, 130

Where daily kinsman, father, son, and brother,

Might damn their souls to ruin one another.

Hence cavils rose 'gainst Heaven's and Cæsar's
cause,

From false religions and corrupted laws;

Till so at last rebellion's base was laid, 135

And God or king no longer were obey'd.

But that good angel whose surmounting power

Waited great Charles in each emergent hour,

Against whose care hell vainly did decree,
Nor faster could design than that foresee, 140
Guarding the crown upon his sacred brow
From all its blackest arts, was with him now,
Assur'd him peace must be for him design'd,
For he was born to give it all mankind.
By patience, mercies large, and many toils, 145
In his own realms to calm intestine broils,
Thence every root of discord to remove,
And plant us new with unity and love.
Then stretch his healing hands to neighbouring
shores,

Where slaughter rages, and wild rapine roars; 150
To cool their ferments with the charms of peace,
Who, for their madness and their rage might cease,
Grow a'l (embracing what such friendship brings)
Like us the people, and like him their kings.
But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies, 155
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

For this assurance pious thanks he paid;
Then in his mind the beauteous model laid
Of that majestic pile, where oft, his care
A-while forgot, he might for ease repair: 160
A seat for sweet retirement, health, and love,
Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
He pleas'd could sit, and his regards bestow
On the vain, busy, swarming world below.
E'en I, the meanest of those humble swains, 165
Who sang his praises through the fertile plains,
Once in a happy hour was thither led,
Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.
There tell, my Muse, what wonders thou didst
find,

Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind. 170
'Twas at that joyful hallow'd day's return,
In which that man of miracles was born,
At whose great birth appear'd a noon-day star,
Which prodigy foretold yet many more;
Did strange escapes from dreadful Fate declare, 175
Nor shin'd, but for one greater king before.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.

For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,
The voice of triumph on the hills was heard; 180
Redoubled shoutings wak'd the echo's round,
And cheerful bowls with loyal vows were crown'd.
But, above all, within those lofty towers,
Where glorious Charles then spent his happy
hours,

Jay wore a solemn, though a smiling face; 185
'Twas gay, but yet majestic, as the place;
Tell then, my Muse, what wonders thou didst
find

Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
Within a gate of strength, whose ancient frame
Has outworn Time, and the records of Fame, 190
A reverend * dome there stands, where twice each
day

Assembling prophets their devotions pay,
In prayers and hymns to heaven's eternal king,
The cornet, flute, and shawm, assisting as they
sing.

* St. George's Church.

Here Israel's mystic statutes they recount, 195
From the first tables of the holy mount,
To the blest gospel of that glorious Lord,
Whose precious death salvation has restor'd.
Here speak, my Muse, what wonders thou didst
find

Worthy thy song and his celestial mind. 200
Within this dome a shining † chapel's rais'd,
Too noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,
I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing wonder round,
When one approach'd who bore much sober
grace, 205

Order and ceremony in his face;
A threatening rod did his dread right hand poize,
A badge of rule and terror o'er the boys:
His left a massy bunch of keys did sway,
Ready to open all to all that pay. 210
'This courteous squire, observing how amaz'd
My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
Thus gently spoke: "Those banners ‡ rais'd on
high

' Betoken noble vows of chivalry;
" Which here their heroes with religion make, 215
" When they the ensigns of this order take."
Then in due method made me understand
What honour fam'd St. George had done our land;
What toils he vanquish'd, with what monsters
strove;

Whose champions since for virtue, truth, and
love, 220
Hang here their trophies, while their generous
arms

Keep wrong suppress'd, and innocence from harms.
At this m' amazement yet did greater grow,
For I had been told all virtue was but show;
That oft bold villainy had best success, 225
As if its use were more, nor merit less.
But here I saw how it rewarded shin'd.
Tell on, my Muse, what wonders thou didst
find

Worthy thy song and Charles's mighty mind.
I turn'd around my eyes, and, lo, a § cell, 230
Where melancholy ruin seem'd to dwell,
The door unhang'd, without or bolt or ward,
Seem'd as what lodg'd within found small regard.
Like some old den, scarce visited by day,
Where dark oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for
prey. 235

Here, in a heap of confus'd waste, I found
Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground;
The spoils of Time, and triumph of that fate
Which equally on all mankind does wait:
The hero, level'd in his humble grave, 240
With other men, was now nor great nor brave;
While here his trophies, like their master, lay,
To darkness, worms, and rottenness, a prey.
Urg'd by such thoughts as guide the truly great,
Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet; 245

† St. George's Chapel.

‡ Of the Knights of the Garter.

§ An old use in the church, where the banner
of a dead knight is carried, when another succeeds
him.

Fell
But
Whic
Till,
An
Ere y
Ere h
Or lo
But tr
The v
Whose
Who a
Knows
So to t
Who,
Thoug
Cheer
Rest fr
Can Fo
For wh
But i
Rejoice
Thou ki
And en
Keep fr
The pra
And fur
Worthy
Beyond
Beauteou
y
Old as hi
And, like
This goo
The mo
So carefu
While un
And they
my
Safe in hi
But now
Large of
Where no
With won
The massy
Struck w
bir
Or by the
And in his
Such stre
Within fac
As man's u
T' express
Thus, wi
Knowledge
Learning ar
Nor did the

* The O
† The D
Calle.
‡ The H

Vol. I

Fell in his prince's and his country's cause;
 But what his recompence? A short applause,
 Which he ne'er hears, his memory may grace,
 Till, soon forgot, another takes his place.
 And happy that man's chance who falls in time,
 Ere yet his virtue be become his crime; 251
 Ere his abus'd desert be call'd his pride,
 Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.
 But truly blest is he, whose soul can bear
 The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his
 care; 255

Whose mind no disappointment here can shake,
 Who a true estimate of life does make,
 Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
 So to that prospect still his thoughts does bend,
 Who, though his right a stronger power invade,
 Though fate oppress, and no man give him aid, 261
 Cheer'd with th' assurance that he there shall find
 Rest from all toils, and no remorse of mind;
 Can Fortune's smiles despise, her frowns out-brave,
 For who's a prince or beggar in the grave? 265
 But if immortal any thing remain,
 Rejoice, my Muse, and strive that end to gain.
 Thou kind dissolver of encroaching care,
 And ease of every bitter weight I bear,
 Keep from my soul repining, while I sing 270
 The praise and honour of this glorious king;
 And farther tell what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Beyond the Dome a * lofty tower appears,
 Beauteous in strength, the work of long-past
 years, 275

Old as his noble stem, who there bears sway,
 And, like his loyalty, without decay.
 This goodly ancient frame looks as it stood
 The mother pile, and all the rest her brood.
 So careful watch seems piously to keep, 280
 While underneath her wings the mighty sleep;
 And they may rest, since † Norfolk there com-
 mands,

Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.
 But now appears the ‡ beauteous seat of Peace,
 Large of extent, and fit for goodly ease; 285
 Where noble order strikes the greedy sight
 With wonder, as it fills it with delight;
 The massy walls seem, as the womb of earth,
 Shrunk when such mighty quarries thence had
 birth;

Or by the Theban founder they'd been rais'd, 290
 And in his powerful numbers should be prais'd:
 Such strength without does every where abound,
 Within such glory and such splendor's found,
 As man's united skill had there combin'd
 T' express what one great genius had design'd. 295
 Thus, when the happy world Augustus sway'd,
 Knowledge was cherish'd, and improvement made;
 Learning and arts his empire did adorn,
 Nor did there one neglected virtue mourn;

But, at his call, from farthest nations came, 300
 While the immortal Muses gave him fame.
 Though when her far-stretch'd empire flourish'd
 most,

Rome never yet a work like this could boast:
 No Caesar e'er like Charles his pomp express'd,
 Nor ever were his nations half so blest: 305
 Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
 it rise.

Here, as all Nature's wealth to court him press'd,
 Seem'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Rest.
 Through all the lofty roofs § describ'd we find 310
 The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind:
 A theme that might the noblest fancy warm,
 And only fit for ¶ his who did perform.
 The walls adorn'd with richest woven gold,
 Equal to what in temples shin'd of old, 315
 Grac'd well the lustre of his royal ease,
 Whose empire reach'd throughout the wealthy seas;
 Ease which he wisely chose, when raging arms
 Kept neighbouring nations waking with alarms:
 For when wars troubled her soft fountains there,
 She swell'd her streams, and flow'd-in faster here;
 With her came Plenty, till our isle seem'd blest'd
 As Canaan's shore, where Israel's sons found rest.
 Therefore, when cruel spoilers, who have hurl'd
 Waste and confusion through the wretched world,
 To after-times leave a great hated name, 326
 The praise of Peace shall wait on Charles's fame;
 His country's father, through whose tender care,
 Like a lull'd babe she slept, and knew no fear;
 Who, when sh' offended, oft would hide his eyes,
 Nor see, because it griev'd him to chastize. 331
 But if submission brought her to his feet,
 With what true joy the penitent he'd meet!
 How would his love still with his justice strive!
 How parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive! 335
 But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
 it rise.

Since after all those toils through which he strove
 By every art of most endearing love,
 For his reward he had his Britain found, 340
 The awe and envy of the nations round.
 Muse, then speak more what wonders thou didst
 find

Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
 Tell now what emulation may inspire,
 And warm each British heart with warlike fire;
 Call all thy sisters of the sacred hill, 346
 And by the painter's pencil guide my quill;
 Describe that lofty monumental ¶ hall,
 Where England's triumphs grace the shining }
 wall,
 When she led captive kings from conquer'd }
 Gaul.

Here when the sons of Fannie their leader meet, 351
 And at their feasts in poppous order sit,
 When the glad sparkling bowl inspires the board,
 And high rais'd thoughts great tales of war afford,

§ The Paintings done by

¶ The Situr Verrio, his Majesty's chief Painter.

|| Where St. George's Feast is kept.

4 [C]

* The Castle.

† The Duke of Norfolk, Constable of Windsor
 Castle.

‡ The House.

Here as a lesson may their eyes behold 355
 What their victorious fathers did of old;
 When their proud neighbours of the Gallic shore
 Trembled to hear the English lion roar.
 Here may they see how good old * Edward sat,
 And did his † glorious son's arrival wait, 360
 When from the fields of vanquish'd France he
 came,

Follow'd by spoils, and usher'd in by Fame.
 In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.
 Oh, for such laurels on another head!
 Unfoil'd with sloth, nor yet o'erclay'd with peace,
 We had not then learn'd the loose arts of ease, 366
 In our own climes our vigorous youth were nurs'd,
 And with no foreign education curs'd.

Their northern metal was preserv'd with care,
 Nor sent for softening into hotter air. 370
 Nor did they 'as now from fruitless travels come
 With follies, vices, and diseases home;
 But in full purity of health and mind
 Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.
 Had not false senates to those ills dispos'd 375
 Which long had England's happiness oppos'd
 With stubborn faction and rebellious pride,
 All means to such a noble end deny'd,
 To Britain, Charles this glory had restor'd,
 And those revolted nations own'd their lord. 380
 But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
 it rise.

And now survey what's open to our view,
 But down all heads, and pay devotion due,
 The ‡ temple by this hero built behold, 385
 Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold;
 Whose radiant roof such glory does display,
 We think we see the heaven to which we pray;
 So well the artist's hand has there declin'd
 The merciful redemption of mankind; 390
 The bright ascension of the Son of God,
 When back through yielding skies to heaven he
 rode,
 With lightning round his head, and thunder
 where he trod.

Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given
 Wisdom, the greatest gift of bounteous heaven;
 A house like his he built, and temple rais'd; 396
 Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd;
 With riches too and honours was he crown'd,
 Nor, whilst he liv'd, was there one like him
 found.

Therefore what once to Israel's lord was said 400
 When Sheba's queen his glorious court survey'd,
 To Charles's fame for ever shall remain,
 Who did as wond'rous things, who did as greatly
 reign.

"Happy were they who could before him stand,
 "And saw the wisdom of his dread command;"
 For heaven resolv'd, that much above the rest 406
 Of other nations Britain should be blest.
 Found him when banish'd from his sacred right,
 Try'd his great soul, and in it took delight.

* Edward III.

† The Black Prince.

‡ The Chapel at the end of the hall.

Then to his throne in triumph him did bring, 410
 Where never rul'd a wiser, juster king.
 But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
 it rise.

Thus far the painter's hand did guide the Muse,
 Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse. 415
 Two kindred arts they are, so near ally'd,
 They oft have by each other been supply'd.
 Therefore, great man! when next thy thoughts
 incline

The works of Fame, let this be the design:
 As thou couldst best great Charles's glory show, 420
 Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.

In a large scene, may give beholders awe,
 The meeting of a numerous senate draw!
 Over their heads a black distemper'd sky,
 And through the air let grinning Furies fly. 425
 Charg'd with commissions of infernal date,
 To raise fell discord and intestine hate;
 From their foul heads let them by handfoul tear
 The ugliest snakes, and best-lov'd favourites there,
 Then whirl them (spouting venom as they fall)
 'Mongst the assembled numbers of the hall; 431
 There into murmuring bosoms let them go,
 Till their infection to confusion grow;
 Till such bold tumults and disorders rise,
 As when the impious sons of earth assail'd the
 threaten'd skies. 435

But then let mighty Charles at distance stand,
 His crown upon his head, and sceptre in his hand;
 To send abroad his word, or with a frown
 Repel, and dash th' aspiring rebels down:
 Unable to behold his dreaded ray, 440
 Let them grow blind, disperse, and reel away.
 Let the dark fiends the troubled air forsake,
 And all new peaceful order seem to take.

But, oh, imagine Fate t' have waited long
 An hour like this, and mingled in the throng, 445
 Rous'd with those furies from her seat below,
 T' have watch'd her only time to give the blow:
 When cruel cares, by faithless subjects bred,
 Too closely press'd his sacred peaceful head;
 With them t' have pointed her destroying dart, 450
 And through the brain found passage to the heart.
 Deep-wounding plagues avenging heaven bestow
 On those curs'd heads to whom this loss we owe!
 On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,
 And sent him to the sorrows of the grave! 455

Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw
 The saddest scenes that weeping eyes e'er saw;
 How on his royal bed that woeful day
 The much lamented mighty monarch lay;
 Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a king, 460
 No terror could the Lord of Terrors bring.
 Through many steady and well-manag'd years
 He 'd arm'd his mind 'gainst all those little fears,
 Which common mortals want the power to hide,
 When their mean souls and valued clay divide. 465
 He 'd study'd well the worth of life, and knew
 Its troubles many, and its blessings few:
 Therefore unmov'd did Death's approaches see,
 And grew familiar with his destiny;
 Like an acquaintance entertain'd his fate, 470
 Who, as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,

Not as his gaoler, but his friendly guide,
While he for his great journey did provide.

Oh couldst thou express the yearnings of his mind
To his poor mourning people left behind! 475
But that I fear will ev'n thy skill deceive,
None but a soul like his such goodness could conceive.

For though a stubborn race deserving ill,
Yet would he shew himself a father still.
Therefore he chose for that peculiar care, 480
His crown's, his virtue's, and his mercy's heir.
Great James, who to his throne does now succeed,
And charg'd him tenderly his flocks to feed;
To guide them too, too apt to run astray,
And keep the foxes and the wolves away. 485

Here, painter, if thou canst, thy art improve,
And shew the wonders of fraternal love;
How mourning James by fading Charles did stand,
The dying grasping the surviving hand;
How round each other's necks their arms they 490
cast,

Moon'd with endearing murmurings, and embraces'd;
And of their parting pangs such marks did give,
'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live
Each their sad tongues quite lost the power to speak,
And their kind hearts seem'd both prepar'd to break 495

Here let thy curious pencil next display,
How round his bed a beauteous offspring lay,
With their great father's blessing to be crown'd
Like young fierce lions stretch'd upon the ground,
And in majestic silent sorrow drown'd. 500

This done, suppose the ghastly minute nigh,
And paint the griefs of the sad standers by;
Th' unwear'd reverend father's pious care,
Offering (as oft as tears could stop) a prayer.
Of kindred nobles draw a sorrowing train, 505
Whose looks may speak how much they shar'd his

pain;
How from each groan of his, deriving smart,
Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd heart.
Mingled with these, his faithful servants place,
With different lines of woe in every face; 510
With downcast heads, swollen breasts, and streaming

eyes,
And sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting skies.

But yet there still remains a task behind,
In which thy readiest art may labour find
At distance let the mourning queen appear, 515
(But where sad news too soon may reach her ear;)
Describe her prostrate to the throne above,
Plung'd with prayer the tender cause of love;
Shew troops of angels hovering from the sky,
(For they, whene'er she called, were always nigh);
Let them attend her cries, and hear her moan, 520
With looks of beauteous sadness like her own,
Because they know her lord's great doom is seal'd,
And cannot (though she asks it) be repeal'd.

By this time think the work of Fate is done, 525
So any farther sad description shun.
Shew him not pale and breathless on his bed,
'Twould make all gazers on thy art fall dead;
And thou thyself to such a scene of woe
Add a new piece, and thy own statue grow. 530

Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare
To draw a prospect now of clearer air.

Paint in an eastern sky new dawning day,
And there the embryos of time display;
The forms of many smiling years to come, 535
Just ripe for birth, and labouring from their womb;
Each struggling which shall eldership obtain,
To be first grac'd with mighty James's reign.

Let the dread monarch on his throne appear,
Place too the charming partner of it there. 540

O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph spread,
And soft-ey'd Cupids hover o'er her head;
In his, paint smiling, yet majestic grace,
But all the wealth of beauty in her face.

Then from the different corners of the earth 545

Describe applauding nations coming forth,
Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,
And own auspicious omens from his reign.

Set at long distance his contracted foes
Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose;
Draw shame or mean despair in all their eyes, 550
And terror lest th' avenging hand should rise.

But where his smiles extend, draw beauteous peace,
The poor man's cheerful toils, the rich man's ease;
Here, shepherds piping to their feeding sheep, 555
Or stretch'd at length in their warm huts asleep;

There jolly hinds spread through the sultry fields,
Reaping such harvests as their tillage yields;
Or shelter'd from the scorplings of the sun,
Their labours ended, and repast begun; 560
Rang'd on green banks, which they themselves did

raise,
Singing their own content, and ruler's praise.

Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and
lowers,

Where Contemplation best may pass her hours:
Fill'd with chaste lovers plighting constant hearts,
Rejoicing Muses, and encourag'd Arts. 566

Draw every thing like this that thought can frame,
Best suited with thy theme, great James's fame.

Known for the man who from his youthful years,
By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears:
Whose conquering arm far-envy'd wonders 570
wrought,

When an ungrateful people's cause he fought;
When for their rights he his brave sword employ'd,

Who in return would have his rights destroy'd;
But heaven such injur'd merit did regard 575

(As heaven in time true virtue will reward);

So to a throne by Providence he rose,
And all who e'er were his, were Providence's foes.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I.

I DID but look and love a-while,
'Twas but for one half-hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease;
Sighs, which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

III.

O! would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

THE
POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE:

OR,

A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

" Si quid habent veri vatum presagia, vivam."

To the Right Honourable THOMAS Earl of OSSORY, Baron of Moor Park, Knight
of the most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuse for a presumption of this nature than I have now; yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your lordship's goodness must be my best refuge: and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for protection, and myself for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection; for to the best of my heart I have here published in some measure the truth, and I would have it thought honestly too (a practice never more out of countenance than now): yet truth and honour are things which your lordship must needs be kind to, because they are relations to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this a panegyric on your lordship; for it would require more art to do your virtue justice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your lordship I hope to add a second part, and do all those great and good men justice, that have in his calamities stuck fast to so gallant a friend and so good a master. To write and finish which great subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your lordship's patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of,

My Lord,

Your most humble admirer and servant,

THOMAS OTWAY.

O D E.

I.

To a high hill where never yet stood tree,
Where only heath, coarse fern, and furzes
grew,

Where (nipt by piercing air)
The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly gaze,
Led by uncouth thoughts and care,
Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,
A wandering bard, whose Muse was crazy
grown,
Cov'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing
town,
Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him
down;
'Twas far from any path, but where the earth
Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,
When by the word it first was made,
Ere God had said,

Let grass and herbs and every green thing grow,
With fruitful trees after their kind, and it was so.
The whistling winds blew fiercely round his
head,

Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;
Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast,
Where we are told Peace only's found at last:
And as he did its hopeless distance see,
Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me!

II.

Nor ended there his moan:
The distance of his future joy
Had been enough to give him pain alone;
But who can undergo
Despair of ease to come, with weight of present
woe?

Down his afflicted face
The trickling tears had stream'd so fast a pace,
As left a path worn by their briny race.
Swoln was his breast with sighs, his well-
proportion'd limbs as useless fell,
Whilst the poor trunk (unable to sustain
itself) lay rackt, and shaking with its pain.
I heard his groans as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by pity) went aside, to see
What the sad cause could be
Had press'd his state so low, and rais'd his plaints
so high.

On me he fixt his eyes. I crav'd,
Why so forlorn? he vainly rav'd.
Peace to his mind I did command:
But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
When I perceiv'd it was my friend
My much-lov'd friend; so down I
sat,
And begg'd that I might share his
fate:
I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale
Of sighs he cas'd his breast, and thus began his tale:

III.

I am a wretch of honest race:
My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were,
They left me heir to no disgrace.

My father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair:
The pledge of marriage-vows was only I;
Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled boy:
They gave me generous education, high
They strove to raise my mind, and with it grew
their joy.

The sages that instructed me in arts,
And knowledge, oft would praise my parts,
And cheer my parents longing hearts.

When I was call'd to a dispute,
My fellow-pupils oft stood mute;
Yet never Envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor Pride dis Temper mine.

Thus my first years in happiness I pass'd,
Nor any bitter cup did taste:
But, oh! a deadly portion came at last.

As I lay loosely on my bed,
A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my
head,

And as my sense on the rich banquet fed,
A voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh)
Pierc'd through my ears; Arise, thy good Senan-
der's dead.

It shook my brain, and from their feast my fright-
ed senses fled.

IV.

From thence sad discontent, uneasy fears,
And anxious doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with succeeding years.

The world was wide, but whither should I go?
I, whose blooming hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little fortune, and a deal of care?
To Britain's great metropolis I stray'd,

Where Fortune's general game is
play'd;

Where honesty and wit are often prais'd,
But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd;
My forward spirit prompted me to find

A converse equal to my mind:
But by raw judgment easily mislead,
(As giddy callow boys
Are very fond of toys)

I mis'd the brave and wise, and in their stead
On every sort of vanity I fed.
Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating
fools,

Bullies of o'er-grown bulks and little souls,
Gamesters, half wits, and spendthrifts (such as
think

Mischievous midnight frolics, bred by drink
Are gallantry and wit,

Because to their lewd understandings fit)
Were those wherewith two years at least I spent,
To all their fustian follies most incorrigibly bent;
Till at the last, myself more to abuse,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

V.

No fair deceiver ever us'd such charms,
T' ensnare a tender youth, and win his heart:
Or, when she had him in her arms,
Secur'd his love with greater art.

I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)

No beauty with my Muse's might compare.
Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestic air,

Awful, yet kind; severe, yet fair.

Upon her head a crown she bore

Of laurel, which she told me should be mine :

And round her ivory neck she wore

A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine

With jewels and with gold,

Numberless to be told ;

Which in imagination as I did behold,

And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,

Said she, These riches all, my darling, shall be thine,

Riches which never poet had before.

She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,

By royal favour, and by endless fame ;

But never told

How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.

Thus by the arts of this most sly

Deluder was I caught,

To her bewitching bondage brought.

Eternal constancy we swore,

A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er :

And as we did in our entrancements lie,

I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so high,

No pair so happy as my Muse and I.

VI.

Ne'er was young lover half so fond

When first his puffage he lost,

Or could of half my pleasure boast.

We never met but we enjoy'd,

Still transported, never cloy'd.

Chambers, closets, fields, and groves,

Bore witness of our daily loves ;

And on the bark of every tree

You might the marks of our endearments see.

Distichs, posies, and the pointed bits

Of satire (written when a poet meets

His Muse's caterwauling fits)

You might on every rhind behold, and swear

I and my Clio had been at it there.

Nay, by my Muse too I was blest

With offsprings of the choicest kinds,

Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,

And been approv'd by judgments of the best.

But in this most transporting height,
Whence I look'd down, and laugh'd at fate,

All of a sudden I was alter'd grown ;

I round me look'd, and found myself alone ;

My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse, was gone :

I try'd if I a verse could frame :

Oft I in vain invoc'd my Clio's name.

The more I strove, the more I fail'd,

I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curst my dull skull, and rail'd,

Resolv'd to force m' untoward thought, and at the last prevail'd.

A line came forth, but such a one,
No traveling matron in her child-birth pains,
Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son,
Was more altonish'd at th' unlook'd-for shape

Of some deform'd baboon, or ape,
Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains.

I tore my paper, stabb'd my pen,

And swore I'd never write again,

Resolv'd to be a doating fool no more.

But when my reckoning I began to make,

I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake ;

I found m' ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake

I did myself undo,

Had robb'd me of my dearest store,

My precious time, my friends, and reputation too ;

And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor.

VII.

Reason, which in base bonds my folly had enthrall'd,

I straight to council call'd ;

Like some old faithful friend, whom long ago

I had cashier'd, to please my flattering fair.

To me with readiness he did repair,

Express'd much tender cheerfulness, to find

Experience had restor'd him to my mind ;

And loyally did to me show,

How much himself he did abuse,

Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, treacherous Muse.

I ask'd the causes why. He said,

'Twas never known a Muse e'er laid

When Fortune fled ; for Fortune is a bawd

To all the Nine that on Parnassus dwell,

Where those so fam'd delightful fountains swell

Of poetry, which there does ever flow ;

And where wit's lusty, shining god

Keeps his choice seraglio.

So whilst our fortune smiles, our thoughts aspire,

Pleasure and fame's our business, and desire,

Then, too, if we find

A promptness in the mind,

The Muse is always ready, always kind.

But if th' old harlot, Fortune, once denies

Her favour, all our pleasure and rich fancy dies,

And then th' young, slippery jilt, the Muse, too, from us flies.

VIII.

To the whole tale I gave attention due ;

And as right search into myself I made,

I found all he had said

Was very honest, very true.

O how I hugg'd my welcome friend !

And much my Muse I could not discommend !

For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,

She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,

And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her face.

Then, to confirm me more,

He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes ;

See here, my son, (said he) the valued prize ;

Thy fustome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise !

I look'd, and saw the rampant, tawdry quean,
 With a more horrid train
 Than ever yet to satire lent a tale,
 Or haunted Chloris in the mall.
 The first was he who stunk of that rank verse
 In which he wrote his Sodom Farce;
 A wretch whom old diseases did so bite,
 That he writ bawdry sure in spite,
 To ruin and disgrace it quite.
 Philosophers of old did so express
 Their art, and shew'd it in their nastiness.
 Next him appear'd that blundering sot,
 Who a late Session of the Poets wrote.
 Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;
 By 's flat broad face you'll know the owl.

The other birds have hooted him from light;
 Much buffeting has made him love the night,
 And only in the dark he strays;
 Still wretch enough to live, with worse fools
 spends his days,
 And for old shoes and scraps repeats dull
 plays.
 Then next there follow'd, to make up the
 throng,
 Lord Lampoon and Monsieur Song,
 Who sought her love, and promis'd
 for't,

To make her famous at the court.
 The city Poet too was there,
 In a black satin cap and his own hair,
 And begg'd that he might have the honour
 To beget a pageant on her
 For the city's next lord-mayor.
 Her favours she to none deny'd:
 They took her all by turns aside.
 Till at the last up in the rear there came
 The Poets' scandal, and the Muses' shame.
 A beast of monstrous guise, and Libel was his
 name.
 But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
 How he was born, how bred and where, and where
 he now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.
 Down in an obscure vale,
 Mist fogs and fens, whence mists and vapours
 rise,
 Where never sun was seen by eyes,
 Under a desert wood,
 Which no man own, but all wild beasts were
 bred,
 And kept their horrid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,
 An ill-pit'd cottage stood,
 Built of men's bones slaughter'd in civil war,
 By magic art brought thither from afar,
 There liv'd a widow'd witch,
 That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn,
 Like one whom wants and care had
 worn;
 Meagre her looks, and sunk her eyes,
 Her mischief's study'd, discords did devise.
 She appear'd humble, but it was her pride:
 Now in her speech, in semblance sanctify'd.

Still when she spoke she meant another way;
 And when she curs'd, she seem'd to
 pray.
 Her hellish charms had all a holy dress,
 And bore the name of godliness,
 All her familiars seem'd the sons of Peace.
 Honest habits they all wore,
 In outward show most lamb-like and divine:
 But inward of all vices they had store,
 Greedy as wolves, and sensual too as swine.
 Like her, the sacred scriptures they had all by heart,
 Most easily could quote, and turn to any part,
 Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,
 And, for their turn, interpret backward too,
 Idolatry with her was held impure,
 Because, besides herself, no idol she'd endure.
 Though not to paint, she'd arts to change the
 face,
 And alter it in heavenly fashion.
 Lewd whining she defin'd a mark of grace,
 And making ugly faces was mortification.
 Her late dead pander was of well-known fame,
 Old Presbyter Rebellion was his name:
 She a sworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,
 So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us!) the good
 old cause.

X.

A time there was (a sad one too)
 When all things wore the face of woe,
 When many horrors rag'd in this our land,
 And a destroying angel was sent down,
 To scourge the pride of this rebellious town.
 He came, and o'er all Britain stretch'd his con-
 quering hand:
 Till in th' untrodden streets unwholesome grass
 Grew of great stalk, its colour gross,
 And melancholic poisonous green;
 Like those coarse sickly weeds on an old dunghill
 seen,
 Where some murrain-murder'd hog,
 Poison'd cat, or strangled dog,
 In rottenness had long unbury'd laid,
 And the cold soil productive made.
 Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,
 And by their cries bade us for graves prepare;
 And, as our destiny they seem'd t' unfold,
 Dropt dead of the same fate they had foretold.
 That dire commission ended, down there came
 Another angel with a sword of flame:
 Defelation soon he made,
 And our new Sodom low in ashes laid.
 Distractions and distrusts then did amongst us rise,
 When, in her pious old disguise,
 This witch with all her mischief-making train
 Began to shew herself again.
 The sons of Old Rebellion straight she summon'd
 all;
 Straight they were ready at her call:
 Once more th' old bait before their eyes she cast,
 That and her love they long'd to
 taste;
 And to her hand she drew them all at last.
 So Reuben (we may read of heretofore)
 Was led astray, and had pollution with his father's
 where.

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
In safety from observing eyes,
Th' old strumpet did herself disguise
In comely weeds, and to the city went,
Affected truth, much modesty and grace,
And (like a worn-out-suburb-trull) past there for
a new face.

Thither all her lovers flock'd,
And there for her support she found
A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much does
found,
With all ingredients for his business stock'd,
Not unlike him whose story has a place
In th' annals of Sir Hudibras.
Of all her business he took care,
And every knave or fool that to her did repair, }
Had by him admittance there.

By his contrivance to her did resort
All who had been disgusted at the court.
Those whose ambition had been crost,
Or by ill-manners had preferments lost,
Were those on whom she practis'd most her
charms,

Lay nearest to her heart, and ofteneft in her arms.
Interest in every faction, every sect, she sought;
And to her lure, flattering their hopes, she brought
All those who use religion for a fashion.

All such as practise forms, and take great pains
To make their godliness their gains,
And thrive by the distractions of a nation,
She by her art insnar'd, and fetter'd in her chains.
Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase tolera-
tion,

The rebel power, the beggar'd spend-thrift lands,
Out of the king's or bishops' hands.
Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong multitude:
Promis'd strange liberties, and sure redress
Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances:
Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,
With May-day routs, November squibs, and burn-
ing pasteboard popes.

XII.

With her in common lust did mingle all the crew,
Till at the last she pregnant grew,
And from her womb, in little time, brought forth
This monstrous, most detested birth.
Of children born with teeth we've heard,
And some like comets with a beard;
Which seem'd to be fore-runners of dire change:
But never hitherto was seen,
Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch quean,
A form like this, so hideous and so strange.

To help whose mother in her pains, there came
Many a well-known dame.
The bawd Hypocrisy was there,
And madam Impudence the fair:
Dame Scandal with her squinting eyes,
That loves to set good neighbours at debate,
And raise commotions in a jealous state,
Was there, and Malice, queen of far-spread lies,
With all their train of frauds and forgeries.

But midwife Mutiny, that busy drab,
That's always talking, always loud,
Was she that first took up the babe,
And of the office most was proud.

Behold its head of horrid form appears:
To spite the pillory, it had no ears.
When straight the bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely
kin

To the blest family of Pryn.
But Scandal offer'd to depose her word,
Or oath, the father was a lord.
The nose was ugly, long and big,
Broad, and snouty like a pig;
Which shew'd he would in dunghills love to
dig;

Lov'd to cast stinking satires up in ill-pil'd rhymes,
And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
And a hopeful youth to make him.
To nurse he straight was sent

To a sister-witch, though of another sort,
One who profess'd no good, nor any meant:
All day she practis'd charms, by night she hardly
slept,

Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town,
A little smoaky mansion of her own,
Where her familiars to her did resort,
A cell she kept.

Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her god;
And many an ugly loathsome toad
Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
Under her roof all dismal, black, and smok'd,
Harbour'd beetles, and unwholesome bats,
Sprawling nests of little cats;
All which were imps she cherish'd with her
blood,

To make her spells succeed and good.
Still at her shrivel'd breasts they hung, when'er
mankind she curst,
And with these foster-brethren was our monster
nurs'd.

In little time the hell-bred brat
Grew plump and fat,

Without his leading-strings could walk,
And (as the sorcerers taught him) talk.
At seven years old he went to school,
Where first he grew a foe to rule.
Never would he learn as taught,

But still new ways affected, and new methods
sought.

Not that he wanted parts
T' improve in letters, and proceed in arts:
But, as negligent as fly,

Of all perverseness brutishly was full,
(By nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,
And was obstinately dull.

Till, spite of Nature, through great pains, the factious
(And th' influence of th' ill genius of our land)
At last in part began to understand.
Some insight in the Latin tongue he got;
Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain
hand.

For which his guardians all thought fit,
In compliment to his most hopeful wit,

He should be sent to learn the laws,
And out of the good old to raise a damn'd new
cause.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his mind,
As by Nature he was bent
To search in hidden paths, and things long bury'd
find,
A wretch's converse much he did frequent:
One who this world, as that did him, disown'd,
And in an unfrequented corner, where
Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,
He led his hated life.
Needy, and ev'n of necessaries bare,
No servant had he, children, friend, or wife:
But of a little remnant, got by fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and
believ'd no God)
Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,
With which of beggars scraps he
bought.
Then from a neighbouring fountain water got.
Not to be clean, but slake his thirst.
He never blest himself, and all things else he curs'd.
The cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,
Lay like a den, unclean'd, unswept:
And there those jewels which he lov'd he kept;
Old worn-out statutes, and records
Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.
But bound up by themselves with care were laid
All the acts, resolves, and orders, made
By the old long Rump-parliament,
Through all the changes of its government:
From which with readiness he could debate
Concerning matters of the state,
All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-
eight.

XV.

His friendship much our monster fought
By instinct, and by inclination too:
So without much ado
They were together brought.
To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was he
taught.
He learnt of him all goodness to detest;
To be ashamed of no disgrace;
In all things but obedience to be best;
To hide a coward's heart, and shew a hardy face.
He taught him to call government a clog,
But to bear beatings like a dog:
To have no religion, honesty, or sense,
But to profess them all for a pretence.
Fraught with these morals, he began
To compleat him more for man:
Distinguish'd to him in an hour
Twixt legislative and judicial power;
How to frame a commonwealth,
And democracy, by stealth;
To palliate it at first, and cry,
'Twas but a well-mixt monarchy,
And treason *salus populi*;

Vol. II.

Into rebellion to divide the nation,
By fair committees of association;
How by a lawful means to bring
In arms against himself the king,
With a distinguishing old trick,
'Twixt persons natural and politic;
How to make faithful servants trai-
tors,
Thorough-pac'd rebels legislators,
And at last troopers adjutators.
Thus well inform'd, and furnish'd with enough
Of such-like wordy, canting stuff,
Our blade set forth, and quickly grew
A leader in a factious crew.
Where-e'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke,
And swell'd with every word he spoke,
By which becoming faucy grace,
He gain'd authority and place:
By many for preferments was thought fit,
For talking treason without fear or wit;
For opening failings in the state;
For loving noisy and unsound debate,
And wearing of a mystical green ribband in his
hat.

XVI.

Thus, like Alcides in his lion's skin,
He very dreadful grew,
But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,
And th' hero to his distaff drew,
His foes that found him saw he was but man:
So when my faithless Clio by her snare
Had brought him to her arms, and I surpriz'd him
there,
At once to hate and scorn him I began;
To see how foolishly she'd drest,
And for diversion trick'd the beast.
He was poetry all o'er,
On every side, behind, before:
About him nothing could I see
But party-colour'd poetry.
Painter's advices, litanies,
Ballads, and all the spurious excess
Of ills that malice could devise,
Or ever swarm'd from a licentious press,
Hung round about him like a spell:
And in his own hand too was writ,
That worthy piece of modern wit,
The country's late appeal.
But from such ills when will our wretched state
Be freed? and who shall crush this serpent's
head?
'Tis said we may in ancient legends read
Of a huge dragon sent by fate
To lay a sinful kingdom waste:
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
And each day with a virgin broke his fast:
Till wretched matrons curs'd their
womb,
So hardly was their loss endur'd:
The lovers all despair'd, and sought their
tombs
In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were
cur'd.

Till, like our monster too, and with the same
 Curse ends, to the metropolis he came :
 His cruelties renew'd again,
 And every day a maid was slain.
 'The curse through every family had past,
 When to the sacrifice at last
 Th' unhappy monarch's only child must bow :
 A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a royal
 brother now.

XVII.

On him this dragon Libel needs will prey ;
 On him has cast
 His fordid venom, and prophan'd
 With spurious verse his spotless fame,
 Which shall for ever stand
 Unblemish'd, and to ages last,
 When all his foes lie buried in their shame.
 Else tell me why (some prophet that is wise)
 Heaven took such care
 To make him every thing that's rare,
 Dear to the heart, desirous to the eyes.
 Why do all good men bless him as he goes ?
 Why : & his presence shrink his foes ?
 Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend ?
 Why through the world is he distinguish'd most
 By titles, which but few can boast,
 A most just master, and a faithful friend ?
 One who never yet did wrong
 To high or low, to old or young ?
 Of him what orphan can complain ?
 Of him what widow make her moan ?
 But such as with him here again,
 And miss his goodness now he's gone.
 If this be (as I am sure 'tis) true ;
 Then prythee, prophet, tell me too,
 Why lives he in the world's esteem,
 Not one man's foe ? and then why are not all men
 friends with him ?

XVIII.

Whene'er his life was set at stake
 For his ungrateful country's sake,
 What dangers or what labours did he ever shun ?
 Or what wonders has not done ?
 Watchful all night, and busy all the day,
 (Spreading his fleet in sight of Holland's shore)
 Triumphantly ye saw his flags and streamers play.
 Then did the English lion roar,
 Whilst the Belgian couchant lay.
 Big with the thoughts of conquest and re-
 nown,
 Of Britain's honour, and his own,
 To them he like a threatening comet shin'd,
 Rough as the sea, and furious as the wind ;
 But constant as the stars that never move,
 Or as women would have love.
 The trembling genius of their state
 Look'd out, and strait shrunk back his
 head,
 To see our daring banners spread :
 Whilst in their harbours they
 Like batten'd monsters weltering }
 lay ;
 'The winds, when ours th' ad kiss'd, scorn'd with
 their flags to play ;

But drooping like their captains' hearts,
 Each pendent, every streamer, hung ;
 The seamen seem'd t' have lost their arts ;
 Their ships at anchor now, of which w' had heard
 them boast,
 With ill-fur'd sails and rattlings loose, by every
 billow tost,
 Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung ;
 Till at the last, provok'd with shame,
 Forth from their dens the baited foxes came ;
 Foxes in council, and in fight too grave ;
 Seldom true, and now not brave :
 They bluster'd out the day with shew of fight,
 And ran away in the good-natur'd night.

XIX.

A bloody battle next was fought,
 And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he }
 brought,
 With spoils of victory and glory fraught.
 To him then every heart was open, down
 From the great man to the clown :
 In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd ;
 And as his health round the glad board did pass,
 Each honest fellow cry'd, I'll fill my glass ;
 And shew'd the fullness of his mind.
 No discontented vermin of ill times
 Durst then affront him but in show ;
 Nor libel dash him with his dirty rhymes ;
 Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
 And whose heart would not with so too,
 That had but seen
 When his tumultuous mislead foes
 Against him rose,
 With what heroic grace
 He chose the weight of wrong to undergo !
 No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,
 True witness of the innocence within.
 But, when the messengers did mandates bring
 For his retreat to foreign land,
 Since sent from the relenting hand
 Of the most loving brother, kindest king ;
 If in his heart regret did rise,
 It never seap'd his tongue or eyes ;
 With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,
 And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy day,
 Sad as the business, sullen too
 As proud men, when in vain they won,
 Or soldiers cheated of their pay.
 The Court, where pleasures us'd to
 flow,
 Became the scene of mourning and of woe :
 Desolate was every room,
 Where men for news and business us'd to come :
 With folded arms and down-cast eyes men walk'd
 In corners, and with caution talk'd.
 All things prepar'd, the hour drew
 near
 When he must part : his last short time was spent
 In leaving blessings on his children dear :
 'To them with eager haste and love he went ;

The eldest first embrac'd,
As new-born day in beauty bright,
But sad in mind as deepest night;
What tenderest hearts could say, betwixt them
past,

Till grief too close upon them crept;
So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.
Much of the father in his breast did rise,
When on the next he fix'd his eyes,
A tender infant in the nurse's arms,
Full of kind play, and pretty charms:
And as to give the farewell kiss he near it drew,
About his manly neck two little arms it threw;
Smil'd in his eyes, as if it begg'd his stay,
And look'd kind things it could not
say.

XXI.

But the great pomp of grief was yet to come.

Th' appointed time was almost past,
The impatient tides knock'd at the shore, and bid
him haste

To seek a foreign home;
The summons he resolv'd t' obey,
Disdaining of his sufferings to complain,
Though every step seem'd trod with pain;
So forth he came, attended on his way

By a sad lamenting throng,
That blest him, and about him hung.
A weight his generous heart could hardly bear;

But for the comfort that was near,
His beauteous Mate, the fountain of his joys,
That fed his soul with love;

The cordial that can mortal pains remove,
To which all worldly blessings else are toys.
I saw them ready for departure stand;

Just when approach'd the Monarch of our
land,

And took the charming Mourner by the hand:
T' express all noblest offices he strove,
Of royal goodness, and a brother's love.

Then down to the shore side,
Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,
With solemn pace they pass'd,

And there so tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by sympathy to see them part,
And their kind pains touch'd each by-stander's
heart.

Then hand in hand the pity'd pair
Turn'd round to face their fate;
She ev'n amidst afflictions fair,
He, though oppress'd, still great.
Into th' expecting boat with haste they went,
Where, as the troubled Fair-one to the shore some
wishes sent

For that dear pledge sh' ad left behind,
And as her passion grew too mighty for her mind,
She of some tears her eyes beguil'd,
Which, as upon her cheek they lay,
The happy hero kiss'd away,
And, as she wept, blush'd with disdain, and
smil'd.

Strait forth they launch into the high-swoln
Thames;
The well-struck oars lave up the yielding streams.

All fix'd their longing eyes, and wishing stood,
Till they were got into the wider flood;
Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more,
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated shore.

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF OVID.

THE ARGUMENT.

Theseus, the son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, for the assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; so together with her sister Phædra they went on board and sailed to Chios, where being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her sister Phædra, who afterwards, in Theseus her husband's absence, fell in love with Hippolytus her son-in-law, who had vow'd celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefore, since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this epistle to give him an account of her passion.

IF thou'rt unkind I ne'er shall health enjoy,
Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely boy:
Read this, and reading how my soul is seiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
Thus secrets safe to farthest shores may move;
By letters foes converse, and learn to love.
Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my faltering tongue abortive dy'd;
Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd
quite,

But what I blush'd to speak, Love made me write.
'Tis dangerous to resist the power of Love,
The gods obey him, and he's king above;
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that breast of thine
Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my wedlock vows I'll lose no care,
Search back through all my fame, thou'lt find it
fair.

But Love long breeding to worst pain does turn;
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
As the young bull or courser yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridled first, are pinch'd and
maim'd;

So my unpractis'd heart in love can find
No rest, th' unwonted weight so toils my mind:
When young, Love's pangs by arts we may re-
move,

But in our riper years with rage we love.
To thee I yield then all my dear renown,
And pr'ythee let's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing rose,
Or the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows?
But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd?
Oh, in thy love I shall no hazard run;
'Tis not a sin, but when 'tis coarsely done.

And now should Juno leave her Jove to me,
I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee:
Believe me too, with strange desires I change,
Amongst wild beasts I long with thee to range.
To thy delights and Delia I incline,
Make her my goddess too, because she's thine:
I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
And o'er the mountain's tops my hounds to cheer,
Shaking my dart; then, the chase ended, lye
Stretch'd on the grass; and would'st not thou be
by?

Of in light chariots I with pleasure ride,
And love myself the furious steeds to guide.
Now like a Bacchanal more wild I stray,
Or old Cybele's priests, as mad as they
When under Ida's hills they offerings pay:
Ev'n mad as those the deities of night
And water, Fauns and Dryads, do affright.
But still each little interval I gain,
Easily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,
And Venus will have tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame:
She, like my mother languish'd to obtain,
And fill'd her womb with shame as well as pain.
The faithless Theseus by my sister's aid
The monster slew, and a safe conquest made:
Now, in that family my right to save,
I am at last on the same terms a slave:
'Twas fatal to my sister and to me,
She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee.
Let monuments of triumph then be shown
For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.
When first our vows were to Eleus paid,
Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid:
'Twas there thou didst a perfect conquest gain,
Whilst love's fierce fever rag'd in every vein:
White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head,
A modest blush thy comely face o'erspread:
That face, which may be terrible in arms,
But graceful seem'd to me, and full of charms:
I love the man whose fashion 's least his care,
And hate my sex's coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilst thus plain thy careless locks let fly,
Th' unpolish'd form is beauty in my eye.
If thou but ride, or shake the trembling dart,
I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art:
To see thee poise the javelin moves delight,
And all thou doest is lovely in my sight:
But to the woods thy cruelty resign,
Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine.
Must cold Diana be ador'd alone,
Must she have all thy vows, and Venus none?
That pleasure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.
For Cynthia's sake unbend and ease thy bow,
Ere to thy arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
And by him many a boar and pard was slain,
Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
Who wisely left old age for youth like thine.
Under the spreading shades her amorous boy,
The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy;
Atalanta's love too Meleager fought,
And to her tribute paid of all he caught:

Be thou and I the next blest sylvan pair;
Where Love's a stranger, woods but desert are.
With thee, through dangerous ways unknown be-
fore,

I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful boar.
Between two seas a little isthmus lies,
Where on each side the beating billows rise,
There in Trazena I thy love will meet,
More blest and pleas'd than in my native Crete.
As we could wish, old Theseus is away
At Thebais, where always let him stay
With his Perithous, whom well I see
Prefer'd above Hippolytus or me.
Nor has he only thus express'd his hate;
We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:
My brother first he cruelly did slay,
Then from my sister falsely ran away,
And left expos'd to every beast a prey:
A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
A mother worthy of a son so brave,
From cruel Theseus yet her death did find,
Nor, though she gave him thee, could make him
kind.

Unwedded too he murder'd her in sight.
To baitardize, and rob thee of thy right:
And if, to wrong thee more, two sons I've brought,
Believe it his, and none of Phaedra's fault:
Rather, thou fairest thing the earth contains,
I wish at first I'd dy'd of mother's pains.
How canst thou reverence then thy father's bid,
From which himself so abjectly is fled?
The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
Mother and son are notions, very names
Of worn-out piety, in fashion then
When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men;
But braver Jove taught pleasure was no sin,
And with his sister did himself begin.
Nearness of blood and kindred be't we prove,
When we express it in the closest love.
Nor need we fear our fault should be reveal'd;
'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our loves, with praise shall crown
A mother's kindness to a grateful son.
No need at midnight in the dark to stray,
I'll unlock the gates, and cry, My love, this
way!

No busy spies our pleasures to betray.
But in one house, as heretofore, we'll live;
In public, kisses take; in public, give:
Though in my bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain
place.
From all, whilst none have sense to guess the cause,
Only make haste, and let this league be sign'd;
So may my tyrant Love to thee be kind,
For this I am an humble suppliant grown;
Now where are all my boasts of greatness gone?
I swore I ne'er would yield, resist'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right;
Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy knees;
What's decent no true lover cares or fees:
Shame, like a beaten soldier, leaves the place,
But beauty's blushes still are in my face.
Forgive this fond confession which I make,
And then some pity on my sufferings take.
What though 'midst seas my father's empire lies,
Though my great grandfire thunder from the skies

* See the A.

That though my father's fire in beams drest gay
 Gives round the burning chariot of the day;
 Their honour all in me to Love's a slave,
 Then, though thou wilt not me, their honour save.
 Venus' famous island, Crete, in dower I'll bring,
 And there shall my Hippolytus be king:
 For Venus' sake then hear and grant my prayer,
 Or may'st thou never love a scornful fair;
 Fiddlers so may Diana grace thee still,
 And every wood afford thee game to kill;
 Or may the Mountain Gods and Satyrs all
 Be kind, so may the boar before thee fall;
 Or may the Water-nymphs in heat of day,
 Though thou their sex despise, thy thirst allay.
 Millions of tears to these my prayers I join,
 Which as thou read'st with those dear eyes of
 thine,
 Think that thou see'st the streams that flow from
 mine.

E P I S T L E

TO MR. DUKE*.

MY much lov'd friend, when thou art from my
 eyes,
 How do I loath the day, and light despise!
 Night, kinder night, 's the much more welcome
 guest,
 Although it bring small ease, it hides at least;
 And e'er slumbers and my eyes agree,
 When they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of
 thee.
 And night methought (heaven make the next as
 kind!)
 As first innocence, and unconfin'd
 As first parents in their Eden were,
 Yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care;
 We two together wander'd through a grove,
 As green beneath us, and all shade above,
 As our friendship, springing as our love;
 Hundreds of cheerful birds fill'd every tree,
 And sung their joyful songs of liberty;
 While through the gladfome-choir well pleas'd we
 walk'd,
 And of our present valued state thus talk'd:
 How happy are we in this sweet retreat?
 How humbly blest, who'd labour to be great?
 Who for preferments at a court would wait,
 Where every gudgeon's nibbling at the bait?
 Who fish of sense would on that shallow lie,
 Amongst the little starving wriggling fry,
 That throng and crowd each other for a taste
 Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd paste;
 When the wide river he behind him sees,
 Where he may launch to liberty and ease?
 Who cares or business here disturb our hours,
 While, underneath these shady peaceful bowers,
 In cool delight and innocence we stray,
 And midst a thousand pleasures waste the day;

Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,
 Where skimming swallows o'er the surface fly,
 Just as the sun, declining with his beams,
 Kisses and gently warms the gliding streams;
 Amidst whose current rising fishes play,
 And roll in wanton liberty away.
 Perhaps hard by there grows a little bush,
 On which the linnet, nightingale, and thrush,
 Nightly their solemn orgies meeting keep,
 And sing their vespers ere they go to sleep:
 There we two lie, between us may be 's spread
 Some books, few understand, though many read.
 Sometimes we Virgil's sacred leaves turn o'er,
 Still wondering, and still finding cause for more.
 How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,
 Then how he had revenge upon her sex
 In Dido's state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;
 He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
 And scorn'd to melt his virtue in her arms.
 Next Nisus and Euryalus we admire,
 Their gentle friendship, and their martial fire;
 We praise their valour, 'cause yet match'd by none,
 And love their friendship, so much like our own.
 But when to give our minds a feast indeed,
 Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
 Who can our transports, or our longings tell,
 To taste of pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
 With thoughts of love and wine by him we're
 fir'd,
 Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd:
 A generous bottle and a lovesome sic,
 Are th' only joys in nature next to thee:
 To which retiring quietly at night,
 If (as that only can) to add delight,
 When to our little cottage we repair,
 We find a friend or two, we'd wish for there,
 Dear Beverley, kind as parting lovers tears,
 Adderly, honest as the sword he wears,
 Wilton, professing friendship yet a friend,
 Or short, beyond what numbers can commend,
 Finch, full of kindness, generous as his blood,
 Watchful to do, to modest merit, good;
 Who have forsook the vile tumultuous town,
 And for a taste of life to us come down;
 With eager arms, how closely we embrace!
 What joys in every heart, and every face!
 The moderate table's quickly cover'd o'er,
 With choicest meats at least, though not with
 store:
 Of bottles next succeeds a goodly train,
 Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain:
 Each waited on by a bright virgin glass,
 Clean, sound, and shining like its drinker's las.
 Then down we sit, while every genius tries
 T' improve, till he deserves his sacrifice:
 No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis
 night.
 Well warn'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we'll
 part,
 Each takes th' obedient treasure of his heart,
 And leads her willing to his silent bed,
 Where no vexatious cares come near his head,
 But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed;

* See the Answer, in "Duke's Poems."

Till in full joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep
 With twining limbs, that still love's posture keep;
 At dawn of morning to renew delight,
 So quiet craving Love, till the next night:
 Then we the drowsy cells of sleep forsake,
 And to our books our earliest visit make;
 Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
 And there, methinks, Fancy sits queen of all;
 While the poor under-faculties resort,
 And to her sickle majesty make court;
 The understanding first comes plainly clad,
 But usefully; no entrance to be had.
 Next comes the will, that bully of the mind,
 Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
 He meets reception from the antic queen,
 Who thinks her majesty's most honour'd, when }
 Attended by those fine-drest gentlemen.
 Reason, the honest counsellor, this knows,
 And into court with resolute virtue goes;
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
 Then how the flattering follies sneak away!
 This image, when it came, too fiercely shook
 My brain, which its soft quiet straight forsook;
 When waking as I cast my eyes around,
 Nothing but old loath'd vanities I found;
 No grove, no freedom, and, what's worse to me,
 No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
 Soon then my thoughts with their old tyrant Care
 Were seiz'd; which to divert, I fram'd this prayer:
 Gods! life's your gift, then season 't with such
 fate,

That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
 Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
 Of this your play-thing made in haste, the world;
 But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,
 By day what's needful, and at night soft ease;
 The friend I trust in, and the foe I love,
 Then fix me; and if e'er I wish remove,
 Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
 Set me in power, the woefullest state of man;
 To be by fools mislead, to knaves a prey,
 But make life what I ask, or take 't away.

TO MR. CREECH,

UPON HIS

TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

SIR, when your book the first time came abroad,
 I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
 For, as to some good-nature I pretend,
 I fear'd to read, lest I should not commend.
 Lucretius english'd! 'twas a work might shake
 The power of English verse to undertake.
 This all men thought; but you are born, we find,
 T' out-do the expectations of mankind;
 Since you've so well the noble task perform'd,
 Envy's pleas'd, and prejudice disarm'd:
 For when the rich original we peruse,
 And by it try the metal you produce,
 Though there indeed the purest ore we find,
 Yet still in you it something seems refin'd:

Thus when the great Lucretius gives a loose,
 And lashes to her speed his fiery Muse;
 Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
 And bear full stretch upon him all the race;
 But when in rugged way we find him rein
 His verse, and not so smooth a stroke maintain;
 There the advantage he receives is found,
 By you taught temper, and to chuse his ground.
 Next, his philosophy you've so express'd
 In genuine terms, so plain, yet neatly dress'd,
 Those murderers that now mingle it all day
 In schools, may learn from you the easy way }
 To let us know what they would mean and say:
 If Aristotle's friends will shew the grace
 To wave for once their statute in that case.
 Go on, then, Sir, and since you could aspire,
 And reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher:
 Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrong
 He unredem'd has labour'd with so long
 In Holbourn rhyme, and, lest the book should
 fail,

Expos'd with pictures to promote the sale:
 So tapsters set out signs, for muddy ale.
 You're only able to retrieve his doom,
 And make him here as fam'd as once at Rome:
 For sure, when Julius first this isle subdued,
 Your ancestors then mixt with Roman blood;
 Some near ally'd to that whence Ovid came,
 Virgil and Horace, those three sons of Fame;
 Since to their memory it is so true,
 And shews their poetry so much in you.
 Go on in pity to this wretched isle,
 Which ignorant poetasters do defile
 With lousy madrigals for lyric verse;
 Instead of comedy with nasty farce.
 Would Plautus, Terence e'er, have been so lewd.
 T' have dress'd Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd?
 Or Sophocles five tedious acts have made,
 To shew a whining fool in love betray'd }
 By some false friend or slippery chambermaid,
 Then, ere he hangs himself, bemoans his fall
 In a dull speech, and that fine language call?
 No, since we live in such a fustome age,
 When nonsense loads the press, and chokes the
 stage;

When blockheads will claim wit in nature's spite,
 And every dunce, that starves, presumes to write,
 Exert yourself, defend the Muse's cause,
 Proclaim their right, and to maintain their laws
 Make the dead ancients speak the British tongue;
 That so each chattering daw, who aims at song,
 In his own mother-tongue may humbly read
 What engines yet are wanting in his head }
 To make him equal to the mighty dead,
 For of all Nature's works we most should scorn
 The thing who thinks himself a poet born,
 Unbred, untaught, he rhymes, yet hardly spells,
 And senselessly, as squirrels jangle bells.
 Such things, Sir, here abound; may therefore
 you

Be ever to your friends, the Muses, true!
 May our defects be by your powers supply'd,
 Till, as our envy now, you grow our pride;
 Till by your pen restor'd, in triumph borne,
 The majesty of poetry return!

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN UPON

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK

Coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21, 1682.

WHEN too much plenty, luxury, and ease,
 Had surfeited this isle to a disease;
 When noisome blains did its best parts o'er-spread,
 And on the rest their dire infection shed;
 Our great Physician, who the nature knew
 Of the distemper, and from whence it grew,
 Fix'd, for three kingdoms' quiet, Sir, on you:
 He cast his searching eyes o'er all the frame,
 And finding whence before one sickness came,
 How once before our mischiefs foster'd were,
 Knew well your virtue, and apply'd you there:
 Where so your goodness, so your justice sway'd,
 You but appear'd, and the wild plague was stay'd.
 When, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred,
 New-form'd rebellion durst rear up its head,
 Answer me all: Who struck the monster dead?
 See, see, the injur'd prince, and bless his name,
 Think on the martyr from whose loins he came;
 Think on the blood was shed for you before,
 And curse the parricides that thirst for more.
 His foes are yours, then of their wiles beware:
 Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there,
 Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve;
 He wears a sword will justify your love.
 With blood still ready for your good t' expend,
 And has a heart that ne'er forgot his friend.
 His dutious loyalty before you lay,
 And learn of him, unmurmuring to obey.
 Think what he 'as borne, your quiet to restore;
 Repent your madness, and rebel no more.
 No more let Boufens hope to lead petitions,
 Scriveners to be treasurers; pedlars, politicians;
 Nor every fool, whose wife has tript at court,
 Pluck up a spirit, and turn rebel for't.
 In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours,
 What prince can be too jealous of their powers,
 Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
 They're mal-contented that every where go arm'd:
 And when the horn'd herd's together got,
 Nothing portends a common-wealth like that.
 Cast, cast your idols off, your gods of wood,
 Ere yet Philistines fatten with your blood:
 Renounce your priests of Baal with amen faces,
 Your Wapping feasts, and your Mile-end high places.
 Nail all your medals on the gallows post,
 In recompence th' original was lost:
 At these, illustrious repentance pay,
 In his kind hands your humble offerings lay:
 Let royal pardon be by him implor'd,
 Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord:
 He only brings a medicine fit t' assuage
 A people's folly, and rous'd monarch's rage.
 An infant prince, yet labouring in the womb,
 Fated with wondrous happiness to come,
 We goe to fetch the mighty blessings home:

Send all your wishes with him, let the air
 With gentle breezes waft it safely there,
 The seas, like what they'll carry, calm and fair:
 Let the illustrious mother touch our land
 Mildly, as hereafter may her son command;
 While our glad monarch welcomes her to shore,
 With kind assurance she shall part no more.
 Be the majestic babe then smiling born,
 And all good signs of fate his birth adorn,
 So live and grow, a constant pledge to stand
 Of Cæsar's love to an obedient land.

SPOKEN TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

ON HER

RETURN FROM SCOTLAND,

IN THE YEAR 1682.

ALL you, who this day's jubilee attend,
 And every loyal Muse's loyal friend,
 That come to treat your longing wishes here,
 Turn your desiring eyes, and feast them there.
 Thus falling on your knees with me implore,
 May this poor land ne'er lose that presence more!
 But if there any in this circle be,
 That come so curst to envy what they see,
 From the vain fool that would be great too soon,
 To the dull knave that writ the last lampoon!
 Let such, as victims to that beauty's fame,
 Hang their vile blasted heads, and die with shame.
 Our mighty blessing is at last return'd,
 The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd:
 From whom our present peace we expect en-
 creas'd,
 And all our future generations blest.
 Time, have a care: bring safe the hour of joy,
 When some blest tongue proclaims a royal boy:
 And when 'tis born, let nature's hand be strong;
 Bless him with days of strength, and make them
 long;
 Till charg'd with honours we behold him stand,
 Three kingdoms banners waiting his command,
 His father's conquering sword within his hand:
 Then th' English lions in the air advance,
 And with them roaring music to the dance,
 Carry a Quo Warranto into France.

PROLOGUE

TO MRS. BEHN'S

CITY HEIRESS, 1682.

HOW vain have prov'd the labours of the stage,
 In striving to reclaim a vicious age!
 Poets may write, the mischief to impeach;
 You care as little what the poets teach,
 As you regard at church what parsons preach.

But where such follies and such vices reign,
 What honest pen has patience to refrain?
 At church, in pews, ye most devoutly snore,
 And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
 Ye go to church, to glout and ogle there,
 And come to meet more lewd convenient here:
 With equal zeal ye honour either place,
 And run so very evenly your race,
 Y' improve in wit just as ye do in grace.
 It must be so; some dæmon has possess'd
 Our land, and we have never since been blest.
 Y' have seen it all, and heard of its renown,
 In reverend shape it stalk'd about the town,
 Six yeomen tall attending on its frown.
 Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore,
 'Twould play the apostolic function o'er:
 But heaven have mercy on us when it swore!
 Whene'er it swore, to prove the oaths were true,
 Out of his mouth at random halters flew
 Round some unwary neck, by magic thrown,
 Though still the cunning devil sav'd its own:
 For when th' enchantment could no longer last,
 The subtle Pug, most dextrously uncast,
 Left awful form for one more seeming pious,
 And in a moment vary'd to defy us;
 From silken doctor, home-spun Ananias:
 Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,
 Where still by its old arts it plays new tricks,
 And fills the heads of fools with politicks.
 This dæmon lately drew in many a guest,
 To part with zealous guinea for—no feast.
 Who, but the most incorrigible fops,
 For ever doom'd in dismal cells, call'd shops,
 To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,
 Would lay sweet money out in sham thanksgiv-
 ings?

Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er;
 But who e'er paid for a sham treat before?
 Had you not better sent your offerings all
 Hither to us, than Sequestrators' Hall?
 I being your steward, justice had been done ye;
 I could have entertain'd you worth your money.

THE SIXTEENTH ODE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

IN storms when clouds the moon do hide,
 And no kind stars the pilot guide,
 Shew me at sea the boldest there,
 Who does not wish for quiet here.
 For quiet, friend, the soldier fights,
 Bears weary marches, sleepless nights,
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold;
 Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
 Since wealth and power too weak we find,
 To quell the tumults of the mind;
 Or from the monarch's roofs of state
 Drive thence the cares that round him wait:
 Happy the man with little blest,
 Of what his father left possess;

No base desires corrupt his head,
 No fears disturb him in his bed.
 What then in life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain designs intend?
 From shore to shore why should we run,
 When none his tiresome self can shun?
 For baneful care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under sail,
 'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
 Out-run the roe, out-fly the wind.
 If then thy soul rejoice to-day,
 Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
 In laughter let them all be drown'd:
 No perfect good is to be found.
 One mortal feels Fate's sudden blow,
 Another's lingering death comes slow;
 And what of life they take from thee,
 The gods may give to punish me.
 Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
 A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
 Horses and chariots for thy ease,
 Rich robes to deck and make thee please.
 For me, a little cell I chuse,
 Fit for my mind, fit for my Muse,
 Which soft content does best adorn,
 Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn.

THE COMPLAINT:

A SONG.

To a Scotch Tune.

I LOVE, I doat, I rave with pain,
 No quiet's in my mind,
 Though ne'er could be a happier swain,
 Were Sylvia less unkind.
 For when, as long her chains I've worn,
 I ask relief from smart,
 She only gives me looks of scorn;
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
 May offer heaps of gold,
 But surely I a heaven adore,
 Too precious to be sold;
 Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize,
 For wealth, and not desert;
 And my poor sighs and tears despise?
 Alas, 'twill break my heart!

When, like some panting, hovering dove,
 I for my bliss contend,
 And plead the cause of eager love,
 She coldly calls me friend.
 Ah, Sylvia! thus in vain you strive
 To act a healer's part,
 'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,
 Alas! and break my heart.

When, on my lonely, pensive bed
 I lay me down to rest,
 In hope to calm my raging head,
 And cool my burning breast,

Her cru
 Wi
 All dro
 An
 Then ri
 Th
 Where to
 Its
 With fig
 Till
 Then ver
 Alas
 But, Syl
 And
 Renounc
 Nor
 For every
 Will
 And curs
 For l

N. LEE

WHAT
 w
 Poets were
 That 'twas
 That when
 When it fa
 The creatur
 For, were
 To mould
 That starve
 bays
 Tis plain th
 But came ly
 Like rats in
 As hated too
 Nature their
 Source know
 Yet this poo
 Ye all preter
 Disabled war
 Prouder to
 Than fumble
 T' accept so
 own.
 Spite of his
 To please the
 The dullest h
 Will venture
 And though
 Till common
 The Poet an
 Of trading q
 The lords v
 Swain
 Vol. II.

Her cruelty all ease denies ;

With some sad dream I start,
All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,
And breaking feel my heart.
Then rising, through the path I rove,
That leads me where she dwells,
Where to the senseless waves my love
Its mournful story tells :
With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
Till morning bids depart ;
Then vent ten thousand sighs and more :
Alas ! 'twill break my heart !

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told ;
For every lovely generous maid
Will take my injur'd part,
And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor heart.

PROLOGUE

TO

N. LEE'S CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

WHAT think ye meant wife Providence,
when first

Poets were made ? I'd tell you, if I durst,
That 'twas in contradiction to heaven's word,
That when its spirit o'er the waters stirr'd,
When it saw all, and said that all was good,
The creature Poet was not understood :
For, were it worth the pains of six long days,
To mould retailers of dull third-day plays,
That starve out threescore years in hopes of }
bays ?

Tisplain they ne'er were of the first creation,
But came by meer equivocal generation ?
Like rats in ships, without coition bred,
As hated too as they are, and unsed.
Nature their species sure must needs disown,
Scarce knowing Poets, less by Poets known.
Yet this poor thing, so scorn'd and set at nought,
Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
Disabled wasting Whore-masters are not
Prouder to own the brats they never got,
Than fumbling, itching rhymers of the town
To adopt some base-born song that's not their
own.

Spite of his state, my Lord sometimes descends,
To please the importunity of friends.
The dullest he, thought most for business fit,
Will venture his bought place to aim at wit ;
And though he sinks with his employs of state,
Till common sense forsake him, he'll translate.
The Poet and the Whore alike complains,
Of trading quality, that spoil their gains ;
The lords will write, and ladies will have }
swains !

Vol. II.

Therefore all you who have male issue born
Under the starving sign of Capricorn,
Prevent the malice of their stars in time,
And warn them early from the sin of rhyme :
Tell them how Spenser starv'd, how Cowley
mourn'd,

How Butler's faith and service was return'd
And if such warning they refuse to take,
This last experiment, O parents make !
With hands behind them see th' offender ty'd,
The parish whip and beadle by his side ;
Then lead him to some stall that does expose
The authors he loves most ; there rub his nose,
Till, like a spaniel lash'd to know command, }
He by the due correction understand,
To keep his brain clean, and not foul the land ; }
Till he against his nature learn to strive,
And get the knack of dulness how to thrive.

THE BEGINNING OF

A PASTORAL

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

WHAT horror's this that dwells upon the
plain,

And thus disturbs the shepherds' peaceful reign ?
A dismal sound breaks through the yielding air,
Forewarning us some dreadful storm is near.
The bleating flocks in wild confusion stray, }
The early larks forsake their wandering way,
And cease to welcome-in the new-born day. }
Each nymph possess with a distracted fear,
Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevel'd hair.
Diseases with her strong convulsions reign, }
And deities, not known before to pain,
Are now with apoplectic seizures slain. }
Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears,
Each humble plant does drop her silver tears.
Ye tender lambs, stray not so fast away,
To weep and mourn let us together stay :
O'er all the universe let it be spread,
That now the shepherd of the flock is dead.
The royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep, }
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone ! ne'er to return from Death's }
eternal sleep !

Begin, Damela, let thy numbers fly
Aloft where the soft milky way does lie ;
Mopfus, who Daphnis to the stars did sing,
Shall join with you, and thither waft our king.
Play gently on your reeds a mournful strain,
And tell in notes, through all th' Arcadian plain,
The royal Pan, the shepherd of the sheep, }
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone ! ne'er to return from Death's }
eternal sleep !

[41]

A Dialog
A Pa
and Strept
The Advice
The Discov
Woman's F
Grecian Ki
The Miltre
A Song
A Song
To Corinna
Love and L
A Song
A Song
Upon his le
Upon drink
A Song
A Song
The Anfw
Constancy
A Song
A Song, in
A Letter fr
Cloe in

An Essay
To the Ea
on tran
To the Ea
his Lor
From th
Paraphra
Prologue
Duke o
Song on a
was afr
Virgil's S
Ode upon
The Two
of Hor
The fam
Cath
Part of
of Gu

C O N T E N T S.

ROCHESTER'S POEMS.

	Page		Page
A Dialogue between Strephon and Daphne	1	An Epistolary Essay from Lord Rochester to Lord Mulgrave, upon their mutual Poems	9
A Pastoral Dialogue between Alexis and Strephon	2	Trial of the Poets for the Bays	10
The Advice	ib.	A Satire against Mankind	11
The Discovery	3	The Maim'd Debauchee	13
Woman's Honour	ib.	Upon Nothing	14
Grecian Kindness	ib.	A Translation from Lucretius, &c.	ib.
The Mistress	4	The latter End of the Chorus of the Second Act of Seneca's Troas, translated	ib.
A Song	ib.	To his Sacred Majesty, on his Restoration in the Year 1660, written at twelve Years old	15
A Song	ib.	To her Sacred Majesty the Queen-Mother, on the Death of Mary Princess of Orange	ib.
A Song	ib.	An Epilogue	ib.
Upon his leaving his Mistress	ib.	Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace	16
Upon drinking in a Bowl	6	Verses to Sir Car Scrope	17
A Song	ib.	An Epilogue	ib.
A Song	7	Prologue, spoken at the Court at Whitehall, before K. Charles II. by the Lady Elizabeth Howard	18
The Answer	ib.	Elegy on the Earl of Rochester	ib.
Constancy	7		
A Song	ib.		
A Song, in Imitation of Sir John Eaton	ib.		
A Letter from Artemisa in the Town, to Cloe in the Country	ib.		

ROSCOMMON'S POEMS.

	Page		Page
An Essay on translated Verse	19	The Dream	28
To the Earl of Roscommon, on his Essay on translated Verse	22	The Ghost of the Old House of Commons to the New One, appointed to meet at Oxford	ib.
To the Earl of Roscommon; occasioned by his Lordship's Essay on translated Verse. From the Latin of Mr. Charles Dryden.	23	On the Death of a Lady's Dog	29
Paraphrase on the 148th Psalm	24	Epilogue to Alexander the Great, when acted at the Theatre in Dublin	ib.
Prologue spoken to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, at Edinburgh	25	On the Day of Judgment	ib.
Song on a young Lady who sung finely, and was afraid of a Cold	ib.	Prologue to Pompey, a Tragedy, translated by Mrs. Cath. Philips from the French of Monsieur Corneille, and acted at the Theatre in Dublin	30
Virgil's Sixth Eclogue, translated	ib.	Ros's Ghost	ib.
Ode upon Solitude	26	The Sixth Ode of the Third Book of Horace	31
The Twenty-second Ode of the First Book of Horace	27	Translation of a Verse from Lucan	ib.
The same imitated, addressed to Mrs. Cath Philips	ib.	Horace's Art of Poetry	32
Part of the Fifth Scene in the Second Act of Guarini's Pastor Fido, translated	ib.		

CONTENTS.

OTWAY'S POEMS.

	Page		Page
Windsor Castle - - -	38	Spoken to her Royal Highness on her Re-	
The Enchantment - - -	43	turn from Scotland, in the Year 1682	55
The Poet's Complaint of his Muse; or a		Prologue to Mrs. Behn's "City Heiress"	ib.
Satire against Libels - - -	44	The Sixteenth Ode of the Second Book of	
Phædra to Hippolitus - - -	51	Horace - - -	56
Epistle to Mr. Duke - - -	53	The Complaint, a Song - - -	ib.
To Mr. Creech, upon his Translation of		Prologue to N. Lee's "Constantine the	
Lucretius - - -	54	"Great" - - -	57
Epilogue, spoken upon his Royal Highness		The Beginning of a Pastoral on the Death	
the Duke of York coming to the Thea-		of his late Majesty - - -	ib.
tre, Friday, April 21, 1682 - - -	55		

MA
YOUR
obe
the latest
but all I
made up
and wor
Cardinal
say, inste
perhaps,
the spring
when they
holds furth
to draw th
mind; wro
removed fr
made thes
was once f
as your ser
much to ha
the former
conceal tho
as much for
I only whis
therefore as
fire: or, if
your fair fri
tear them in
his Poems, v
I suppose w
opportunity
that you kno
own, and ho
they will be
that I endeav
own making.

THE
ENGLISH POETS.

DEDICATION.

To my Lady * * *

MADAM,

YOUR commands for the gathering these sticks into a faggot had sooner been obeyed; but, intending to present you with my whole vintage, I stayed till the latest grapes were ripe: for here your ladyship has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with history) of many wise and worthy persons of our own times; as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Perron (the ablest of his countrymen), and the former Pope; who, they say, instead of the triple crown, wore sometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of less weight and trouble. But, Madam, these Nightingales sung only in the spring; it was the diversion of their youth; as ladies learn to sing, and play, when they are children, what they forgot when they are women. The resemblance holds further; for, as you quit the lute the sooner, because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry; so this is not always practised without some villany to the mind; wresting it from present occasions; and accustoming us to a style somewhat removed from common-use. But that you may not think his case deplorable who made these verses; we are told that Tully (the greatest Wit among the Romans) was once sick of this disease; and yet recovered so well, that of almost as bad a Poet as your servant, he became the most perfect Orator in the world. So that, not so much to have made verses, as not to give over in time, leaves a man without excuse: the former presenting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely, that is, to conceal those we have made; which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your Ladyship, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your ear; if you publish them, they are your own: and therefore as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit and a Poet, cast them into the fire: or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends, (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honour me with the fate of Orpheus, for so his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his limbs, as the story will have it) I suppose were scattered by the Thracian dames. Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to instruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder of our sex. But as they will be apt to take your ladyship's for a Roman name, so would they believe that I endeavoured the character of a perfect Nymph, worshipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

Your Ladyship's

Most humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER,

P R E F A C E

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

MR. WALLER'S POEMS,
AFTER THE RESTORATION;

Printed in the Year 1664.

WHEN the Author of these verses (written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from aboard some years since, he was troubled to find his name in Print; but, somewhat satisfied, to see his Lines so ill rendered that he might justly disown them; and say to a mistaking Printer, as * one did to an ill Reciter,

* * * Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the Authors); his answer was, that he made these when ill Verses had more favor, and escaped better, than good ones do in this age; the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old rags, or such-like ugly things upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination. And, for those of a more confined understanding, who pretend not to censure; as they admire most what they least comprehend, so, his verses (maimed to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might, that way at least, have a title to some admiration: which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, that the aim of Orators, is victory; of Historians, truth; and of Poets, admiration. He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his Book, whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse, if those faults were amended: for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones; and clipped and washed money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up.

These are the reasons which for above twelve years past he has opposed to our request; to which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recall that which had so long been made public; so, might it find excuse from his youth, the season it was produced in. And, for what had been done since, and now added, if it commend not his Poetry, it might his Philosophy, which teaches him so cheerfully to bear so great a calamity, as the loss of the best part of his fortune, torn from him in prison (in which, and in banishment, the best portion of his life hath also been spent), that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman †,

* Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 39.

† Horace, Lib. II. Epist. ii.

* * * Quem demisere Philippi
Decisus humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et Laris, & fundi. * * *

Whose spreading wings the civil war had clip'd,
And him of his old patrimony strip'd;

Who yet not long after could say,

Musis amicus, tristitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis * * *

Lib. I. Ode xxvi.

They that acquainted with the Muses be,
Send care, and sorrow, by the winds to sea.

Not so much moved with these reasons of ours (or pleas'd with our rhymes) as wearied with our importunity, he has at last given us leave to assure the Reader, that the Poems which have been so long, and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them: as also, to add some others which have since been composed by him. And though his advice to the contrary might have discouraged us; yet, observing how often they have been reprinted, what price they have borne, and how earnestly they have been always enquired after, but especially of late; (making good that of Horace,

Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit:

Lib. II. Epist. i.

"Some verses being, like some vines recommended to our taste by time and
"age,")

We have adventured upon this new and well-corrected Edition, which for own sakes as well as thine, we hope will succeed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

ALBINOVANUS.

P R E F A C E

TO THE SECOND PART OF

M R. W A L L E R ' S P O E M S ;

Printed in the Year 1690.

THE Reader needs be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. Waller's: a name that carries every thing in it that is either great, or graceful, in Poetry! He was indeed the Parent of English Verse, and the first that shewed us our Tongue had Beauty, and Numbers, in it. Our language owes more to Him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu and the whole Academy. A Poet cannot think of Him, without being in the same rapture Lucretius is in, when Epicurus comes in his way;

Tu pater, & rerum inventor; Tu patria nobis
Suppeditas præcepta: tuisque ex, Inclute! chartis,
Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ!

Lib. III. ver. 9.

The Tongue came into His hands, like a rough diamond: He polished it first; and to that degree, that all artists since him have admired the workmanship, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough: but, as all they did in this kind was not very considerable; so it was a little later than the earliest pieces of Mr. Waller. He undoubtedly stands first in the list of refiners; and, for aught I know, last too; for I question, whether in Charles the second's reign, English did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its Augustan Age, as well as the Latin. It seems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and, as Chemists say of their Menstruums, to be quite sated with the infusion. But posterity will best judge of this. In the mean time, it is a surprising reflection, that between what Spenser wrote last, and Waller first, there should not be much above twenty years distance: and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilst the other words are like old coins, one must go to an antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earnest!

Some Painters will hit the chief lines and master-strokes of a face so truly, that through all the differences of age, the picture shall still bear a resemblance. This art was Mr. Waller's: He sought out, in this flowing Tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use and ornament: and this he did so successfully, that his language is now as fresh as it was at his first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that comes in upon the English Poet, and overflows whatever he builds: but this was less His case than any man's that ever wrote; and the mischief of it is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute itself; for, though English be mouldering stone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the best out of a bad quarry.

We

We are no less beholden to Him for the new turn of Verse, which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our Numbers. Before His time, men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words, which good ears are so much pleased with, they knew nothing of it. Their Poetry then was made up almost entirely of monosyllables; which when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh untuneable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Besides, their verses ran all into one another; and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked Atoms that compose a Body in Descartes. There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon: but, as soon as the copy began, down it went, like a larum, incessantly; and the reader was sure to be out of breath, before he got to the end of it. So that really Verse in those days was but down-right prose, tagged with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all these faults; brought in more polysyllables, and smoother measures; bound up his thoughts better; and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the Verse He wrote in: so that where-ever the natural stops of that were, He contrived the little breakings of His sense so as to fall in with them. And for that reason, since the stress of our Verse lies commonly upon the last syllable, you will hardly ever find Him using a word of no force there. I would say, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that He commonly closes with Verbs; in which we know the life of language consists.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of his rhymes: which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that sense was cloyed by the same round of chiming words still returning upon it. It is a decided case by the Great Master of writing, * "*Que sunt ampla, & pulchra, diu placere possunt; quæ lepida & concinna,*" (amongst which rhyme must, whether it will or no, take its place) "*cito satietate afficiunt aurium sensum fastidiosissimum.*" This he understood very well: and therefore, to take off the danger of a surfeit that way, strove to please by variety, and new sounds. Had he carried this observation, among others, as far as it would go, it must, methinks, have shewn him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of Poetry; and have led his later judgment to Blank Verse. But He continued an obstinate lover of Rhyme to the very last: it was a mistress that never appeared unhandsome in His eyes; and was courted by Him long after Sacharissa was forsaken. He had raised it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in; and the Poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer Him ever to slight a thing He had taken so much pains to adorn. My Lord Roscommon was more impartial: no man ever rhymed truer and evenner than he: yet he is so just as to confess, that it is was but a trifle; and to wish the tyrant dethroned, and Blank Verse set up in its room. There is a third person, the living glory of our English Poetry, who has disclaimed the use of it upon the Stage: though no man ever employed it there so happily as he. It was the strength of his Genius, that first brought it into credit in Plays; and it is the force of his example that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing, it continues still; and will do so, till some excellent spirit arises, that has leisure enough, and resolution to break the Charm, and free us from the troublesome bondage of rhyming, as Mr. Milton very well calls it; and has proved it as well, by what he has wrote in another way. But this is a thought for times at some distance; the present age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furnish out matter for a good poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage one now: without prophesying, a man may easily know what sort of laurels are like to be in request.

* Cicero ad Herennium, l. iv.

† Mr. Dryden.

Whilst I am talking of Verse, I find myself, I do not know how, betrayed into a great deal of prose. I intended no more than to put the Reader in mind what respect was due to any thing that fell from the pen of Mr. Waller. I have heard his last printed copies, which are added in the several editions of his poems, very slightly spoken of; but certainly they do not deserve it. They do indeed discover themselves to be his last, and that is the worst we can say of them. He is there

* Jam senior; sed cruda Deo viridisque senectus.

The same censure perhaps will be passed on the pieces of this Second Part. I shall not so far engage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigor of his youth: yet they are so much of a piece with the rest, that any man will at first sight know them to be Mr. Waller's. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reasons obvious enough, but which are now ceased. The play † was altered to please the Court: it is not to be doubted who sat for the Two Brothers' characters. It was agreeable to the sweetness of Mr. Waller's temper, to soften the rigor of the Tragedy, as he expresses it: but, whether it be so agreeable to the nature of Tragedy itself to make every thing come-off easily, I leave to the Critics. In the Prologue, and Epilogue, there are a few verses that he has made use of upon another occasion: but, the Reader may be pleased to allow that in Him, that has been allowed so long in Homer and Lucretius. Exact writers dress up their thoughts so very well always, that, when they have need of the same sense, they cannot put it into other words, but it must be to its prejudice. Care has been taken in this Book to get together every thing of Mr. Waller's that is not put into the former collection: so that between both, the Reader may make the set complete.

It will perhaps be contended after all, that some of these ought not to have been published: and Mr. † Cowley's decision will be urged, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbish. It might be answered to this, that the Pictures, and Poems, of great Masters have been always valued, though the last hand were not put to them. And I believe none of those Gentlemen that will make the objection, would refuse a sketch of Raphael's, or one of Titian's draughts of the first sitting. I might tell them too, what care has been taken by the learned, to preserve the fragments of the ancient Greek and Latin Poets: there has been thought to be a Divinity in what they said; and therefore the least pieces of it have been kept up and revered like religious reliques. And, I am sure, take away the "§ mille anni;" and impartial reasoning will tell us there is as much due to the memory of Mr. Waller, as to the most celebrated names of antiquity.

But, to wave the dispute now of what *ought* to have been done; I can assure the Reader, what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands: it were vain to expect, that among so many admirers of Mr. Waller, they should not meet with one fond enough to publish them. They might have staid, indeed, till by frequent transcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind: but, then they would have found their way into the world. So it was thought a greater piece of kindness to the Author, to put them out whilst they continued genuine and unmixed; and such as He Himself, were He alive, might own.

* Virg. *Æn.* vi. 304.

† "The Maid's Tragedy;" which does not come within the plan of the present publication. In the Preface to his Works.

§ Alluding to that verse in Juvenal,

*** Et uni zedit Homero

Propter mille aunos ***

And yields to Homer on no other score,
Than that he liv'd a thousand years before.

Sat. vii.

Mr. C. Dryden.

THE POEMS OF EDMUND WALLER.

OF THE DANGER HIS MAJESTY (BEING PRINCE)
ESCAPED IN THE ROAD AT SAINT ANDERO.

NOW had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reach'd the sphere of his own power,
The main;
With British bounty in his ship he feasts
Th' Hesperian Princes, his amazed guests,
To find that watery wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Hearts to both Kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons echoed from th' affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove
Bacchus the seed of cloud-compelling Jove:
While to his harp divine Arion sings
The loves and conquests of our Albion Kings.
Of the fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
Herent the crown from vanquish'd Henry's head;
Rais'd the White Rose, and trampled on the Red:
Till Love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd
side:
Neglected Warwick, (whose bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our State)
Weeps for his Master; and, with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
The Lady Bona: whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' affront, and must repair the same:
When France shall boast of her, whose conquering
eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize;
Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counsels of our State.
What the prophetic Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret wound is known.
With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play;
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
Which must anon his royal troop engage:
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.
These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge;
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding
deep:
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
Between the wind and tide, that fiercely jar.
As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest;

They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,
Toft to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds;
And like effects of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons still securely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their sacred load:
Than which a greater pledge Heaven could not
give,

That the good boat this tempest should out-live.

But storms increase! and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the Prince's face;
The rest resign their courage, skill, and sight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle vessel (wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of silver Thames to ride)
Wanders astonish'd in the angry Main,
As Titan's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his adventurous son*,
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whose desire,
Waves threaten now, as that was fear'd by fire.
Th' impatient sea grows impotent, and raves
That, night assisting, his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing;
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
Th' oppress'd vessel doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on every side:
So men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.

The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care;
To see the Prince with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the pleasures of their Court before:
Godlike his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, or the face of Death affright:
Next to the power of making tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.
Great Maro could no greater tempest feign,
When the loud winds usurping on the Main
For angry Juno, labor'd to destroy
The hated reliques of confounded Troy:
His bold Æneas, on like billows tost
In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
Dissolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had
quell'd

In honourable fight: our Hero set
In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flourish'd, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall

* Phacton.

That argues fear, if any thought annoys
 The Gallant Youth, 'tis love's untasted joys;
 And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
 For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;
 Where he had seen a brighter Nymph, than * she
 That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.
 That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
 The conquer'd ocean could not make expire:
 Nor angry Thetis raise her waves above
 Th' heroic Prince's courage, or his love:
 'Twas indignation, and not fear, he felt,
 The shrine should perish where that image dwelt.
 Ah, Love forbid! the noblest of thy train
 Should not survive to let her know his pain:
 Who nor his peril minding, nor his flame,
 Is entertain'd with some less serious game,
 Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic Court;
 All highly born, obsequious to her sport:
 They roses seem, which, in their early pride,
 But half reveal, and half their beauties hide:
 She the glad morning, which her beams does
 throw

Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so:
 Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent ray
 Foretels the fervour of ensuing day;
 And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat,
 To leafy shadows, from the threaten'd heat.

From Cupid's string of many shafts that fled,
 Wing'd with those plumes which noble Fame had
 shed,
 As through the wondering world she flew, and
 told

Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
 Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid,
 But Love's first summons seldom are obey'd:
 Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
 She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
 His glorious name had so possess'd her ears,
 That with delight those antique tales she hears
 Of Jason, Theseus, and such Worthies old,
 As with his story best resemblance hold.
 And now she views, as on the wall it hung,
 What old Mææus so divinely sung:
 Which art with life and love did so inspire,
 That she discerns and favours that desire
 Which there provokes th' adventurous youth to
 swim,

And in Leander's danger pities him;
 Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks
 To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.
 For from the stern of some good ship appears
 A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
 New courage from reviving hope they take,
 And climbing o'er the waves that taper make
 On which the hope of all their lives depends,
 As his on that fair Hero's hand extends.
 The ship at anchor, like a fix'd rock,
 Breaks the proud billows which her large sides
 knock;

Whose rage, restrained, foaming higher swells,
 And from her port the weary barge repels:
 Threatening to make her, forced out again,
 Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.

* Venus.

Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
 Would not be mov'd for our sister States;
 For England is the third successful throw,
 And then the Genius of that land they know,
 Whose Prince must be (as their own books devise)
 Lord of the scene, where now his danger lies.

Well sung the Roman bard; "all human things
 "Of dearest value hang on slender strings."
 O see the then sole hope, and in design
 Of Heaven our joy, supported by a line!
 Which for that instant was Heaven's care above,
 The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
 On which the fabric of our world depends;
 One link dissolv'd, the whole creation ends.

OF HIS MAJESTY RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH.

SO earnest with thy God! Can no new care,
 No sense of danger, interrupt thy prayer?
 The sacred wrestler, till a blessing given,
 Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heaven:
 Nor was the stream of thy devotion stop'd,
 When from the body such a limb was lop'd,
 As to thy present state was no less main;
 Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the
 same.

Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign
 In his * best pattern: of Patroclus slain,
 With such amazement as weak mothers use,
 And frantic gesture, he receives the news.
 Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
 Of war, impos'd by Royal Hector's lance:
 Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
 Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.

The famous † painter could allow no place
 For private sorrow in a Prince's face:
 Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
 He cast a veil upon supposed grief
 'Twas want of such a precedent as this,
 Made the old heathen frame their Gods amiss.
 Their Phœbus should not act a fonder part
 For the ‡ fair boy, than he did for his hart:
 Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own,
 That kept from him wish'd death, had thou been
 known.

He that with thine shall weigh good David's
 deeds,
 Shall find his passion, nor his love exceeds:
 He curst the mountains where his brave friend
 dy'd,

But let false Ziba with his heir divide:
 Where thy immortal love to thy blest friends.
 Like that of Heaven, upon their seed descends.
 Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
 God-like, unmov'd; and yet, like woman kind!
 Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
 Our Charles's pedigree from heaven; and taught
 How some bright dame, compress'd by mighty Jove,
 Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

* Achilles.

‡ Cyparissus.

† Timanthes.

TO
 W
 Homag
 The Fre
 Forget t
 So Jove
 And, wh
 Ships her
 The mig
 Thou on
 And by t
 Of those
 Too oft,
 Now shal
 From bot
 But we n
 But wing
 'Tis not f
 Another
 Should N
 And o'er
 Thy powe
 Would bu
 Thy drea
 And ride
 Those tow
 And visit
 The wo
 That finis
 Whose pri
 Above the
 To thee h
 Dares tru

ON
 OF Jaso
 Ligh
 Such bea
 Some plac
 Salie, that
 Goods with
 And future
 And savage
 Their King
 And does pr
 This pest o
 And throug
 The Pro
 As thy fier
 So shall th
 wor
 He hew'd t
 Just Charie
 Who's pag
 With ships
 mon
 With ships,
 One squadr
 O'erthrow
 For, not co
 And act the
 VOL. II.

TO THE KING ON HIS NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy Navy spreads her canvas wings,
 Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings:
 The French, and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
 Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.
 So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
 And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.
 Ships heretofore like fishes sped,
 The mightiest still upon the smallest fed:
 Thou on the Deep imposest nobler laws;
 And by that justice has remov'd the cause
 Of those rude tempests, which, for rapine sent,
 Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
 Now shall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
 From both those fates, of storms and piracy.
 But we most happy, who can fear no force
 But winged troops, or Pegasean horse:
 'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
 Another nation, as to touch our soil.
 Should Nature's self invade the world again,
 And o'er the centre spread the liquid Main,
 Thy power were safe; and her destructive hand
 Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
 Thy dreadful Fleet would style thee Lord of all,
 And ride in triumph o'er the drowned Ball:
 Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
 And visit mountains where they once did grow.
 The world's restorer once could not endure,
 That finish'd Babel should those men secure,
 Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood:
 Above the reach of any second flood:
 To thee his chosen more indulgent, He
 Dares trust such power with so much piety.

ON THE TAKING OF SALLE.

OF Jason, Theseus, and such Worthies old,
 Light seem the tales antiquity has told:
 Such beasts, and monsters, as their force oppress'd,
 Some places only, and some times, infest.
 Salle, that scorn'd all power and laws of men,
 Goods with their owners hurrying to their den;
 And future ages threatening with a rude
 And savage race, successively renew'd:
 Their King despising with rebellious pride,
 And foes profess'd to all the world beside:
 This pest of mankind gives our Hero fame,
 And through the obliged world dilates his name.
 The Prophet once to cruel Agag said,
 As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
 So shall the sword make thine: and with that
 word
 He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword.
 Just Charles like measure has return'd to these,
 Whose pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas:
 With ships, they made the spoiled merchants
 mourn;
 With ships, their city and themselves are torn.
 One squadron of our winged castles sent
 O'erthrew their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
 For, not content the dangers to increase,
 And act the part of tempests in the seas;
 VOL. II.

Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore
 Whole flocks of sheep, and ravish'd cattle, bore.
 Safely they might on other nations prey;
 Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the sea!
 Mad Cacus so, whom like ill fate persuades,
 The herd of fair Alcmena's seed invades;
 Who, for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
 Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid
 thief.

Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
 Save that his presence his affairs exact,
 Had come in person to have seen and known
 The injur'd world's avenger and his own.
 Hither he sends the chief among his Peers,
 Who in his bark proportion'd presents bears,
 To the renown'd for piety and force,
 Poor captives manumiss'd, and matchless horse.

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S REPAIRING OF ST. PAUL'S.

THAT shipwreck'd vessel which th' Apostle
 bore,
 Scarce suffer'd more upon Melita's shore,
 Than did his temple in the sea of time;
 Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
 When the first * Monarch of this happy Isle,
 Mov'd with the ruin of so brave a pile,
 This work of cost and piety begun,
 To be accomplish'd by his Glorious Son:
 Who all that came within the ample thought
 Of his wise Sire, has to perfection brought.
 He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap:
 Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
 For in his art of regiment is found
 A power, like that of harmony in sound.

Those antique minstrels sure were Charles-like
 Kings,
 Cities their lutes, and subjects' hearts their strings;
 On which with so divine a hand they strook,
 Consent of motion from their breath they took:
 So, all our minds with his conspire to grace
 The Gentiles' great Apostle; and deface
 Those state-obscuring sheds, that like a chain
 Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:
 Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,
 As once the viper from his sacred hand.
 So joys the aged oak, when we divide
 The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.
 Ambition rather would affect the fame
 Of some new structure, to have borne her name:
 Two distant virtues in one act we find,
 The modesty, and greatness, of his mind:
 Which, not content to be above the rage
 And injury of all-impairing age,
 In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
 And things half swallow'd, from the jaws of time
 Reduce: an earnest of his grand design,
 To frame no new Church, but the old refine:
 Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace com-
 mand,
 More than by force of argument or hand.

* King James

For, doubtful reason few can apprehend;
And war brings ruin, where it should amend:
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.

Not aught which Sheba's wondering Queen
beheld

Amongst the works of Solomon, excell'd
His ships and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art.

While the propitious heavens this work attend,
The showers long wanted they forget to send:
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance than our vital food.
The sun, which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty cou'd so far extend:
The King built all; but Charles the western-end;
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heaven!

Laomedon, that had the Gods in pay,
Neptune, with him * that rules the sacred day,
Could no such structure raise: Troy wall'd so
high,

Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the sky.

Glad, though amaz'd, are our neighbour Kings,
To see such power employ'd in peaceful things:
They list not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is easier to destroy, than build.

*** *Sic gratia Regum*

Pieris tentata modis. ***

HORAT.

TO THE QUEEN, OCCASIONED UPON SIGHT OF
HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE.

WELL fare the hand! which to our humble
sight

Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of Royal splendor hides from weaker eyes:
And all access, save by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory: here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen;
And by our Muse saluted, Mighty Queen:
In whom th' extremes of power and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love!

As the bright sun (to which we owe no light
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat,
T' extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So, happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,
As your high Majesty with awful fear
In human breasts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by those eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the scorched world like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill-guided sun.

No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
But as their meanness larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves;

* Apollo.

With admiration! for a pitch so high
(Save sacred Charles's) love never durst fly.
Heaven, that prefer'd a sceptre to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd, and tyranniz'd, without a guard.
No power achiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals Love's empire, both in heaven and earth:
Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:
Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his swift passage to th' Hesperian Dame:
When, like a lion, finding in his way
To some intended spoil, a fairer prey;
The Royal Youth, pursuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallic Court:
There public care with private passion fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confess his greatness and his love,
And the free faith of your † Great Brother prove;
With his † Achates, breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise which did their Graces shroud;
And mixing with those Gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies, and outshine them all?
Or on his journey o'er the mountain's ride?—
So, when the fair Leucothoe he esp'd,
To check his steeds impatient Phœbus yearn'd,
Though all the world was in his course concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so?
Not so divine a flame, since deathless Gods
Forbore to visit the desil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortal breast did burn;
Nor shall, till Piety and They return.

OF THE QUEEN.

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build,
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field:
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora smiling bids her rise and play;
Then straight she shews, 'twas not for want of
voice,
Or power to climb, she made so low a choice:
Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretch'd
Towards heaven, as if from heaven her note she
fetch'd.

So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain the ambition of our song;
But since the light which now informs our age,
Breaks from the Court, indulgent to her rage;
Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.

Those sovereign beams, which heal the wounded
soul,
And all our cares, but once beheld control!
There the poor lover that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion
cur'd,

† Lewis XIII. K. of France.

† D. of Buckingham.

Fares like the man who first upon the ground
A glow-worm 'py'd; supposing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing stone;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone:
He held it dear, till, by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High Heaven, and these expostulations use.
"Could nature then no private woman grace,
"Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
"Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
"Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
"Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
"What envious Power has plac'd this glorious
light?"

Thus, in a starry night fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky;
Which, though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compassion, to mankind:
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face:
For mercy has, could mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious Queen.
Such guard, and comfort, the distressed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill fate would ruin, it prefers;
For all the miserable are made her's.
So the fair tree, whereon the eagle builds,
Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds,
shields:

The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.
Joy of our age, and safety of the next!
For which so oft thy fertile womb is vext:
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waste thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood:
What vast hopes may these islands entertain,
Where Monarchs, thus descended, are to reign!
Led by commanders of so fair a line,
Our seas no longer shall our power confine.

A brave romance who would exactly frame
First brings his knight from some immortal dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield;
None might the mother of Achilles be,
But the * fair pearl, and glory of the sea:
The man † to whom great Maro gives such fame,
From the high bed of heavenly Venus came:
And our next Charles, whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish, spring from thine.

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

FOR NOT APPROACHING THE LADY, WHO CAN
DO ANY THING BUT SLEEP WHEN SHE
PLEASETH.

MY charge it is those breaches to repair,
Which nature takes from sorrow, toil, and
care:

* Thetis,

† Æneas.

Rest to the limbs, and quiet, I confer
On troubled minds: but nought can add to her,
Whom Heaven, and her transcendant thoughts,
have plac'd

Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.

Bright as the deathless Gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free:
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haste obeys.
Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,
What dream can I present to recompense?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command:
Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest
Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar feast:
That power would seem, that entertainment,
short

Of the true splendor of her present court:
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapors made,
Ascending do the seat of sense invade,
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
To over-cast her ever-shining mind:
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,
Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies;
That crystal heaven, where Phœbus never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.
But what so hard which Numbers cannot force?
So sloop the moon, and rivers change their course.
The bold † Mæonian made me dare to steep
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep.
And, since the Muses do invoke my power,
I shall no more decline that sacred bower,
Where Gloriana their great mistress lies:
But, gently taming those victorious eyes,
Charm all her senses; till the joyful sun
Without a rival half his course has run:
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

P U E R P E R I U M.

YE Gods, that have the power
To trouble and compose
All that's beneath your bower,
Calm silence on the seas, on earth, impose.

Fair Venus, in thy soft arms
The God of Rage confine;
For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breast canst tame,
With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddess, give this thy sacred island rest,
Make heaven smile,
That no storm disturb us, while
Thy chief care, our Halcyon, builds her nest.

‡ Homer.

Great Gloriana! fair Gloriana!
Bright as high heaven is, and fertile as earth;
Whose beauty relieves us,
Whose royal bed gives us
Both glory and peace:
Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

TO THE QUEEN MOTHER OF FRANCE
UPON HER LANDING.

GREAT Queen of Europe! whence thy offspring wears
All the chief crowns; where Princes are thy heirs;
As welcome thou to sea-girt Britain's shore,
As erst Latona (who fair Cynthia bore,
To Delos was: here shines a Nymph as bright,
By thee disclos'd, with like increase of light.
Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd?
Or why did you so much regard the wind?
Scarce could the ocean (though intrag'd) have tost
Thy sovereign bark, but where th' obsequious coast
Pays tribute to thy bed: Rome's conquering hand
More vanquish'd nations under her command
Never reduc'd: here Berecynthia so
Among her deathless progeny did go:
A wreath of towers adorn'd her reverend head,
Mother of all that on Ambrosia fed.
Thy god-like race must sway the age to come;
As the Olympus peopled with her womb.
Would those commanders of mankind obey
Their honour'd parent; all pretences lay
Down at her royal feet; compose their jars,
And on the growing Turk discharge these wars:
The Christian knights that sacred tomb should wrest
From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East:
Our England's Prince and Gallia's Dolphin might
Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight:
In single combat by their swords again
The proud Argantes, and fierce Soldan, slain:
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your * Tuscan Muse exalt the fight.

THE COUNTRY TO MY LADY OF CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the sacred Muse inspir'd
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his song admir'd,
And nature's self, in those that could not lye:
Your beauty next our solitude invades,
And warms us, shining through the thickest shades.
Nor ought the tribute, which the wondering court
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn
The answer, and consent, to that report,
Which echo-like, the country does return:
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our springs
Present th' impartial images of things,

* Tasso.

A rural judge † dispos'd of beauty's prize;
A simple shepherd was prefer'd to Jove:
Down to the mountains from the partial skies
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that, which was so justly given
To the bright Carlisle of the Court of Heaven.

Carlisle! a name which all our woods are taught,
Loud as their Amarillis, to resound:
Carlisle! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of every tree that's worthy of the wound:
From Phœbus' rage our shadows, and our streams,
May guard us better than from Carlisle's beams.

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE IN MOURNING.

WHEN from black clouds no part of sky is clear,
But just so much as lets the sun appear;
Heaven then would seem thy image, and reflect
Those sable vestments, and that bright aspect.
A spark of virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity, is fairer made;
Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get:
A Venus rising from a sea of jet!
Such was th' appearance of new-form'd light,
While yet it struggled with eternal night.
Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase
Of glory, by thy noble Lord's decease.
We find not that the ‡ laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for Anchises; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
And that his living eyes such beauty fed:
Had he been there, untimely joy through all
Men's hearts diffus'd had marr'd the funeral.
Those eyes were made to banish grief; as well
Bright Phœbus might affect in shades to dwell,
As they to put on sorrow: nothing stands,
But power to grieve exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou must do so alone;
Grief in thy presence can lay hold of none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove:
Who, by the power of his enchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs
rung.

War he prevented, or soon made it cease;
Instructing Princes in the arts of peace;
Such as made Sheba's curious Queen resort
To the § large-hearted Hebrew's famous Court.
Had Homer sat amongst his wondering guests,
He might have learn'd at those stupendous feasts,
With greater bounty, and more sacred state,
The banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
But oh! what elocution might he use,
What potent charms, that could so soon infuse
His absent Master's love into the heart
Of Henrietta! forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, country, and the sun;
And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run.
Into his arms; while the Parisian dames
Mourn for the ravish'd glory; at her flames

† Paris.

‡ Venus.

§ Solomon.

No less am
When the b
With Heav
Which call

IN ANSWE
AGAINST

WHAT
WI

Thy mistre
Not the ju
Sobbing a ra
He honor w
she gave affi
Thou, tha
Dust to the b
While aft
Cast thou n
Or, is thy n
Hast thou n
Which bu
Ofproudest
So shall th
Should thy l
All were con
Heaven he o
Rewardin
His noble br
His joyful
And neither
Sail thou t

THEY ta
But we
Indeed of De
And renders
The high in
Forgets his g
All stand am
Life though
Ambition los
Save Carlisle
The * Thr
were
The bold Gr
Before his se
Fareils, and
The gay, th
Subdued all
No worthy n
Something F
While the w
(Born for no
Of men) lik
And warms
height

No less amaz'd, than the amazed stars,
When the bold charmer of Theſſalia wars
With Heaven itſelf; and Numbers does repeat,
Which call deſcending Cynthia from her ſeat.

IN ANSWER TO ONE WHO WRIT A LIBEL
AGAINST THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare
With Diomede, to wound the Queen of
love?

Thy miſtreſs' envy, or thine own deſpair?
Not the juſt Pallas in thy breaſt did move
To kindle a rage, with ſuch a different fate:
He honor won, where thou haſt purchas'd hate.

She gave aſſiſtance to his Trojan foe;
Thou, that without a rival thou may'ſt love,
Doſt to the beauty of this Lady owe;

While after her the gazing world does move.
Canſt thou not be content to love alone?
Or, is thy miſtreſs not content with one?

Haſt thou not read of Fairy Arthur's ſhield,
Which but diſclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudeſt foes, and won the doubtful field?

So ſhall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy lambics ſwell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heaven he oblig'd that plac'd her in the ſkies;
Rewarding Phœbus for inſpiring ſo
His noble brain, by likening to thoſe eyes

His joyful beams: but Phœbus is thy foe;
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy fight;
Will thou rhym'ſt againſt ſo fair a light.

OF HER CHAMBER.

THEY taſte of death that do at heaven arrive;
But we this paradise approach alive.

Instead of Death, the dart of Love does ſtrike;
And renders all within theſe walls alike:

The high in titles, and the ſhepherd, here
Forgets his greatneſs, and forgets his fear.

All ſtand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair,
Loſe thought of what themſelves or others are:

Ambition loſe; and have no other ſcope,
Save Carlisle's favour to employ their hope.

The * Thracian could (though all thoſe tales
were true

The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do:

Before his feet ſo ſheep and lions lay,
Scarſe, and wrathleſs, while they heard him play.

The gay, the wiſe, the gallant, and the grave,
Subſerv'd alike, all but one paſſion have:

No worthy mind, but finds in her's there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:

While ſhe with chearful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race

Of men) like Phœbus, ſo divides her light,
And warms us, that ſhe ſcoops not from her
height.

* Orpheus.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, 'twas Love that injur'd you,
And on that rock your Thyriſis threw,
Who for proud Cælia could have dy'd,
While you no leſs accus'd his pride.

Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing ſprings from what he ſows:
From foes diſcharg'd as often meet
The ſhining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide air creating fire;
As ſouls that join in one deſire.

Love made the lovely Venus burn
In vain, and for the † cold youth mourn,
Who the purſuit of churliſh beaſts
Prefer'd, to ſleeping on her breaſts.

Love makes ſo many hearts the prize
Of the bright Carlisle's conquering eyes;
Which ſhe regards no more, than they
The tears of leſſer Beauties weigh.
So have I ſeen the loſt clouds pour
Into the ſea an uſeleſs ſhower;
And the vex'd ſailors curſe the rain,
For which poor ſhepherds pray'd in vain.

Then, Phyllis, ſince our paſſions are
Govern'd by chance; and not the care,
But ſport of Heaven, which takes delight
To look upon this Parthian fight
Of Love, ſtill flying, or in chafe,
Never encountering face to face;
No more to Love we'll ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of Deities:
And let our hearts, which Love diſjoin'd,
By his kind mother be combin'd.

TO

MY LORD OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

TO this great loſe a ſea of tears is due:

But the whole debt not to be paid by you.
Charge not yourſelf with all, nor render vain
Thoſe ſhowers, the eyes of us your ſervants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeneſs of that heart,
In which nor fear, nor anger, has a part?
Virtue would bluſh, if time ſhould boaſt (which
dries,

Her ſole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief; where reaſon triumph's ſo
Over all paſſions, that they ne'er could grow,
Beyond their limits in your noble breaſt,
To harm another, or impeach your reſt.
This we obſerv'd, delighting to obey
One, who did never from his great ſelf ſtray:
Whoſe mild example ſeem'd to engage

Th' obſequious ſeas, and teach them not to rage;
The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,
(The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)
In his loſt ſons did feel the cruel ſtroke
Of changing Fortune; and thus highly ſpoke

† Adonis.

Before Rome's people ; " We did oft implore
 " That if the heavens had any bad in store
 " For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill
 " On his own house, and let you flourish still."
 You on the barren seas, my Lord, have spent
 Whole springs ; and summers to the public lent :
 Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
 And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife :
 For which your country's more obliged, than
 For many lives of old, less happy, men.
 You, that have sacrific'd so great a part
 Of youth, and private bliss, ought to impart
 Your sorrow too ; and give your friends a right
 As well in your affliction, as delight.
 Then with Æmilian-courage bear this cross,
 Since public persons only public loss
 Ought to affect. And though her form, and youth,
 Her application to your will, and truth ;
 That noble sweetness, and that humble state,
 (All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate!)
 Might give excuse to any common breast,
 With the huge weight of so just grief oppress'd :
 Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
 With passion, but your character maintain'd
 To the last act : it is enough her stone
 May honour'd be with superinscription
 Of the sole Lady, who had power to move
 The great Northumberland to grieve and love.

TO MY LORD ADMIRAL,
 OF HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

WITH joy like ours, the Thracian youth
 invades

Orpheus, returning from th' Elysian shades ;
 Embrace the Hero, and his stay implore ;
 Make it their public suit, he would no more
 Desert them so ; and for his spouse's sake,
 His vanish'd love tempt the Lethæan lake :
 The Ladies too, the brightest of that time,
 (Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
 Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
 Who shall the fair Eurydice succeed :
 Eurydice ! for whom his numerous moan
 Makes listening trees and savage mountains groan :
 Through all the air his founding strings dilate
 Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
 Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
 At once the land affecting, and the Main :
 When the glad news that you were Admiral
 Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by
 all

That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in
 you,

Would be perplexed how to chuse a new.
 So more than private was the joy, and grief,
 That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
 That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd ;
 They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.
 Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed) seems
 Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes :
 While not from time alone thy blood retires,
 But from those cheeks, which all the world
 admires.

The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,
 Droop all the branches of that noble tree !
 Their beauty they, and we our love suspend,
 Nought can our wishes, save thy health, intend.
 As lilies over-charg'd with rain, they bend
 Their beauteous heads, and with high Heaven
 contend :

Fold thee within thy snowy arms, and cry
 He is too faultless, and too young, to die !
 So like Immortals round about thee they
 Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
 Who would not languish, by so fair a train
 To be lamented, and restor'd again ?
 Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,
 Though to the Blest ? O'er her Adonis so
 Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious shower
 Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flower.

The next support, fair hope of your great
 name,

And second pillar of that noble frame,
 By loss of thee would no advantage have,
 But step by step pursue thee to the grave.

And now, relentless Fate about to end
 The line, which backward does so far extend
 That antique stock, which still the world supplies
 With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes ;
 Kind Phœbus interposing, bid me say
 Such storms no more shall shake that house ; but
 they

Like Neptune, and his * sea-born Niece, shall be
 The shining glories of the land and sea :
 With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age,
 And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

S O N G.

STAY, Phœbus, stay !
 The world to which you fly so fast,
 Conveying day
 From us to them, can pay your haste
 With no such object, nor salute your rise
 With no such wonder, as De Mornay's eyes

Well does this prove
 The error of those antique books
 Which made you move
 About the world : her charming looks
 Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
 Did not the rolling earth snatch her away.

ON MY LADY DOROTHY SIDNEY'S PICTURE.

SUCH was Philoclea, and such † Dorus' flame
 The ‡ matchless Sidney, that immortal frame
 Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd :
 Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
 With such extremes of excellence, compose ;
 Wonders so distant in one face disclose !
 Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
 Moves certain love ; but with as doubtful fate,

* Venus. † Pamela. ‡ Sir Philip Sidney.

As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
 Levelling fruit on too sublime a tree.
 All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,
 Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.
 Had but this copy which the artist took
 From the fair picture of that noble book
 Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends * had jarr'd;
 And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
 Just nature, first instructed by his thought,
 In his own house thus practis'd what he taught:
 This glorious piece transcends what he could
 think;
 So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

TO VAN DYCK.

RARE Artisan, whose pencil moves,
 Not our delights alone, but loves!
 From thy shop of beauty we
 Selves return, that enter'd free.
 The heedless lover does not know
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so:
 But, confounded with thy art,
 Inquires her name that has his heart.
 Another, who did long refrain,
 Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,
 With dear remembrance of that face,
 Where now he reads new hope of grace:
 Nor scorn nor cruelty does find:
 But gladly suffers a false wind
 To blow the ashes of despair
 From the reviving brand of care.
 Fool! that forg'd her stubborn look
 This softness from thy finger took.
 Strange! that thy hand should not inspire
 The beauty only, but the fire:
 Not the form alone, and grace,
 But act, and power, of a face.
 May'st thou yet thyself as well,
 As all the world besides, excel!
 So you th' unfeign'd truth rehearse,
 (That I may make it live in verse)
 Why thou couldst not, at one assay,
 That face to after-times convey,
 Which this admires. Was it thy wit
 To make her oft before thee sit?
 Confess, and we'll forgive thee this:
 For who would not repeat that bliss?
 And frequent sight of such a dame
 Buy, with the hazard of his fame?
 Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
 Though thy good hand had failed still;
 When nature's self so often errs?
 She for this many thousand years
 Seems to have practis'd with much care,
 To frame the race of women fair;
 Yet never could a perfect birth
 Produce before, to grace the earth:
 Which wax'd old, ere it could see
 Her that amaz'd thy Art, and thee.
 But now, 'tis done, O let me know
 Where those immortal colours grow,

* Pyrocles and Musidorus.

That could this deathless piece compose?
 In lilies? or the fading rose?
 No; for this theft thou hast climb'd higher,
 Than did Prometheus for his fire.

AT PENS-HURST.

HAD Dorothea liv'd when mortal's made
 Choice of their Deities, this sacred shade
 Had held an altar to her power that gave
 The peace and glory which these alleys have:
 Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
 That it became a garden of a wood.
 Her presence has such more than human grace,
 That it can civilize the rudest place:
 And beauty too, and order can impart,
 Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
 The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
 No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre:
 If she sit down, with tops all tow'rs her bow'd,
 They round about her into arbors crowd:
 Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
 Like some well-marshal'd and obsequious band.
 Amph on so made stones and timber leap
 Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:
 All in the symmetry of her parts is found
 A power, like that of harmony in sound.
 Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
 That if together ye fed all one flame,
 It could not equalize the hundredth part,
 Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.—
 Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
 Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
 Of noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,
 Such more than mortal-making stars did shine;
 That there they cannot but for ever prove
 The monument and pledge of humble love:
 His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise
 higher,
 Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

NOT that thy trees at Pens-Hurst groan,
 Opprest with their timely load;
 And seem to make their silent moan,
 That their great Lord is now abroad:
 They to delight his taste, or eye,
 Would spend themselves in fruit, and dye.
 Not that thy harmless deer repine,
 And think themselves unjustly slain
 By any other hand than thine,
 Whose arrows they would gladly stain:
 No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
 That peace with France, and keeps thee there.
 All these are less than that great cause,
 Which now exacts your presence here;
 Wherein there meet the divers laws
 Of public and domestic care,
 For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
 And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of * Thetis' son,
 (For which such stern debate did rise,
 That the great Ajax Telamon
 Refus'd to live without the prize)
 Those Achive Peers did more engage,
 Than she the gallants of our age.
 That beam of beauty, which begun
 To warm us so, when thou wert here,
 Now scorches like the raging sun,
 When Sirius does first appear.
 O fix this flame; and let despair,
 Redeem the rest from endless care!

OF THE LADY WHO CAN SLEEP WHEN SHE
 PLEASES.

NO wonder sleep from careful lovers flies,
 To bath himself in Sachariffa's eyes.
 As fair Astræa once from earth to heaven,
 By strife and loud impiety was driven:
 So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
 Wife Somnus to that paradise repairs;
 Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,
 To court the Nymph, for whom those wretches
 wake.

More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold
 Is the soft God, those softer limbs to hold:
 Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies
 In darkning clouds, the power to close her eyes:
 Eyes, which so far all other lights control,
 They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul!

Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
 Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,
 Know, that though Venus and her son should
 spare

Her rebel heart, and never teach her care;
 Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep;
 And, for another's joy, suspend her sleep.

OF THE MIS-REPORT OF HER BEING PAINTED.

AS when a sort of wolves infest the night,
 With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's
 light;

The noise may chase sweet slumber from her eyes,
 But never reach the mistress of the skies:
 So, with the news of Sachariffa's wrongs,
 Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues:
 Call Love to witness, that no painted fire
 Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire:
 While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more
 With this new malice, than our loves before;
 But, from the height of her great mind, looks
 down

On both our passions, without smile or frown.
 So little care of what is done below
 Hath the bright dame, whom Heaven affecteth
 so!

* Achilles.

Paints her, 'tis true: with the same hand which
 spreads

Like glorious colors through the flowery meads;
 When lavish nature with her best attire
 Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire.
 Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn,
 With the same art wherewith she paints the morn;
 With the same art, wherewith she gildeth so
 Those painted clouds which form Thaumantias'
 bow.

OF HER PASSING THROUGH A CROWD OF
 PEOPLE.

AS in old Chaos (heaven with earth confus'd,
 And stars with rocks together crush'd and
 braid'd)

The Sun his light no further could extend
 Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd:
 So in this throng bright Sachariffa far'd,
 Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard:
 As ships, though never so obsequious, fall
 Foul in a tempest on their Admiral.

A greater favor this disorder brought
 Unto her servants, than their awful thought
 Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest:
 The yielding marble of her snowy breast.

While Love insults, disguised in the cloud,
 And welcome force of that unruly crowd.

So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
 Just distance keeps from his desired Palm:
 But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
 Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs;
 Though loth he seems her tender leaves to prest,
 More loth he is that friendly storm should cease;
 From whose rude bounty he the double use
 At once receives, of pleasure and excuse.

THE STORY OF PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE APPLIED.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspir'd train,
 Fair Sachariffa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
 Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
 Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
 With Numbers he the flying Nymph pursues;
 With Numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!
 Such is the chase, when love and fancy leads,
 O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery
 meads;

Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
 Or form some image of his cruel Fair.
 Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
 O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
 Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious lays,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.

Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
 All, but the Nymph that should redress his wrongs
 Attend his passion, and approve his song.
 Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unfought praise,
 He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

TABULA PHOEBI ET DAPHNES.

ARCADIAE juvenis Thyrsis, Phæbique
 sacerdos,
 Ingenti frustra Sacharissæ ardebat amore.
 Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat;
 Nec fuit asperior Daphnæ, nec pulchrior illi:
 Carminibus Phæbo dignis premit ille fugacem
 Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
 Pascua: formosam nunc his componere Nympham,
 Nunc illis crudelem infanâ mente solebat.
 Audist illa procul miserum, cytharamque sonan-
 tem;

Audist, at nullis respexit mota querelis!
 Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
 Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes.
 Sic, non quæsit cumulat laudibus, olim
 Elapsi reperit Daphnæ sua laurea Phæbus.

S O N G.

SAY, lovely Dream! where couldst thou find
 Shades to counterfeit that face?
 Colors of this glorious kind
 Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itself thou sure wert dress'd
 With that angel-like disguise:
 Thus deluded am I blest,
 And see my joy with clos'd eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
 To be other than a dream:
 Cruel Sacharissa's mind
 Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
 Change that heavenly face of thine;
 Paint despis'd love in thy face,
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
 With a pity-moving shape;
 Such as wander by the brook
 Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,
 In whose shape thou shinest so;
 Seely in her sleeping ear,
 With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
 Thus surpris'd she may fall:
 Sleep does disproportion hide,
 And death resembling, equals all.

TO MRS. BRAUGHTON,
 SERVANT TO SACHARISSA.

FAIR fellow-servant! may your gentle ear
 Prove more propitious to my slighted care,
 Than the bright dame's we serve: for her relief
 (Vex'd with the long expressions of my grief)

VOL. II.

Receive these plaints: nor will her high disdain
 Forbid my humble Muse to court her train.

So, in those nations which the sun adore,
 Some modest Persian, or some weak-eyed Moor,
 No higher dares advance his dazzled sight,
 Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light
 Of their ascending God adorns the east,
 And, graced with his beams, out-shines the rest.

Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
 And whets those arrows which confound us so;
 A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit,
 (Those curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit:
 The Graces put not more exactly on
 Th' attire of Venus, when the Ball she won:
 Than Sacharissa by thy care is dress'd,
 When all our youth prefers her to the rest.

You the soft season know, when best her mind
 May be to pity or to love inclin'd:

In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
 Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear
 Of that stern Goddess: you, her priest, declare
 What offerings may propitiate the Fair:
 Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,
 Or polish'd lines which longer last than they.
 For if I thought she took delight in those,
 To where the chearful morn does first disclose
 (The shady night removing with her beams
 Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch such gems;
 But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
 All that is found in mines, or fishes' shells;
 Her nobler part, as far exceeding these,
 None but immortal gifts her mind should please.
 The shining jewels Greece and Troy bestow'd
 On * Sparta's Queen, her lovely neck did load,
 And snowy wrists: but when the town was
 burn'd,

Those fading glories were to ashes turn'd:
 Her beauty too had perish'd, and her fame,
 Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the flame.

AT PENS-HURST.

WHILE in the park I sing, the listening
 deer

Attend my passion, and forget to fear:
 When to the beeches I report my flame,
 They bow their heads, as if they felt the same:
 To Gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
 With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
 To Thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the
 heaven!

Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign
 Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
 † He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
 Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
 That all we can of love or high desire,
 Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
 Nor call her mother, who so well does prove
 One breast may hold both chastity and love.
 Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
 In joy and bounty, be suppos'd to bring

‡ [D] * Helen. † Sir Philip Sidney.

One so destructive: to no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness; but the rock
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, plac'd those * healing
springs;
Which not more help, than that destruction
brings.

Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion: now, my traitorous song
With thee conspires, to do the finger wrong:
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one, whom he had taught to sing;
Thus he advis'd me: "On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea;
"That there with wonders thy diverted mind
"Some truce at least may with this passion find."
Ah cruel Nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging Main;
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice, and vows his endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heaven has heap'd on
her.

TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I so untimely forth
Into a world, which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
Or shadow of felicity?
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom! do do not slight
That age which you may know so soon:
The rosy morn resigns her light,
And milder glory, to the noon:
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
And summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination, or decay:
For with a full hand, that does bring
All that was promis'd by the spring.

TO AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrsis owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, and You.

* Tunbridge-Wells.

Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look:

If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains:
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine,
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain;
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection;
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some Power above,
Which controls our wills in love!

If not a love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret: for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendor wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how eas'ly I might do,
Heaven (as eas'ly seal'd) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to heaven excuse
The devotion, which I use
Unto that adored dame:
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send,
So that if it could take end,
'T would to heaven itself be due,
To succeed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that 's not idolatry:
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT SACHARISSA
AND AMORET.

TELL me, lovely loving Pair!
Why so kind, and so severe?
Why so careless of our care,
Only to yourselves so dear?

By this can
You the
While the
Can ar

For in vain
Still begu
Where he s
Neither c

Debtors thu
When the
That they
To some

Not the filv
Yok'd in
Not the wir
And conv

Are so love
Or do mo
Are so choi
Or with m

A MORE
A Fran
The smooth
He this d

Amoret, my
Tell me v
Where the p
In thy fo

By that snow
Or thy gr
No such wor
Yet thy w
As Cupid's
And powerf

AH love!
Of all
Is Heaven b
Had the rich
So amply the
Of giving lo
Hence, to
To weary th
Of leaving u
Tny beautie
Solicits thee
As roses fro
When we w
And fresh, a
With such
And look w
That langu
And wound

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of love controul;
While the boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
Still beguil'd Love does come:
Where he finds a foreign guest;
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
Yok'd in Cythera's car;
Not the wings that lift so high;
And convey her son so far;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love;
Are so choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

TO AMORET.

AMORET, the Milky Way,
Fram'd of many nameless stars!
The smooth stream, where none can say,
He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret, my lovely foe!
Tell me where thy strength does lie?
Where the power that charms us so?
In thy soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone:
Or thy grace in motion seen;
No such wonders could be done;
Yet thy waist is straight, and clean,
As Cupid's shaft; or Hermes' rod:
And powerful too, as either God.

A LA MALADE.

AH lovely Amoret, the care
Of all that know what's good or fair!
To Heaven become our rival too?
Had the rich gifts, confer'd on you
So empty thence, the common end
Of giving lovers,—to pretend?
Hence, to this pining sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no power is given,
To beauties to impair: for Heaven
Solicits thee with such a care,
As roses from the stalks we tear:
When we would still preserve them new,
And fresh, as on the bush they grew.
With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain,
That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.

So lightnings which in storms appear
Scorch more than when the skies are clear.

And as pale sickness does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, still more clear
Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.
So nymphs o'er pathless mountains borne,
Their light robes by the brambles torn
From their fair limbs, exposing new
And unknown beauties to the view.
Of following Gods, increase their flame,
And haste, to catch the flying game.

UPON THE DEATH OF MY LADY RICH.

MAY those already curs'd Essexian plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickness
reigns,
Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light, which all our island grac'd,
Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that expos'd to the boisterous wind.

Ah, cruel heaven! to snatch so soon away
Her, for whose life we had time to pray,
With thousand vows, and tears, we should have
fought

That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.
But we, alas, no whisper of her pain
Heard, till 't was sin to wish her here again.
That horrid word, at once, like lightning spread
Strook all our ears—the Lady Rich is dead!
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue:

That death should licence have to rage among
The fair, the wife, the virtuous, and the young!

The * Paphian Queen from that fierce battle
borne,

With guarded hand, and veil so rudely torn,
Like terror did among th' Immortals breed;
Taught by her wound that Goddesses may bleed.

All stand amazed! but beyond the rest
Th' † heroic dame whose happy womb she blest,
Mov'd with just grief, expostulates with Heaven;
Urging the promise to th' obsequious given,
Of longer life: for ne'er was pious soul
More apt t' obey, more worthy to controul.
A skilful eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian Monarch's in her face.
And sweet humility; her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do:
So gentle and severe, that what was bad,
At once her hatred, and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rolling lights of heaven, as change her course!

Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here!

* Venus. † Christian Countess of Devonshire

And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world we'll make her graces
known.

So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art, and power of speech, is waste.
Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

There our delight, complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair Sacharissa!—and now only fair!
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear;
(Such as the Romans did erect of old :)
Where, on a marble pillar, shall be told
The lovely passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless Pair.
Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd
Was not more like, than your's to her fair mind;
Save that she grac'd the several parts of life,
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife;
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.
How false is Hope, and how regardless Fate,
That such a love should have so short a date!
Lately I saw her sighing part from thee:
(Alas that such the last farewell should be!)
So look'd Afræa, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind.
Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death, does last:
For, as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole;
So, all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love.
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well-chosen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the sky.
Then grieve no more, than one so heavenly
shap'd

The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd.
Rather, since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanish'd so entire away,
Her wondrous beauty, and her goodness, merit
We should suppose, that some propitious spirit
In that celestial form frequented here;
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

THE

BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS.
CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how heaven smiles
Upon those late-discover'd isles.

AID me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation, and two whales, I write:
Seas stain'd with gore I sing, adventurous toil!
And how these monsters did disarm an isle.
Bermuda wall'd with rocks who does not know?
That happy island! where huge lemons grow;
And orange-trees, which golden fruit do bear,
Th' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair:
Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of amber-gris is found.

The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,
The Prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
The smoke, by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for Kings adorn.
The sweet palmitoes a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield:
Under the shadow o' whose friendly boughs
They sit, carousing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show;
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there.
But, at some constant seasons every year,
Their barren tops with luscious food abound;
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute pay.
Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons, and sweet grapes, they
dine:

And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these eates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
At once they promise, what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To shew how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste:
There, a small grain, in some few months, will
be

A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The Palma-Christi, and the fair papia,
Now but a seed, (preventing nature's law)
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region set,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So, in this northern tract, our hoarser throats
Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes:
While the supporter of the Poet's style,
Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.
Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade; and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain;
Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
No passion there in my free breast should move,
None but the sweet, and best of passions, love.
There will I sing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high
With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name,
I'll make the listening savages grow tame—
But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shows.

THOUGH rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the numerous Turk
despise;

Yet is no human fate exempt from fear!
Which shakes their hearts, while through the isle
they hear

A hissing noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes, before it breaks the cloud.

Three days they dread this murmur, ere they
know

From what blind cause th' unwonted sound may
grow:

At length two monsters of unequal size,
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;
Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tost,
And left them prisoners on the rocky coast.

One, as a mountain vast, and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.

Here in a pool among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.

The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murder'd on the shore:

By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and ship-wreck'd men, to taste.

As careles dames, whom wine and sleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:

Sometimes the raging ocean fails,
And her brood exposes; when the whales

Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels, quash'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd:

Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd:
Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and
shatter'd.

Harris sure of brass they had, who tempted first
Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have
nurst.

The welcome news, through all the nation
spread,

To sudden joy, and hope, converts their dread;

What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey:

Dispose already of th' untaken spoil;

And, as the purchase of their future toil,

These share the bones, and they divide the oil.

So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,

Whose hide he fold, before he caught the beast!

They man their boats, and all the young men

arm

With whatsoever may the monsters harm;

Fikes, halberts, spits, and darts, that wound so

far;

The tools of peace, and instruments of war.

Now was the time for vigorous lads to show

What love, or honour, could invite them to;

A goodly theatre! where rocks are round

With reverend age, and lovely lasses, crown'd.

Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair,

Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share:

Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British Peers.
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour, to that title due;
Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world spread his growing
fame.—

But how they fought, and what their valour
gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, successless toil,
And how the fishes sack'd the isle.

THE boat, which on the first assault did go,
Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe:
Who, when he felt his side so rudely gor'd,
Loud, as the sea that nourish'd him, he roar'd.
As a broad bream to please some curious taste,
While yet alive, in boiling water cast,
Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
The scorching brags, and hurls the liquor out:
So, with the barb'd javelin stung, he raves;
And scourges with his tail the suffering waves,
Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail;
Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat:
With every fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she would
Advance her tail, her head sautes the mud:
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swing:
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.

This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes:
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd, the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest, though the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content; and with this cub away:
Their wish they have; he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came)
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake;
A prisoner there, but for his mother's sake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast:
Her oily side devours both blade and haft:
And there his steel the bold Bermudian left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake:

Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raise the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal freight:
She swims in blood, and blood does spouting
throw

To heaven, that heaven men's cruelties might
know.

Their fix'd javelins in her sides she wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears:
You would have thought, had you the monster seen
Thus dress'd, she had another island been.
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
As well resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won;
To reach the ears of her escaped son.
He, though a league remov'd from the foe,
Hastes to her aid: the pious * Trojan so,
Neglecting for Creüsa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men amaz'd blush'd to see the seed
Of monsters, human piety exceed.

Well proves this kindness what the Grecian sung,
That Love's bright mother from the ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeless now they wish
For composition with th' unconquer'd fish:
So she their weapons would restore, again
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the
Main.

But how instructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
Nor daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous son protect'd so;
They charge their musquets, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire:
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to send,
For the loud engines which their isle defend:
But what those Pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on those mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know; who sends
A tide so high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

S O N G.

PEACE, babbling Muse!
I dare not sing what you indite;
Her eyes refuse
To read the passion which they write:
She strikes my lute, but, if it found,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no less her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While some fierce lion does embrace
His breathless corpse, and lick his face:
Wrapt up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

* These.

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words, or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes:
And sorrow too finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redress does move:
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women (born to be control'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold:
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress'd
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigor here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young;
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame;
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend:
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies; he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were:
And that a more majestic Queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had seen.
All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul: and made me bow,
Lower than those I pity'd now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream, about to drink,
Surveying there his arm'd head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs; resolves to try
The combat next: but, if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their span;

Beauty like
And our yo
Or, would
Love hat
Love hat
Change in
Gods, that
Vary oft th
Phyllis!
All the love
Let not yo
What has b
On what sh
Or what ny
Leave it to
What we sh
For the joys
Take advice

TO M

BRAVE H
go
Who hears th
We send the
To civilize an
Not that thes
Apollo bears
And though I
Where in calm
He courage h
Of Jove, and
Ah, noble
That know th
Of thy great s
Days with tha
Thy youthful
Think on the
To fate exposi
Among the th
Where oaks an
Confounded li
Some happy
This tempest y
Guarded with
From Heaven
In a late dre
Amaz'd, I saw
When first she
And found her
Inclin'd to wh
Of better fortu
Heaven sends,
To warn, per
To raise our di
Of our proud
mourn
Though now
We had occasi

Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time:
Change in love to heaven does climb;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I enquire,
What has been our past desire:
On what shepherd you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have bequil'd:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

BRAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland
goes,
Who hears this told, and does not strait suppose
We send the graces and the Muses forth,
To civilize and to instruct the North?
Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp;
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp:
And though he be the patron of that spring,
Where in calm peace the sacred virgins sing;
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Jove, and cast the ambitious giant down.
Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great soul thou art (longing to twist
Reys with that ivy, which so early kiss'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee!
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest:
Where oaks and brambles (if the copse be burned)
Confounded lie, to the same ashes turn'd.
Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our island so!
Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,
From Heaven this mischief on our heads is thrown.
In a late dream, the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the * fair Hebrew stand;
When first she felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the seat of civil war.
Indul'd to whose belief, and with preface
Of better fortune for the present age,
Heaven sends, quoth I, this discord for our good;
To warn, perhaps, but not to waste our blood:
To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proud neighbours; who ere long shall
mourn
Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occasion to resume our arms.

* Rebekah.

A lion so with self-provoking smart
(His rebel tail scourging his nobler part)
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad
before.

FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

LET brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink:
A more indulgent mistress guides our spirits,
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites:
She would our care, as well as thirst, redress;
And with Divinity rewards excess.
Deserted Ariadne, thus supply'd,
Did perjur'd Theseus' cruelty deride:
Bacchus embrac'd, from her exalted thought
Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault.
Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove ally'd,
And each by other's timely heat supply'd:
All that the grapes owe to his ripening fires,
Is paid in Numbers which their juice inspires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood
To give our friends a title to our blood:
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,
Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do.

S O N G.

I.

CHLORIS farewell! I now must go:
For if with thee I longer stay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the rest, me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
A servant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

IV.

But what assurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

V.

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst thus inconstant prove;
Being by thy example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

VI.

No, Chloris, no: I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn;
And she distrust me reprobate.

VII.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

OF MY LADY ISABELLA PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

SUCH moving sounds, from such a careless
touch :
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much !
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns ?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud :
Small force there needs to make them tremble so ;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too ?
Here Love takes stand, and, while she charms
the ear,
Empties his quiver on the listening deer :
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes :
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

TO A LADY SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.
That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.
Had Echo with so sweet a grace
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

OF MRS. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air :
And, with her own breath, fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that love control,
Which more than one way courts the soul ?
So, when a flash of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid ; which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from heaven it came :
But, if the winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

DESIGN, or chance, make others wive ;
But nature did this match contrive :
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame,
And measure out, this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care !
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy :
Secured in as high extreme
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains topt with snow ;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem :
None may presume her faith to prove ;
He proffers death that proffers love.

Ah ! Chloris ! that kind nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us :
Creating for ourselves us two,
As love has me for only you !

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends
A long farewell to love I gave ;
Resolv'd my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame
None but those eyes, could have o'erthrown ;
The nymph I dare not, need not, name,
So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires ;
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house ;
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from heaven endure.

FROM A CHILD.

MADAM, as in some climes the warmer sun
Makes its full summit ere the spring's begun
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad ;
So, measure not by any common use,
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrapt my glad head, I wish'd me so indeed,
That hasty time might never make me grow
Out of those favours you afford me now :
That I might ever such indulgence find,
And you not blush, or think yourself too kind :
Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,
Begin to think how you may make them less.
The fount of love makes your soft heart afraid,
And guard itself, though but a child invade,
And innocently at your white breast throw
A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n snow.

THA
Sh
No mon
His arms

It was
The pale
My joy,
Did all w

Anarro
Dwelt all
Give me h
Take all t

TO

HERE,
With
The passio
The faith,
And, that
Transform

Fool tha
Those sing
Fool ! tha
Or hop'd t
For you, th
Decline ou
Who, like

Against a v
Now wi
Mount, m
And, with

(As lawless
Pursue you
And with y
The form

As we their
And he tha
Would thin
But never w
To any art

By those fre
So frequent
Despairs to
Those gilde
And therefo

Love's royal
And by tha
Declining b
She with her

A shining c
Such was
With seemin
Your Thyr

He had his
'Twas snap
He fill'd his
A fate f

Because the
VOL. II.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heavn's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Cælia, for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart :
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy !
And, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.

Fool that I was, so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise ;
Fool ! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove ;
For you, that are motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill ;
Who, like Don Quixote do advance
Against a wind-mill our vain lance.
Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a stoop at every Fair ;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you whereso'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know ;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books :
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art : the motion us'd
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide.
And therefore of the spacious air
Jove's royal comfort had the care :
And by that power did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape ;
She with her own resemblance grac'd
A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.

Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas shap'd like her ; but for the Fair
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.

A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the Gods had like success.

VOL. II.

For, in their story, one, we see,
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree :
A second, with a lover's haste,
Soon o'ertakes whom he had chac'd ;
But she that did a Virgin seem,
Possess'd, appears a wandering stream :
For his supposed Love, a third,
Lays greedy hold upon a bird ;
And stands amaz'd, to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th' air.

To these old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new ;
The amorous now like wonders find,
In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Muse of your incens'd friend ;
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same ;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears he'll not complain ;
For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure lovers know ;
Who, like good falconers, take delight.
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO FLAVIA.

SONG.

I.

'TIS not your beauty can engage
My wary heart :
The sun, in all its pride and rage,
Has not that art ;
And yet he shines as bright as you,
If brightness could our souls subdue.

II.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
Nor those you write,
Which can make Thyrsis' heart your prey ;
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In some of our own sex we find.

III.

No, Flavia ! 'tis your love I fear ;
Love's surest darts,
Those which so seldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts ;
Their very shadows make us yield ;
Dissemble well, and win the field.

THE FALL.

SEE ! how the willing earth gave way,
To take th' impression where she lay !
See ! how the mould, as loth to leave
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave

5 [E]

Close to the nymph's stain'd garment ! Here
The coming spring would first appear ;
And all this place with roses strow,
If busy feet would let them grow.

Here Venus smil'd, to see blind Chance
Itself, before her Son, advance ;
And a fair image to present,
Of what the Boy so long had meant.
'Twas such a chance as this made all
The world into this order fall ;
Thus the first lovers on the clay
Of which they were compos'd lay :
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the first patterns of our race.

Then blush not, Fair ! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down ;
But touch him, and he'll tremble strait :
How could he then support your weight ?
How could the youth, alas ! but bend
When his whole heaven upon him lean'd ?
If aught by him amiss were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

OF SYLVIA.

OUR sighs are heard, just Heaven declares
The sense it has of lover's cares :
She that has so far the rest outshin'd,
Sylvia the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now.
So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's self her name ;
Left she, provoking heaven, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine and die,
Than her bright morning, overcast
With fullen clouds, should be defac'd.

THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose ;
I pluck'd it, though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so, would flame anon :
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love, and music too,
When Flavia it inspires to move ?
When that, which lifeless buds persuade
To wax more soft, her youth invades ?

S O N G.

BEHOLD the brand of beauty tost !
See how the motion does dilate the flame !
Delighted Love his spoils does boast,
And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder and our fear ;
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled through the air.

High heaven the glory does increase
Of all her shining lamps, this artful way :
The sun in figures, such as these,
Joys with the moon to play :
To the sweet strains they advance,
Which do result from their own spheres ;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which she hears.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF A LADY'S PAINTING.

PYGMALEON's fate revers'd is mine :
His marble love took flesh and blood ;
All that I worship'd as divine,
That beauty ! now 'tis understood,
Appears to have no more of life,
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some sudden cause of causeless fear,
Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A shaking through their limbs they find,
Like leaves saluted by the wind :

So, though the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me so ;
Yet from my breast I cannot tear
The passion, which from thence did grow :
Nor yet out of my fancy raise
The print of that supposed face.

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond Narcissus did admire ;
I doat on that which is no where ;
The sign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er so cruel
As this, which thus survives the fuel.

TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

MADAM! intending to have try'd
The silver favour which you gave,
In ink the shining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the fable wave:
When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppose you had deserv'd to take
From her fair hand so fair a boon;
Yet how deserv'd I to make
So ill a change; who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrote,
Instructed by her noble thought?

I, that express'd her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely dames,
Always most welcome to their hands;
Proud that I would record their names;
Must now be taught an humble style,
Some meaner beauty to beguile.

So I, the wrong'd pen to please,
Make it my humble thanks express
Unto your Ladyship, in these:
And now 'tis forc'd to confess,
That your great self did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! since first our palm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which still preserves
Her fruit and state, while no wind blows;
In storms from that uprightness swerves,
And the glad earth about her strows
With treasure, from her yielding boughs.

S O N G.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my life decay:
That powerful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away.
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound!

Peace, Chloris, peace! or singing, die;
That together you and I
To heaven may go:
For all we know
Of what the Blessed do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOT caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself, how far behind
Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of the deep?
No: 'tis so rockless and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From ship-wreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
Which time, and use, are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil flow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the Boy:
Can, with a single look, inflame
The coldest breast, and rudest tame.

THE SELF-BANISH'D.

IT is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay:
But, to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for every thing,
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which Phœbus through his veins has shot.

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire:
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made—to love you too.

S O N G.

GO, lovely rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have unconmended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

AS lately I on silver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the bank I spy'd :
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine ;
And thus she grac'd me with a voice divine.

GALATEA.

You that can tune your sounding strings so well,
Of Ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,
Once change your note ; and let your lute report
The justest grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYRSIS.

Fair nymph ! I have in your delights no share ;
Nor ought to be concerned in your care ;
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew ;
And to my aid invoke no Muse but you.

GALATEA.

Hear then, and let your song augment our grief,
Which is so great, as not to wish relief.

She that had all which nature gives, or chance ;
Whom fortune join'd with virtue to advance
To all the joys this island could afford,
The greatest Mistress, and the kindest Lord :
Who with the royal, mix'd her noble, blood ;
And in high grace with Gloriana stood :
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such,
That none e'er thought her happiness too much :
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her !
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well she acted in the span of life,
That though few years (too few alas !) she told,
She seem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the tree, which grieves no less to leave
The smiling pendant which adorns her so,
And until autumn, on the bough should grow :
So seem'd her youthful soul, not easily forc'd,
Or from so fair, so sweet, a seat divorc'd.
Her fate at once did hasty seem, and slow ;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYRSIS.

Under how hard a law are mortals born !
How now we envy, we anon must mourn :
What now we set high, and seems most to prize,
Is removed from our wondering eyes !

But since the * Sisters did so soon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe, sad nymph ! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muses I'll commend her name :
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The listening trees, and savage mountains, groan ;
What rock's not mov'd when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young ?

GALATEA.

'Twas Hamilton !—whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me say no more.

ON THE HEAD OF A STAG.

SO we some antique Hero's strength
Learn by his lance's weight and length ;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they dress.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty Nimrod did pursue.
What huntman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase ?
Resembling, with each blow he strikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile head ! which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear !
The teeming earth did never bring,
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing :
Which might it never have been cast,
(Each year's growth added to the last)
These lofty branches had supply'd
The Earth's bold sons' prodigious pride :
Heaven with these engines had been seal'd,
When mountain's heap'd on mountains fail'd.

TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

SEES not my Love, how time resumes
The glory which he lent these flowers ?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours :
Time, what we forbear, devours !

Had Helen, or th' † Egyptian Queen,
Been so thrifty of their graces ;
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoil of age which find out faces
In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaseless shower,
Upon the autumn, or the spring,
And spare us neither fruit nor flower ;
Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of Love's neglect
Preserve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more respect
Were due to so divine a fashion ;
Nor would I indulge my passion.

* Paræ.

† Cleopatra.

THE MISER'S SPEECH; IN A MASQUE.

BALLS of this metal slack'd At'lanta's pace,
And on the * amorous youth bestow'd the
race:

Venus 'the nymph's mind measuring by her own)
Whom the rich spoils of cities overthrown
Had prostrated to Mars, could well advise
The adventurous lover how to gain the prize.
Nor less may Jupiter to gold ascribe:
For, when he turn'd himself into a bribe,
Who can blame Danaë, or the brazen tower,
That they withstood not that almighty shower?
Never till then, did Love make Jove put on
A form more bright, and nobler, than his own:
Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,
That slack devotion should his thunder scape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,
Those ais's ears on Midas' temples hung:
But fond repentance of his happy wish,
Because his meat grew metal like his dish.
Would Bacchus bless me so, I'd constant hold
Unto my wish, and die creating gold.

UPON BEN JONSON.

MIRROR of Poets! Mirror in our age!
Which, her whole face beholding on thy
Stage,
Pleas'd, and displeas'd, with her own faults, en-
dures

A remedy like those whom music cures.
Thou hast alone these various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations:
So traced with thy all-resembling pen,
That whate'er custom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit (which deforms them so,
That scarce a brother can his brother know)
Is represented to the wondering eyes
Of all that see or read thy comedies.
Whoever in those glasses looks, may find
The spots return'd, or graces, of his mind:
And, by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view and dress his nobler part.
Narcissus, cozen'd by that flattering Weil,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion grac'd.
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use;
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;
For as thou could'st all characters impart,
So none could render thine; which still escape,
Like Proteus, in variety of shapes:
Who was, nor this, nor that; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

* Hippomenes.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe
All those good plays, but those of others too:
Thy wit repeated, does support the stage;
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No worthies, form'd by any muse but thine,
Could purchase robes, to make themselves so fine.

What brave commander is not proud, to see
Thy brave Melantius, in his gallantry?
Our greatest Ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Alpasia weeping in her gown.

I never yet the Tragic strain assay'd,
Deter'd by that inimitable † Maid.
And, when I venture at the comic style,
Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.

Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and mar'd
Our sport in plays, by rendering it too hard!
So, when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest out-go
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts:
But, if some brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and tofs the axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furthest mark, the rest,
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,
ON HIS TRANSLATION OF SOME PARTS OF
THE BIBLE.

HOW bold a work attempts the pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of those men,
Who here with the same spirit sung,
Wherewith they now assist the choir
Of angels, who their song admire!
Whatever those inspired souls
Were urged to express, did shake
The aged Deep, and both the Poles;
Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull earth, which does with Heaven consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.
Say, sacred Bard! what could bestow
Courage on thee to soar so high?
Tell me, brave friend! what help'd thee so
To shake off all mortality?
To light this torch thou hast climb'd higher,
Than he † who stole celestial fire.

TO MR. HENRY LAWES,
WHO HAD THEN NEWLY SET A SONG OF
MINE, IN THE YEAR 1635.

VERSE makes Heroic Virtue live;
But you can life to verses give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low:

† The Maid's Tragedy. † Prometheus.

But if a trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high, and makes it last :
So in your airs our numbers drest,
Make a shrill fally from the breast
Of nymphs, who singing what we pen'd,
Our passions to themselves commend ;
While Love, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice and heart.

You, by the help of tune and time,
Can make that Song, which was but rhyme :
Noy * pleading, no man doubts the cause ;
Or questions verses set by Lawes.

As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint ;
So others, with division, hide
The light of sense, the Poet's pride :
But you alone may truly boast
That not a syllable is lost :
The writer's and the fetter's skill
At once the ravish'd ears do fill.
Let those which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with *U, Re, Mi* :
Let words and sense be set by thee.

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT,
WRITTEN IN FRANCE.

THUS the wise nightingale, that leaves her
home,
Her native wood, when storms and winter come ;
Pursuing constantly the cheerful spring,
To foreign groves does her old music bring.

The drooping Hebrews' banish'd harps, un-
strung,

At Babylon, upon the willows hung :
Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No less in courage, than in singing well ;
While, unconcern'd, you let your country know,
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you ;
Who, with the Muse's help, can mock those fates
Which threaten kingdoms, and disorder states.

So Ovid, when from Cæsar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led ;
Where he so sung, that we, through pity's glass,
See Nero milder than Augustus was.

Hereafter such, in thy behalf, shall be
Th' indulgent censure of posterity.

To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime, which its own curse doth bring :
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.
This to thyself.—Now to thy matchless book,
Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure fresh language told,
Like new-stamp'd coin, made out of Angel-gold :
Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
In such a style as Courts may boast of now :

* The Attorney-General.

Which no bold tales of Gods or monsters swell ;
But human passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme ; his virtue, or his rage,
Drawn to the life in each elaborate page.
Mars, nor Bellona, are not named here ;
But such a Gondibert as both might fear :
Venus had here, and Hebe, been outshin'd,
By thy bright Birtha, and thy Rhodalind.
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds,
Betwixt thy Worthies, and the Grecian Gods !
Whose Deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal beauty wears the sovereign crown :
Such as, of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood,
Though not resisted, may be underfoot.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MR. WASE, THE
TRANSLATOR OF GRATIUS.

THUS, by the music, we may know
When noble wits a hunting go,
Through groves that on Parnassus grow.

The Muses all the chase adorn ;
My friend on Pegafus is borne,
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Gratius in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read
How to chuse dogs, for scent or speed ;
And how to change and mend the breed :

What arms to use, or nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combat, or to tame ;
With all the mysteries of that game.

But, worthy friend ! the face of war
In ancient times doth differ far,
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, since powder known,
That man, so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now : but with the gun
Men wait in trees, from sun to sun ;
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text ;
To tell how modern beasts are vext :

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage :

Since none doth more to Phæbus owe,
Or in more languages can show
Those arts, which you so early know.

TO HIS
EPON

LUCKE

Born

Comes to p

No monar

But chance

In order de

Where bodi

Without de

And this in

As if his M

Had soar'd

And other v

For his imm

Tonature de

But boldly h

Of heaven,

By which th

By narrow w

Till his free

And did at c

So vast th

That the wi

The Roman

O'er the wh

A tongue too

The wonders

This speaks th

And British

For here, Lu

His words, h

Thy art has t

All that he w

Ovid translat

show'd long

Nor Lucan w

Only Lucreti

Lucretius, lik

Unconcern'd ; t

Did from his

Which now u

A garland ! n

And fought in

As no man's t

Are this great

TO

SIR T

ON HIS TR

THE * wing

As Liberi

Nor would his

Or rear so lou

But your trans

The fight, the

As their small

With our tall

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND MASTER EVELYN,
UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

LUCRETIVS (with a stork-like fate,
Born and translated in a state)
Comes to proclaim in English verse,
No monarch rules the universe:
But chance and atoms make this ALL
In order democratical;
Where bodies freely run their course,
Without design, or fate, or force.
And this in such a strain he sings,
As if his Muse, with Angel's wings,
Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere,
And other worlds discover'd there.
For his immortal, boundless wit,
To nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd those bars
Of heaven, and earth, and seas, and stars,
By which they were before suppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd;
Till his free Muse threw down the pale,
And did at once dispark them all.
So vast this argument did seem,
That the wise author did esteem
The Roman language (which was spread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.
This speaks thy glory, noble friend!
And British language does commend:
For here, Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his music, and his mind,
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid translated, Virgil too,
Shew'd long since what our tongue could do:
Nor Lucan we, nor Horace spar'd;
Only Lucretius was too hard.
Lucretius, like a fort, did stand
Untouch'd; till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear.
A garland! made of such new bays,
And fought in such untrodden ways;
As no man's temples e'er did crown.
Was this great author's, and your own.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND
SIR THOMAS HIGGONS,
UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE VENETIAN
TRIUMPH.

THE * winged lion's not so fierce in fight,
As Liberi's hand presents him to our sight:
Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,
Or roar so loud, as Businello's verse:
But your translation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty Businello.
As their small galleys may not hold compare
With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air:

* The Arms of Venice.

So does th' Italian to your genius veil,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale.
Thus, while your Muse spreads the Venetian story,
You make all Europe emulate her glory:
You make them blush, weak Venice should defend
The cause of heaven, while they for words contend;
Shed Christian blood, and populous cities raise,
Because they're taught to use some different phrase.
If, listening to your charms, we could our jars
Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars,
Our British arms the sacred tomb might wrest
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the east:
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Tasso celebrate the fight.

† VERSES TO DR. GEORGE ROGERS,

ON HIS TAKING THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR IN
PHYSIC AT PADUA, IN THE YEAR 1664.

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children
strove;
With hills on hills, to scale the throne of Jove;
Pallas and Mars stood by their sovereign's side,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd:
While the wise Phœbus, Hermes, and the rest,
Who joy in peace, and love the Muses best,
Descending from their so distemper'd seat,
Our groves and meadows chose for their retreat.
There first Apollo try'd the various use
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,
And fram'd that art, to which who can pretend
A juster title than our noble Friend;
Whom the like tempest drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad?
This crowns him here; and in the bays so earn'd,
His country's honour is no less concern'd;
Since it appears not all the English rave,
To ruin bent: some study how to save:
And as Hippocrates did once extend
His sacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, brave Friend, suppose that thy great skill,
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic isle,
Thy spirits calm, and peace again shall smile.

EDM. WALLER, Anglus.

† This little Poem (first inserted among Waller's Works in 1772) was printed, together with several others on the same occasion, by Dr. Rogers, along with his Inaugural Exercise at Padua; and afterwards in the same manner re-published by him at London, together with his Harveian Oration before the College of Physicians, in the year 1682, while Mr. Waller was yet living. Though the above verses were first printed in 1664, they seem to have been written before the Restoration, as appears from the lines towards the conclusion.

STOCKDALE.

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

MADE TO A SARABAND.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh Hylas! why sit we mute,
Now that each bird salutest the spring?
Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
Never canst thou want matter to sing;
For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,
That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYLAS.

Sweetest! you know, the sweetest of things
Of various flowers the bees do compose:
Yet no particular taste it brings
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose:
So, love the result is of all the graces
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

CHLORIS.

Hylas! the birds which chaunt in this grove,
Could we but know the language they use,
They would instruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconstant Muse:
For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire.

HYLAS.

Chloris! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm season hither does bring:
Time from yourself does further remove
You, than the winter from the gay spring:
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
The oak now resembles which lightning hath
blasted.

IN ANSWER OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S VERSES.

CON.

STAY here, fond youth, and ask no more; be wise,
Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise.

PRO.

And, by your knowledge, we should be bereft
Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

CON.

The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst should still
Last in their pride: and wouldst not take it ill
If rudely, from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd? he wakes himself that does enjoy.

PRO.

How can the joy or hope, which you allow
Be styl'd virtuous, and the end not so?
Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire!
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
But—to sleep better: for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this Nepenthe, rocks himself asleep.

CON.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys;
And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloy.
Who thinks he should be happier made for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfeit: this once past,
What relishes? ev'n kisses lose their taste.

PRO.

Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy:
But shall we starve, 'cause surfeitings destroy?
And if fruition did the taste impair
Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair
Whose joys just Hymen warrants all the night,
Consume the day too in this less delight?

CON.

Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know
The homeliest thing that mankind does, is so.
The world is of a large extent we see,
And must be peopled, children there must be—
So must bread too: but since there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO.

I need not plough, since what the stooping hind
Gets of my pregnant land, must all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage, 'tis not so;
For when Anchises did fair Venus know,
What interest had poor Vulcan in the boy,
Famous Æneas, or the present joy?

CON.

Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like Romances read, or scenes once seen:
Fruition dulls, or spoils the Play, much more
Than if one read, or knew, the plot before.

PRO.

Plays and Romances, read and seen, do fall
In our opinions: yet, not seen at all,
Whom would they please? To an heroic tale
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

CON.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

PRO.

If 'twere not heaven if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be heaven to those that now are
there.

CON.

And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most,
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to gush: so here, restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

PRO.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.
In goodly prospects who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the beauty of the place?

We with
And natur
Where yo
Of the fai

They, who
He's only

Not he tha
Bhe tha

OF THE D

THRICE

Which first
Fair course
And run to
Successful y
To be victo
Sure love's
And where
I, with a di
The haught
Of her negl
Did pride to
Now she rel
A heart dir
The scales a
Now, than
So, in some
How Hector
Here, the fi
That with b
But there, fi
falls,
And frighte
They that ar
Turn head a
So like the ch
That they al
is love, the
They fly that

AN APOLO

THEY th
Of the
To the first
All their real
Neither do, n
Whether it b
So, they that
sway'd by
To the first t
Make a pro
Tis not the th
But whom dy

VOL. II.

We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
And nature blame for limiting our sight :
Where you stand wisely winking, that the view
Of the fair prospect may be always new.

CON.

*They, who know all the wealth they have, are poor ;
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.*

PRO.

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor ;
But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

TO A FRIEND,

OF THE DIFFERENT SUCCESS OF THEIR LOVES.

THRICE happy Pair! of whom we cannot
know

Which first began to love, or loves most now :
Fair course of passion, where two lovers start,
And run together, heart still yok'd with heart :
Successful youth! whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious, in the first essay.
Sure love 's an art best practis'd at first,
And where th' experienced still prosper worst!
I, with a different fate, pursued in vain
The haughty Cælia; till my just disdain
Of her neglect, above that passion borne,
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.
Now she relents; but all too late, to move
A heart directed to a nobler love:
The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more
Now, than my vows and service did before.
So, in some well-wrought hangings, you may see
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:
Here, the fierce Mars his courage so inspires,
That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires:
But there, from Heaven the * blue-ey'd virgin
falls,
And frighted Troy retires within her walls :
They that are foremost in that bloody race,
Turn head anon, and give the conquerors chase.
So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are ;
In love, the victors from the vanquish'd fly :
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up :
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be best or no.
So, they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice or art,
To the first that 's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart :
Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

* Minerva.

VOL. II.

To man, that was in th' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight ;
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light :
Then, at Aurora, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing toward the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise ;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise :
He neither might, nor wish'd to know
A more refulgent light :
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employ'd his utmost sight.

TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth !
Urge not thus your haughty birth :
The power, which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None put a prince!—alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taste,
But what the master-bees have plac'd
In compass of their cells, how small
A portion of your share would fall!
Nor all appear among those few,
Worthy the stock from whence they grew :
The sap, which at the root is bred,
In trees, through all the boughs is spread ;
But virtues, which in parents shine,
Make not like progress through the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live :
The place does oft those graces give.
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led :
† He that the world subdued, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.
'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
The hidden seeds of native worth :
They blow those sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the skies :
To the old Heroes hence was given
A pedigree, which reach'd to heaven :
Of mortal seed they were not held,
Which other mortals so excell'd.
And beauty too, in such excess
As yours, Zelinda! claims no less :
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can describe the shady grove,
Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove :
And yet excuse the faultless dame,
Caught with her spouse's shape and name :
Thy matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I shall sing.

† Alexander.

5 [F]

TO MY LADY MORTON, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY,
AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

MADAM! new-years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are so
kind;

Still as they pass, they court and smile on you;
And make your beauty, as themselves, seem
new.

To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer;
And fairest Morton now as much to her:

So like the sun's advance your titles show,
Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow.

But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays;
From armed foes to bring a * Royal prize,
Shews your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the General's head,
Can give us passion when her story's read;
What may the living do, which brought away
Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey?

Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princess, like a
brand:

A brand! preserv'd to warm some Prince's heart;
And make whole kingdoms take her † Brother's
part.

So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did throw
The ‡ hope of Rome, and sav'd him in a cloud.

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs
Crime!

Let him that draws it hide the rest in night;
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind Nymph, changing her faultless
shape,

Becomes unhandsome, and handsomely to scape,
When through the guards, the river and the sea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their
way.

As the brave eagle does with sorrow see
The forest wasted; and that lofty tree
Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown;
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the Gallic shore.
Born in the storms of war, this Royal Fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous air,
Though now she flies her native isle (less kind,
Less safe for her than either sea or wind!)
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the British throne:
Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.

* Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter to K.
Charles I.

† K. Charles II.

‡ Æneas.

TO A FAIR LADY,
PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

STRANGE! that such horror, and such grace,
Should dwell together in one place;
A Fury's arm, an Angel's face!

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this, and by her coldness, barr'd,
Her servants have a task too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy snake! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know;
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
Another tempter of this snake;
A marble one, so warm'd, would speak.

THE NIGHT-PIECE,
OR, A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:

Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye;
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound,
Than in another's song is found:
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright stars, and Milky Way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day:
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the splendor of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her shining image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get:
There, blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.

Yet, friendied by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care:
He that on her bold hand lays
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.

All near approaches threaten death,
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath:

Love, savour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail;
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven, or the rock, of love.

So, we th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow;
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S *ENEID*
TRANSLATED.

Beginning at Verse 437.

“ * * * * Talefque miserrima fletus
“ Fertque refertque foror. * * * * ”

And ending with

“ Adnixi torquent spumas, et cœrula verrunt,”
Ver. 583.

ALL this her weeping sister * does repeat
To ther † stern man, whom nothing could
intreat;
Left were her prayers, and fruitless were her
tears!
Fate, and great Jove, had stopt his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would
rend

Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk; and with a boisterous sound
Scatter his leaves, and strew them on the ground:
He fixed stands; as deep his roots do lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No less on every side the Hero prest,
Feels love, and pity, shake his noble breast;
And down his cheeks though fruitless tears do roll,
Unmov'd remains the purpose of his soul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel heaven to hate.
Her resolution to dispatch, and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The water, consecrate for sacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes;
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own sister, knows.
Besides, there stood, as sacred to her † Lord,
A marble temple which she much ador'd;
With snowy fleeces and fresh garlands crown'd;
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful sound;
Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb:
And dismal owls preface the ills to come.
Besides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold:
Scorn'd and deserted to herself she seems;
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.

So, to mad Pentheus, double Thebes appears;
And Furies howl in his distemper'd ears.
Orestes so, with like distraction tost,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghost.
Now grief and fury to their height arrive;
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.

Her grieved sister, with a chearful grace,
(Hope well-dissembled shining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear sister! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of Æthiopia lies
The place where Atlas does support the skies:
Hence came an old magician, that did keep
Th' Hesperian fruit, and made the dragon sleep:
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
And, where she lists, make calmest minds to
grieve!

The course of rivers, and of heaven, can stop.
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.
Witness, ye Gods! and thou, my dearest part!
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed, where I my ruin did embrace:
With all the reliques of our impious guest,
Arms, spoils, and presents, let the spoil be drest;
(The knowing woman thus prescribes) that we
May raise the man out of our memory.

Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth those sacred rights pretend.
Nor worse effects of grief her sister thought
Would follow, than sichæus' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her: and now heap'd high
The cloven oaks, and lofty pines do lie;
Hung all with wreaths and flowery garlands
round;

So by herself was her own funeral crown'd!
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies,
And his sharp sword, wherewith anon she dies.
They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
The magic prophetess begins her prayer:
On Chaos, Erebus, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal shades have their abodes,
She loudly calls; besprinkling all the room
With drops, suppos'd from Lethe's lake to come.
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-fall'd colts, and herbs by moon-light
mows.

A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands:
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every God,
And every Power; if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requested love!

Now was the time, when weary mortals sleep
Their careful temples in the dew of Sleep:
On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet and deep silence fell:
But not on Dido! whose untamed mind
Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd:
A double passion in her breast does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus she afflicts her soul: What shall I do?
With fate inverted, shall I humbly woo?
And some proud prince, in wild Numidia born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn?
Or, shall I with th' ungrateful Trojan go,
Quit all my state, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by sad experience! known
The perjur'd race of false Laomedon?
With my Sidonians shall I give them chace,
Bands hardly forced them from their native place?

No—die! and let this sword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty
flame.

Ah sister! vanquish'd with my passion, thou
Betray'd me first, dispensing with my vow.
Had I been constant to Sicheus still,
And single liv'd, I had not known this ill!

Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged
breast,

While the Dardanian does securely rest
In his tall ship for sudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the son of Jove appear'd;
Thus seems to speak the youthful Deity,
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.

Fair Venus' feed! canst thou indulge thy
sleep,

Nor better guard in such great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind!
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine,
She meditates revenge, resolv'd to die;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.

This said, the God in shades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd Æneas, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight again.
Fall to your oars, and all your canvas spread:
What God soe'er that thus vouchsafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey,
Assist us still, smoothing our happy way,
And make the rest propitious!—With that word,
He cuts the cable with his shining sword:
Through all the navy doth like ardor reign,
They quit the shore, and rush into the main:
Plac'd on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding
deep.

ON THE PICTURE OF A FAIR YOUTH, TAKEN
AFTER HE WAS DEAD.

As gather'd flowers, while their wounds are
new,
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalks they grew;
Torn from the root that nourish'd them a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they smile;
And, in the hand which rudely pluck'd them,
show

Fairer than those that to their autumn grow:
So love and beauty still that visage grace:
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Those lovely features, which cold Death has
spar'd,

No wonder then he sped in love so well,
When his high passion he had breath to tell;
When that accomplish'd soul, in this fair frame,
No business had, but to persuade that dame;
Whose mutual love advanc'd the youth so high,
That, but to heaven, he could no higher fly.

ON A BREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS, WOVEN BY
FOUR LADIES.

TWICE twenty slender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies
shine:

As nature them, so they this shade have wrought;
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird, when, his fair train dis-spread,
He woos the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dyes.

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS, AND JOINT
INTEREST, OF HIS HIGHNESS AND THIS
NATION.

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle,
hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command;
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial spirits still aloud complain:
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign:
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, when the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now, all nation's greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent;
Or thus created; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppress'd shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your Court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your wing'd navy, flies
Through every land that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such
Might hope
What may
By us, en

Lords of the
Whole fore
And every c
But none can

Angels, and
That none c
While we de
The bad wit

Our little wo
Like that, an
Of her own
And all that

As Egypt do
But to the N
So, what our
Our ever-con

The taste of
Free from the
Without the v
And, without

To dig for we
Gold, though
Ours is the ha
We plough th

Things of the
Mount are our
Rome, though
flown,
Could never m

Here the third
France-conque
You:
For whom he f
Till Alexander

When for more
He wist not T
Another yet:
To make more

He safely migh
Against th' un
Whose hasty fl
More spoils th

A race unconqu
The Caledonian
Here, by a fate
Born from all a

Whom the old
With a new ch
Here foreign go
Our English iro

They, that hen
No warmer reg
May blame the
Which in our f

With such a Chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest :
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the Sea and You ?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea :
And every coast may trouble or relieve :
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels, and we, have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive :
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves ;
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky ;
So, what our earth, and what our heaven, denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow :
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine ;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth, to weary out our limbs ;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims :
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds ;
Great are our men, and warlike are our steeds :
Rome, though her eagle through the world had
flown,

Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry flourish'd ; and now
You :

For whom he stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet : a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede ;
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind :
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come ;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun ; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one :
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state :
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.

Holland, to gain our friendship is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent :
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news ;
Our Neighbour-Princes trembled at their roar :
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease ;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace :
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Let pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone :
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing ; and to punish, loth ;
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate or error had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread ;
The only cure, which could from heaven come
down,

Was so much power and piety in one !

One ! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine ;
The meanest, in your nature mild and good ;
The noble, rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these ;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live ;
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still, as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you ;
Chang'd like the world's great scene ! when,
without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar light destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story :
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found : and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage :
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars :
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them
Lord,

What hope had ours, while yet their power was
new,

To rule victorious armies, but by you ?

You ! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose :
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast :
So England now does, with like toil oppress'd,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace !
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in sight ;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won ;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did
choak

Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse :
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing ;
But there, my Lord ! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head : while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside :
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

OF OUR LATE WAR WITH SPAIN, AND FIRST
VICTORY AT SEA NEAR ST. LUCAR, 1661.

NOW, for some ages, had the pride of Spain
Made the sun shine on half the world in vain ;
While the bid war to all, that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made die.
Of nature's bounty men forbore to taste ;
And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
From the new world, her silver and her gold
Came, like a tempest to confound the old.
Feeding with these the brib'd Electors' hopes,
Alone she gives us Emperors and Popes :

With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.

When Britain, looking with a just disdain,
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain ;
And knowing well that empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin ;
Her native force and virtue did oppose,
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.

And now some months, incamping on the Main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain :
They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd ;
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode :
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with th' inconstant sky :
Our oaks secure as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Mean-while, the Spaniards in America
Near to the Line the sun approaching saw ;
And hop'd their European coast to find
Clear'd from our ships by the autumnal wind :
Their huge capacious galleons stuff'd with plate,
The labouring winds drive slowly to' ards their
fate.

Before St. Lúcar they their guns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to call forth a barge :
This heard some ships of ours (though out of view)
And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew :
So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they soon begin their tragic play,
And with their smoaky cannon banish day :
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their fable arms embrace the fleets.
Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die :
Born under different stars, one fate they have ;
The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave !

Bold were the men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when shipwreck was the
worst :

More danger now from man alone we find,
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had sail'd from near th' antarctic Pole,
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,
In sight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or sea !
What they would spare, our fiercer art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terror and in noise.
Once Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray :
Here, Heaven in vain that kind retreat should
sound :

The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize : while others, burnt and
rent,

With their rich lading to the bottom went :
Down sinks at once, (so Fortune with us sports)
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.
Vain man ! whose rage buries as low that store,
As varice had digg'd for it before :
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep :

Where Th
Those feed
And now
Fell, wit
The * Mar
Wealth, th
Out from h
To perish in
Then laid h
And, since
Spices and g
And, phœni
Alive, in fla
And now, to
Abes ! more
Than the hug
These dyin
suspend the
Beauty and y
Such noble pi
That the rich
All labour no
How frail our
Our wrath an
They that but
Made the sea
And, their yo
With greater l
With these r
With laurels in
Let the brave
Our great Pro
His conquering
Then let it be,
Let the rich or
And the state fi
With genuine el
A royal sceptre,

DOWN THE DEAR

WE must re
claim
to forms, as lo
His dying groan
And trees uncut
About his palace
into the air.—So
Now Rome in fu
And, from obeyi
On Octa's top th
With ruin'd oaks
The poplar too, w
On his victorious
These his last fury
His dying Hero fi
drown'd whole to
rest,
His last legacy
The ocean, which
Could give no limi
*
All from this

Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
These seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.

And now, into her lap the richest prize
Fell, with the noblest of our enemies:
The * Marquis (glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element:
Then laid him by his burning Lady's side;
And, since he could not save her, with her dy'd.
Spices and gums about them melting fry:
And, phoenix-like, in that rich nest they die:
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd;
And now, together are to ashes turn'd:
Ashes! more worth than all their funeral cost;
Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.
† These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns:
Beauty and youth, about to perish, finds
Such noble pity in brave English minds;
That the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize)
All labour now to save their enemies.
How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care!
They that but now for honour and for plate
Made the sea bluish with blood, resign their hate;
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.
With these returns victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru!
Let the brave Generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath such wreaths enough:
His conquering head has no more room for bays,
Then let it be, as the glad nation prays:
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the state fix'd by making him a crown:
With ermine clad and purple, let him hold
A royal sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

WE must resign! Heaven his great soul doth claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle;
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air.—So Romulus was lost!
Now Rome in such a tempest mis'd her King:
And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.
Our Octa's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread.
The poplar too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
These his last fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying Hero from the continent
Scatter'd whole towns; and forts from Spaniards
rest,
As his last legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind;

* Of Bajadoz.

† All from this line was added after 1661.

Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil;
Nor hath he left us prisoners to our isle:
Under the tropic is our language spoke:
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage;
Found nobler objects for our martial rage:
And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd,
The ancient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then, if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

TO THE KING,

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shews his globe
of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.
But your full majesty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendor of your state,
(Wrap'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse Fate!)
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprize;
That, if your grace incline that we should live,
You must not, Sir! too hastily forgive.
Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,
Watching your sceptre: the revolted sea
Trembles, to think she did your foes obey.
Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage, became the scorn and hate
Of her proud neighbours, who began to think
She with the weight of her own force would sink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant Isle has got her eye again.
Now, she might spare the ocean; and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now, your thunder shall
Princes that saw you different passions prove;
For now they dread the object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whose conversation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove, disguised in a mortal shape,
When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.
And though it be our sorrow and our crime,
To have accepted life so long a time
Without you here; yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present reign:
For, having view'd the persons and the things,
The councils, state, and strength, of Europe's kings,

You know your work; ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as Heaven does to the main.
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practice, taught.
So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night for our concerns employ'd:
He ripens spices, fruit, and precious gums,
Which from remotest regions hither comes

This seat of yours (from th' other world re-
mov'd)

Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force, fix'd here; your power and skill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much-suffering Monarch! the first English-
born,

That has the crown of these three nations worn!
How has your patience with the barbarous rage
Of your own soil contended half an age?
Till (your try'd virtue and your sacred word
At last preventing your unwilling sword)
Armies and fleets, which kept you out so long,
Own'd your great Sovereign, and redress'd his
wrong.

When strait the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder set on fire;
And, with a noble rage, their King require.
So th' injur'd sea, which from her wonted course,
To gain some acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel stay;
Raging, the late-got land she overflows,
And all that's built upon 't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for grace, and expiate their sin:
All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil;
Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.

If then such praise the * Macedonian got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot;
What glory's due to him, that could divide
Such ravel'd interests? has the knot untw'd,
And, without stroke, so smooth a passage made,
Where craft and malice such impeachments laid?

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untouch'd wall
Of self-demolish'd Jericho so low:

His Angel 'twas that did before you go;
Tame'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus, patience crown'd, like Job's, your trou-
ble ends,

Having your foes to pardon, and your friends:
For, though your courage were so firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the shock?
Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood,
And pity'd those who love with frailty shew'd.

Rude Indians, torturing all the royal race,
Him with the throne and dear-bought sceptre
grace

That suffers best: what region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of your mighty mind
Is, how you combat Fortune now she's kind:
And this way too you are victorious found;
She flatters with the same success she frown'd.

* Alexander.

While, to yourself severe, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer parts fall to the people's share.
Safety and equal government are things
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.

Faith, law, and piety (that banish'd train!)
Justice and truth, with you return again:
The city's trade, and country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish, without fraud or strife.
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase;
And does the shepherds as securely keep
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But above all, the Muse-inspired train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again:
Kind heaven at once has, in your person, sent
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

"Nec magis expressi vultus per athena signa,
"Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
"Clarorum apparent * * * *"

HORAT.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY*.

OF the first paradise there's nothing found,
Plants set by Heaven are vanish'd, and the
ground;

Yet the description lasts: who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this paradise relate?

Instead of rivers rolling by the side
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide:
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers old as seas, to which they go,
Are nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river, than to build a town.

For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them stand.
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs
As the high fame of their great Owner grows!
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and his palace tall!

Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous shade:
The gallants dancing by the river side;
They bathe in summer, and in winter slide.
Methinks I hear the music in the boats,
And the loud Echo which returns the notes:
While overhead a flock of new-sprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the sun control,
Darkening the † sky they hover o'er, and shroud
The wanton sailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides:
The Ladies, angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take:

* First printed in folio, 1661.

† In folio edit. 'the air they hover,' &c.

At once
They ma
A thou
And Se
From Th
And tell
All that c
Or dead,
The choic
Or Peter's
All with a
Whose lea
Such vario
My doubt
Vender, th
Gives a fre
There ice,
Temper he
Winter's d
Though the
Strange! th
snow
High on the
Here a w
To see our
His manly p
Vigour and
His shape so
Confirm our
No sooner ha
But 'tis alrea
And such a f
As treat a fin
May that ill
To stand befo
Near this n
ices
A living galle
Bold sons of e
As if once mo
In such green
Sleep in their f
With such old
And, by frequ
Free from th'
Man, thus ret
Here Charles c
Here he resolv
What nation sh
Determin'd is
The world, fro
Concern'd in w
His fancy obje
The prospect th
The first of emp
To which three
The structure b
Built with the f
Rich, disproportion
Of their proud s
From hence he c
Where royal he

* Cardinal W.

VOL. II.

At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
 They make the fishes and the men their prize.
 A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,
 And Sea-Nymphs enter with the swelling tide:
 And tell the wonders of her Sovereign's Court.
 All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
 Or dead, the palate, here you may defery;
 The choicest things that furnish'd Noah's ark,
 Or Peter's sheet, inhabiting this Park:
 All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
 Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
 Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
 My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.
 Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
 Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup:
 There ice, like crystal, firm, and never lost,
 Tempers hot July with December's frost;
 Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
 Though the warm Spring, his enemy, draws nigh.
 Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the
 snow,

High on the Alps, and in deep caves below.
 Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy,
 To see our Prince his matchless force employ:
 His manly posture, and his graceful mein,
 Vigour and youth in all his motions seen;
 His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
 Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
 No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
 But 'tis already more than half the Mall:
 And such a fury from his arm has got,
 As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot.
 May that ill fate his enemies befall,
 To stand before his anger or his ball!
 Near this my Muse, what most delights her,
 fees

A living gallery of aged trees:
 Bold sons of earth, that thrust their arms so high,
 As if once more they would invade the sky.
 In such green palaces the first Kings reign'd,
 Sleep in their shades, and Angels entertain'd:
 With such old counsellors they did advise
 And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise.
 Free from th' impediments of light and noise,
 Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
 Here Charles contrives the ordering of his states:
 Here he resolves his neighbouring Princes' fates:
 What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
 Determin'd is in this oraculous shade;
 The world, from India to the frozen North,
 Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
 His fancy objects from his view receives;
 The prospect thought and contemplation gives.
 The seat of empire here salutes his eye,
 To which three kingdoms do themselves apply;
 The structure by a * Prelate rais'd, Whitehall,
 Built with the fortune of Rome's Capitol:
 Such, disproportion'd to the present state
 Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
 From hence he does that † antique pile behold,
 Where royal heads receive the sacred gold:

* Cardinal Wolsey. † Westminster-Abbey.

It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
 There made like Gods, like mortals there they
 sleep:

Making the circle of their reign complete,
 Those suns of empire! where they rise, they set.
 When others fell, this standing did presage
 The crown should triumph over popular rage:
 Hard by that ‡ House where all our ills were
 shap'd,

Th' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.
 So, snow on Ætna does unmelted lie,
 Whence rolling flames and scatter'd cinders fly;
 The distant country in the ruin shares,
 What falls from heaven the burning mountain
 spares.

Next, that § capacious Hall he sees, the room
 Where the whole nation does for justice come:
 Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
 And judges grave on high tribunals frown.
 Here like the people's pastor he does go,
 His flock subjected to his view below:
 On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
 No private passion does indulgence find:
 The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
 And made a sacrifice to public care.
 Here, free from court-compliances, he walks;
 And with himself his best adviser, talks;
 How peaceful olive may his temples shade,
 For mending laws, and for restoring trade:
 Or, how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
 For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
 Of ancient produce here he ruminates,
 Of rising kingdoms, and of falling states:
 What ruling arts gave great Augustus fame;
 And how Alcides purchas'd such a name.
 His eyes, upon his || native Palace bent,
 Close by, suggests a greater argument:
 His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
 On what the world may from that star expect,
 Which at his birth appear'd; to let us see,
 Day, for his sake, could with the night agree:
 A Prince, on whom such different lights did smile
 Born the divided world to reconcile!
 Whatever Heaven, or high-extracted blood,
 Could promise, or foretel, he will make good:
 Reform these nations, and improve them more,
 Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

OF THE INVASION AND DEFEAT OF THE TURKS,
 IN THE YEAR 1683.

THE modern Nimrod, with a safe delight
 Pursuing beasts that save themselves by
 flight;
 Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
 Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.
 A Prince, with eunuchs and the softer sex
 Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,

‡ House of Commons.
 § Westminster-hall. || St. James's.

Provoke the German, and neglecting Heaven,
Forget the truce for which his oath was given.

His Grand Visier, presuming to invest
The chief * imperial city of the West,
With the first charge, compell'd in haste to rise,
His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The standard lost, and Janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master vain.
The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the memory of his father's doom:
And his guard murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful Kings.

The trembling Sultan's forc'd to expiate
His own ill-conduct by another's fate:
The Grand Visier, a tyrant, though a slave,
A fair example to his master gave;
He Bassa's heads, to save his own made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preserve, must die.

The fatal bow-string was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought:
Made the world tremble with a numerous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies! yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,
That of the Great, neglecting to be just,
Heaven in a moment makes an heap of dust.

The Turks so low, why should the Christian
lose

Such an advantage of their barbarous foes?
Neglect their present gain to complete,
Before another Solyman they get?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That numerous herd, by such a lion led.
He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.

But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possess'd,
The Christians perish, by themselves oppress'd:
Cities and provinces so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!

What Angel shall descend, to reconcile
The Christian-states, and end their guilty toil?
A Prince more fit from Heaven we cannot ask,
Than Britain's King, for such a glorious task:
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives them the fear and favour of mankind.
His warrant does the Christian fate defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain,
What Rome had fought from her fierce sons in vain.

In battles won, Fortune a part doth claim,
And soldiers have their portion in the fame:
In this successful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word,
Without unsheathing the destructive sword:
Without a tax upon his subjects laid,
Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade.
And what can they to such a Prince deny,
With whose desires the greatest Kings comply?

The arts of peace are not to him unknown,
This happy way he march'd into the throne:
And we owe more to Heaven, than to the sword,
The wish'd return of so benign a Lord.

* Vienna.

Charles, by old Greece, with a new freedom
grac'd,
Above her antique heroes shall be plac'd.
What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace:
Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monsters slain.
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;
This glorious act the living do behold.

TO THE QUEEN,

UPON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, AFTER HER
HAPPY RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS
SICKNESS.

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd so
The fairest light the world can show.
Welcome the new! whose every day,
Restoring what has snatch'd away
By pining sickness from the Fair,
That matchless beauty does repair;
So fast, that the approaching spring
(Which does to flowery meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all she had before.

But we recover not so fast
The sense of such a danger past;
We, that esteem'd you sent from Heaven,
A pattern to this Island given;
To shew us what the Bless'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here;
When that which we immortal thought,
We saw so near destruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure:
And tremble yet, as not secure.
So, though the sun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipse set free;
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

But, that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help so near
For all the evil you can prove;
The kindness of your Royal Love.
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserv'd for you: more dear,
More priz'd than all these kingdoms were!
For, when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropt the shower,
Reviv'd you like a dying flower.

SUNG BY MRS. KNIGHT TO HER MAJESTY, ON
HER BIRTH-DAY.

THIS happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious Saint, a matchless Queen:
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The Saint above, th' Infanta here.

May all those years, which Catharine
The Martyr did for heaven resign
Be added to the line
Of your blest life among us here!
For all the pains that she did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleasures share!
May Heaven itself content
With Catharine the Saint!
With appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!

OF HER MAJESTY,

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been!
How are we chang'd, since we first saw
the Queen?

She, like the Sun, does still the same appear;
Bright as she was at her arrival here!
Time has commission mortals to impair,
But things celestial is oblig'd to spare.

May every new year find her still the same,
In health and beauty, as she hither came!
When Lords and Commons, with united voice,
Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice:
First of our Queens, whom not the King alone,
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.

With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd
The * glorious Prince, that does the Turk con-
found.

Victorious both! His conduct wins the day;
And her example chaces vice away.
Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
To greater glory to reform the age.

OF TEA,

COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to
praise.

The best of Queens, and best of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation which the way did show
To the fair region, where the sun does rise;
Whose rich productions we do justly prize.
The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid;
Repress those vapours which the head invade;
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit, on her Birth-day, to salute the queen.

PROLOGUE FOR THE LADY-ACTORS: SPOKEN
BEFORE KING CHARLES II.

A MAZE us not with that majestic frown:
But lay aside the greatness of your crown!

* John Sobieski, King of Poland.

And for that look which does your people awe,
When in your throne and robes you give them law,
Lay it by here; and give a gentler smile!
Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while
He listens to Apollo's charming lyre,
Or judges of the songs he does inspire.
Comedians on the Stage shew all their skill:
And after do as love and fortune will:
We are less careful, hid in this disguise;
In our own clothes more serious, and more wife.
Modest at home, upon the Stage more bold;
We seem warm lovers, though our breasts be cold;
A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, MOTHER TO THE
PRINCE OF ORANGE:

AND OF HER PORTRAIT,
WRITTEN BY THE LATE DUCHESS OF YORK,
WHILE SHE LIVED WITH HER.

HEROIC Nymph! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory, of the British Court!
Into whose arms, the Church, the State, and all
That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come that shall your bounty hear,
Will think you mistress of the Indies were:
Though freighter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine:
Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,
Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native ile does with your praises ring:
But above all, a * Nymph of your own train,
Gives us your character in such a strain,
As none but she, who in that Court did dwell,
Could know such worth; or worth describe so
well.

So, while we mortals here at heaven do guess,
And more our weakness than the place express;
Some angel, a domestic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath seen and known.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,
WHEN SHE WAS TAKING LEAVE OF THE COURT
AT DOVER.

THAT sun of beauty did among us rise,
England first saw the light of your fair eyes.
In English too your early wit was shown:
Favour that language which was then your own,
When, though a child, through guards you made
your way;
What fleet, or army, could an angel stay?
Thrice happy Britain, if she could retain,
Whom she first bred, within her ambient main.

* Lady Anne Hyde.

Our late-born London, in apparel new,
Shook off her ashes to have treated you :
But we must see our glory snatch'd away,
And with warm tears increase the guilty sea :
No wind can favour us ; howe'er it blows,
We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose !
Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell—
Fair, lovely, great, and best of Nymphs, farewell !

UPON * HER MAJESTY'S NEW BUILDINGS AT
SOMERSET-HOUSE.

GREAT Queen ! that does our island bless,
With Princes and with Palaces :
Treated so ill, chac'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the town ;
And, with a brave revenge, do show,
Their glory went and came with you.

While peace from hence, and you, were gone,
Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
Those wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon and relieve.

Constant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove ;
Though by rude hands their nests are spoil'd,
There, the next spring, again they build.

Accusing some malignant star,
Not Britain, for that fatal war ;
Your kindness banishes your fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.

But what new mine this work supplies ?
Can such a pile from ruin rise ?
This like the first creation shows,
As if at your command it rose.

Frugality and bounty too,
(Those different virtues meet in you ;
From a confin'd, well-manag'd store,
You both employ and feed the poor.

Let foreign Princes vainly boast
The rude effects of pride and cost ;
Of vaster fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing but the pay.
This, by the Queen herself design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind :
The state and order does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.
Each part with just proportion grac'd ;
And all to such advantage plac'd ;
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Entering, beneath us we descry,
And wonder how we came so high.

She needs no weary steps ascend ;
All seems before her feet to bend :
And here, as she was born, she lies ;
High, without taking pains to rise.

* Henrietta Maria, Queen Dowager of King
Charles I.

OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

FAIR hand ! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white ;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,
Like track of leverets in morning snow.
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish, to the thought.
Strange that your fingers should the pencil soil,
Without the help of colours or of oil !
For, though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake :
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove.
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance ; but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.

TO A LADY

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED THE FOREGOING
COPY, WHICH FOR MANY YEARS HAD BEEN
LOST.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes ;
All they subdue becomes their spies :
Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
Presented to oblige the Fair :
No wonder then, that a lost thought
Should there be found, where souls are caught.

The picture of fair Venus (that
For which men say the Goddess sat)
Was lost, till Lely from your look
Again that glorious image took.

If Virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write :
All things, but one, you can restore ;
The heart you get returns no more.

OF THE LADY MARY,
PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

AS once the lion honey gave
Out of the strong such sweetness came ;
A royal Hero, no less brave,
Produc'd this sweet, this lovely dame.

To her, the Prince that did oppose
Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the sun does rise ;
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him her conquering eyes.

Orange, with youth, experience has ;
In action young, in council old :
Orange is what Augustus was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree, which bears his name,
 Blossoms and fruit at once are found :
 In him we all admire the same,
 His flowery youth with wisdom crown'd !

Empire and freedom reconcil'd
 In Holland are, by great Nassau :
 Like those he sprung from, just and mild,
 To willing people he gives law.

Twice-happy pair ! so near ally'd,
 In royal blood, and virtue too !
 Now Love has you together ty'd
 May none this triple knot undo !

The church shall be the happy place
 Where streams which from the same source run,
 Through divers lands awhile they grace,
 Unite again, and are made one.

A thousand thanks the nation owes
 To him that does protect us all :
 For, while he thus his niece bestows,
 About our isle he builds a wall :

A wall ! like that which Athens had,
 By th' oracle's advice, of wood :
 Had theirs been such as Charles has made,
 That mighty state till now had stood.

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,
 1677.

WELCOME, great Prince, unto this land,
 Skill'd in the arts of war and peace ;
 Your birth does call you to command,
 Your nature does incline to peace.

When Holland, by her foes oppress'd,
 No longer could sustain their weight ;
 As native Prince they thought it best
 To recommend their dying state.

Your very name did France expel ;
 Those conquer'd towns which lately cost
 A little blood, unto you fell
 With the same ease they once were lost.

Was not your force did them defeat ;
 They neither felt your sword nor fire ;
 Acknowledged willing to retreat,
 And to your greatness did conspire.

Have you since ungrateful been,
 When at Senef you did expose,
 At Mount Cassal, your own men,
 Whereby you might secure your foes.

Has Maastricht siege enlarge your name,
 And your retreat at Charleroy ;
 Warriors by flying may gain fame,
 And Parthian-like their foes destroy.

Has Fabius gain'd repute of old,
 When Roman glory gasping lay ;
 Council slow, in action cold,
 His country sav'd, running away.

What better method could you take ?

When you by beauty's charms must move,
 And must at once a progress make
 I' th' stratagems of war and love.

He that a Princess' heart would gain,
 Must learn submissively to yield ;
 The stubborn ne'er their ends obtain ;
 The vanquish'd masters are o' th' field.

Go on, brave Prince, with like success,
 Still to increase your hop'd renown ;
 Till to your conduct and address,
 Not to your birth, you owe a crown.

Proud Alva with the power of Spain
 Could not the noble Dutch enslave ;
 And wiser Parma strove in vain,
 For to reduce a race so brave.

They now those very armies pay
 By which they were forc'd to yield to you ;
 Their ancient birthright they betray,
 By their own votes you them subdue.

Who can then liberty maintain
 When by such arts it is withstood ?
 Freedom to Princes is a chain,
 To all that spring from Royal Blood.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as false's vain,
 Their works shall with the world remain :
 Both bound together, live or die,
 The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
 Last, in a daily-changing tongue ?
 While they are new, envy prevails ;
 And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
 The matter may betray their art :
 Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
 Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
 Must carve in Latin or in Greek :
 We write in sand ; our language grows,
 And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast ;
 The glory of his numbers lost !
 Years have defac'd his matchless strain ;
 And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
 The shining subjects of his rage,
 Hoping they should immortal prove,
 Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope ;
 And all an English pen can hope ;
 To make the Fair approve his flame,
 That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty: if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

UPON THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE, DE ARTE POETICA:
AND OF THE USE OF POETRY.

ROME was not better by her Horace taught
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The Poet writ to noble Piso here;
A noble Piso does instruct us here:
Gives us a pattern in his flowing stile;
And with rich precepts does oblige our ille:
Britain! whose genius is in verse express'd;
Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd.

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
Though Poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy and his judgment shows.
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no wit can recompence.
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream! should never water weeds;
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature sow.

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse:
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold;
But they move more in lofty numbers told:
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muse's friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err:
But where a brave, a public action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight:
Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verses (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd)
Men will be less indulgent to their faults;
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets lose half the praise they should have got;
Could it be known what they discreetly blot:
Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
May like the language of the Gods appear:
Such, as of old, wise bards employ'd, to make
Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake:
Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raising cities with their charming lutes.
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muses taught.
So, wandering bees would perish in the air,
Did not a sounp, proportion'd to their ear,

Appease their rage, invite them to the live,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flowers, and to forbear the spoil;
Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil:
They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
And wax, that does the absent sun supply.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM
DE BENTIVOGLIO SUO.

FLORIBUS Angligenis non hanc tibi neco
corollam,
Cum satis indigenis te probet ipse liber:
Per me Roma sciet tibi se debere, quod Anglo
Romanus didicit cultus ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Casare vidit.
Candida Romulidum te duce scripta videt.
Consilio ut quondam Patriam nil jueris esto!
Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis liber hic instructus, & arte Batavi.
Hic discat miles pugnare, orare senator;
Qui regnant, leni sceptrum tenere manu.
Macte, Comes! virtute novæ; vestri ordinis
Ornamentum, ævi deliciae tui!
Dum stertunt alii somno vinoque sepulti,
Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

TO MR. KILLEGREW,

UPON HIS ALTERING HIS PLAY PANDORA,
FROM A TRAGEDY INTO A COMEDY,
BECAUSE NOT APPROVED ON THE STAGE.

SIR, you should rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd
your Play:
You had oblig'd us by employing wit,
Not to reform Pandora, but the Pit,
For, as the nightingale, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her song:
While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws
The whole assembly of his fellow daws:
So must the writer, whose productions should
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould:
Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and lessen as they fly.

ON THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S EXPEDITION
INTO SCOTLAND, IN THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

SWIFT as Jove's messenger (*the winged god)
With sword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command:
And, in a moment, reach'd that northern land
Where day, contending with approaching night,
Assists the Hero with continued light.
* Mercury.

On foes
He might
His hand
Which the
This not
And then,
bro
His fame,
The guilty
That to his
Who to his
Glad that f
He grieves
Taking mo
To save the
And at the
That none,
And now
Not trustin
One! who
Had learn'd
In vulgar
Such deeds
And give a
To see his b
To see a lea
Firm to his
But seeing
With scorn
This, ill-rec
The Muses
Lampoons.
But time an
Achilles' arm
Kept by the
As from the
Thousands o
Such care sh
Than which
Knows how

TO A

Who lately
"Histori
"ditation

BOLD is
For pier
Who can p
From scorn,
Divines are
Alarms on w
But the prop
When noble
For why sho
Of divine lig
And call in
That none b
High birth a
That such m

On foes surprized, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave space,
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke,
And then, like lightning, through that cloud he broke.

His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty Scots with such a terror shook;
That to his courage they resign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield,
Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,
He grieves so many Britons should be lost:
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the flyers, than to win the field:
And at the Court his interest does employ
That none, who 'scap'd his fatal sword, should die.

And now, these rash bold men their error find,
Not trusting one, beyond his promise kind:
One! whose great mind, so bountiful and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer and to save.

In vulgar breaths no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as these his high extraction tell:
And give a secret joy to him that reigns,
To see his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins:
To see a leader, whom he got and chose,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.

But seeing envy, like the sun, does beat
With scorching rays, on all that's high and great:
This, ill-requited Monmouth! is the bough
The Muses fend, to shade thy conquering brow.
Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze;
But time and thunder pay respect to bays.
Achilles' arms dazzle our present view;
Kept by the Muse as radiant, and as new,
As from the forge of Vulcan first they came;
Thousands of years are past, and they the same.
Such care she takes to pay desert with fame!
Than which, no Monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompense.

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Who lately writ a religious book, intitled,
"Historical Applications, and Occasional Me-
ditations upon several Subjects."

BOLD is the man that dares engage
For piety, in such an age!
Who can presume to find a guard
From scorn, when Heaven's so little spar'd?
Divines are pardon'd; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend:
But the prophane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care:
For why should these let in a beam
Of divine light to trouble them;
And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth and fortune warrant give
That such men write what they believe:

* King Charles II.

And, feeling first what they indite,
New credit give to ancient light.
Amongst these few, our author brings
His well-known pedigree from Kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find:
I with the throng of Great and Good
Made it less easily understood!

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE
POEM, INTITLED THE BRITISH PRINCES.

SIR! you've oblig'd the British nation more,
Than all their Bards could ever do before;
And, at your own charge, monuments as hard
As brass or marble, to your fame have rear'd.
For, as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave ancestors could fight;
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improv'd your own:
That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You, of your ancient Princes, have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd:
Explain'd their customs and their rights anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew:
Unriddled those dark oracles, as well
As those that made them, could themselves foretell.
For, as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again:
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your Poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic power has your prodigious pen,
To raise the dead, and give new life to men:
Make rival Princes meet in arms and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove.
For, as eternity has neither past
Nor future, authors say, nor first nor last;
But is all instant; your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce,
Then why should you, whose miracles of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-busied head,
To observe what times they liv'd in, or were
dead?

For, since you have such arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower;
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude.
For no man's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit.
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring sense that understands it here.

TO MR. CREECH,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

WHAT all men wish'd, though few could
hope to see,
We are now blest with, and oblig'd by thee.

Thou! from the ancient learned Latin storet,
Giv'st us one author, and we hope for more,
May they enjoy thy thoughts!—Let not the Stage.
The idlest moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place some wondrous monster
breeds;

And the Wit's garden is o'er-run with weeds,
There Farce is Comedy; bombast call'd strong;
Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.
'Tis hard to say they steal them now-a-days;
For sure the ancients never wrote such plays.
These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.
That Spenser knew, that Tasso felt before;
And death found furly Ben exceeding poor.
Heaven turn the omen from their image here!
May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear!
Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
And be our Cæsar, like Augustus, kind!

But let not this disturb thy tuneful head;
Thou writ'st for thy delight, and not for bread;
Thou art not curs'd to write thy verse with care;
But art above what other poets fear.
What may we not expect from such a hand,
That has, with books, himself at free command?
Thou know'st in youth, what age has fought in
vain;

And bring'st forth sons without a mother's pain.
So easy is thy sense, thy verse so sweet,
Thy words so proper, and thy phrase so fit;
We read, and read again, and still admire
Whence came this youth, and whence this won-
drous fire!

Pardon this rapture, Sir! But who can be
Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,
And by your help these wretched lines may live.
But if, when view'd by your severer sight,
They seem unworthy to behold the light;
Let them with speed in deserv'd flames be
thrown!
They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan;
But, dying silently, your justice own.

THE TRIPLÉ COMBAT.

WHEN through the world fair Mazarine had
run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the sun;
Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.
As heir to Julius, she may pretend
A second time to make this island bend.
But Portsmouth, springing from the ancient race
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chase;
As they great Cæsar did oppose, makes head,
And does against this new invader lead,
That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
Careless and fearless to the field does go.
Becoming blushes on the other wait,
And her young look excuses want of height.
Beauty gives courage; for, she knows, the day
Must not be won the Amazonian way.

Legions of Cupids to the battle come,
For Little Britain these, and those for Rome.
Dress'd to advantage, this illustrious pair
Arriv'd, for combat in the list appear.
What may the Fates design! for never yet
From distant regions two such beauties met.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And Victory to declare herself seems loth:
Over the camp with doubtful wings she flies;
Till Chloris shining in the field she spies.
The lovely Chloris well-attended came,
A thousand Graces waited on the dame:
Her matchless form made all the English glad,
And foreign beauties less assurance had.
Yet, like the three on Ida's top, they all
Pretend alike, contesting for the ball.
Which to determine, Love himself declin'd,
Lest the neglected should become less kind.
Such killing looks! so thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unsafe to be a slander-by.
Poets, approaching to describe the fight,
Are by their wounds instructed how to write.
They with less hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in Allatia:
And, with that foil of violence and rage,
Set off the splendor of our golden age:
Where Love gives law, Beauty the sceptre sways;
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

OF AN ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON, ON
THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the Muses! on the hearse
Not throwing tears, but lasting verse;
Which so preserve the Hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
Chloris, in lines so like his own,
Gives him so just and high renown;
That the th' afflicted world relieves,
And shews that still in her he lives.
Her wit as graceful, great, and good:
Alli'd in genius, as in blood.

His loss supply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the Nymph should melt in tears.
Then, fairest Chloris! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our sake;
Lest his fair soul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what 's eminent we know,
Must for some cause be valued so:
Things without use, though they be good,
Are not by us so understood.
The early rose, made to display
Her blushes to the youthful May,
Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.

Our stars d
Net by the
When bright
Fatal to al
So, your
is, by effect

UPON OUR

THE
Engage ou
And hope
At the fir
Mankind
That rude
How man
Before we
How long
A perfect
For joys so
'Tis the se
As a fir
The next

INST

For the D
his Ma
mand
the
Duch

FIRST

two
The great
Here pla
Vast floa
Draw the
After thi
Make H
Declare
Make th
The En
The val
Such rag
His brig
His En
Let t
Throug
Make a
Polly's
With h
Make a

Preven
Check
So hun
Stop, y
Make
Ask hi
While
He gr
Vo

Our stars do shew their excellence,
Not by their light, but influence:
When brighter comets, since still known,
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
So, your admired beauty still
Is, by effects, made good or ill.

UPON OUR LATE LOSS OF THE DUKE OF CAM-
BRIDGE.

THE failing blossoms which a young plant
bears,
Engage our hope for the succeeding years:
And hope is all which art or nature brings,
At the first trial, to accomplish things.
Mankind was first created an essay;
That ruder draught the Deluge wash'd away.
How many ages pass'd, what blood and toil,
Before we made one kingdom of this isle!
How long in vain had nature striv'd to frame
A perfect prince, ere her Highness came?
For joys so great we must with patience wait,
'Tis the set price of happiness complet.
As a first-fruit, Heaven claim'd that lovely boy:
The next shall live, and be the nation's joy.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

For the Drawing of the Posture and Progress of
his Majesty's Forces at Sea, under the Com-
mand of his Highness-Royal: Together with
the Battle, and Victory, obtained over the
Dutch, June 3, 1665.

FIRST draw the sea; that portion, which be-
tween

The greater world, and this of ours, is seen:
Here place the British, there the Holland fleet,
Vast floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who should reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd main.
Make Heaven concern'd, and an unusual star
Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.
Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all
The English youth flock to the Admiral,
The valiant Duke! whose early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct show'd.
His bright sword now a dearer interest draws,
His Brother's glory, and his country's cause.

Let thy bold pencil, hope and courage spread
Through the whole navy, by that Hero led:
Make all appear, where such a prince is by,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.
With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
Make the proud sails swell, more than with the
wind:

Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop, when they find a lion in their way.
Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind
Ask his consent to use the sea and wind:
While his tall ships in the barr'd Channel stand,
He grasps the Indies in his armed hand.

VOL. II.

Paint an east-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuse of Holland for their navy's stay:
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to shun,
Through the cold north, and rocky regions run.
To find the coast where morning first appears,
By the dark Pole the wary Belgian steers;
Confessing now, he dreads the English more
Than all the dangers of a frozen shore;
While from our arms, security to find,
They fly so far, they leave the day behind.
Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey;
Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.
The Dutch their wine and all their brandy lose;
Disarm'd of that, from which their courage grows:
While the glad English, to relieve their toil,
In healths to their great Leader drink the spoil.

His high commands to Afric's coast extend,
And make the Moors before the English bend:
Those barbarous pirates willingly receive
Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give.
Deserted by the Dutch, let nations know,
We can our own and their great business do:
False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,
Which, worse than tempests, did infect the main.
Within those streights, make Holland's Smyrna fleet
With a small Squadron of the English meet:
Like falcons these, those like a numerous flock
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.
There paint confusion in a various shape,
Some sink, some yield, and flying some escape.
Europe and Africa, from either shore,
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar:
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight so, deserve to rule the sea.

But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
And place our navy by the Holland shore;
The world they compass'd while they fought
with Spain;

But here already they resign the main:
Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
Diffusive nature could no region lay,
At home, preserv'd from rocks and tempests, lie;
Compell'd, like others in their beds to die.
Their single towns th' Iberian armies press;
We all their Provinces at once invest:
And in a month ruin their traffic more,
Than that long war could in an age before.

But who can always on the billows lie;
The watery wilderness yields no supply.
Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,
And meet the Beauties of the British court.
Th' illustrious Dukes, and her glorious train,
(Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the main.
The gazing Sea-Gods, since the Paphian Queen
Sprung from among them, no such fight had seen.
Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
Those deathless Powers for us themselves declare:
Resolv'd the aid of Neptune's Court to bring;
And help the nation where such Beauties spring;
The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
And takes new valour from the Ladies' eyes.
Mean-while, like bees when stormy winter's gone,
The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own,

§ [H]

* Venus.

Desert their ports; and, falling in their way,
Our Hamburg merchants are become their prey.
Thus flourish they, before th' approaching fight;
As dying tapers give a blazing light.
To check their pride, our fleet half victual'd goes:
Enough to serve us till we reach our foes.
Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold.
A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Refrain'd awhile by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient English scarce attend the light.
But now the morning (heaven severely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear:
And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,
That he may see, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from different quarters rush,
Vast clouds encountering one another crush:
With swelling sails, so from their several coasts,
Join the Batavian and the British hosts.
For a less prize, with less concern and rage,
The Roman fleets at Actium did engage;
They, for the empire of the world they knew:
These, for the old contend, and for the new.
At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
Nor heaven nor sea their former face retain'd:
Fury and art produce effects so strange,
They trouble nature, and her visage change.
Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
And no light shines, but that by which men die;
There York appears; so prodigal is he
Of royal blood, as ancient as the sea!
Which down to him, so many ages told,
Has through the veins of mighty Monarchs roll'd!
The great Achilles march'd not to the field,
Till Vulcan that impenetrable shield
And arms had wrought: yet there no bullets flew;
But shafts, and darts, which the weak Phrygians
threw.

Our bolder Hero on the deck does stand
Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land:
Defensive arms laid by as useless here,
Where massy balls the neighbouring rocks do tear.
Some power unseen those Princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themselves neglect.

Against him first Opdam his Squadron leads,
Proud of his late success against the Swedes:
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to perish by a Prince's hand.
The tall Batavian in a vast ship rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow sides:
Yet, not inclin'd the English ship to board,
More on his guns relies, than on his sword;
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd,
It miss'd the Duke, but his great heart it griev'd:
*Three worthy persons from his side it tore,
And dy'd his garment with their scatter'd gore.
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives;
More to be valued than a thousand lives!
On such a theatre as this to die;
For such a cause, and such a witness by!
Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
To have his blood on such an altar laid?

* Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle.

The rest about him strook with horror stood,
To see their Leader cover'd o'er with blood:
So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains
Of his son's coat had issued from his veins.
He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought;
Before for honour, now revenge, he fought:
His friends in pieces torn (the bitter news
Not brought by Fame) with his own eyes he views,
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their
truth:

The joys of Court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him, abandon'd—and their lives!
He storms, and shoots: but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too slow:
They miss, or sweep but common souls away:
For such a loss, Opdam his life must pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ship to board:
And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
His winged vessel like an eagle shows,
When through the clouds to trufs a swan she goes:
The Belgian ship unmov'd, like some huge rock
Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock.
From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the business of the day:
Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend;
The silent ocean does th' event attend;
Which Leader shall the doubtful victory bless,
And give an earnest of the war's success:
When Heaven itself, for England to declare,
Turns ship, and men, and tackle into air.

Their new commander from his charge is tost,
Which * that young Prince had so unjustly lost,
Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, sway'd their infant-state.
His flight tow'rd's heaven th' aspiring Belgian
took:

But fell, like Phaëton, with thunder strook:
From vaster hopes than his, he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the British Admiral:
From her broadsides a ruder flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery chariot of the sun:
That, bears the radiant ensign of the day;
And she, the flag that governs in the sea.

The Duke (ill-pleas'd that fire should thus pre-
vent
The work, which for his brighter sword he meant)
Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.
So, on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,
Rushes a tyger in the Libyan plain.
The Dutch, accusom'd to the raging sea,
And in black storms the frowns of heaven to see.
Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he resembles, when
Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious men:
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.
Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
Terror, and death, on his loud cannon waits:

* Prince of Orange.

With which he pleads his Brother's cause so well,
He shakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The sea with spoils his angry bullets strow,
Widows and orphans making as they go:
Before his ship, fragments of vessels torn,
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcases are borne:
And his despairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their canvas to invite the wind
So the rude Boreas, where he lifts to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the shore; and with a boisterous rage,
Does heaven at once, and earth, and sea, engage.

The Dutch, elsewhere, did through the watery
field,

Perform enough to have made others yield;
But English courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noise, and laughter takes delight:
Their bloody task, unwearied still, they ply,
Only restrain'd by death or victory.

Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like showers of hail, from either side are borne:
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
Ingenious to their ruin, every age
Improves the arts and instruments of rage:
Death-hastening ill's nature enough has sent,
And yet men still a thousand more invent!

But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on
So fierce at first, to favour us begun:
Brandy and wine (their wonted friends) at length
Render them useless, and betray their strength.
So corn in fields, and in the garden flowers,
Revive, and raise themselves, with moderate
showers:

But, over-charged with never-ceasing rain,
Become too moist, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ships on one another fall,
Without a foe, enough to ruin all.
Of this disorder, and the favouring wind,
The watchful English such advantage find;
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they
throw,

And up the so-intangled Belgians blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms; and then
Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.
The scorched Batavians on the billows float;
Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's boat.
And now our Royal Admiral success
(With all the marks of victory) does bless;
The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd main.
Nearer to Holland as their hasty flight
Carries the noise and tumult of his fight;
His cannons' roar, forerunner of his fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amster-
dam:

The British thunder does their houses rock,
And the Duke seems at every door to knock.
His dreadful Streamer (like a comet's hair.
Threatening destruction) hastens their despair:
Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost;
And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling Dutch th' approaching Prince
behold,

As sheep a lion, leaping tow'rd's their fold:

Those piles, which serve them to repel the main,
They think too weak his fury to restrain.

"What wonders may not English valour work,
"Led by th' example of victorious York?"

"Or, what defence against him can they make,
"Who, at such distance, does their country
shake?"

"His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow;
"And let in both the ocean and the foe."

Thus cry the people:—and, their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the Deep:

Blaming their State's ill conduct, to provoke,
Those arms, which freed them from the Spanish
yoke.

Painter! excuse me, if I have a-while
Forgot thy art, and us'd another style:
For, though you draw arm'd Heroes as they sit:
The task in battle does the Muses fit:
They, in the dark confusion of a fight:
Discover all; instruct us how to write;
And light and honour to brave actions yield;
Hid in the smoke and tumult of the field.

Ages to come shall know that Leader's toil,
And his great name, on whom the Muses smile;
Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace;
And this relation with thy colours grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met;
And our *Great Monarch high above them set:
Like young Augustus let this image be,
Triumphing for that victory at sea:
Where † Egypt's Queen, and Eastern Kings, o'er-
thrown,

Made the possession of the world his own.
Last draw the Commons at his royal feet,
Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet:
They vow with lives and fortune to maintain
Their King's eternal title to the main:
And, with a present to the Duke, approve
His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

TO THE † KING.

GREAT Sir! disdain not in this piece to stand,
Supreme commander both of sea and land:
Those which inhabit the celestial bower,
Painters express with emblems of their power;
His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy You.

But your great providence no colours here
Can represent; nor pencil draw that care,
Which keeps you waking, to secure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increase:
You, for these ends, whole days in council sit:
And the diversions of your youth forget.

Small were the worth of valour and of force,
If your high wisdom govern'd not their course:
You as the soul, as the first Mover, you
Vigour and life on every part bestow:
How to build ships, and dreadful ordnance cast,
Instruct the artists; and reward their haste.

* King Charles II.

† Cleopatria.

‡ King Charles II.

So, Jove himself, when Typhon heaven does brave,
Descends to visit Vulcan's smoky cave:
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
Had the old Greeks discover'd your abode,
Crete had not been the cradle of their God:
On that small island they had look'd with scorn;
And in Great Britain thought the thunder born.

A PRESAGE OF THE RUIN OF THE TURKISH
EMPIRE:

PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY KING JAMES II.
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

SINCE James the Second grac'd the British throne,
Truce, well-observ'd, has been infringed by none.
Christians to him their present union owe,
And late successes against the common foe:
While neighbouring princes, loth to urge their fate,

Court his assistance, and suspend their hate.
So angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.

This happy day peace to our island sent;
As now he gives it to the Continent.

A Prince more fit for such a glorious task,
Than England's King, from Heaven we cannot ask:

He (great and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the Turk.
Such Kings, like stars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aspect propitious to mankind;
Favour the innocent, repress the bold;
And, while they flourish, make an age of gold.

Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young;
At sea successful, vigorous, and strong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Esteem and reverence through the world do find.
A Prince, with such advantages as these,
Where he persuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juster side,
The most ambitious will forget their pride:
They that complain will their endeavours cease,
Advis'd by him, inclin'd to present peace:
Join to the Turk's destruction; and then bring
All their pretences to so just a King.

If the successful troubles of mankind
With laurel crown'd, so great applause do find;
Shall the vex'd world less honour yield to those
That stop their progress, and their rage oppose?
Next to that power which does the ocean awe,
Is, to set bounds, and give ambition law.

The British Monarch shall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer slave:
That source of art, and cultivated thought!
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither, sought.

The banish'd Muses shall no longer mourn;
But may with Liberty to Greece return

Though slaves (like birds that sing not in a cage)
They lost their genius and poetic rage;
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found;
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.

The Turk's vast empire does united stand:
Christians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be soon undone,
Did not this Hero make their interest one:
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the Cross, and lay the Crescent low.

Thus may the Gospel to the rising sun
Be spread, and flourish where it first begun:
And this great day (so justly honour'd here!)
Known to the east, and celebrated there.

"Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!
"Ausus & ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem."

VIRG.

TO THE DUCHESS,

WHEN HE PRESENTED THIS BOOK TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here present you with the rage,
And with the beauties of a former age:
Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we write then: your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher.
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become severe:
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing;
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last:
And make you through as many ages shine,
As Tasso has the Heroes of your line.

Though other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the British Muse:
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.
So the bright sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

THESE VERSES WERE WRIT IN THE TASSO OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer sex to grace;
But in no one durst all affection place:
In her alone that owns this book, is seen
Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien;

Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
Arminda's charms, her beauty, and her youth.

Our Princess here, as in a glass, does dress
Her well-taught mind; and every grace expresses,
More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought:
The Hero's race excels the Poet's thought.

ON MRS. HIGGONS.

INGENIOUS Higgons never sought
To hide the candour of her thought;
And now her cloaths are lost, we find
The nymph as naked as her mind:
Live Eve while yet she was untaught
To hide herself or know a fault.
For a snatch'd ribbon she would frown,
But cares too little for her gown;
It makes her laugh, and all her grief
Is left it should undo the thief.
Already she begins to stretch
Her wit, to save the guilty wretch:

And says, she was of goods bereft
By her own bounty, not by theft.
She thought not fit to keep her cloaths
Till they were eaten up with moths;
But made a nobler use of store,
To clothe the naked and the poor.
Should all that do approve the Fair,
Her loss contribute to repair,
Of London she would have the fate,
And rise (undone) in greater state;
In points, and hoods, and Indian gown,
As glorious as the new-built town.

OF

DIVINE LOVE;

A POEM

IN SIX CANTOS.

"Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;
"Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea dicta;
"Aurea! perpetuū semper dignissima vitā! * *
"Nam Divinus Amor cū cepit vociferari,
"Diffugiunt animi terrores. * * * LUCRET. Lib. iii.

"Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
"Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis: * *
"Namque ubi mota calent sacræ mea pectora Musæ,
"Altior humano spiritus elle malo est."
OVID. de Trist. Lib. iv. El. 1.

THE ARGUMENTS.

- I. Asserting the authority of Scripture, in which this Love is revealed.
- II. The preference and Love of God to man in the Creation.
- III. The same Love more amply declared in our Redemption.
- IV. How necessary this Love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.
- V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this Love were universally embraced.
- VI. Of preserving this Love in our memory; and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

THE Grecian Muse has all their Gods surviv'd,
Nor Jove at us, nor Phæbus is arriv'd:
Faint Deities! which first the Poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid.
Yet, if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better age;
When, not from Helicon's imagin'd spring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?
This with the fabric of the world begun;
Elder than light, and shall out-last the sun.

Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:
Long since despis'd and silent, they afford
Honour and triumph to th' eternal Word.

As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,
And rolling earth our planets plac'd:
So has this Book entitled us to heaven;
And rules, to guide us to that mansion, given:
Tells the conditions how our peace was made;
And is our pledge for the Great Author's aid.
His power in nature's ample book we find;
But the less volume does express his mind.

This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught,
That his blest Gods vouchsafe us not a thought:
But unconcern'd let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom, guide.

Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke,
And band of all society, is broke:
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God, but interest?
What endless war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witness what they swear!
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust!
Were Scripture silent, nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the first step tow'ards being good or wise:
For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our Will determines, not our Intellect:
Slaves to their passion, Reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy.
His fear, to guard us from ourselves, we need:
And Sacred Writ our Reason does exceed.
For though Heaven shews the glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his Word:
His mercy this (which all his work excels!)
His tender kindness and compassion tells:
While we, inform'd by that celestial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there reveal'd (which never shall have end,
Nor had beginning) shall our song commend:
Describe itself, and warm us with that flame,
Which first from heaven, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,
Savours too much of private interest.
This mov'd not Moses, nor the zealous Paul;
Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all:
A greater yet from heaven to hell descends,
To save, and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praise can fathom such a love,
Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above?
The * Royal Prophet, that extended grace
From heaven to earth, measur'd but half that
space.

The Law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd when that Poet wrote:
Heaven was scarce heard of, until He came down
To make the region where love triumphs known.

That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did persuade;
For love it was that first created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chac'd away the night
From the rude chaos; and bestow'd new grace
On things dispos'd of to their proper place;
Some, to rest here; and some, to shine above:
Earth, sea, and heaven, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be return'd. But there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known:

* David.

The world a palace was, without a guest,
Till one appears, that must excel the rest:
One! like the Author, whose capacious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find:
Might measure heaven, and give each star a name:
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know:
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
When, by his Word, God had accomplish'd all,
Man to create he did a council call:
Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took
A graceful figure and majestic look:
With his own breath, convey'd into his breast
Life, and a soul fit to command the rest.
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For such a gift; and tell from whence it came.
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note;
But not with lasting numbers, and with thought
Man's great prerogative! But above all
His grace abounds in his new favourite's fall.
If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation shakes:
From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;
He curst the earth, but bruise'd the serpent's head.
Amidst the storm, his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promise of the Virgin's seed:
Though justice death, as satisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO III.

NOT willing terror should his image move;
He gives a pattern of eternal love;
His son descends, to treat a peace with those
Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.
Poor he became, and left his glorious seat,
To make us humble, and to make us great:
His business here was happiness to give
To those, whose malice could not let him live.

Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
(For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd:
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the cross.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by such great love constrain'd
To make return of love: upon this Pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of heaven below!

He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of those that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out.
This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree, as Angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind:
Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain.

Love only en
For, born in
He that al
Commands
Love as he lo
He can add w
Nor should w
He that exam
For he took
His practice,
His love at on
As Man he fu
Will for the d
Obedient be;
Weak though
And love for l
Love! that w
make,
And to them
'Tis with ou
Wanting this l
Carly passion
Than thorns an

To glory n
Of his pr
Watched he is
Bate in himse
With love, of a
Without it, mo
For greedy wol
But while their
Man's boundle
And on his neig
His pride and
That, deluge-li
Deluges and
As great a porti
The beasts and
Might, in that
These more desir
In every age, a
But soon would
With sacred love
Independent de
The dreadful gu
dwell;
And a vex'd con
Thoughts of des
But, love appear
We live contente
They in whose b
Such, as a pass
Souls and thick
The sin's victori
shade which our
The nobler star
Virtues are observ'd
This brighter sun
Of Heaven the joy
Amongst An

Love only enters as a native there;
 Far, born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.
 He that alone would wise and mighty be,
 Commands that others love as well as he.
 Love as he lov'd!—How can we soar so high?
 He can add wings, when he commands to fly.
 Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;
 He that examples gives, will give his aid;
 For he took flesh, that, where his precepts fail,
 His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
 His love at once, and dread instruct our thought;
 As Man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.
 Will for the deed he takes; we may with ease
 Obedient be; for if we love, we please.
 Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
 And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.
 Love! that would all men just and temperate
 make,
 And to themselves, and others for his sake.
 'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground;
 Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound,
 (Vulgar passions) whose effects are worse
 Than thorns and thistles, springing from the curse.

CANTO IV.

TO glory man, or misery, is born;
 Of his proud foe the envy or the scorn:
 Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
 Bad in himself, but great in Heaven's esteem:
 With love, of all created things the best.
 Without it, more pernicious than the rest.
 For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
 And while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:
 Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
 And on his neighbours round about him seeds.
 His pride and vain ambition are so vast,
 That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste:
 Debouches and excess (though with less noise)
 As great a portion of mankind destroys.
 The beasts and monsters Hercules oppress,
 Night, in that age, some provinces infest;
 These more destructive monsters are the bane
 Of every age, and in all nations reign:
 But soon would vanish, if the world were blest
 With sacred love, by which they are repress'd,
 Independent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
 The dreadful guests, which here with mortals
 dwell;
 And a ver'd conscience, mingling with their joy
 Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy:
 The love appearing, all those terrors fly;
 We live contented, and contented die.
 They in whose breast this sacred love has place,
 Death, as a passage to their joy, embrace.
 Smells and thick vapours, which obscure the day,
 The sun's victorious beams may chase away;
 The nobler star! must from the soul remove.
 The brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere:
 Heaven the joy, the glory, and the light;
 Among Angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

THIS iron age (so fraudulent and bold!)
 Touch'd with this love, would be an age
 of gold;
 Not, as they feign'd, that oaks should honey drop,
 Or land neglected bear an unsown crop:
 Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;
 None for himself would either sow or reap:
 Our ready help and mutual love would yield
 A nobler harvest than the richest field;
 Famine and death, confin'd to certain parts,
 Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
 Some pine for want, where others surfeit now;
 But then we should the use of plenty know.
 Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand;
 And spread heaven's bounty with an equal hand:
 At once the givers and receivers blest;
 Increase their joy, and make their suffering less.
 Who for himself no miracle would make,
 Dispens'd with several for the people's sake:
 He that, long-fasting, would no wonder show,
 Made loaves and fishes, as they eat them, grow.
 Of all his power, which boundless was above,
 Here he us'd none, but to express his love:
 And such a love would make our joy exceed,
 Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.

Laws would be useless, which rude nature awe;
 Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
 Tigers and lions into dens we thrust;
 But milder creatures with their freedom trust.
 Devils are chain'd and tremble; but the Spouse
 No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
 Men (whom we now so fierce and dangerous see)
 Would guardian-angels to each other be:
 Such wonders can this mighty love perform;
 Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
 Love what Isaiah prophecy'd can do,
 Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low;
 Humble the lofty, the rejected raise,
 Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked
 ways.

Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all;
 With that possess, the great in title fall:
 Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
 Whom Heaven with that high character has
 blest.

This love, the centre of our union, can
 Alone bestow complete repose on man:
 Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
 And foreign strife among the nations cease.
 No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
 Nor Princes arm, though to subdue the East;
 Where for the tomb so many Heroes (taught
 By those that guided their devotion) fought.
 Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
 To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
 Love as he lov'd! A love so unconfin'd,
 With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
 Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
 We should behold as many selfs as men:
 All of one family, in blood ally'd,
 His precious blood, that for our ransom dy'd!

CANTO VI.

THOUGH the creation (so divinely taught!)
 Prints such a lively image on our thought,
 That the first spark of new-created light,
 From Chaos strook, affects our present sight:
 Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
 The day of rising, than the day of rest;
 That every week might new occasion give,
 To make his triumph in their memory live.
 Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm,
 To keep his blood among us ever warm:
 And singing, as the Blessed do above,
 With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
 But, on so vast a subject, who can find
 Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
 Our language fails: or, if it could supply,
 What mortal thought can raise itself so high?
 Despairing here, we might abandon art,
 And only hope to have it in our heart.
 But though we find this sacred task too hard,
 Yet the design, th' endeavour, brings reward.
 The contemplation does suspend our woe,
 And make a truce with all the ills we know.
 As Saul's afflicted spirit, from the sound
 Of David's harp, a present solace found:
 So on this theme while we our Muse engage,
 No wounds are felt, of fortune or of age.
 On divine love to meditate is peace,
 And makes all care of meaner things to cease.
 Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
 A boundless Power so infinitely kind;
 The soul contending to that light to fly
 From her dark cell, we practise how to die:
 Employing thus the Poet's winged art,
 To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.

Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,
 Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there:
 Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,
 When from the east the rising sun comes on.

ELEGY: BY MR. TALBOT.

OCCASIONED BY READING AND TRANSCRIBING

MR. WALLER'S "POEM OF DIVINE LOVE"

AFTER HIS DEATH.

SUCH were the last, the sweetest, notes that
 hung
 Upon our dying swan's melodious tongue;
 Notes, whose strong charms the dulcist ear might
 move,
 And melt the hardest heart in flames of love;
 Notes, whose seraphic raptures speak a mind
 From human thoughts and earthly dross refin'd;
 So just their harmony, so high their flight,
 With joy I read them, and with wonder write.
 Sure, happy Saint, this noble song was given
 To fit thee for th' approaching joys of Heaven:
 Love, wondrous love, whose conquest was thy
 theme,
 Has taught thy soul the airy way to climb:
 Love snatch'd thee, like Elijah, to the sky,
 In flames that not consume, but purify:
 There, with thy fellow-angels mix'd, and free
 From the dull load of dim mortality,
 Thou feel'st new joys, and feed'st thy ravish'd
 sight,
 With unexhausted beams of love and light:
 And sure, blest'd spirit, to compleat thy bliss,
 In Heaven thou sing'st this song, or one like this.

OF THE

FEAR OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace;
 And makes all ills that vex us here to cease:
 Though the word Fear some men may ill endure,
 'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.
 Ask of no Angel to reveal thy fate;
 Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
 He that invites will not th' invited mock;
 Opening to all that do in earnest knock.
 Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
 All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.
 This fear, that drives all other fears away,
 Shall be my song; the morning of our day!

Where that fear is, there 's nothing to be fear'd:
 It brings from heaven an Angel for a guard:
 Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
 Hell gapes for those that do without it live.
 It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
 Of light; by which he made and governs all.
 'Tis God alone should not offended be;
 But we please others, as more great than he.
 For a good cause, the sufferings of man
 May well be borne: 'tis more than Angels can.
 Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
 Above the Angels, or below the beasts.
 He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
 That thirst and hunger to perform his will.

Others,
 And sad
 The *

And we
 Which h
 To make
 Ambition
 To Heav
 Though
 Has but
 In wealth
 If it encr
 All their
 Sad when
 'Tis stran
 And take
 No! thou
 This is th
 A soul cap
 Nothing,
 A thousan
 Less than
 Men take
 And what
 Our sheep
 With full
 Vex not th
 But think
 What we h
 They do s
 We made
 More than
 More beas
 That we a
 Man, that
 What can h
 So that no
 Or useful b

EARTH
 Heave
 then
 It is terrest
 For strowin

Others, though rich, shall in this world be vext ;
 And sadly live, in terror of the next.
 The world's great conqueror would his point
 pursue,
 And wept because he could not find a new :
 Which had he done, yet still he would have cry'd,
 To make him work, until a third he spy'd.
 Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
 To Heaven itself, unless it make them grow.
 Though richly fed, man's care does still exceed :
 Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
 In wealth and honour, by such men possest,
 If it encrease not, there is found no rest.
 All their delight is while their wish comes in ;
 Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.
 'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,
 And take no joy, but in pursuing more ;
 No! though arriv'd at all the world can aim :
 This is the mark and glory of our frame.
 A soul capacious of the Deity,
 Nothing, but he that made, can satisfy.
 A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,
 Less than so many drops of water are.
 Men take no pleasure but in new designs :
 And what they hope for what they have outshines.
 Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave ;
 With full content feeding on what they have :
 Vex not themselves for an encrease of store ;
 But think to-morrow we shall give them more.
 What we from day to day receive from Heaven,
 They do from us expect it should be given.
 We made them not, yet they on us rely ;
 More than vain men upon the Deity :
 More beasts than they ! that will not understand,
 That we are fed from his immediate hand,
 Man, that in him has Being, moves and lives,
 What can he have or use but what he gives ?
 So that no bread can nourishment afford,
 Or useful be, without his Sacred Word.

C A N T O I I .

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood :
 Heaven, those that love their foes, and do
 them good.
 It is terrestrial honour to be crown'd
 For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.

* Alexander.

True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
 Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
 He that in fight diminishes mankind,
 Does no addition to his stature find :
 But he that does a noble nature show,
 Obliging others, still does higher grow.
 For virtue practis'd such an habit gives,
 That among men he like an Angel lives.
 Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell ;
 Lov'd and admir'd by those he does excell.
 Fools anger shew, which politicians hide :
 Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
 The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
 Refers revenge to whom it doth belong.
 Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
 Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.
 Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, tost
 On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
 The rolling planets and the glorious sun
 Still keep that order which they first begun :
 They their first lesson constantly repeat,
 Which their Creator, as a law, did set.
 Above, below, exactly all obey :
 But wretched men have found another way ;
 Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,
 (That vain persuasion !) keeps them still accurst !
 The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,
 Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
 As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
 Of some great master, at the figure stand ;
 But when abroad, neglected they do go,
 At random strike, and the false hour do show :
 So from our Maker wandering, we stray,
 Like birds that know not to their nests the way.
 In him we dwelt before our exile here ;
 And may, returning, find contentment there :
 True joy may find, perfection of delight ;
 Behold his face, and shun eternal night.
 Silence, my Muse ! make not these jewels cheap,
 Exposing to the world too large an heap.
 Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is best ;
 Where great truths are in fewest words express'd.
 Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite ;
 No other theme could give my soul delight.
 O, that my youth had thus employ'd my pen !
 Or that I now could write as well as then !
 But 'tis of grace, if sickness, age, and pain,
 Are felt as throes, when we are born again :
 Timely they come to wean us from this earth ;
 As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

OF
D I V I N E P O E S Y.
TWO CANTOS.

OCCASIONED UPON SIGHT OF THE LIIRD CHAPTER OF ISAIAH, TURNED INTO
VERSE BY MRS. WHARTON.

CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The secret, which this oracle does show.
What was to come, Isaiah did declare;
Which she describes, as if she had been there;—
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws so lively, that they bleed anew.
As ivy thrives, which on the oak takes hold,
So, with the Prophet's, may her lines grow old!
If they should die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?
Who with his breath his image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire;
Not love which brutes, as well as men may know;
But love like his, to whom that breath we owe.
Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;
The smoke which we from burning incense raise,
When we complete the sacrifice of praise.
In boundless verse the fancy soars too high
For any object but the Deity.
What mortal can with Heaven pretend to share
In the superlative of wise and fair!
A meaner subject when with these we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
Like that sweet oil, above all private use;
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the altar laid.
Verse shews a rich inestimable vein,
When dropp'd from heaven, 'tis thither sent again.
Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise.
For, as that Angel up to heaven did rise,
Borne on the flame of Manoa's sacrifice;
So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky,
Teach clouds, and stars, to praise him as we fly;
The whole creation (by our fall made groan!
His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.
For that he reigns all creatures should rejoice;
And we with songs supply their want of voice.
The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In songs of praise their present union show:

Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in song:

Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.

Thus we reach heaven, while vainer poems must
No higher rise than winds may lift the dust.
From that they spring; this, from his birth that
gave

To the first dust th' immortal soul we have.
His praise well sung (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

HE* that did first this way of writing grace,
Convers'd with the Almighty face to face:
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told:
The writer feels no dire effect of age;
Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
Eldest of Poets, he beheld the light,
When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he saw; and could distinctly tell
How that confusion into order fell:
As if consulted with, he has express'd
The work of the Creator, and his rest:
How the flood drown'd the first offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, so even and so fair,
Left equal now, uncertain makes the air:
Surpriz'd with heat and unexpected cold,
Early distempers make our youth look old:
Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting heaven. But we, of shorter date!
Should be more mindful of impending Fate.
To worms, that crawl upon this rubbish here,
This span of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler feat.

* Moses.

Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how fast his life declines :
In whom he dwelt, before the world was made ;
And may again retire, when that shall fade.
The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long,
As his and Deborah's triumphant song.

Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire,
But that which governs the celestial choir.
Heaven to the pious did this art reveal ;
And from their store succeeding Poets steal :
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And swell'd to high, by her old Kifson taught :
His river scarce could fierce Achilles stay ;
Her's, more successful, swept her foes away.
The host of heaven, his Phoebus and his Mars,
Hearns ; instructed by her fighting stars,
She led them all against the common foe :
But he (mis-led by what he saw below !)
The Powers above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into different sides.
The noblest parts which in his Heroes shine,
May be but copies of that Heroine,
Homer himself, and Agamemnon she
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth she relates, in a sublimer strain
Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign :
For what she sung, that Spirit did indite,
Which gave her courage and success in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchless dame ;
From Heaven her Poem and her conquest came.

Though of the Jews she merit most esteem ;
Yet here the Christian has the greater theme :
Her martial song describes how Sifera fell ;
This sings our triumph over death and hell.
The rising light employ'd the sacred breath
Of the blest Virgin and Elizabeth.
In songs of joy the Angels sung his birth :
Here, how he treated was upon the earth,
Trembling we read ! th' affliction and the scorn,
Which, for our guilt, so patiently was borne !
Conception, birth, and suffering, all belong
(Though various parts) to one celestial song :
And she, well using so divine an art,
Has, in this concert, sung the tragic part.

As Hannah's seed was vow'd to sacred use,
So here this Lady consecrates her Muse :
With like reward may Heaven her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair, as by her Muse is born !

ON THE PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

SILENCE, ye winds ! listen etherial lights !
While Urania sings what Heaven indites :
The Numbers are the Nymph's ; but from above
Descends the pledge of that eternal love.

Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are instructed to approach his throne :
And how can he to miserable men
Deny requests, which his own hand did pen ?

In the Evangelists we find the prose ;
Which, paraphras'd by her, a Poem grows ;

A devout rapture ! so divine a hymn,
It may become the highest Seraphim !
For they, like her, in that celestial choir,
Sing only what the Spirit does inspire.
Taught by our Lord, and theirs, with us they may
For all, but pardon for offences, pray.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS UPON THE SEVERAL
PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

I. HIS sacred name, with reverence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at
the sound !

It was Jehovah ; 'tis our Father now ;
So low to us does Heaven vouchsafe to bow ! *
He brought it down, that taught us how to pray ;
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unless he does in our affections reign :
Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
And not obedience to his sceptre bring ;
Whose yoke is easy, and his burthen light ;
His service freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done ;
But, as in heaven, it must be made our own :
His will should all our inclinations sway,
Whom nature and the universe obey.
Happy the man ! whose wishes are confin'd
To what has been eternally design'd :
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to ourselves, we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up ;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup ;
Like new-born babes, depending on the breast,
From day to day, we on his bounty feast.
Nor should the soul expect above a day,
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay :
The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live ;
Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd we ask.
This prayer to use, we ought with equal care
Our souls, as to the Sacrament, prepare.
The noblest worship of the Power above,
Is to extol, to imitate, his love :
Not to forgive our enemies alone,
But use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe :*
And those we may in several stations know :
The rich and poor in slippery places stand :
Give us enough ! but with a sparing hand !
Not ill-persuading want ; nor wanting wealth ;
But what proportion'd is to life and health.
For not the dead, but living, sing thy praise ;
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

* Favete linguis ! * * *

" Virginibus puerisque canto." HORAT.

* Psalm xviii. 9.

5 [1] 2

ON THE FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS*.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,
 The subject made us able to indite;
 The soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,
 The body stooping, does herself erect:
 No mortal parts are requisite to raise
 Her, that unbody'd can her Maker praise.
 The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er:
 So, calm are we, when passions are no more!

* See, in "Duke's Poems," an elegant compliment to Mr. Waller, on this his last production. N.

For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness, which age descries.
 The soul's dark cottage, barter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made:
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home:
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

"**** Miratur limen Olympi." VIRG.

EPIGRAMS,
 EPITAPHS,
 AND
 FRAGMENTS.

EPIGRAM†.

SEDIBUS emigrans solitis, comitatus inermi
 Rex turbæ, simplex et diadema gerens,
 Ecce redit bino Carolus diademate cinctus;
 Hæc ubi nuda dedit pompa; quid arma dabunt?
 ED. WALLER, *Armiger, Coll. Regal.*

UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH Helen was! and who can blame the
 † boy
 That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy?
 But, had like virtue shin'd in that fair Greek,
 The amorous shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
 Or hope for pity, but, with silent moan,
 And better fate, had perished alone.

OF A LADY WHO WRIT IN PRAISE OF MIRA.

WHILE she pretends to make the graces
 known
 Of matchless Mira, she reveals her own:
 And, when she would another's praise indite,
 Is by her glafs instructed how to write.

† From "Rex Redux;" being Cambridge verses on the return of Charles I. from Scotland, after his coronation there in 1633.

‡ Paris.

TO ONE MARRIED TO AN OLD MAN.

SINCE thou wouldst needs (bewitch'd with
 some ill charms!)
 Be buried in those monumental arms:
 All we can wish, is—May that earth lie light
 Upon thy tender limbs! and so good night!

AN EPIGRAM

ON A PAINTED LADY WITH ILL TEETH.

WERE men so dull they could not see
 That Lycé painted; should they flee,
 Like simple birds, into a net,
 So grossly woven, and ill set?
 Her own teeth would undo the knot,
 And let all go that she had got.
 Those teeth fair Lycé must not show,
 If she would bite: her lovers, though
 Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
 Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
 The rotten bones discover'd there,
 Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

EPIGRAM UPON THE GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR guard upon the royal side!
 On the reverse, our beauty's pride!
 Here we discern the frown and smile;
 The force and glory of our isle.

In the rich Medal, both so like
 Immortals stand, it seems antique;
 Carv'd by some master, when the bold
 Greeks made their Jove descend in gold;
 And Danaë wondering at that shower,
 Which, falling, storm'd her brazen tower,
 Britannia, there, the Fort in vain
 Had batter'd been with golden rain;
 Thunder itself had fail'd to pass;
 Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.

WRITTEN ON A CARD THAT HER * MAJESTY
 TORE AT OMBRE.

THE cards you tear in value rise,
 So do the wounded by your eyes.
 Who to celestial things aspire,
 Are by that passion rais'd the higher.

* MR. GRANVILLE (AFTERWARDS LORD LANDS-
 DOWN) ON HIS VERSES TO KING JAMES II.

A Nearly plant, which such a blossom bears,
 And shews a genius so beyond his years;
 A judgment! that could make so fair a choice;
 So high a subject, to employ his voice:
 Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing
 The growing greatness of our matchless King!

LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound
 In largeness, but th' exactly round:
 So, life we praise, that does excel
 Not in much time, but acting well.

TRANSLATED OUT OF SPANISH.

THOUGH we may seem importunate,
 While your compassion we implore:
 They, whom you make too fortunate,
 May with presumption vex you more.

TRANSLATED OUT OF FRENCH.

FADE, flowers, fade, nature will have it so;
 'Tis but what we must in our autumn do!
 And, as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
 The loss alone by those that lov'd them found:
 So, in the grave, shall we as quiet lie;
 Misd by some few that lov'd our company.
 But some so like to thorns and nettles live,
 That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

* Queen Catharine.

SOME VERSES OF AN IMPERFECT COPY,
 DESIGNED FOR A FRIEND,
 ON HIS TRANSLATION OF OVID'S FASTI.

ROME's holy days you tell, as if a guest
 With the old Romans you were wont to
 feast.

Numa's religion, by themselves believ'd,
 Excels the true, only in shew receiv'd.
 They made the nations round about them bow,
 With their Dictators taken from the plough:
 Such power has justice, faith, and honesty!
 The world was conquer'd by morality.
 Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave:
 But, where religion does with virtue join,
 It makes a Hero like an Angel shine.

ON THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST,
 AT CHARING-CROSS.
 IN THE YEAR 1674.

THAT the First Charles does here in triumph
 ride;
 See his Son reign, where he a Martyr dy'd;
 And people pay that reverence, as they pass,
 (Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass;
 Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
 To which we owe the statue and the stone.
 But Heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
 That mortals may eternally be taught,
 Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
 And Kings so kill'd rise conquerors again.
 This truth the royal image does proclaim,
 Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

P R I D E.

NOT the brave † Macedonian Youth alone;
 But base Caligula, when on the throne,
 Boundless in power, would make himself a God;
 As if the world depended on his nod.
 The ‡ Syrian King to beasts was headlong thrown,
 Ere to himself he could be mortal known.
 The meanest wretch, if Heaven should give him
 line,
 Would never stop, till he were thought divine:
 All might within discern the serpent's pride,
 If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.
 Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,
 And woo the female to his painted bed:
 Let winds and seas together rage and swell:
 This nature teaches, and becomes them well.
 || *Pride was not made for men*: a conscious sense
 Of guilt and folly, and their consequence,
 Destroys the claim: and to beholders tells,
 Here nothing, but the shape of manhood, dwells.

† Alexander.

‡ Nebuchadnezzar.

|| Eccles. x. 13.

EPITAPH ON SIR GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,
 Unblemish'd probity, and truth :
 Just unto all relations known,
 A worthy patriot, pious son :
 Whom neighbouring towns so often sent,
 To give their sense in Parliament ;
 With lives and fortunes trusting one,
 Who so discreetly us'd his own.
 Sober he was, wife, temperate ;
 Contented with an old estate,
 Which no foul avarice did increase,
 Nor wanton luxury make less.
 While yet but young, his father dy'd,
 And left him to an happy guide :
 Not Lemuel's mother with more care
 Did counsel or instruct her heir ;
 Or teach with more success her son.
 The vices of the time to shun.
 An heiress she ; while yet alive,
 All that was her's to him did give :
 And he just gratitude did show
 To one that had oblig'd him so :
 Nothing too much for her he thought,
 By whom he was so bred and taught,
 So (early made that path to tread,
 Which did his youth to honour lead)
 His short life did a pattern give,
 How neighbours, husbands, friends, should live.
 The virtues of a private life
 Exceed the glorious noise and strife,
 Of battles won : in those we find
 The solid interest of mankind.
 Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
 Though young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH
 ON COLONEL CHARLES CAVENDISH.

HERE lies Charles Ca'endish : let the marble
 stone,
 That hides his ashes, make his virtue known.
 Beauty and valour did his short life grace ;
 The grief and glory of his noble race !
 Early abroad he did the world survey,
 As if he knew he had not long to stay :
 Saw what great Alexander in the East,
 And mighty Julius conquer'd in the west.
 Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
 To find at home occasion for his fame :
 Where dark confusion did the nations hide,
 And where the juster was the weaker side.
 Two loyal brothers took their Sovereign's part,
 Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their
 art :
 The * elder did whole regiments afford ;
 The younger brought his conduct and his sword.
 Born to command, a leader he begun,
 And on the rebels lasting honour won :
 The Horse, instructed by their General's worth,
 Still made the King victorious in the North :

* William Earl of Devonshire.

Where Ca'endish fought, the Royalists prevail'd ;
 Neither his courage nor his judgment fail'd :
 The current of his victories found no stop,
 Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefest prop.
 Equal success had set these champions high,
 And both resolv'd to conquer or to die :
 Virtue with rage, fury with valour, strove ;
 But that must fall which is decreed above !
 Cromwell, with odds of numbers and of fate,
 Remov'd this bulwark of the Church and State :
 Which the sad issue of the war declar'd,
 And made his task, to ruin both, less hard.
 So when the bank neglected is o'erthrown,
 The boundless torrent does the country drown.
 Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave ;
 Strew bays and flowers upon his honour'd grave !

EPITAPH ON THE LADY SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned Savil's heir ;
 So early wise, and lasting fair !
 That none, except her years they told,
 Thought her a child, or thought her old.
 All that her father knew, or got,
 His art, his wealth, fell to her lot :
 And she so well improv'd that stock,
 Both of his knowledge and his flock :
 That Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
 In her, upon each other smil'd.
 While she to every well-taught mind
 Was so propitiously inclin'd,
 And gave such title to her store,
 That none, but th' ignorant, were poor.
 The Muses daily found supplies,
 Both from her hands and from her eyes ;
 Her bounty did at once engage,
 And matchless beauty warm their rage.
 Such was this dame in calmer days,
 Her nation's ornament and praise !
 But when a storm disturb'd our rest,
 The port and refuge of th' oppress'd.
 This made her fortune understood,
 And look'd on as some public good ;
 So that (her person and her state
 Exempted from the common fate)
 In all our civil fury she
 Stood, like a sacred temple, free.
 May here her monument stand so,
 To credit this rude age ! and show
 To future times, that even we
 Some patterns did of virtue see :
 And one sublime example had
 Of good, among so many bad.

E P I T A P H

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER THE LATIN INSCRIPTION
 UPON THE TOMB OF THE ONLY SON
 OF THE LORD ANDOVER.

This fit the English reader should be told,
 In our own language, what this tomb does
 hold,

'Tis not a noble corpse alone does lie
Under this stone, but a whole family:
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies buried with this boy:
This lovely youth! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.

Had there been space, and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit, and breeding to have show'd,
We had not found, in all the numerous roll
Of his fam'd ancestors, a greater soul:

His early virtues to that ancient stock
Gave as much honour as from thence he took.

Like buds appearing ere the frosts are past,
To become man he made such fatal haste;
And to perfection labour'd so to climb,
Preventing slow experience and time;
That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd:
He's seldom old, that will not be a child.

EPITAPH, UNFINISHED.

GREAT soul! for whom death will no longer
stay,

But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.
O cruel death! to those you take more kind,
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue shin'd;
Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind,
Inspir'd verse may on this marble live,
But can no honour to thy ashes give.—

EPI T A P H

ON HENRY DUNCH, ESQ;

IN NEWINGTON CHURCH IN OXFORDSHIRE,

1686.

HERE lies the prop and glory of his race,
Who, that no time his memory may deface,
His grateful wife, under this speaking stone
His ashes hid, to make his merit known.
Sprung from an opulent and worthy line,
Whose well-us'd fortune made their virtues shine.
A rich example his fair life did give,
How others should with their relations live.
A pious son, a husband, and a friend,
To neighbours too his bounty did extend
So far, that they lamented when he died,
As if all to him had been near allied.
His curious youth would men and manners know,
Which made him to the southern nations go.
Nearer the sun, though they more civil seem,
Revenge and luxury have their esteem;
Which well observing, he return'd with more
Value for England than he had before;
Her true religion, and her statutes too,
He practis'd not less than seek'd to know;
And the whole country griev'd for their ill fate,
To lose so good, so just a magistrate.
To shed a tear may readers be inclin'd,
And pray for one he only left behind;
Till she who does inherit his estate,
May virtue love like him, and vices hate.

THE
E P I T A P H
ON
MR. WALLER'S MONUMENT,

In Beaconsfield Church-yard, in Buckinghamshire;

WRITTEN BY MR. RYMER, LALE HISTORIOGRAPHER-ROYAL.

ON THE WEST END.

EDMUNDI WALLER HIC JACET ID
QUANTUM MORTI CESSIT; QUI INTER
POETAS SUI TEMPORIS FACILE
PRINCEPS, LAUREAM, QUAM MERUIT
ADOLESCENS, OCTOGENARIUS HAUD
ABDICAVIT HUIC DEBET PATRIA
LINGUA QUOD CREDAS, SI GRÆCE
LATINEQUE INTERMITTERENT MUSE
LOQUI AMARENT ANGLICE.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

HEUS, VIATOR! TUMULATUM VIDES
EDMUNDUM WALLER, QUI TANTI
NOMINIS POETA, ET IDEM AVITIS
OPIBUS, INTER PRIMOS SPECTABILIS,
MUSIS SE DEDIT, ET PATRIÆ,
NONDUM OCTODECENNALIS, INTER
ARDUA REGNI TRACTANTES SEDEM
HABUIT, A BURGO DE AGMONDESHAM
MISSUS. HIC VITÆ CURSUS; NEC
ONERI DEFUIT SENEX; VIXITQUE
SEMPER POPULO CHARUS, PRINCIPIBUS
IN DELICHS, ADMIRATIONI OMNIBUS.
HIC CONDITUR TUMULO SUB EODEM
RARA VIRTUTE ET MULTA PROLE
NOBILIS UXOR, MARIA EX BRESSYORUM
FAMILIA, CUM EDMUNDO WALLER,
CONJUGE CHARISSIMO: QUEM TER ET
DECIES LÆTUM FECIT PATREM, V FILIIS,
FILIABUS VIII; QUOS MUNDO
DEDIT. ET IN COELUM REDIIT.

ON THE EAST END.

EDMUNDUS WALLER CUI HOC MARMOR
SACRUM EST, COLESHILL NASCENDI
LOCUM HÆUIT; CANTABRIGIAM
STUDENDI; PATREM ROBERTUM ET
EX HAMPDENÆ STIRPE MATREM:
COEPIT VIVERE III^o MARTII, A.D. MDCV.
PRIMA UXOR ANNA EDWARDI BANKS
FILIA UNICA HÆRES. EX PRIMA BIS
PATER FACTUS; EX SECUNDA
TREDECIES; CUI ET DUO LUSTRA
SUPERSTES, OBIT XXI OCTOB.
A. D. MDCLXXXVII.

ON THE NORTH SIDE.

HOC MARMORE EDMUNDO WALLER
MARIEQUE EX SECUNDIS NUPTIIS
CONJUGI, PIENTISSIMIS PARENTIBUS,
PIISSIME PARENTAVIT EDMUNDUS
FILIUS HONORES BENE - MERENTIBUS
EXTREMOS DEDIT QUOS IPSE FUGIT.
EL. W. I. F. H. G. EX TESTAMENTO
H. M. P. IN JUL. MDCC.

THE
P O E M S
OF
J O H N P O M F R E T.

"The Poems of Dr. Watts were by my recommendation inserted in this Collection; the Readers of which are to impute to me whatever pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden."

DR. JOHNSON.

P R E F A C E.

IT will be to little purpose, the Author presumes, to offer any reasons, why the following poems appear in public; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true; and if he does, it is much greater odds, whether the gentle reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable custom of Prefaces, that it was through the irresistible importunity of friends, or some other excuse of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the press; but he thought it much better to leave every man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself: for, let what will be pretended, people are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that, unless it hit their humour, it is immediately condemned for a sham and hypocrisy.

In short, that which wants an excuse for being in print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the ensuing poems deserve to stand in that class, the world must have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the Gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good-humour will easily pardon; but those which the peevishness and ill-nature of the Critic may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used: Though, methinks, it is a very preposterous pleasure, to scratch other persons till the blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

Some persons, perhaps, may wonder, how Things of this Nature dare come into the world without the protection of some great name, as they call it, and a fulsome Epistle Dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honourable: for, if a Poem struts out under my Lord's Patronage, the Author imagines it is no less than *scandalum magnatum* to dislike it; especially if he thinks fit to tell the world, that this same Lord is a person of wonderful Wit and Understanding, a notable Judge of Poetry, and a very considerable Poet himself. But if a Poem have no intrinsic excellencies, and real beauties, the greatest name in the world will never induce a man of sense to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of snuff into the Poet's hand, and his Grace twenty guineas: for, indeed there lies the strength of a great name, and the greatest protection an Author can receive from it.

To please every one, would be a new thing; and to write so as to please nobody, would be as new: for even Quarles and Withers have their admirers. The Author is not so fond of fame, to desire it from the injudicious Many; nor of so mortified a temper, not to wish it from the discerning Few. It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which establishes a valuable reputation; and if a Rymer or a Congreve say it is well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the majority may be to the contrary.

London, 1699.

THE C H O I C E.

IF Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chuse my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous; and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores, should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning, shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteely, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend,
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare:
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread:
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what 's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty blest.

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce.
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
In my retreat, or to himself or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reason gave,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the least swerving from their rule 's too much;
For what 's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well-born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known:
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just;
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:
Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide:
Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state:
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar; true
As dying Martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd
choose
(For who would so much satisfaction lose,
As witty nymphs, in conversation give)
Near some obliging modest fair to live:
For there 's that sweetness in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;

That, by a
Winds up
Fresh vital

I'd have
Easy in c
Coy to a ro
Still constan
A soul she
Prudence a
Courage to
No fear, bu
Quick to ad
To give goo
I'd have th
That shews
More than c
Her condu
Civil to str
Averse to v
In all the m
So faithful t
No censure
Then would
She goes the

To this f
Her convers
Give life an
Would vent
Near my ret
But so divin
I'd feldom,
For highest
By a too fre
And what w
Ruins our h

I'd be co
Belov'd by a
Whatever aff
T' oblige m
Whene'er th
My tongue,
Low-spirits I
As I would
And rather p
A plague to
I value quiet
To give fir
For what do
But counte-f

If Heaven
Thus I'd in
And as I nea
Some kind re
Should take
Which I did
Then I'd no
Nor have the
But by a fil
Without a si
And when co
For tears, b
Then would
All man wou

That

That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I'd have her reason all her passions sway:
Easy in company, in private gay;
Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A soul she should have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or base;
Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
To give good counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much:
That shews a want of judgment, and of sense;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind;
Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No censure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire;
Her conversation would new joys inspire;
Give life an edge so keen, no furly care
Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.
But so divine, so noble a repast
I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste:
For highest cordials all their virtue lose,
By a too frequent and too bold a use;
And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
To oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Where'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
Low-suits I'd shun, with as much studious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who 'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?

If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Which I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave,
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

A VISION.

THO' gloomy thoughts disturb'd my anxious breast
All the long night, and drove away my rest;
Just as the dawning day began to rise,
A grateful slumber clos'd my waking eyes;
But active fancy to strange regions flew,
And brought surprizing objects to my view.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,
The soft retreat of gods, when gods make love.
Each beauteous object my charm'd soul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd;
Nor knew which most delighted: all was fine:
The noble product of some Power Divine.
But as I travers'd the obliging shade,
With myrtle, jessamine, and roses, made,
I saw a person whose celestial face
At first declar'd her goddess of the place:
But I discover'd, when approaching near,
An aspect full of beauty, but severe,
Bold and majestic; every awful look
Into my soul a secret horror struck.
Advancing farther on, she made a stand,
And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiss'd her hand:
Then thus began—Bright Deity! (for so
You are, no mortals such perfections know)
I may intrude; but how I was convey'd
To this strange place, or by what powerful aid,
I'm wholly ignorant; nor know I more,
Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
Instruct me then, that I no longer may
In darkness serve the goddess I obey.

Youth! she reply'd, this place belongs to one,
By whom you 'll be, and thousands are undone.
These pleasant walks, and all these shady bowers,
Are in the government of dangerous powers.
Love 's the capricious master of this coast;
This fatal labyrinth, where fools are lost.
I dwell not here amidst these gaudy things,
Whose short enjoyment no true pleasure brings;
But have an empire of a nobler kind:
My regal seat 's in the celestial mind;
Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
I rule, and make those happy I command.
For, while I govern, all within 's at rest;
No stormy passion revels in my breast:
But when my power is despicable grown,
And rebel appetites usurp the throne,
The soul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys;
But all is tumult, and eternal noise.
Know, youth! I'm Reason, which you 've oft despis'd;
I am that Reason, which you never priz'd;
And though my arguments successful prove,
(For Reason seems impertinence in love)
Yet I'll not see my charge (for all mankind
Are to my guardianship by Heaven assign'd)
Into the grasp of any ruin rush,
That I can warn them of, and they may shun.
Fly, youth, these guilty shades; retreat in time,
Ere your mistake 's converted to a crime:
For ignorance no longer can atone,
When once the error and the fault is known.
You thought perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,
Imprudently to value all that shines,

In these retirements freely to possess
True joy, and strong substantial happiness :
But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,
In crowds, her tributary Fops appear ;
Who, blindly lavish of their golden days,
Consume them all in her fallacious ways.
Pert Love with her, by joint commission, rules
In this capacious realm of idle fools ;
Who, by false hearts, and popular deceits,
The careless, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.
'Tis easy to descend into the snare,
By the pernicious conduct of the fair ;
But safely to return from this abode,
Requires the wit, the prudence of a god :
Though you, who have not tasted that delight,
Which only at a distance charms your sight,
May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart :
Which lost is subject to eternal smart.
Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confess,
Is truly great ; nor would I make it less :
That were to wrong her, where she merits most ;
But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast.
And who would run, that's moderately wise,
A certain danger, for a doubtful prize ?
If you miscarry, you are lost for far
(For there's no erring twice in love and war)
You'll ne'er recover, but must always wear
Those chains you'll find it difficult to bear.
Delia has charms, I own ; such charms would move
Old age, and frozen impotence to love ;
But do not venture, where such danger lies ;
Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes,
Whose poisonous rays do to the soul impart
Delicious ruin, and a pleasing smart.
You draw, insensibly, destruction near ;
And love the danger, which you ought to fear.
If the light pains you labour under now,
Destroy your ease, and make your spirits bow ;
You'll find them much more grievous to be borne,
When heavier made by an imperious scorn :
Nor can you hope, she will your passion hear
With softer notions, or a kinder ear,
Than those of other swains ; who always found,
She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.
But grant, she should indulge your flame, and give
Whate'er you'd ask, nay, all you can receive ;
The short-liv'd pleasure would so quickly cloy,
Bring such a weak, and such a feeble joy,
You'd have but small encouragement to boast
The tinsel rapture worth the pains it cost.
Consider, Strephon, soberly of things,
What strange inquietudes Love always brings !
The foolish fears, vain hopes, and jealousies,
Which still attend upon this fond disease :
How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine ;
Call every feature, every look, divine :
Commend each sentence with an humble smile ;
Though nonsense, swear it is a heavenly style :
Servilely rail at all she disapproves ;
And as ignobly flatter all she loves :
Renounce your very sense, and silent sit,
While she puts off impertinence for wit ;
Like setting-dog, new whipp'd for springing game,
You must be made, by due correction, tame.
But if you can endure the nauseous rule
Of woman, do ; love on, and be a fool.

You know the danger, your own methods use ;
The good or evil 's in your power to choose :
But who'd expect a short and dubious bliss
On the declining of a precipice ;
Where if he slips, not fate itself can save
The falling wretch from an untimely grave ?

Thou great directress of our minds, said I,
We safely on your dictates may rely ;
And that which you have now so kindly prest,
Is true, and, without contradiction, best :
But with a steady sentence to control
The heat and vigour of a youthful soul,
While gay temptations hover in our sight,
And daily bring new objects of delight,
Which on us with surprizing beauty smile,
Is difficult ; but is a noble toil.
The best may slip, and the most cautious fall ;
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
And though fair Delia has my soul possess'd,
I'll chase her bright idea from my breast :
At least, I'll make one essay. If I fail,
And Delia's charms o'er Reason do prevail,
I may be, sure, from rigid censures free,
Love was my foe ; and Love's a deity.

Then she rejoind ; you may successful prove,
In your attempt to curb impetuous Love :
Then will proud passion on her rightful lord,
You to yourself, I to my throne restor'd ;
But to confirm your courage, and inspire
Your resolutions with a bolder fire,
Follow me, youth ! I'll show you that shall move
Your soul to curse the tyranny of Love.

Then she convey'd me to a dismal shade,
Which melancholy yew and cypresses made ;
Where I beheld an antiquated pile
Of rugged building in a narrow stile ;
The water round it gave a nauseous smell,
Like vapours steaming from a sulphurous cell.
The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud,
O'er-grown with hemlock, on supporters stood ;
As did the roof, ungrateful to the view :
'Twas both an hospital, and bedlam too.
Before the entrance, mouldering bones were spread,
Some skeletons entire, some lately dead ;
A little rubbish loosely scatter'd o'er
Their bodies uninterr'd, lay round the door.
No funeral rites to any here were paid,
But dead like dogs into the dust convey'd.
From hence, by Reason's conduct, I was brought,
Through various turnings to a spacious vault,
Where I beheld, and 't was a mournful sight,
Vast crowds of wretches all debarr'd from light,
But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had ;
Which made the prospect more amazing sad.
Some wept, some riv'd, some musically mad :
Some sweating loud, and others laughing : Some
Were always talking ; others always dumb.
Here one, a dagger in his breast, expires,
And quenches with his blood his amorous fires :
There hangs a second ; and, not far remov'd,
A third lies poison'd, who false Celia lov'd.
All sorts of madness, every kind of death,
By which unhappy mortals lose their breath,
Were here expos'd before my wondering eyes,
The sad effects of female treacheries ;

Quam

Others I saw, who were not quite bereft
Of sense, though very small remains were left,
Cursing the fatal folly of their youth,
For trusting to perjurious woman's truth.
These on the left.—Upon the right a view
Of equal horror, equal misery too;
Amazing! all employ'd my troubled thought,
And, with new wonder, new aversion brought.
There I beheld a wretched, numerous throng
Of pale, lean mortals; some lay stretch'd along
On beds of straw, disconsolate and poor;
Others extended naked on the floor;
Fall'd from human pity, here they lie,
And know no end of misery till they die,
The death, which comes in gay and prosperous days
Too soon, in time of misery delays.

These dreadful spectacles had so much power,
I vow'd, and solemnly, to love no more;
For sure that flame is kindled from below,
Which breeds such sad variety of woe.

Then we descended, by some few degrees,
From this stupendous scene of miseries;
Bold Reason brought me to another cave,
Dark as the inmost chambers of the grave.
Here, youth, the cry'd, in the acutest pain,
These villains lie, who have their fathers slain,
Slubb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to please
Ambitious, proud, revengeful mistresses;
Who, after all their services, prefer'd
Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd
Before those wretches; who, despairing, dwell
In agonies no human tongue can tell.
Darkness prevents the too amazing sight;
And you may blest the happy want of light.
But my tormented ears were fill'd with sighs,
Sighing groans, and lamentable cries,
So very sad I could endure no more;
Methought I felt the miseries they bore.

Then to my guide said I, For pity now
Conduct me back; here I confirm my vow.
Which, if I dare insinge, be this my fate,
To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
The charms of beauty I'll no more pursue:
Adieu, farewell, farewell for ever too.

Then we return'd to the delightful grove;
Where Reason still dissuaded me from Love.
You see, the cry'd, what misery attends
On Love, and where too frequently it ends;
And let not that unwieldy passion sway
Your soul, which none but whining fools obey.
The masculine, brave spirit scorns to own
The proud usurper of my sacred throne;
Nor with idolatrous devotion pays
To the false god, or sacrifice, or praise.
The Siren's music charms the sailor's ear;
But he is ruin'd if he stops to hear:
And, if you listen, Love's harmonious voice
As much delights, as certainly destroys.
Ambrosia mix'd with Aconite may have
A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave;
For though the latent poison may be still
A while, it very seldom fails to kill.
But who'd partake the food of gods, to die
Within a day, or live in misery?

Who'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head
A poniard hung but by a single thread *?
Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet,
And either kill, or surfeit, all that eat;
Who, when the fated appetite is tir'd,
E'en loath the thoughts of what they once admir'd.
You've promis'd, Strephon, to forsake the charms
Of Delia, though she courts you to her arms;
And sure I may your resolution trust;
You'll never want temptation, but be just.
Vows of this nature, youth, must not be broke;
You're always bound, though 't is a gentle yoke.
Would men be-wise, and my advice pursue,
Love's conquests would be small, his triumphs few
For nothing can oppose his tyranny,
With such a prospect of success as I.
Me he detests, and from my presence flies,
Who know his arts, and stratagems despise,
By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's rules,
To make himself the deity of fools:
Him dully they adore, him blindly serve,
Some while they're sots, and others while they starve
For those who under his wild conduct go,
Either come coxcombs, or he makes them so;
His charms deprive, by their strange influence,
The brave of courage, and the wise of sense;
In vain philosophy would set the mind
At liberty, if once by him confin'd:
The scholar's learning, and the poet's wit,
A while may struggle, but at last submit;
Well-weigh'd results and wise conclusions seem
But empty chat, impertinence to him;
His opiates seize so strongly on the brain,
They make all prudent application vain:
If, therefore, you resolve to live at ease,
To taste the sweetness of internal peace;
Would not for safety to a battle fly,
Or choose a shipwreck, if afraid to die;
Far from these pleasurable shades remove,
And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love.

This said, she vanish'd, and methought I found
Myself transported to a rising ground;
From whence I did a pleasant vale survey,
Large was the prospect, beautiful, and gay,
There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
Whose curious forms oblig'd the wondering sight;
Some in full view upon the champain plac'd,
With lofty walls and cooling streams embrac'd:
Others, in shady groves, retir'd from noise,
The seat of private and exalted joys.
At a great distance I perceiv'd there stood
A stately building in a spacious wood,
Whose gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads
High in the air, to view the neighbouring meads,
Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days,
In rustic dancing, and delightful plays.
But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
I heard from far celestial music sound;
So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all
The artful charming notes did rise and fall;
My soul, transported with the graceful airs,
Shook off the pressures of its former fears;
I felt afresh the little god begin
To stir himself, and gentle move within.

* The feast of Democles.

Then

Then I repented I had vow'd no more
 To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.
 Why am I now condemn'd to banishment,
 And made an exile, by my own consent?
 I sighing cry'd, why should I live in pain
 Those fleeting hours which ne'er return again?
 O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do!
 Inhuman to himself, and false to you!
 'Tis true, I've promis'd Reason to remove
 From these retreats, and quit bright Delia's love:
 But is not Reason partially unkind?
 Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd?
 Must none, that under her dominion live,
 To Love and Beauty veneration give?
 Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace
 With a majestic mein, and charming face?
 Why did she give her that surprizing air;
 Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair;
 Mistress of all that can affection move,
 If Reason will not suffer us to love?
 But, since it must be so, I'll haste away;
 'Tis fatal to return, and death to stay.
 From you, blest shades! (If I may call you so
 Inculpable) with mighty pain I go:
 Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here;
 I may find safety, but I buy it dear.

Then turning round, I saw a beauteous boy,
 Such as of old were messengers of joy;
 Who art thou, or from whence? if sent, said I,
 To me, my haste requires a quick reply.

I come, he cry'd, from yon celestial grove,
 Where stands the temple of the God of Love;
 With whose important favour you are grac'd,
 And justly in his high protection plac'd:
 Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,
 Whose sceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod;
 That god, to whom the haughty and the proud,
 The bold, the bravest, nay, the best, have bow'd:
 That god, whom all the lesser gods adore;
 First in existence, and the first in power.
 From him I come, on embassy divine,
 To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine;
 To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay;
 Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
 If you dare push your fortune, if you dare
 But be resolved, and press the yielding fair,
 Success and glory will your labours crown;
 For Fate does rarely on the valiant frown.
 But, were you sure to be unkindly us'd,
 Coldly receiv'd, and scornfully refus'd;
 He greater glory and more fame obtains,
 Who loses Delia, than who Phyllis gains.
 But, to prevent all fears that may arise,
 (Though fears ne'er move the daring and the wise)
 In the dark volumes of eternal doom,
 Where all things past, and present, and to come,
 Are writ, I saw these words—"It is decreed,
 "That Strephon's love to Delia shall succeed."
 What would you more? While youth and vigour last,
 Love, and be happy; they decline too fast.
 In youth alone you're capable to prove
 The mighty transports of a generous love;
 For dull old-age, with fumbling labour, cloy
 Before the bliss, or gives but wither'd joys.
 Youth's the best time for action mortals hays;
 That past, they touch the confines of the grave.

Now, if you hope to live in Delia's arms;
 To die in raptures, or dissolve in charms,
 Quick to the blissful, happy mansion fly,
 Where all is one continu'd extasy.
 Delia impatiently expects you there:
 And sure you will not disappoint the fair.
 None but the impotent or old would stay,
 When Love invites, and Beauty calls away.

Oh! you convey, said I, dear charming boy,
 Into my soul a strange disorder'd joy.
 I would, but dare not, your advice pursue;
 I've promis'd Reason, and I must be true,
 Reason's the rightful empress of the soul;
 Does all exorbitant desires control;
 Checks every wild excursion of the mind,
 By her wise dictates happily confin'd:
 And he that will not her commands obey,
 Leaves a safe convoy in a dangerous sea.
 True, I love Delia to a vast excess,
 But I must try to make my passion less;
 Try if I can, if possible, I will,
 For I have vow'd, and must that vow fulfil.
 Oh! had I not, with what a vigorous flight
 Could I pursue the quarries of delight!
 How could I press fair Delia in these arms,
 Till I dissolv'd in love, and she in charms!
 But now no more must I her beauties view;
 Yet tremble at the thought to leave her too.
 What would I give, I might my flame allow!
 But 'tis forbid by Reason, and a vow;
 Two mighty obstacles: though Love of old
 Has broke through greater, stronger powers control'd.
 Should I offend, by high example taught,
 'T would not be an inexpressible fault,
 The crimes of malice have found grace above,
 And sure kind Heaven will spare the crimes of Love.
 Could'st thou, my angel, but instruct me how
 I might be happy, and not break my vow;
 Or, by some subtle art, dissolve the chain;
 You'd soon revive my dying hopes again.
 Reason and Love, I know, could ne'er agree;
 Both would command, and both superior be.
 Reason's supported by the finewy force
 Of solid argument, and wise discourse;
 But Love pretends to use no other arms
 Than soft impressions, and persuasive charms.
 One must be disobey'd; and shall I prove
 A rebel to my Reason, or to Love?
 But then, suppose I should my flame pursue,
 Delia may be unkind, and faithless too;
 Reject my passion with a proud disdain,
 And scorn the love of such an humble swain:
 Then should I labour under mighty grief,
 Beyond all hopes or prospect of relief.
 So that, methinks, 'tis safer to obey
 Right Reason, though she bears a rugged sway,
 Than Love's soft rule, whose subjects undergo,
 Early or late, too sad a share of woe.
 Can I so soon forget that wretched crew,
 Reason just now expos'd before my view?
 If Delia should be cruel, I must be
 A sad partaker of their misery.
 But your encouragements so strongly move,
 I'm almost tempted to pursue my love:
 For sure no treacherous designs should dwell
 In one that argues and persuades so well;

For what
 Love's a
 And sure
 A god,

Right
 Love ruin
 And thof
 Transgre
 They ve
 Nor is the
 For Love
 Like day
 One dark
 This of i
 Reason ne
 'Tis Lust
 She bids y
 Black as t
 In this he
 But yours
 You err in
 The brave
 And there
 Invert her
 She could
 As not to
 But, when
 And that i
 Could you
 In old Ale
 Or rough-
 Which are
 Consider, y
 The most i
 Which is b
 Monarchs i
 Town 'tis d
 Or't would
 But there i
 Is left ung
 Which the
 Steals in li
 You urge y
 Whole first
 You vow'd
 Your passio
 But since y
 To kind a
 And therefo
 But banish
 Dire you de
 I'll be your
 What! still
 View her, a
 I'll go, a
 'Tis brave t
 Beauty no m
 Laid by his
 Reason, if
 Angels alone
 I go alway
 And act a fo

Then we
 Were soon s

For what could Love by my destruction gain?
Love 's an immortal god, and I a swain;
And sure I may without suspicion trust
A god, for gods can never be unjust.

Right you conclude, reply'd the smiling boy;
Love ruins none, 'tis men themselves destroy;
And those vile wretches which you lately saw,
Transgress'd his rules, as well as Reason's law.
They 're not Love's subjects, but the slaves of Lust;
Nor is their punishment so great as just.
For Love and Lust essentially divide,
Like day and night, Humility and Pride;
One darkness hides, t' other does always shine;
This of infernal make, and that divine.
Reason no generous passion does oppose;
'Tis Lust (not Love) and Reason that are foes.
She bids you scorn a base inglorious flame,
Black as the gloomy shade from whence it came:
In this her precepts should obedience find;
But yours is not of that ignoble kind.

You err in thinking she would disapprove
The brave pursuit of honorable love:
And therefore judge what 's harmless an offence;
Invert her meaning, and mistake her sense.
She could not such insipid counsel give,
As not to love at all; 'tis not to live;
But, where bright virtue and true beauty lies,
And that in Delia, charming Delia's eyes.
Could you contented see th' angelic maid
In old Alexis' dull embraces laid?
Or rough-hewn Tityrus possess those charms,
Which are an heaven, the heaven of Delia's arms?
Consider, youth, what transport you forego,
The most intire felicity below;
Which is by fate alone reserv'd for you:
Monarchs have been deny'd; for monarchs sue.
I own 'tis difficult to gain the prize;
Or 't would be cheap and low in noble eyes:
But there is one soft minute, when the mind
Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind;
Which the wise lover understanding right,
Steals in like day upon the wings of light.
You urge your vow, but can those vows prevail,
Whose first foundation and whose reason fail?
You vow'd to leave fair Delia; but you thought
Your passion was a crime, your flame a fault.
But since your judgment err'd, it has no force
To bind at all, but is dissolv'd of course;
And therefore hesitate no longer here,
But banish all the dull remains of fear.
Dare you be happy, youth; but dare, and be;
I'll be your convoy to the charming she.
What! still irresolute? debating still?
View her, and then forsake her if you will.

I'll go, said I; once more I'll venture all;
'Tis brave to perish by a noble fall.
Beauty no mortal can resist; and Jove
Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.
Reason, if I do err, my crime forgive:
Angels alone without offending live.
I go astray but as the wife have done;
And act a folly which they did not shun.

Then we, descending to a spacious plain,
Were soon saluted by a numerous train

Of happy lovers, who consum'd their hours,
With constant jollity, in shady bowers.
There I beheld the blest variety
Of joy, from all corroding troubles free:
Each follow'd his own fancy to delight;
Though all went different ways, yet all went right.
None err'd, or mis'd the happiness he sought;
Love to one centre every twining brought.
We pass'd through numerous pleasant fields and glades,
By murmuring fountains, and by peaceful shades;
Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,
Where mighty Love's immortal temple stood;
Round the celestial fane, in goodly rows,
And beauteous order, amorous myrtle grows;
Beneath whose shade expecting lovers wait
For the kind minute of indulgent fate;
Each had his guardian Cupid, whose chief care,
By secret motions, was to warm the fair;
To kindle eager longings for the joy;
To move the slow, and to incline the coy.

The glorious fabric charm'd my wondering sight;
Of vast extent, and of prodigious height:
The case was marble, but the polish'd stone
With such an admirable lustre shone,
As if some architect divine had strow'd
T' outdo the palace of imperial Jove;
The ponderous gates of massy gold were made,
With di'monds of a mighty size inlaid;
Here stood the winged guards, in order plac'd,
With shining darts and golden quivers grac'd:
As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,
And cry'd aloud, 'Tune, tune your warbling strings;
The grateful youth is come, to sacrifice
At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes;
With harmony divine his soul inspire,
That he may boldly touch the sacred fire;
And ye that wait upon the blushing fair,
Celestial incense and perfumes prepare;
While our great god her panting bosom warms,
Refines her beauties, and improves her charms.

Entering the spacious dome, my ravish'd eyes
A wondrous scene of glory did surprize:
The riches, symmetry, and brightness, all
Did equally for admiration call!
But the description is a labour fit
For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.

Amidst the temple was an altar made
Of solid gold, where adoration 's paid;
Here I perform'd the usual rites with fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too near;
Till from the god a smiling Cupid came,
And bid me touch the consecrated flame:
Which done, my guide my eager steps convey'd
To the apartment of the beauteous maid.
Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,
On pedestals of polish'd marble plac'd,
By it her guardian Cupid always stands,
Who troops of missionary Loves command:
To him, with soft addresses all repair:
Each for his captive humbly begs the fair:
Though still in vain they importun'd; for he
Would give encouragement to none but me.
There stands the youth, he cry'd, must take a bliss,
The lovely Delia can be none but his;

Fate

Fate has selected him; and mighty Love
 Confirms below what that decrees above.
 Then prefs no more; there's not another swain
 On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.
 Kneel, youth, and with a grateful mind renew
 Your vows; swear you'll eternally be true.
 But if you dare be false, dare perjur'd prove,
 You'll find, in sure revenge, affronted Love
 As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove.
 Hear me, ye gods, said I, now hear me swear,
 By all that's sacred, and by all that's fair!
 If I prove false to Delia, let me fall
 The common obloquy, condemn'd by all!
 Let me the utmost of your vengeance try;
 Forc'd to live wretched, and un pity'd die!

Then he expos'd the lovely sleeping maid,
 Upon a couch of new-blown roses laid.
 The blushing colour in her cheeks express'd
 What tender thoughts inspir'd her heaving breast.
 Sometimes a sigh half-smother'd stole away;
 Then she would Strephon, charming Strephon, say;
 Sometimes she, smiling, cry'd, You love 'tis true;
 But will you always, and be faithful too?
 Ten thousand graces play'd about her face;
 Ten thousand charms attending every grace:
 Each admirable feature did impart
 A secret rapture to my throbbing heart.
 The nymph * imprison'd in the brazen tower,
 When Jove descended in a golden shower,
 Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes
 Brought down that god from the neglected skies.
 So moving, so transporting was the sight;
 So much a goddess Delia seem'd, so bright;
 My ravish'd soul, with secret wonder fraught,
 Lay all dissolv'd in extasy of thought.

Long time I gaz'd; but, as I trembling drew
 Nearer, to make a more obliging view,
 It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noise
 Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

AS Strephon, in a wither'd cypress shade,
 For anxious thought and sighing lovers made,
 Revolving lay upon his wretched state,
 And the hard usage of too partial Fate;
 Thus the sad youth complain'd: Once happy swain,
 Now the most abject shepherd of the plain!
 Where 's that harmonious concert of delights,
 Those peaceful days, and pleasurable nights,
 That generous mirth and noble jollity,
 Which daily made the dancing minutes flee?
 Dispers'd and banish'd from my troubled breast;
 Nor leave me one short interval of rest.

Why do I prosecute a hopeless flame,
 And play in torment such a losing game?
 All things conspire to make my ruin sure:
 When wounds are mortal, they admit no cure.
 But Heaven sometimes does a miraculous thing,
 When our last hope is just upon the wing;
 And in a moment drives those clouds away,
 Whose fullen darkness hid a glorious day.

* Danaë.

Why was I born, or why do I survive;
 To be made wretched only, kept alive?
 Fate is too cruel in the harsh decree,
 That I must live, yet live in misery.
 Are all its pleasing happy moments gone?
 Must Strephon be unfortunate alone?
 On other swains it lavishly bestows;
 On them each nymph neglected favour throws:
 They meet compliance still in every face,
 And lodge their passions in a kind embrace;
 Obtaining from the soft incurious maid
 True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.
 Success on Mævius always does attend;
 Inconstant fortune is his constant friend:
 He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit;
 And owes the victory to chance, not wit.
 But, let him conquer ere one blow he struck;
 I'd not be Mævius, to have Mævius' luck.
 Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains
 For all the trophies purring Mævius gains;
 But rather still live Delia's slave, than be
 Like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free.
 But he is happy, loves the common road;
 And, pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his load.
 If Phyllis peevish or unkind does prove,
 It ne'er disturbs his grave mechanic love.
 A little joy his languid flame contents,
 And makes him easy under all events.
 But when a passion's noble and sublime,
 And higher still would every moment climb;
 If 't is accepted with a just return,
 The fire's immortal, will for ever burn;
 And with such raptures fills the lover's breast,
 That saints in paradise are scarce more blest.

But I lament my miseries in vain;
 For Delia hears me, pitiless, complain.
 Suppose the pities, and believes me true,
 What satisfaction can from thence accrue,
 Unless her pity makes her love me too?
 Perhaps the loves ('t is but perhaps, I fear,
 For that 's a blessing can't be bought too dear)
 If she has scruples that oppose her will,
 I must, alas! be miserable still.
 Though, if she loves, those scruples soon will fly
 Before the reasoning of the Deity:
 For, when love enters, he will rule alone,
 And suffer no co-partner in his throne;
 And those false arguments that would repel
 His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.

What method can poor Strephon then propound,
 To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,
 If she, who guided the vexatious dart,
 Resolves to cherish and increase the smart?
 Go, youth, from these unhappy plains remove,
 Leave the pursuit of unsuccessful love:
 Go, and to foreign swains thy griefs relate,
 Tell them the cruelty of frowning fate;
 Tell them the noble charms of Delia's mind,
 Tell them how fair, but tell them how unkind.
 And when few years thou hast in sorrow spent
 (For sure they cannot be of large extent);
 In prayers for her thou lov'st, resign thy breath,
 And blebs the minute gives thee ease and death.

Here paus'd the swain, when Delia driving by
 Her bleating flock to some fresh pasture nigh,

By Love di
 Where Str
 As soon as
 He rose to

When
 And in sev
 With const
 And their
 Grow still
 Nor one we
 Till Heaven
 Not only do

O, do no
 So much, a
 My ponder
 For they ar
 How shall I
 To an excel
 Since you'r
 Relieve like
 Did you per
 Which you
 They would
 And pity m
 Some swain
 And lead th
 But let them
 And do not
 If there's so
 Yours shoul
 Though inn
 Of guilt, an
 Your nature
 And why to
 A common l
 Meets with
 Nay, scarce
 As angels fl
 A passion fo
 And values l
 But, love fir
 And the unk

Sometimes
 Too good to
 That tendern
 Will move y
 But, when I
 Of my own n
 For what can
 To raise in h
 I've nought
 My fortune's
 But, if a love
 Can make im
 If all has real
 There cannot

Perhaps yo
 And my affec
 But what, als
 You pity, bu
 Still I am wre
 The flaring
 He must recei
 Or he consum
 Vol. II.

By Love directed, did her steps convey
Where Strephon, wrapp'd in silent sorrow, lay,
As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,
He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said:

When humble suppliants would the gods appease,
And in severe afflictions beg for ease,
With constant importunity they sue,
And their petitions every day renew;
Grow still more earnest as they are deny'd,
Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd,
Till Heaven those blessings they enjoy'd before,
Not only does return, but gives them more.

O, do not blame me, Delia! if I press
So much, and with impatience, for redress.
My ponderous griefs no ease my soul allow;
For they are next t' intolerable now:
How shall I then support them, when they grow
To an excess, to a distracting woe?
Since you're endow'd with a celestial mind,
Relieve like Heaven, and like the gods be kind.
Did you perceive the torments I endure,
Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure,
They would your virgin soul to pity move,
And pity may at last be chang'd to love.
Some swains, I own, impose upon the fair,
And lead th' incautious maid into a snare;
But let them suffer for their perjury,
And do not punish others crimes with me.
If there's so many of our sex untrue,
Yours should more kindly use the faithful few;
Though innocence too oft incurs the fate
Of guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.
Your nature is to tenderness inclin'd;
And why to me, to me alone unkind?
A common love, by other persons shewn,
Meets with a full return; but mine has none:
Nay, scarce believ'd, though from deceit as free
As angels flames can for archangels be.
A passion feign'd, at no repulse is griev'd,
And values little if it be n't receiv'd:
But, love sincere repents the smallest scorn,
And the unkindness does in secret mourn.

Sometimes I please myself, and think you are
Too good to make me wretched by despair;
That tenderness, which in your soul is plac'd,
Will move you to compassion sure at last.
But, when I come to take a second view
Of my own merits, I despond of you:
For what can Delia, beauteous Delia, see,
To raise in her the least esteem for me:
I've nought that can encourage my address;
My fortune's little, and my worth is less:
But, if a love of the sublimest kind
Can make impression on a generous mind;
If all has real value that's divine,
There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.

Perhaps you pity me; I know you must,
And my affection can no more distrust:
But what, alas! will helpless pity do?
You pity, but you may despise me too.
Still I am wretched if no more you give,
The starving orphan can't on pity live:
He must receive the food for which he cries,
Or he consumes; and, though much pity'd, dies.

VOL. II.

My torments still do with my passion grow;
The more I love, the more I undergo.
But suffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the pressure of so vast a pain.
My wound requires some speedy remedy:
Delays are fatal, when despair is nigh.
Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell;
Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.
When will the end of all my sorrows be?
Can you not love? I'm sure you pity me.
But, if I must new miseries sustain,
And be condemn'd to more and stronger pain,
I'll not accuse you, since my fate is such,
I please too little, and I love too much.

Strephon, no more; the blushing Delia said,
Excuse the conduct of a timorous maid:
Now I'm convinc'd your love's sublime and true,
Such as I always wish'd to find in you.
Each kind expression, every tender thought,
A mighty transport in my bosom wrought:
And though in secret I your flame approv'd,
I sigh'd, and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd.
Though now—O Strephon! be so kind to guests,
What shame will not allow me to confess.

The youth, encompass'd with a joy so bright,
Had hardly strength to bear the vast delight.
By too sublime an extasy possess'd,
He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his breast;
Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,
Vow'd endless truth, and everlasting love.

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED.

In an Epistle to Celadon.

ALL men have follies, which they blindly trace
Through the dark turnings of a dubious maze.
But happy those, who, by a prudent care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious snare.

The eldest sons of Wisdom were not free
From the same failure you condemn in me:
They lov'd, and, by that glorious passion led,
Forgot what Plato and themselves had said.
Love triumph'd o'er those dull, pedantic rules,
They had collected from the wrangling schools,
And made them to his noble sway submit,
In spite of all their learning, art, and wit:
Their grave, starch'd morals, then unuseful prov'd;
These dusty characters he soon remov'd;
For, when his shining squadrons came in view,
Their boasted reason murmur'd, and withdrew;
Unable to oppose their mighty force
With phlegmatic resolves, and dry discourse.

If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,
I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard;
My faults you too severely reprehend,
More like a rigid censor than a friend.
Love is the monarch passion of the mind,
Knows no superior, by no laws confin'd,
But triumphs still, impatient of control,
O'er all the proud endowments of the soul.

You own'd my Delia, friend, divinely fair,
When in the bud her native beauties were;

6 [C]

Your

Your praise did then her early charms confess,
Yet you'd persuade me to adore her less.
You but the non-age of her beauty saw,
But might from thence sublime ideas draw,
And what she is, by what she was, conclude;
For now she governs those she then subdued.

Her aspect noble and mature is grown,
And every charm in its full vigour known.
There we may wondering view, distinctly writ,
The lines of goodness, and the marks of wit:
Each feature, emulous of pleasing most,
Does justly some peculiar sweetness boast;
And her composure 's of so fine a frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the immortal beauties of the skies
Contented naked for the golden prize,
The apple had not fall'n to Venus' share,
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there;
In whom alone we all their graces find,
The moving gaiety of Venus, join'd
With Juno's aspect, and Minerva's mind.

View both those nymphs whom other swains adore,
You'll value charming Delia still the more.
Dorinda's mien 's majestic, but her mind
Is to revenge and peevishness inclin'd;
Myrilla 's fair; and yet Myrilla 's proud:
Chloe has wit; but noisy, vain, and loud:
Melania doats upon the silliest things;
And yet Melania like an angel sings.
But in my Delia all endowments meet,
All that is just, agreeable, or sweet;
All that can praise and admiration move,
All that the wisest and the bravest love.

In all discourse she 's apposite and gay,
And ne'er wants something pertinent to say;
For, if the subject 's of a serious kind,
Her thoughts are manly, and her sense refin'd;
But if divertive, her expression 's fit,
Good language, join'd with inoffensive wit;
So cautious always, that she ne'er affords
An idle thought the charity of words.

The vices common to her sex can find
No room, ev'n in the suburbs of her mind;
Concluding wisely she 's in danger still.
From the mere neighbourhood of industrious ill.
Therefore at distance keeps the subtle foe,
Whose near approach would formidable grow;
While the unwary virgin is undone,
And meets the misery which she ought to shun.

Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay;
But let true judgment and right reason sway;
Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend;
Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.
Her darts are keen, but level'd with such care,
They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far:
For when she rallies, 'tis with so much art,
We blush with pleasure, and with rapture smart.

O, Celadon! you would my flame approve,
Did you but only hear her talk of love.
That tender passion to her fancy brings
The prettiest notions, and the softest things;
Which are by her so movingly express'd,
They fill with extasy my throbbing breast.

'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart
Their native glories unimprov'd by art:
By what she says I measure things above,
And guess the language of seraphic love.

To the cool bosom of a peaceful shade,
By some wild beech or lofty poplar made,
When evening comes, we secretly repair
To breath in private, and unbend our care:
And while our flocks in fruitful pastures feed,
Some well-design'd, instructive poem read;
Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd,
At once delight and cultivate the mind:
Which are by her to more perfection brought,
By wise remarks upon the poet's thought;
So well she knows the stamp of eloquence,
The empty sound of words from solid sense.
The florid rustian of a rhyming spark,
Whose random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,
Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and pass
For standard gold, when 't is but gilded brass.
Oft in the walks of an adjacent grove,
Where first we mutually engag'd to love,
She smiling ask'd me, Whether I'd prefer
An humble cottage on the plains with her,
Before the pompous building of the great;
And find content in that inferior state?
Said I, The question you propose to me,
Perhaps a matter of debate might be,
Were the degrees of my affection less
Than burning martyrs to the gods express.
In you I've all I can desire below,
That earth can give me, or the gods bestow;
And, blest with you, I know not where to find
A second choice, you take up all my mind.
I'd not forsake that dear, delightful plain,
Where charming Delia, Love and Delia reign
For all the splendor that a court can give,
Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.
Though youthful Paris, when his birth was known
(Too fatally related to a throne)
Forsook Oenone, and his rural sports,
For dangerous greatness, and tumultuous courts;
Yet Fate should still offer its power in vain;
For what is power to such an humble swain?
I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,
Though half the globe should be assign'd my share.

And would you have me, friend, reflect again,
Become the basest and the worst of men?
O, do not urge me, Celadon; forbear;
I cannot leave her, she 's too charming fair!
Should I your counsel in this case pursue,
You might suspect me for a villain too:
For sure that perjurd wretch can never prove
Just to his friend, who 's faithless to his love.

EPISTLE TO DELIA.

AS those who hope hereafter heaven to share,
A rigorous exile here can calmly bear,
And, with collected spirits, undergo
The sad variety of pain below;
Yet, with intense reflections antedite
The mighty raptures of a future state;
While the bright prospect of approaching joy
Creates a bliss no trouble can destroy;

So, th
Ev'n to
Where
And br
Thoug
That's
Yet flat
And tell
That th
A glori
And, w
My grief
Believe
(When t
Orths wi
That I an
Were I co
Ne'er to
I'd scorn
I would
For all my
All I adm
Were I po
And lodg
Then woul
Could ang
Oft, as
When bold
Humble the
But what in
The soft ret
Like love
Composi
They leave
Rein'd fo
I think o'er
What might
When, in a
The lovely l
Then I remem
The kind ex
I thought th
And the seem
being and co
Age of pie
Years of delig
And heaven i
But, when
Ourselves d the
Paradise, m
The utmost po
The cruel Fate
And unrich'd
But, though I
I think these
No change of
The settled ba
And must m
Be forc'd, you
The darling of
The only valu
Through other
Paradise was st
Fit and insipid
And themselves

So, though I'm tofs'd by giddy Fortune's hand,
 Ev'n to the confines of my native land;
 Where I can hear the stormy ocean roar,
 And break its waves upon the foaming shore:
 Though from my Delia banish'd, all that's dear,
 That's good, or beautiful, or charming here:
 Yet flattering hopes encourage me to live,
 And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give;
 That the dark treasury of times contains
 A glorious day, will finish all my pains:
 And, while I contemplate on joys to come,
 My griefs are silent, and my sorrows dumb.
 Believe me, nymph, believe me, charming fair,
 (When truth's conspicuous, we need not swear;
 Oaths will suppose a diffidence in you,
 That I am false, my flame fictitious too)
 Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial power,
 Ne'er to return to your embraces more,
 I'd scorn what'er the busy world could give;
 'Twould be the worst of miseries to live:
 For all my wishes and desires pursue,
 All I admire, or covet here, is you.
 Were I possess'd of your surprizing charms,
 And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms;
 Then would my joys ascend to that degree,
 Could angels envy, they would envy me.

Oft, as I wander in a silent shade,
 When bold vexations would my soul invade,
 Banish the rough thought, and none pursue,
 But what inclines my willing mind to you.
 The soft reflections on your sacred love,
 Like sovereign antidotes, all cares remove;
 Composing every faculty to rest,
 They leave a grateful flavour in my breast.

Retir'd sometimes into a lonely grove,
 Think o'er all the stories of our love.
 What mighty pleasure have I oft possess'd,
 When, in a masculine embrace, I prest
 The lovely Delia to my heaving breast!
 When I remember, and with vast delight,
 The kind expressions of the parting night:
 'Twas though the sun too quick return'd again,
 And day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.
 Strong and contracted was our eager blifs;
 As one of pleasure in each generous kiss:
 Years of delight in moments we compriz'd;
 And heaven itself was there epitomiz'd.

But, when the glories of the eastern light
 O'ershow'd the twinkling tapers of the night;
 Farewell, my Delia, O farewell! said I,
 The utmost period of my time is nigh:
 The cruel Fate forbids my longer stay,
 And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.
 Ere, though I must my native plains forego,
 Beside these fields, forsake my Delia too;
 No change of fortune shall for ever move
 The settled base of my immortal love.

And must my Strephon, must my faithful swain,
 Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter plain!
 The darling of my soul so soon remov'd!
 The only valu'd, and the best below'd!
 Through other swains to me themselves address'd,
 Strephon was still distinguish'd from the rest:
 But and insipid all their courtship seem'd;
 And themselves, their passions less, esteem'd:

For my aversion with their flames increas'd,
 And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd.
 Though I'm depriv'd of my kind shepherd's sight,
 Joy of the day, and blessing of the night;
 Yet will you, Strephon, will you love me still?
 However, flatter me and say you will.
 For, should you entertain a rival love;
 Should you unkind to me, or faithless prove;
 No mortal e'er could half so wretched be:
 For sure no mortal ever lov'd like me.

Your beauty, nymph, said I, my faith secures;
 Those you once conquer, must be always yours:
 For, hearts subdued by your victorious eyes,
 No force can storm, no stratagem surprize;
 Nor can I of captivity complain,
 While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.
 The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis' arms,
 Might fear, at least, he would despise her charms;
 But I can never such a monster prove,
 To slight the blessings of my Delia's love.
 Would those who at celestial tables sit,
 Blest with immortal wine, immortal wit;
 Choose to descend to some inferior board,
 Which nought but scum and nonsense can afford?
 Nor can I e'er to those gay nymphs address,
 Whose pride is greater, and whose charms are less:
 Their tinsel beauty may, perhaps, subdue
 A gaudy coxcomb, or a fulsome beau;
 But seem at best indifferent to me,
 Who none but you with admiration see.

Now, would the rolling orbs obey my will,
 I'd make the sun a second time stand still,
 And to the lower world their light repay,
 When conquering Joshua robb'd them of a day:
 Though our two souls would different passions prove;
 His was a thirst of glory, mine of love.
 It will not be; the sun makes haste to rise,
 And take possession of the eastern skies;
 Yet one more kiss, though millions are too few;
 And, Delia, since we must, must part, adieu.

As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driven
 From Eden's groves, the vicinage of Heaven;
 Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
 The harsh impressions of a ruder air;
 With mighty sorrow, and with weeping eyes,
 Look'd back, and mourn'd the loss of paradise:
 With a concern like his I did review
 My native plains, my charming Delia too;
 For I left paradise in leaving you.

If, as I walk, a pleasant shade I find,
 It brings your fair idea to my mind:
 Such was the happy place, I, sighing, say,
 Where I and Delia, lovely Delia, lay;
 When first I did my tender thoughts impart,
 And made a grateful present of my heart.
 Or, if my friend, in his apartment, shews
 Some piece of Van Dyck's, or of Angelo's,
 In which the artist has, with wondrous care,
 Describ'd the face of one exceeding fair;
 Though, at first sight, it may my passion raise,
 And every feature I admire and praise;
 Yet still, methinks, upon a second view,
 'Tis not so beautiful, so fair as you.
 If I converse with those whom most admit
 To have a ready, gay, vivacious wit;

6 [C] 2

They

They want some amiable, moving grace,
Some turn of fancy that my Delia has:
For ten good thoughts amongst the crowd they vent,
Methinks ten thousand are impertinent.

Let other shepherds, that are prone to range,
With each caprice, their giddy humours change:
They from variety less joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.
Nor will I envy those ill-judging swains
(What they enjoy 's the refuse of the plains)
If, for my share of happiness below,
Kind Heaven upon me Delia would bestow;
Whatever blessings it can give beside,
Let all mankind among themselves divide.

*A Pastoral Essay on the Death of Queen Mary,
Anno 1694.*

As gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd,
A wandering lamb, which from the flocks had
stray'd,
Beneath a mournful cypress shade he found
Cosmelia weeping on the dewy ground.
Amaz'd, with eager haste he ran to know
The fatal cause of her intemperate woe;
And, clasping her to his impatient breast,
In these soft words his tender care express'd.

STREPHON.

Why mourns my dear Cosmelia? Why appears
My life, my soul, dissolv'd in briny tears?
Has some fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer slain,
While I was wandering on the neighbouring plain?
Or, has some greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep?
What sad misfortune makes Cosmelia weep?
Speak that I may prevent thy grief's increase,
Partake thy sorrows, or restore thy peace.

COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell?
'Tis for—I cannot the sad tidings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting spirits fled;
'Tis for Cælestia—Strephon, Oh—She's dead!
The brightest nymph, the princess of the plain,
By an untimely dart, untimely slain!

STREPHON.

Dead! 'Tis impossible! She cannot die:
She 's too divine, too much a Deity:
'Tis a false rumour some ill swains have spread,
Who wish, perhaps, the good Cælestia dead.

COSMELIA.

Ah! No; the truth in every face appears;
For every face you meet 's o'erflow'd with tears.
Trembling, and pale, I ran through all the plain,
From flock to flock, and ask'd of every swain,
But each scarce lifting his dejected head,
Cry'd, Oh, Cosmelia! Oh, Cælestia's dead?

STREPHON.

Something was meant by that ill-boding croak
Of the prophetic raven from the oak,
Which strait by lightning was in shivers broke.
But we our mischief feel, before we see;
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with misery.

COSMELIA.

Since then we have no trophies to bestow,
No pompous things to make a glorious shew
(For all the tribute a poor swain can bring,
In rural numbers, is to mourn and sing)
Let us, beneath the gloomy shade, rehearse
Cælestia's sacred name in no less sacred verse.

STREPHON.

Cælestia dead! Then 'tis in vain to live;
What 's all the comfort that the plains can give;
Since she, by whose bright influence alone
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone;
Since she, who round such beams of goodness spread
As gave new life to every swain, is dead?

COSMELIA.

In vain we wish for the delightful spring;
What joys can flowery May or April bring,
When she, for whom the spacious plains were spread
With early flowers and cheerful greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,
To give to summer fruits a winter birth;
In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields
With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields;
Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless store
Of nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

STREPHON.

Farewell for ever then to all that 's gay:
You will forget to sing, and I to play.
No more with cheerful songs, in cooling bowers,
Shall we consume the pleasurable hours:
All joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair Cælestia's dead.

COSMELIA.

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays
Of great Cælestia's name, Cælestia's praise:
How good she was, how generous, how wise!
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes!
How charming all; how much she was ador'd,
Alive; when dead, how much her loss deplor'd!
A noble theme, and able to inspire
The humblest Muse with the sublimest fire.
And since we do of such a princess sing,
Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing;
And, while we do the lofty numbers join,
Her name will make the harmony divine.
Raise then thy tuneful voice; and be the song
Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong.

STREPHON.

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone
And left Cælestia here to rule alone;
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
When storms arose, did she the vessel steer!
And when the raging of the waves did cease,
How gentle was her sway in times of peace!
Justice and mercy did their beams unite,
And round her temples spread a glorious light;
So quick she eas'd the wrongs of every swain,
She hardly gave them leisure to complain:
Impatient to reward, but slow to draw
Th' avenging sword of necessary law:
Like Heaven, she took no pleasure to destroy;
With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy.

COSMELIA.

COSMELIA.

When godlike Belliger, from war's alarms,
Return'd in triumph to Cælestia's arms,
She met her hero with a full desire;
But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire:
Such mutual flames, so equally divine,
Did in each breast with such a lustre shine,
His could not seem the greater, her's the less;
Both were immense, for both were in excess.

STREPHON.

Oh, godlike prince! Oh, thrice happy swains!
Whilst she presided o'er the fruitful plains!
Whilst she, for ever ravish'd from our eyes,
To mingle with the kindred of the skies,
Did for your peace her constant thoughts employ;
The nymph's good angel, and the shepherd's joy!

COSMELIA.

All that was noble beautify'd her mind;
There wisdom sat, with solid reason join'd:
There too did piety and greatness wait;
Meekness on grandeur, modesty on state:
Humble amidst the splendors of a throne;
Plac'd above all, and yet despising none.
And when a crown was forc'd on her by fate,
She with some pains submitted to be great.

STREPHON.

Her pious soul with emulation strove
To gain the mighty Pan's important love:
To whose mysterious rites she always came,
With such an active, so intense a flame;
The duties of religion seem'd to be
No more her care than her felicity.

COSMELIA.

Virtue unmix'd, without the least alloy,
Pure as the light of a celestial ray,
Commanded all the motions of the soul
With such a soft, but absolute control,
That, as she knew what best great Pan would please,
She still perform'd it with the greatest ease.
Him for her high exemplar she design'd,
Like him benevolent to all mankind.
Her foes she pity'd, not desir'd their blood;
And, to revenge their crimes, she did them good:
Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,
(Maugre that violent temptation, Power)
As if she thought it vulgar to resent,
Or wish'd forgiveness their worst punishment.

STREPHON.

Next mighty Pan, was her illustrious lord,
His high viceroy, sacredly ador'd:
Him with such piety and zeal she lov'd,
The noble passion every hour improv'd:
Till it ascend'd to that glorious height,
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
This made her so entire a duty pay,
She grew at last impatient to obey;
And met his wishes with as prompt a zeal
As an archangel his Creator's will.

COSMELIA.

Mature from Heaven, the fatal mandate came,
With it a chariot of ethereal flame;

In which, Elijah like, she pass'd the spheres;
Brought joy to Heaven, but left the world in tears.

STREPHON.

Methinks I see her on the plains of light,
All glorious, all incomparably bright!
While the immortal minds around her gaze
On the excessive splendor of her rays;
And scarce believe a human soul could be
Endow'd with such stupendous majesty.

COSMELIA.

Who can lament too much! O, who can mourn
Enough o'er beautiful Cælestia's urn!
So great a loss as this deserves excess
Of sorrows; all 's too little that is left.
But, to supply the universal woe,
Tears from all eyes, without cessation, flow:
All that have power to weep, or voice to groan,
With throbbing breasts, Cælestia's fate bemoan;
While marble rocks the common griefs partake,
And echo back those cries they cannot make.

STREPHON.

Weep then (once fruitful vales) and spring with yew!
Ye thirsty, barren mountains, weep with dew!
Let every flower on this extended plain
Not droop, but shrink into its womb again,
Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth!
Let every thing that 's grateful leave the earth!
Let mournful cypresses, with each noxious weed,
And baneful venoms, in their place succeed!
Ye purling, querulous brooks, o'ercharg'd with grief,
Haste swiftly to the sea for more relief;
Then tidings back, each to his sacred head,
Tell your astonish'd springs, Cælestia's dead!

COSMELIA.

Well have you sung, in an exalted strain,
The fairest nymph e'er grac'd the British plain.
Who knows but some officious angel may
Your grateful numbers to her ears convey!
That she may smile upon us from above,
And bless our mournful plains with peace and love!

STREPHON.

But see, our flocks do to their folds repair;
For night with sable clouds obscures the air:
Cold damps descend from the unwholesome sky,
And safety bids us to our cottage fly.
Though with each morn our sorrows will return;
Each ev'n, like nightingales, we'll sing and mourn,
Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn.

TO HIS FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

NONE lives in this tumultuous state of things,
Where every morning soon new troubles bring,
But bold inquietudes will break his rest,
And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.
Angelic forms, and happy spirits, are
Above the malice of perplexing care:
But that 's a blessing too sublime, too high,
For those who bend beneath mortality.

If in the body there was but one part
Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,
And but one passion could torment the mind;
That part, that passion, busy fate would find:
But, since infirmities in both abound,
Since sorrow both so many ways can wound:
'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breath'd on earth,
With all the glories of estate and birth,
Had yet some anxious care, to make him know,
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
To be from all things that disquiet, free,
Is not consistent with humanity.
Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming things,
O'er which, if affluence spreads her gaudy wings,
We think the person who enjoys so much,
No care can move, and no affliction touch;
Yet could we but some secret method find
To view the dark recesses of the mind,
We there might see the hidden seed of strife,
And woes in embryo ripening into life:
How some fierce lust, or boisterous passion, fills
The labouring spirit with prolific ills;
Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,
And all right reason's godlike powers control;
But if she must not be allow'd to sway,
Though all without appears serene and gay,
A cankerous venom on the vitals preys,
And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp and visible successes
Sometimes contribute to our happiness;
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
Is a good conscience and a soul resign'd.
Then, to whatever end affliction's sent,
To try our virtues, or for punishment,
We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow:
For, in misfortunes this advantage lies;
They make us humble, and they make us wise;
And he that can acquire such virtues, gains
An ample recompence for all his pains.

Too soft caresses of a prosperous fate
The pious fervours of the soul abate;
Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,
And gloomy vapour round the spirits raise.
Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dozing lie,
And find our ruin in security;
Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,
And breaks th' enchantment by a timely grief.
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight,
In blackest days, some glimmerings of light;
So, in the most dejected hours we may
The secret pleasure have to weep and pray:
And those requests the speediest passage find
To Heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind;
And while to him we open our distress,
Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.
'The finest music of the grove we owe
'To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe;
And while her grief's in charming notes express'd,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast;
In warbling melody she spends the night,
And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy an event,
But he that made it did that choice repent.
So weak's our judgment, and so short's our sight,
We cannot level our own wishes right:
And if sometimes we make a wise advance,
T' ourselves we little owe, but much to chance.
So that when Providence, for secret ends,
Corroding cares, or sharp affliction, sends;
We must conclude it best it should be so,
And not desponding or impatient grow.
For he that will his confidence remove
From boundless wisdom and eternal love,
To place it on himself, or human aid,
Will meet those woes he labours to evade.
But, in the keenest agonies of grief,
Content's a cordial that still gives relief:
Heaven is not always angry when he strikes;
But most chastises those whom most he likes;
And, if with humble spirits they complain,
Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

SINCE the first man by disobedience fell
An easy conquest to the powers of hell,
There's none in every stage of life can be
From the insults of bold affliction free.
If a short respite gives us some relief,
And interrupts the series of our grief,
So quick the pangs of misery return,
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.

Reason refin'd, and to perfection brought,
By wise philosophy, and serious thought,
Support the soul beneath the ponderous weight
Of angry stars, and unpropitious fate;
Then is the time she should exert her power,
And make us practice what she taught before.
For why are such voluminous authors read,
The learned labours of the famous dead,
But to prepare the mind for its defence,
By sage results, and well-digested sense;
That, when the storm of misery appears,
With all its real or fantastic fears,
We either may the rolling danger fly,
Or stem the tide before it swells too high.

But though the theory of wisdom's known
With ease, what should, and what should not be done;
Yet all the labour in the practice lies,
To be, in more than words and notion, wise;
The sacred truth of sound philosophy
We study early, but we late apply.
When stubborn anguish seizes on the soul,
Right reason would its haughty rage control;
But, if it may n't be suffer'd to endure,
The pain is just, when we reject the cure.
For many men, close observation finds,
Of copious learning, and exalted minds,
Who tremble at the sight of daring woes,
And stoop ignobly to the vilest foes;
As if they understood not how to be
Or wise, or brave, but in felicity;
And by some action, servile or unjust,
Lay all their former glories in the dust.

For

For wisdom first the wretched mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his enemies:
So that, when most his prudence should be shewn,
The most imprudent, giddy things are done.
For when the mind's surrounded with distress,
Fear or inconstancy the judgment press,
And render it incapable to make
Wife resolutions, or good counsels take.
Yet there's a steadiness of soul and thought,
By reason bred, and by religion taught,
Which, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

In sharp misfortunes, some will search too deep
What Heaven prohibits, and would secret keep:
But those events 'tis better not to know,
Which known, serve only to increase our woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dangerous to pursue)
With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.
For, had our earliest parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their ignorance of evil had preserv'd
Their joys entire; for then they had not swerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their desires were such)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E'er since my folly most to wisdom rise;
And few are, but by sad experience, wise.

Consider, Friend! who all your blessings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have;
And do not murmur when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left:
Consider too, how many thousands are
Under the worst of miseries, despair;
And do n't repine at what you now endure;
Custom will give you ease, or time will cure:
Once more consider, that the present ill,
Though it be great, may yet be greater still;
And be not anxious; for, to undergo
One grief, is nothing to a numerous woe.
But since it is impossible to be
Human, and not expos'd to misery,
Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can:
You are not more, and be not less than man!

Afflictions past can no existence find,
But in the wild ideas of the mind:
And why should we for these misfortunes mourn,
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return?
Those that have weather'd a tempestuous night,
And find a calm approaching with the light,
Will not, unless their reason they disown,
Still make those dangers present that are gone.
What is behind the curtain none can see;
It may be joy: suppose it misery;
'Tis future still; and that which is not here,
May never come, or we may never bear.
Therefore the present ill alone we ought
To view, in reason, with a troubled thought:
But, if we may the sacred pages trust,
He's always happy, that is always just.

TO HIS FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY.

I Would not have you, Strephon, choose a mate,
From too exalted, or too mean a state;

For in both these we may expect to find
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region, shares
The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.
Let her extraction with true lustre shine;
If something brighter, not too bright for thine:
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior, nor above her state.
Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, and pedantry:
For the effect of woman's wit is such,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.
But chiefly let her humour close with thine;
Unless where yours does to a fault incline;
The least disparity in this destroys,
Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of joys.
Her person amiable, straight and free
From natural, or chance, deformity.
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine;
For women past their vigor, soon decline:
Her fortune competent; and, if thy sight
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
If thine's enough, then hers may be the less:
Do not aspire to riches in excess.
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

TO A PAINTER DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, the utmost of thy judgment shew;
Exceed ev'n Titian, and great Angelo:
With all the liveliness of thought express
The moving features of Dorinda's face.
Thou canst not flatter, where such beauty dwells;
Her charms thy colours, and thy art, excells.
Others less fair, may from thy pencil have
Graces, which sparing Nature never gave:
But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see
Such as will pose thy famous art, and thee;
So great, so many in her face unite,
So well proportion'd, and so wondrous bright,
No human skill can e'er express them all,
But must do wrong to th' fair original.
An angel's hand alone the pencil fits,
To mix the colours when an angel sits.

Thy picture may as like Dorinda be
As art of man can paint a deity;
And justly may perhaps, when she withdraws,
Excite our wonder, and deserve applause:
But when compar'd, you'll be oblig'd to own,
No art can equal what's by Nature done.
Great LELY's noble hand, excell'd by few,
The picture fairer than the person drew:
He took the best that nature could impart,
And made it better by his powerful art.
But had he seen that bright, surprizing grace,
Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's face,
Vain had been all the essays of his skill;
She must have been confess'd the fairest still.

Heaven in a landscape may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted light can shine;
But still the real glories of the place
All art, by infinite degrees, surpass.

TO THE PAINTER, AFTER HE HAD FINISHED
DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, thou hast perform'd what man can do;
Only Dorinda's self more charms can shew.

Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch;
But still the beauties of her face are such
As cannot justly be described; though all
Confess 't like the bright original.
In her, and in thy picture, we may view
The utmost Nature, or that Art can do;
Each is a master-piece, design'd so well,
That future times may strive to parallel;
But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

CRUELTY AND LUST.

An Epistolary Essay.*

WHERE can the wretched 'st of all creatures fly,
To tell the story of her misery?

Where, but to faithful Cælia, in whose mind
A manly bravery's with soft pity join'd.
I fear, these lines will scarce be understood,
Blurr'd with incessant tears, and writ in blood;
But if you can the mournful pages read,
The sad relation shews you such a deed,
As all the annals of th' infernal reign
Shall strive to equal, or exceed in vain.

Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,
Whose cruelty has caus'd a sea of tears;
Fill'd each lamenting town with funeral sighs,
Deploring widows shrieks, and orphans cries.
At every health the horrid monster quaff'd,
Then wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd he laugh'd:
Till, tir'd with acting devil, he was led,
Drunk with excess of blood and wine, to bed.
Oh, cursed place!—I can no more command
My pen: shame and confusion shake my hand:
But I must on, and let my Cælia know
How barbarous are my wrongs, how vast my woe.

Among the crowds of Western youths who ran
To meet the brave, betray'd unhappy man*,
My husband, fatally uniting, went;
Unus'd to arms, and thoughtless of th' event.
But when the battle was by treachery won,
The chief, and all but his false friend, undone;
Though, in the tumult of that desperate night,
He 'scap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fight;
Yet the sagacious blood hounds, skill'd too well
In all the murdering qualities of hell,
Each secret place so regularly beat,
They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.
As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,
To sure destruction hurry them away;
So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's son
With Charon to the common butchery run;

* This piece was occasioned by the barbarity of Kirk, a commander in the Western Rebellion, 1685, who debauched a young lady with a promise to save her husband's life, but hanged him the next morning.

* The Duke of Monmouth.

Where proud Neronior by his gibbet stood,
To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood.
Our friends, by powerful intercession, gain'd
A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,
To try all ways might to compassion move
The savage general; but in vain they strove.
When I perceiv'd that all addressees fail'd,
And nothing o'er his stubborn soul prevail'd;
Distracted almost, to his tent I flew,
To make the last effort, what tears could do.
Low on my knees I fell; then thus began:
Great genius of success, thou more than man!
Whose arms to every clime have terror hurl'd,
And carry'd conquest round the trembling world!
Still may the brightest glories Fame can lend,
Your sword, your conduct, and your cause, attend.
Here now the arbiter of fate you sit,
While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit.
Oh, pity the unfortunate! and give
But this one thing: Oh, let but Charion live!
And take the little all that we possess
I'll bear the meagre anguish of distress.
Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread:
Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed.
The fall of such a youth no lustre brings
To him whose sword performs such wondrous things }
As saving kingdoms, and supporting kings.
That triumph only with true grandeur shines,
Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.
Cæsar, the eldest favourite of war,
Took not more pleasure to submit, than spare:
And since in battle you can greater be,
'That over, be n't less merciful than he.
Ignoble spirits by revenge are known,
And cruel actions spoil the conqueror's crown;
In future histories fill each mournful page
With tales of blood, and monuments of rage:
And, while his annals are with horror read,
Men curse him living, and detest him dead.
Oh! do not sully with a sanguine dye
(The foulest stain) so fair a memory!
Then, as you'll live the glory of our isle,
And Fate on all your expeditions smile:
So when a noble course you've bravely ran,
Die the best soldier, and the happiest man.
None can the turns of Providence foresee,
Or what their own catastrophe may be;
Therefore, to persons labouring under woe,
That mercy they may want, should always shew:
For in the chance of war the slightest thing
May lose the battle, or the victory bring.
And how would you that general's honour prize,
Should in cool blood his captive sacrifice?

He that with rebel arms to fight is led,
To justice forfeits his opprobrious head:
But 't is unhappy Charion's first offence,
Seduc'd by some too plausible pretence,
To take the injuring side by error brought;
He had no malice, though he had the fault.
Let the old tempters find a shameful grave,
But, the half-innocent, the tempted, save;
Vengeance divine, though for the greatest crime,
But rarely strikes the first or second time:
And he best follows the Almighty's will,
Who spares the guilty he has power to kill.

When

When
And wi
'T is re
Put out
But fur
That dr
And fin
Let Cha
For as n
So none

When
And Abi
The tru
And mis
The acti
We hear
But all co
The mon

As gre
And to ill
So when
They shou
For he th
Would als

Here, i
(Swell'd w
Madam, h
For every
I'll think
At ten, pe
Go, see yo
His crime

When an
And dire co
Upon the l
Our hopes
Impatience
Which thro
For while w
Most at a d
And many
We fall into

Pleas'd w
I thought th
And to the
Of this bloo
When Char
With eagern
Oh! fly, m
And in some
Here nothing
The refuge
The air they
There's no
in ropes and
And villanie
Act them in
For all their
Neronior's c
And seems to
Nothing but
By Almodia
When told y
I threw my
Vol. II.

When proud rebellions would unhinge a state,
And wild disorders in a land create,
'Tis requisite the first promoters should
Put out the flames they kindled with their blood :
But sure 't is a degree of murder all
That draw their swords should undistinguish'd fall.
And since a mercy must to some be shewn,
Let Charion 'mongst the happy few be one :
For as none guilty has less guilt than he,
So none for pardon has a fairer plea.

When David's general had won the field,
And Absalom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd.
The trumpets sounding made all slaughter cease,
And mis'd Israelites return'd in peace.
The action past, where so much blood was spilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt ;
But all concludes with the desir'd event,
The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.

As great example your great courage warms,
And to illustrious deeds excites your arms ;
So when you instances of mercy view,
They should inspire you with compassion too :
For he that emulates the truly brave,
Would always conquer, and should always save.

Here, interrupting, stern Neronior cry'd,
(Swell'd with success, and blubber'd up with pride)
Madam, his life depends upon my will,
For every rebel I can spare or kill.
I'll think of what you've said : this night return
At ten, perhaps you'll have no cause to mourn.
Go, see your husband, bid him not despair ;
His crime is great, but you are wondrous fair.

When anxious miseries the soul amaze,
And dire confusion in the spirits raise,
Upon the least appearance of relief,
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief ;
Impatience makes our wishes earnest grow,
Which through false optics our deliverance shew,
For while we fancy danger does appear
Most at a distance, it is oft too near,
And many times, secure from obvious foes,
We fall into an ambuscade of woes.

Pleas'd with the false Neronior's dark reply,
I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh,
And to the main-guard hasten'd, where the prey
Of this blood-thirsty fiend, in durance lay.
When Charion saw me, from his turfy bed
With eagerness he rais'd his drooping head :
Oh! fly, my dear, this guilty place, he cry'd,
And in some distant clime thy virtue hide !
Here nothing but the foulest demons dwell,
The refuge of the damn'd, and mob of hell.
The air they breathe is every atom curst :
There's no degree of ills, for all are worst.
In rapes and murders they alone delight,
And villanies of less importance slight :
Aid them indeed, but scorn they should be nam'd,
For all their glory's to be more than damn'd.
Neronior's chief of this infernal crew,
And seems to merit that high station too :
Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,
By Almodai and Moloch both possess'd.
When told you went to intercede for me,
It threw my soul into an agony ;
Vol. II.

Not that I would not for my freedom give
What's requisite, or do not wish to live ;
But for my safety I can ne'er be base,
Or buy a few short years with long disgrace ;
Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame
For me expos'd to an eternal shame.
With ignominy to preserve my breath,
Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death.
But if I can't my life with honour save,
With honour I'll descend into the grave.
For though revenge and malice both combine
(As both to fix my ruin seem to join)
Yet, maugre all their violence and skill,
I can die just, and I'm resolv'd I will.

But what is death we so unwisely fear ?
An end of all our busy tumults here :
The equal lot of poverty and state,
Which all partake of by a certain fate.
Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys,
At divers ages, and by divers ways,
Will find them from this noisy scene retire ;
Some the first minute that they breathe, expire ;
Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go ;
But die, before they good or evil know.
Here one to puberty arrives ; and then
Returns lamented to the dust again :
Another there maintains a longer strife
With all the powerful enemies of life ;
Till, with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,
He drops into the dark, and disappears.
I'm young, indeed, and might expect to see
Times future, long and late posterity,
'Tis what with reason I could wish to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But since substantial grief so soon destroys
The gust of all imaginary joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for life, than it can merit, give ?

Beyond the grave stupendous regions lie,
The boundless realms of vast eternity ;
Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell ;
But who their government or laws can tell ?
What's their employment till the final doom
And time's eternal period shall come ?
Thus much the sacred oracles declare,
That all are blest'd or miserable there ;
Though, if there's such variety of fate,
None good expire too soon, nor bad too late.
For my own part, with resignation, still
I can submit to my Creator's will ;
Let him recall the breath from him I drew,
When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.
The way of dying is my least concern ;
That will give no disturbance to my urn.
If to the seats of happiness I go,
There end all possible returns of woe :
And when to those blest mansions I arrive,
With pity I'll behold those that survive.
Once more I beg, you'd from these tents retreat,
And leave me to my innocence and fate.

Charion said I, Oh, do not urge my flight !
I'll see the event of this important night :
Some strange presages in my soul forebode,
The worst of miseries, or the greatest good.
Few hours will shew the utmost of my doom ;
A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.

If you miscarry, I'm resolv'd to try
 If gracious Heaven will suffer me to die:
 For, when you are to endless raptures gone,
 If I survive, 't is but to be undone.
 Who will support an injur'd widow's right,
 From fly injustice, or oppressive might?
 Protect her person, or her cause defend?
 She rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend:
 I've no distrust of Providence; but still
 'Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill;
 And those can have no reason to repent,
 Who, though they die betimes, die innocent.
 But to a world of everlasting bliss
 Why would you go, and leave me here in this!
 'Tis a dark passage; but our foes shall view,
 I'll die as calm, though not so brave, as you;
 That my behaviour to the last may prove
 Your courage is not greater than my love.

The hour approach'd; as to Neronior's tent,
 With trembling, but impatient steps, I went,
 A thousand horrors throng'd into my breast,
 By sad ideas and strong fears possess'd:
 Where'er I pass'd, the glaring lights would shew
 Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.

Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood
 A wretched, poor, old man, besmear'd with blood;
 And at his feet, just through the body run,
 Struggling for life, was laid his only son;
 By whose hard labour he was daily fed,
 Dividing still, with pious care, his bread:
 And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,
 The sole support of his decrepid years,
 The barbarous mob, whose rage no limit knows,
 With blasphemous derision, mock'd his woes.

There, under a wide oak, disconsolate,
 And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow sat.
 High in the boughs the murder'd father hung;
 Beneath the children round the mother clung:
 They cry'd for food, but 't was without relief:
 For all they had to live upon, was grief,
 A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,
 No creature, merely human, long could bear.
 First in her arms her weeping babes she took,
 And, with a groan, did to her husband look:
 Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing, cry'd,
 Pity me, Saviour of the world! and dy'd.

From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,
 Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers, mourn'd;
 Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers, wept,
 Prisoners of war, in chains, for slaughter kept:
 Each every hour did the black message dread,
 Which should declare the person lov'd was dead.
 Then I beheld, with brutal shouts of mirth,
 A comely youth, and of no common birth,
 To execution led; who hardly bore
 The wounds in battle he receiv'd before:
 And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,
 I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.

At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay,
 They did me to the general convey:
 Who thus began—
 Madam! by fresh intelligence, I find,
 That Chariot's treason 's of the blackest kind;
 And my commission is express to spare
 None that so deeply in rebellion are:

New measures therefore it is vain to try;
 No pardon can be granted; he must die.
 Must, or I hazard all: which yet I'd do
 To be oblig'd in one request by you;
 And, maugre all the dangers I foresee,
 Be mine this night, I'll fet your husband free.
 Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope success
 By supple flattery, and by soft address;
 The pert, gay coxcomb, by these little arts,
 Gains an ascendant o'er the ladies hearts.
 But I can no such whining methods use:
 Consent, he lives; he dies, if you refuse.

Amaz'd at this demand; said I, The brave,
 Upon ignoble terms, disdain to save:
 They let their captives still with honor live,
 No more require, than what themselves would give;
 For, generous victors, as they scorn to do
 Dishonest things, scorn to propose them too.
 Mercy, the brightest virtue of the mind,
 Should with no devious appetite be join'd:
 For if, when exercis'd, a crime it cost,
 Th' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost.
 Great men their actions of a piece should have;
 Heroic all, and each intirely brave;
 From the nice rules of honor none should swerve;
 Done, because good, without a mean reserve.

The crimes new charg'd upon the unhappy youth,
 May have revenge, and malice, bat no truth.
 Suppose the accusation justly brought,
 And clearly prov'd to the minutest thought;
 Yet mercies next to infinite abate
 Offences next to infinitely great:
 And 't is the glory of a noble mind,
 In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.
 Your prince's frowns you have no cause to fear,
 This act will more illustrious appear;
 Though his excuse can never be withstood,
 Who disobeys, but only to be good.
 Perhaps the hazard 's more than you express;
 The glory would be, were the danger less.
 For he that, to his prejudice, will do
 A noble action, and a generous too,
 Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown
 Than he that has a thousand battles won.
 Do not invert divine compassion so,
 As to be cruel, and no mercy shew!
 Of what renown can such an action be,
 Which saves my husband's life, but ruins me?
 Though, if you finally resolve to stand
 Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,
 He must submit; if 't is my fate to mourn
 His death, I'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn.

Well, madam, haughtily, Neronior cry'd,
 Your courage and your virtue shall be try'd.
 But to prevent all prospect of a flight,
 Some of my * lambs shall be your guard to-night:
 By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd;
 They seldom ask a favour that 's refus'd:
 Perhaps you'll find them so genteely bred,
 They'll leave you but few virtuous tears to shed.
 Surrounded with so innocent a throng,
 The night must pass delightfully along;

* Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his
 soldiers his lambs.

And in
 What
 You sh
 And
 His fat
 And yo
 Oh C
 What p
 At this
 By all t
 In vain
 For all t
 A tiger
 No fiend
 Encompa
 With all
 Ruin—
 What cou
 The he
 With tear
 When, to
 Beyond ex
 Madam, u
 I can be g
 Step to the
 Shall overc
 Does not ti
 Become the
 You need n
 Living he m
 'Twas for y
 He would p
 And, madam
 To keep the
 Curs'd of
 The devils,
 Oh, my th
 And wastele
 Is fires too b
 The burning
 May that vil
 Corrupt alive
 May't thou,
 With oaths a
 And the worl
 In time own
 Oh Caelia!
 Sorrows like r
 Indeed it does
 Because it can
 But it 's so val
 And so confirm
 On the Marriag
 TRIUMPH
 As on th
 Love then with
 New graces add
 While Hymen
 The busy nym
 Whose veins are
 And eager puls

And in the morning, since you will not give
What I require, to let your husband live,
You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,
And gently swing in'to the arms of death.
His fate he merits, as to rebels due;
And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.

Oh Cælia, think! so far as thought can shew,
What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
At this dire resolution, seiz'd my breast!
By all things sad and terrible possess'd.
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
For all my tears were to a tiger made:
A tiger! worse; for, 't is beyond dispute,
No fiend 's so cruel as a reasoning brute.
Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief,
With all the squadrons of despair and grief,
Ruin—it was not possible to shun:
What could I do? Oh! what would you have done?

The hours that pass'd, till the black morn return'd,
With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd.
When, to involve me with consummate grief,
Beyond expression, and above belief,
Madam, the monster cry'd, that you may find
I can be grateful to the fair that 's kind;
Step to the door, I 'll shew you such a sight,
Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.
Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his king,
Become the gibbet, and adorn the string?
You need not now an injur'd husband dread;
Living he might, he 'll not upbraid you dead.
'Twas for your sake I seiz'd upon his life;
He would perhaps have scorn'd so chaste a wife.
And, madam, you 'll excuse the zeal I shew,
To keep that secret none alive should know.

Curs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with thee,
The devils, said I, are dull in cruelty.
Oh, may that tongue eternal vipers breed,
And wasteless their eternal hunger feed;
In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,
The burning earnest of a hotter hell;
May that vile lump of execrable lust
Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust!
May it thou, despairing at the point of death,
With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath;
And the worst torments that the damn'd should share,
In thine own person all united bear!

Oh Cælia! oh my friend! what age can shew
Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Because it can't be everlasting here:
But it's so vast, that it can ne'er increase:
And to confirm'd, it never can be less.

On the Marriage of the Earl of A—— with the
Countess of S——.

TRIUMPHANT beauty never looks so gay,
As on the morning of a nuptial day,
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and every charm improves;
While Hymen does his sacred rites prepare,
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair;
Whole veins are swell'd with an unusual heat,
And eager pulses with strange motions beat;

Alternate passions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart:
Her fears are great, and her desires are strong;
The minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long;
Now she is ready—the next moment not;
All things are done—then something is forgot;
She fears—yet wishes the strange work were done;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Disorders thus from every thought arise;
What loves persuades, I know not what denies.

Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,
And shews at once he can be wise and love;
Because it from no spurious passion came,
But was the product of a noble flame:
Bold, without rudeness; without blazing, bright;
Pure as fix'd stars, and uncorrupt as light;
By just degrees it to perfection grew;
An early ripeness, and a lasting too.
So the bright sun ascending to his noon,
Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

But, though Achates was unkindly driven
From his own land, he 's banish'd into heaven:
For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love,
Are next, if only next to those above.
Thus Power Divine does with his foes engage;
Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage:
For first it did to fair Cosmelia give
All that a human creature could receive;
Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,
Transport the soul, or gratify the sight.
Then in the full perfection of her charms,
Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms.

What angels are, is in Cosmelia seen;
Their awful glories, and their godlike mien;
For, in her aspect all the graces meet;
All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet:
There every charm in lofty triumph sits,
Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits;
There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.
So newly finish'd by the hand Divine,
Before her fall, did the first woman shine.
But Eve in one great point she does excel:
Cosmelia never err'd at all; she fell.
From her temptation, in despair withdrew;
Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subdue.

Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full maturity, by serious thought,
Her actions with a watchful eye surveys;
Each passion guides, and every moment sways;
Not the least failure in her conduct lies;
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

Her judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,
With wit, that 's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the efforts of her mind presides;
And to the noblest end her labours guides:
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,
And treads the maze of life without a clue.
That the weak only and the wavering lack,
When they're mistaken, to conduct them back.
She does, amidst ten thousand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her fancy, strong, vivacious, and sublime,
Seldom betrays her converse to a crime;

And though it moves with a luxuriant heat,
 'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great:
 For each expression, every teeming thought,
 Is to the scanning of her judgment brought;
 Which wisely separates the finest gold,
 And casts the image in a beauteous mould.

No trifling words debase her eloquence,
 But all 's pathetic, all is sterling sense;
 Refin'd from drossy chat, and idle noise,
 With which the female conversation cloyes.
 So well she knows, what 's understood by few,
 To time her thoughts, and to express them too;
 That what she speaks does to the soul transmit
 The fair idea of delightful wit.

Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,
 By great example to wise actions led;
 Much to her fame her lineal heroes bore
 She owes, but to her own high genius more;
 And, by a noble emulation mov'd,
 Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd;
 Till they arriv'd at that celestial height,
 Scarce angels greater be, or saints so bright.

But, if Cosmelia could yet lovelier be,
 Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
 Aches merits her, though none but he;
 Whose generous soul abhors a base disguise;
 Resolv'd in action, and in counsel wise;
 Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
 For threats to force, or flattery to win.
 Unmov'd amidst the hurricane he stood;
 He dares be guiltless, and he will be good.

Since the first pair in paradise were join'd,
 Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.
 Aches life to fair Cosmelia gives:
 In fair Cosmelia great Aches lives.
 Each is to other the divinest bliss;
 He is her heaven, and she is more than his.
 O may the kindest influence above
 Protect their persons, and indulge their love!

AN INSCRIPTION

FOR THE

MONUMENT OF DIANA, COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

DIANA, OXONI & ELGINI Comitissa;

QUÆ

Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit:

Ceciliorum meritis, clara, suis clarissima;

Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis.

Vitam ineuntem innocentia;

Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors:

Excuntem mors beatissima decoravit;

(Volente Numine)

Ut nuspiam decessit aut virtus aut felicitas,

Duobus conjuncta maritis

Utrique charissima:

Primum

(Quem ad annum habuit)

Impense dilexit:

Secundum

(Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)

Tanta pietate & amore coluit;

Ut cui, vivens,
 Obsequium, tanquam patri præstitit;
 Moriens,
 Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.
 Noverca cum esset,
 Maternam pietatem facile superavit.
 Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam gessit,
 Ut non tam domina familiæ præesse,
 Quam anima corpori inesse videretur.
 Denique,
 Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto animo,
 Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,
 Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,
 Terris anima major, ad similes evolavit superos.

The foregoing Inscription attempted in English.

DIANA, Countess of OXFORD and ELGIN.

WHO from a race of noble heroes came
 And added lustre to its ancient fame;
 Round her the virtues of the Cecils shone,
 But with inferior brightness to her own:
 Which she refin'd to that sublime degree,
 The greatest mortal could not greater be.
 Each stage of life peculiar splendor had;
 Her tender years with innocence were clad;
 Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good,
 In the retinue of her virtues stood;
 And at the final period of her breath,
 She crown'd her life with a propitious death;
 That no occasion might be wanting here
 To make her virtues fam'd, or joys sincere.
 Two noble lords her genial bed possess;
 A wife to both, the dearest and the best.
 Oxford submitted in one year to fate;
 For whom her passion was exceeding great.
 To Elgin full six Lustres were assign'd;
 And him she lov'd with so intense a mind,
 That, living, like a father, she obey'd;
 Dying, as to a son, left all she had.
 When a step-mother, she soon soar'd above
 The common height even of maternal love.
 She did her numerous family command
 With such a tender care, so wise a hand,
 She seem'd no otherwise a mistress there,
 Than godlike souls in human bodies are.
 But when to all she had example shew'd,
 How to be great and humble, chaste and good,
 Her soul, for earth too excellent, too high,
 Flew to its peers, the princes of the sky.

UPON

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

A Pindaric Essay.

Εἷς ἵστις Θεός

Ὁς ἔσανον τέτυχε καὶ γαῖαν μακρὰν. SOPHOC.

UNITY. ETERNITY.

I.

WHENCE sprang this glorious frame? or when
 began
 Things to exist? They could not always be;
 To what stupendous energy
 Shall we ascribe the origin of man?

That

That Cause, from whence all beings else arose,
Must self-existent be alone;
Intirely perfect, and but one;
Nor equal nor superior knows:
Two firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose.
If that, in false opinion, we allow,
That once there absolutely nothing was,
Then nothing could be now.
For, by what instrument, or how,
Shall non-existence to existence pass?
Thus, something must from everlasting be;
Or matter, or a Deity.
If matter only uncreate we grant,
We shall volition, wit, and reason, want;
An agent infinite, and action free;
Whence does volition, whence does reason, flow?
How came we to reflect, design, and know?
This from a nobler nature springs,
Distinct in essence from material things:
For, thoughtless matter cannot thought bestow,
But, if we own a God supreme,
And all perfection 's possible in him;
In him does boundless excellence reside,
Power to create, and providence to guide;
Unmade himself, could no beginning have,
But to all substance prime existence gave:
Can what he will destroy, and what he pleases save.

POWER.

The undesigning hand of giddy Chance
Could never fill the globes of light,
So beautiful, and so amazing bright,
The lofty concave of the vast expanse:
There could proceed from no less power than infinite.
There 's not one atom of this wondrous frame,
Nor essence intellectual, but took
Existence when the great Creator spoke,
And from the common womb of empty nothing came.
Let substance be, he cry'd; and straight arose
Angelic, and corporeal too;
All that material nature shews,
And what does things invisible compose,
At the same instant sprung, and into being flew:
Mount to the convex of the highest sphere,
Which draws a mighty circle round
Th' inferior orbs, as their capacious bound;
There millions of new miracles appear:
There dwell the eldest sons of power immense,
Who first were to perfection wrought
First to complete existence brought,
To whom their Maker did dispense
The largest portions of created excellence,
Eternal now, not of necessity,
As if they could not cease to be,
Or were from possible destruction free;
But on the will of God depend:
For that which could begin, can end.
Who, when the lower worlds were made,
Without the least miscarriage or defect,
By the almighty Architect,
United adoration paid,
And with extatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

III.

Philosophy of old in vain essay'd
To tell us how this mighty frame
Into such beauteous order came;
But, by false reasonings, false foundations laid:

She labour'd hard; but still the more she wrought,
The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.
Sometimes she fancy'd things to be
Coeval with the Deity,
And in the form which now they are
From everlasting ages were.
Sometimes the casual event,
Of atoms floating in a space immense,
Void of all wisdom, rule, and sense;
But, by a lucky accident,
Jumbled into this scheme of wondrous excellence.
'Twas an establish'd article of old,
Chief of the philosophic creed,
And does in natural productions hold;
That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed;
Material substance never could have rose,
If some existence had not been before,
In wisdom infinite, immense in power.
Whate'er is made, a maker must suppose,
As an effect a cause that could produce it shews.
Nature and art, indeed, have bounds assign'd,
And only forms to things, not being, give;
That from Omnipotence they must receive;
But the eternal self-existent mind
Can, with a single Fiat, cause to be
All that the wondrous eye surveys,
And all it cannot see.
Nature may shape a beauteous tree,
And art a noble palace raise,
But must not to creative power aspire;
But their God alone can claim,
As pre-existing substance doth require:
So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

WISDOM.

Matter produc'd, had still a chaos been:
For jarring elements engag'd,
Eternal battles would have wag'd,
And fill'd with endless horror the tumultuous scene;
If wisdom infinite, for less
Could not the vast prodigious embryo wield,
Or strength compleat to labouring Nature yield,
Had not, with actual address,
Compos'd the bellowing hurry, and establish'd peace.
Whate'er this visible creation shews
That 's lovely, uniform, and bright,
That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,
To her its eminence and beauty owes.
By her all creatures have their ends assign'd,
Proportion'd to their nature, and their kind;
To which they steadily advance,
Mov'd by right Reason's high command,
Or guided by the secret hand
Of real instinct, or imaginary chance.
Nothing but men reject her sacred rules;
Who from the end of their creation fly,
And deviate into misery;
As if the liberty to act like fools
Were the chief cause that Heaven made them free.

PROVIDENCE.

Bold is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,
Who, finite, will attempt to scan
The works of him that 's infinitely wise,
And those he cannot comprehend, denies;
As if a space immense were measurable by a span.

Thus

Thus the proud sceptic will not own
That Providence the world directs,
Or its affairs inspects;
But leaves it to itself alone.
How does it with almighty grandeur suit,
To be concern'd with our impotence;
Or interpose his power for the defence
Of a poor mortal, or a senseless brute?
Villains could never so successful prove,
And unmolested in those pleasures live,
Which honor, ease, and affluence give;
While such as Heaven adore, and virtue love,
And most the care of providence deserve,
Oppress'd with pain and ignominy starve.
What reason can the wisest shew,
Why murder does unpunish'd go,
If the Most High, that 's just and good,
Intends and governs all below,
And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless blood?
But shall we things unsearchable deny,
Because our reason cannot tell us why
They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?
'Tis equally above the reach of thought,
To comprehend how matter should be brought
From nothing, as existent be
From all eternity;
And yet that matter is, we feel and see;
Nor is it easier to define,
What ligatures the soul and body join;
Or, how the memory does th' impression take
Of things, and to the mind restores them back.
Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,
Direct and govern this capacious all,
How soon would things into confusion fall!
Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear,
And blazing comets rule the troubled air;
Wide inundations, with resistless force,
The lower provinces o'erflow,
In spite of all that human strength could do
To stop the raging sea's impetuous course:
Murder and rapine every place would fill,
And sinking virtue stoop to prosperous ill;
Devouring pestilence rave,
And all that part of nature which has breath
Deliver to the tyranny of death,
And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save.
Let the brave speak, who oft has been
In dreadful sieges, and fierce battles seen,
How he 's preserv'd, when bombs and bullets fly
So thick, that scarce one inch of air is free;
And though he does ten thousand see
Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.
Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor shew,
To what invisible protecting power
He did his life and safety owe,
When the loud storm his well-built vessel tore,
And a half-shatter'd plank convey'd him to the shore.
Nay, let th' ungrateful sceptic tell us how
His tender infancy protection found,
And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd,
If he 'll no Providence allow;
When he had nothing but his nurse's arms
To guard him from innumerable fatal harms:
From childhood how to youth he ran
Securely, and from thence to man;

How, in the strength and vigour of his years,
The feeble bark of life he saves,
Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves,
From all the dangers he foresees, or fears;
Yet every hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers,
If Providence which can the seas command,
Held not the rudder with a steady hand.

OMNIPRESENCE.

'Tis happy for the sons of men, that he,
Who all existence out of nothing made,
Supports his creatures by immediate aid:
But then this all-intending Deity
Must Omnipresent be:
For how shall we by demonstration shew
The Godhead is this moment here,
If he 's not present every where,
And always so?
What 's not perceptible to sense, may be
Ten thousand miles remote from me,
Unless his nature is from limitation free.
In vain we for protection pray;
For benefits receiv'd high altars raise,
And offer up our hymns and praise;
In vain his anger dread, or laws obey.
An absent god from ruin can defend
No more than can an absent friend;
No more is capable to know
How gratefully we make returns,
When the loud music sounds, or victim burns,
Than a poor Indian slave of Mexico.
If so, 'tis equally in vain
The prosperous sings, and wretched mourns;
He cannot hear the praise, or mitigate the pain.
But by what Being is confin'd
The Godhead we adore?
He must have equal or superior power.
If equal only, they each other bind,
So neither 's God, if we define him right,
For neither 's infinite.
But if the other have superior might
Then he, we worship, can't pretend to be
Omnipotent, and free
From all restraint, and so no Deity.
If God is limited in space; his view,
His knowledge, power, and wisdom, is so too:
Unless we 'll own, that these perfections are
At all times present every where,
Yet he himself not actually there.
Which to suppose, that strange conclusion brings,
His essence and his attributes are different things.

IMMUTABILITY.

AS the supreme, omniscient mind,
Is by no boundaries confin'd;
So Reason must acknowledge him to be
From possible mutation free:
For what He is, He was from all eternity.
Change, whether the effect of force or will,
Must argue imperfection still.
But imperfection in a Deity,
That 's absolutely perfect, cannot be:
Who can compel, without his own consent,
A God to change that is omnipotent?
And every alteration without force,
Is for the better or the worse.

He
To alter for
That a depr
And he
Cannot by c
If God
Shall w
W
A
What I
Murder
Did in
Prohibit
But wh
No argu
Withou
If the A
Be chan
Uncerta
We all
When an eter
Rejoic
Loud H
Who wa
Your gra
That fro
Clouds o
His prom
And end
As sure
On all who vir
Nor shou
For while
(As infinitely g
But does
Whose M
To punish
And those
More slip
With
This shock
And Reas
Crimes take th
More hein
That G
Profo
Though
The anger
We have n
But the inflictio
So that if
Our u
None, not
That God
Allow'd by
If so, from
Nor punish
His will re
"Ye
"To
If everlasti
Duration absolut
Against which se
That when appli

He that is infinitely wise,
 To alter for the worse will never choose,
 That a depravity of nature shews:
 And he, in whom all true perfection lies,
 Cannot by change to greater excellencies rise.
 If God be mutable, which way, or how,
 Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now,
 Which did a thousand years ago?
 And 't is impossible to know,
 What He forbids, or what He will allow.
 Murder, enchantment, lust, and perjury,
 Did in the foremost rank of vices stand,
 Prohibited by an express command:
 But whether such they still remain to be,
 No argument will positively prove,
 Without immediate notice from above;
 If the Almighty legislator can
 Be chang'd, like his inconstant subject, man,
 Uncertain thus what to perform or shun,
 We all intolerable hazards run,
 When an eternal stake is to be lost or won.

JUSTICE.

Rejoice, ye sons of piety, and sing
 Loud Hallelujahs to his glorious name,
 Who was, and will for ever be the same:
 Your grateful incense to his temples bring,
 That from the smoking altars may arise
 Clouds of perfumes to the imperial skies.
 His promises stand firm to you,
 And endless joys will be bestow'd,
 As sure as that there is a God,
 On all who virtue choose, and righteous paths pursue.
 Nor should we more his menaces distrust,
 For while he is a Deity he must
 (As infinitely good) be infinitely just.
 But does it with a gracious godhead suit,
 Whose Mercy is his darling attribute,
 To punish crimes that temporary be,
 And those but trivial offences too,
 Mere slips of human nature, small and few,
 With everlasting misery?
 This shocks the mind with deep reflections fraught,
 And Reason bends beneath the ponderous thought;
 Crimes take their estimate from guilt, and grow
 More heinous still, the more they do incense
 That God to whom all creatures owe
 Profoundest reverence:
 Though as to that degree they raise
 The anger of the merciful Most High,
 We have no standard to discern it by,
 But the infliction he on the offender lays.
 So that if endless punishment on all
 Our unrepented sins must fall,
 None, not the least, can be accounted small.
 That God is in perfection just, must be
 Allow'd by all that own a Deity:
 If so, from equity he cannot swerve,
 Nor punish sinners more than they deserve.
 His will reveal'd, is both express and clear;
 "Ye cursed of my Father, go
 "To everlasting woe."
 If everlasting means eternal here,
 Damnation absolutely without end;
 Against which sense some zealously contend,
 But when applied to pains, it only means,

They shall ten thousand ages last:
 Ten thousand, more, perhaps, when they are past;
 But not eternal in a literal sense:
 Yet own the pleasures of the just remain
 So long as there's a God exists to reign.
 Though none can give a solid reason, why
 The word Eternity,
 To heaven and hell indifferent join'd,
 Should carry sense of a different kind;
 And 't is a sad experiment to try.

GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine
 With greater lustre than the rest can shine,
 'T is goodness, which we every moment see
 The godhead exercise with such delight,
 It seems, it only seems, to be
 The best-belov'd perfection of the Deity,
 And more than infinite.
 Without that, he could never prove
 The proper objects of our praise or love,
 Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd
 To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
 Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,
 Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,
 And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.
 Eternal justice then would be,
 But everlasting cruelty;
 Power unrestrain'd, almighty violence;
 And wisdom unconfin'd, but craft immense.
 'T is goodness constitutes him that he is;

And those
 Who will deny him this,
 A god without a deity suppose.
 When the lewd atheist blasphemously swears,
 By his tremendous name
 There is no god, but all's a sham;
 Insipid tattle, praise, and prayers,
 Virtue, pretence; and all the sacred rules
 Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools:
 Justice would strike th' audacious villain dead,
 But mercy, boundless, saves his guilty head;
 Gives him protection, and allows him bread.
 Does not the sinner whom no danger awes,
 Without restraint, his infamy pursue,
 Rejoice, and glory in it too;
 Laugh at the power divine, and ridicule his laws;
 Labour in vice his rivals to excel,
 That, when he's dead, they may their pupils tell
 How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell?
 Yet this vile wretch in safety lives,
 Blessings in common with the best receives;
 Though he is proud t' affront the God those blessings
 gives.

The cheerful sun his influence spreads on all;
 Has no respect to good or evil:
 And fruitful showers without distinction fall,
 Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures, fill.
 The bounteous hand of Heaven bestows
 Success and honour many times on those
 Who scorn his favourites, and care for his foes.

To this good God, whom my adventurous pen
 Has dar'd to celebrate
 In lofty Pindar's strain;
 Though with unequal strength to bear the weight
 Of such a ponderous theme so infinitely great:

To this good God, celestial spirits pay,
 With extacy divine, incessant praise:
 While on the glories of his face they gaze,
 In the bright regions of eternal day.
 To him each rational existence here,
 Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains,
 In whom there are the least remains
 Of piety or fear,
 His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,
 For pardon prays, and for protection flies:
 Nay, the inanimate creation give,
 By prompt obedience to his word,
 Instinctive honour to their lord;
 And shame the thinking world, who in rebellion live.
 With Heaven and earth then, O my soul, unite,
 And the great God of both adore and bless,
 Who gives thee competence, content, and peace;
 The only fountains of sincere delight:
 That from the transitory joys below,
 Thou by a happy exit may'st remove
 To those ineffable above;
 Which from the vision of the godhead flow,
 And neither end, decrease, nor interruption know.

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION OVER JERUSALEM.

Paraphrased out of Josephus.

ALAS, Jerusalem! alas! where's now
 Thy pristine glory, thy unmatch'd renown,
 To which the heathen monarchies did bow?
 Ah, hapless, miserable town!
 Where's all thy majesty, thy beauty gone,
 Thou once most noble, celebrated place,
 The joy and the delight of all the earth;
 Who gav'st to godlike princes birth,
 And bred up heroes, an immortal race?
 Where's now the vast magnificence, which made
 The souls of foreigners adore
 Thy wondrous brightness, which no more
 Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade?
 Oh misery! where's all her mighty state,
 Her splendid train of numerous kings,
 Her noble edifices, noble things,
 Which made her seem so eminently great,
 That barbarous princes in her gates appear'd,
 And wealthy presents, as their tribute, brought,
 To court her friendship? For her strength they fear'd,
 And all her wide protection sought.
 But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,
 See how her lofty buildings lie!
 See how her flaming turrets gild the sky!

Where's all the young, the valiant, and the gay,
 That on her festivals were us'd to play
 Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?
 The glittering troops, which did from far,
 Bring home the trophies, and the spoils of war,
 Whom all the nations round with terror view'd,
 Nor durst their godlike valour try?
 Where'er they fought, they certainly subdued,
 And every combat gain'd a victory.

Ah! where's the house of the Eternal King;
 The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hosts,
 To whose large treasures our fleet did bring
 The gold and jewels of remotest coasts?
 There had the infinite Creator plac'd
 His terrible, amazing name,
 And with his more peculiar presence grac'd
 That heavenly sanctum, where no mortal came,
 The high-priest only; he but once a year
 In that divine apartment might appear:
 So full of glory, and so sacred then,
 But now corrupted with the heaps of slain,
 Which scatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty
 fane.

Alas, Jerusalem! each spacious street
 Was once so fill'd, the numerous throng
 Was forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along,
 And thousands did with thousands meet;
 The darling then of God, and man's belov'd retreat.
 In thee was the bright throne of justice fix'd,
 Justice impartial, and vain fraud unmix'd!
 She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,
 Despising the most wealthy bribes;
 But did the sacred balance hold
 With god-like faith to all our happy tribes.
 Thy well-built streets, and every noble square,
 Were once with polish'd marble laid,
 And all his lofty bulwarks made
 With wondrous labour, and with artful care.
 Thy ponderous gates, surprizing to behold,
 Were cover'd o'er with solid gold;
 Whose splendor did so glorious appear,
 It ravih'd and amaz'd the eye;
 And strangers passing, to themselves would cry,
 What mighty heaps of wealth are here!
 How thick the bars of massy silver lie!
 O happy people! and still happy be,
 Celestial city! from destruction free,
 May'st thou enjoy a long, entire prosperity!

But now, oh wretched, wretched place!
 Thy streets and palaces are spread
 With heaps of carcases, and mountains of the dead,
 The bleeding relics of the Jewish race!
 Each corner of the town, no vacant space,
 But is with breathless bodies fill'd,
 Some by the sword, and some by famine, kill'd,
 Natives and strangers are together laid:
 Death's arrows all at random flew
 Among the crowd, and no distinction made,
 But both the coward and the valiant flew.
 All in one dismal ruin join'd,
 (For swords and pestilence are blind)
 The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find:
 Those that from far, with joyful haste,
 Came to attend thy festival,
 Of the same bitter poison taste,
 And by the black, destructive poison fall;
 For the avenging sentence pass'd on all.
 Oh! see how the delight of human eyes
 In horrid desolation lies!
 See how the burning ruins flame!
 Nothing now left, but a sad, empty name!
 And the triumphant victor cries,
 This was the fam'd Jerusalem!

The

The mo
 Be griev'd to
 Those antien
 And could
 The miserie
 They 'd str
 Mauge the lo
 Their pity
 For now, w
 Thy sons corr
 And all by
 One common
 See! how tho
 And made t
 Who sat up
 Of mighty Mo
 The good to ch
 Now sit in th
 In silent melanc
 See how their m
 Ah, dismal f
 Woe! woe!
 God Heaven!
 Be pitiful, and
 Thus they la
 While in their f
 The bodies of th
 To guard them
 Till their idreac
 (For death mu
 The horrid desol
 To put a period
 Thy wretched
 Are by the he
 Only to gratify
 And then be n
 Oh! insupportab
 What shall we do
 Down to the grav
 Where all our br
 With endless triu

But who, w
 Thy moun
 Who can behold t
 In ashes, and not
 Unhappy, dear Je
 Have rais'd my gr
 Their migh
 Thought cannot c
 Nor can they possi
 Good Heaven
 It had struck me
 Before this curs'd
 I deem quite tir'd
 If not, why then f
 Quick, quick, let
 Say, at me only l
 Whose'r shall wret
 May, happily
 Ye still we live, l
 Our friends ar
 Nothing but r
 Nothing but desolat
 Nay, while we thou
 Our enemies
 Their direful engin
 Vol. II.

The most obdurate creature must
Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust,
Those antient habitations of the just :
And could the marble rocks but know
The miseries of thy fatal overthrow,
They'd strive to find some secret way unknown,
Mingre the senseless nature of the stone,
Their pity and concern to shew :
For now, where lofty buildings stood,
Thy sons corrupted carcases are laid :
And all by this destruction made
One common Golgotha, one field of blood !
See ! how those ancient men, who rul'd thy state,
And made thee happy, made thee great ;
Who sat upon the awful chair
Of mighty Moses, in long scarlet clad,
The good to cherish, and chastise the bad,
Now sit in the corrupted air,
In silent melancholy, and in sad despair !
See how their murder'd children round them lie !
Ah, dismal scene ! hark how they cry !
Woe ! woe ! one beam of mercy give,
Good Heaven ! alas, for we would live !
Be pitiful, and suffer us to die !
Thus they lament, thus beg for ease ;
While in their feeble, aged arms they hold
The bodies of their offspring, stiff and cold,
To guard them from the ravenous savages :
Till their increasing sorrows death persuade
(For death must sure with pity see
The horrid desolation he has made)
To put a period to all their misery.
Thy wretched daughters that survive,
Are by the heathen kept alive,
Only to gratify their lust,
And then be mix'd with common dust.
Oh ! insupportable, stupendous woe !
What shall we do ? ah ! whither shall we go ?
Down to the grave, down to those happy shades below,
Where all our brave progenitors are blest
With endless triumph and eternal rest.

But who, without a flood of tears, can see
Thy mournful, sad catastrophe ?
Who can behold thy glorious temple lie
In ashes, and not be in pain to die ?
Unhappy, dear Jerusalem ! thy woes
Have rais'd my griefs to such a vast excess,
Their mighty weight no mortal knows,
Thought cannot comprehend, or words express,
Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.
Good Heaven had been extremely kind,
If he had struck me dead, or struck me blind,
Before this cursed time, this worst of days.
Is each quite tir'd ? are all his arrows spent ?
If not, why then so many dull delays ?
Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be sent !
Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,
Whoso'er shall wretchedly survive ; that I
May, happily, be sure to die.
Yet still we live, live in excess of pain !
Our friends and relatives are slain !
Nothing but ruins round us see,
Nothing but desolation, woe, and misery !
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, complain,
Our enemies without prepare
Their dreadful engines to pursue the war ;

Vol. II.

And you may slavishly preserve your breath,
Or seek for freedom in the arms of death.

Thus then resolve ; nor tremble at the thought :
Can glory be too dearly bought ?
Since the Almighty wisdom has decreed,
That we, and all our progeny, should bleed,
It shall be after such a noble way,
Succeeding ages will with wonder view
What brave despair compell'd us to !
No, we will ne'er survive another day !
Bring then your wives, your children, all
That's valuable, good or dear,
With ready hands, and place them here ;
They shall unite in one vast funeral.
I know your courages are truly brave,
And dare do any thing but ill :
Who would an aged father save,
That he may live in chains and be a slave,
Or for remorseless enemies to kill ?
Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow ;
For, what at any other time would be
The dire effect of rage and cruelty,
Is mercy, tenderness, and pity, now !
This then perform'd, we'll to the battle fly,
And there, amidst our slaughter'd foes, expire.
If 't is revenge and glory you desire,
Now you may have them, if you dare but die !
Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity !

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

" — Sed omnes una manet nox,
" Et calcanda semel via leti." HORACE.

HORACE.

SINCE we can die but once, and after death
Our state no alteration knows ;
But, when we have resign'd our breath,
Th' immortal spirit goes
To endless joys, or everlasting woes :
Wife is the man who labours to secure
That mighty and important stake ;
And, by all methods, strive to make
His passage safe, and his reception sure.
Merely to die, no man of reason fears ;
For certainly we must,
As we are born, return to dust :
'T is the last point of many lingering years :
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain would know ;
But human understanding cannot shew.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange apprehensions in the mind ;
Fills it with restless doubts, and wild debates,
Concerning what we, living, cannot find.
None know what death is, but the dead ;
Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,
As a strange, doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
And scarce have one black, painful hour to live ;

6 [E]

No

No hopes, no prospect, of a kind reprieve,
 To stop our speedy passage to the tomb;
 How moving, and how mournful, is the sight!
 How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!
 Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had
 In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,
 To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?
 Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,
 Despairing to recover, void of rest;
 Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die:
 Terrors and doubts distract our breast,
 With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat;
 Faint and irregular the pulses beat;
 The blood unactive grows,
 And thickens as it flows,
 Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.
 Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
 Their light just going out;
 And for some kind assistance call:
 But pity, useless pity 's all
 Our weeping friends can give,
 Or we receive;
 Though their desires are great, their powers are small,
 The tongue 's unable to declare
 The pains and griefs, the miseries we bear;
 How insupportable our torments are.
 Music no more delights our deafening ears,
 Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears;
 But all is melancholy, all is sad,
 In robes of deepest mourning clad;
 For, every faculty, and every sense,
 Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

Then we are sensible too late,
 'Tis no advantage to be rich or great:
 For, all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state
 No consolation brings.
 Riches and honours then are useless things,
 Tasteless, or bitter, all;
 And, like the book which the apostle eat,
 To the ill-judging palate sweet,
 But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.
 Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer,
 But the remembrance of good actions past.
 Virtue 's a joy that will for ever last,
 And makes pale death less terrible appear;
 Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.
 In the dark anti-chamber of the grave
 What would we give (ev'n all we have,
 All that our care and industry have gain'd,
 All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)
 Could we recall those fatal hours again
 Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,
 Ambitious follies, or luxurious ease!
 For then they urge our terrors, and increase our pain

Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,
 Dissolv'd in tears, to see us die,
 And plunge into the deep abyss of wide eternity.
 In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve:
 Their sorrows cannot ours relieve.
 They pity our deplorable estate:
 But what, alas, can pity do
 To soften the decrees of fate?
 Besides, the sentence is irrevocable too.

All their endeavours to preserve our breath,
 Though they do unsuccessful prove,
 Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love,
 But cannot cut off the entail of death.
 Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed:
 One, with officious haste,
 Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste;
 Another softly raises up our head;
 This wipes away the sweat; that, sighing, cries
 See what convulsions, what strong agonies,
 Both soul and body undergo!
 His pains no intermission know;
 For every gasp of air he draws, returns in sighs.
 Each would his kind assistance lend,
 To save his dear relation, or his dearer friend;
 But still in vain with destiny they all contend.
 Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,
 Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, adieu!
 Adieu, my child! now I must follow you:
 Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
 Our sons, who, in their tender years,
 Were objects of our cares, and of our fears,
 Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,
 Bless us, O father! now before you die;
 Bless us, and be you bless'd to all eternity.
 Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,
 Compassionate and kind,
 Cries, will you leave me here behind?
 Without me fly to the bless'd seats above?
 Without me, did I say? Ah, no!
 Without thy friend thou canst not go:
 For, though thou leav'st me groveling here below,
 My soul with thee shall upward fly,
 And bear thy spirit company,
 Through the bright passage of the yielding sky.
 Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be
 Incapable to separate
 (For 't is not in the power of fate)
 My friend, my best, my dearest friend, and me:
 But, since it must be so, farewell;
 For ever! No; for we shall meet again,
 And live like gods, though now we die like men,
 In the eternal regions, where just spirits dwell.
 The soul, unable longer to maintain
 The fruitless and unequal strife,
 Finding her weak endeavours vain,
 To keep the counterescarp of life,
 By slow degrees, retires towards the heart,
 And fortifies that little fort
 With all its kind artificeries of art;
 Botanic legions guarding every port.
 But death, whose arms no mortal can repel,
 A formal siege disdains to lay;
 Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,
 And in a minute forms the feeble citadel.
 Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
 Pretends to make a solid peace;
 But 'tis all sham, all artifice,
 That we may negligent and careless be:
 For, if his armies are withdrawn to-day,
 And we believe no danger near,
 But all is peaceable, and all is clear;
 His troops return some unsuspected way;
 While in the soft embrace of sleep we lie,
 The secret murderers stab us, and we die.

Since our fi
 Inevitable deat
 A portion m
 But that wh
 The fears of
 For, when the
 Loaded
 If any sense
 They feel a
 The earnest
 Which they to
 Confin'd in
 Infern
 Like raven
 And hurri
 To the dark
 Where they
 When the
 Before a judg
 by wh
 To everlast
 But the
 Unspott
 From all the
 Of me
 Looks thro
 And sees th
 Sets crowds o
 His fo
 To the sur
 Then the c
 Nor suffer
 T' oppose
 Or terrify
 But all is cal
 His prayers
 To plead
 No one of
 And those bri
 But when the
 She pass
 Where she
 Of angels
 Congratulate
 If therefor
 When, or
 But, late or
 In the fresh
 We cannot
 In this
 For a
 Here
 To make our
 The hearth
 Than what
 No future mi
 For the fin
 But, if
 They shou
 As the immo
 We have t
 Those who
 To man, s
 Let them e

Since our first parents' fall,
 Inevitable death descends on all ;
 A portion none of human race can miss
 But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is
 The fears of misery, or certain hopes of bliss.
 For, when the impenitent and wicked die,
 Loaded with crimes and infamy ;
 If any sense at that sad time remains,
 They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains ;
 The earnest of that vast, stupendous woe,
 Which they to all eternity must undergo,
 Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.

Infernal spirits hover in the air,
 Like ravenous wolves, to seize upon the prey,
 And hurry the departed souls away
 To the dark receptacles of despair :
 Where they must dwell till that tremendous day,
 When the loud trump shall call them to appear
 Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe ;
 By whose just sentence they must go
 To everlasting pains, and endless woe.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,
 Unspotted, regular, and free
 From all the ugly stains of lust and villainy,
 Of mercy and of pardon sure,
 Looks through the darkness of the gloomy night :
 And sees the dawning of a glorious day ;
 Sees crowds of angels ready to convey

His soul where'er she takes her flight
 To the surprizing mansions of immortal light.
 Then the celestial guards around him stand ;
 Nor suffer the black dæmons of the air
 To oppose his passage to the promis'd land,
 Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair ;
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
 His prayers, his charity, his virtues, press
 To plead for mercy when he wants it most ;
 No one of all the happy number's lost :
 And those bright advocates ne'er want success,
 But when the soul's releas'd from dull mortality,
 She passes up in triumph through the sky ;
 Where she's united to a glorious throng
 Of angels ; who, with a celestial song,
 Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

If therefore all must quit the stage,
 When, or how soon, we cannot know ;
 But, late or early, we are sure to go ;
 In the fresh bloom of youth, or wither'd age ;
 We cannot take too sedulous a care,
 In this important, grand affair :
 For as we die, we must remain ;
 Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
 To make our peace with Heaven, or to return again.
 The heathen, who no better understood
 Than what the light of nature taught, declar'd,
 No future misery could be prepar'd
 For the sincere, the merciful, the good ;
 But, if there was a state of rest,
 They should with the same happiness be blest
 As the immortal gods, if gods there were, possess'd.
 We have the promise of th' eternal truth,
 Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,
 To man, and to their Maker, true,
 Let them expire in age, or youth,

Can never miss
 Their way to everlasting bliss :
 But from a world of misery and care
 To mansions of eternal ease repair ;
 Where joy in full perfection flows,
 And in an endless circle moves,
 Through the vast round of beatific love,
 Which no cessation knows.

ON THE
 GENERAL CONFLAGRATION
 AND ENSUING JUDGMENT.
 A PINDARIC ESSAY.

*"Esse quoque in fatis, reminiscitur, affore tempus
 "Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
 "Ardeat, & mundi moles operosa labores."* OVID. Met.

NOW the black days of universal doom,
 Which wondrous prophecies foretold, are come :
 What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,
 Must sinking nature undergo ;
 Amidst the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow !
 Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,
 With fearful groans, and hideous cries,
 Fill the presaging skies ;
 Unable to support the weight
 Or of the present, or approaching miseries.
 Methinks I hear her summon all
 Her guilty offspring raving with despair,
 And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
 Ye sublunary powers, to attend my funeral !

See, see the tragical portents,
 Those dismal harbingers of dire events !
 Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly
 Through the dark concave of the troubled sky ;
 The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.
 See how the glaring meteors blaze !
 Like baleful torches, O they come,
 To light dissolving Nature to her tomb !
 And, scattering round their pestilential rays,
 Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.
 Vast sheets of flame, and globes of fire,
 By an impetuous wind are driven
 Through all the regions of the inferior heaven ;
 Till, hid in sulphurous smoke, they seamingly expire.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see,
 What mad confusion rages over all
 This scorching ball !
 No country is exempt, no nation free,
 But each partakes the epidemic misery.
 What dismal havoc of mankind is made
 By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,
 Through the whole mournful earth ?
 Which with a murdering fury they invade,
 Forsook by Providence, and all propitious aid !
 Whilst fiends let loose, their utmost rage employ,
 To ruin all things here below ;

Their

Their malice and revenge no limits know,
But, in the universal tumult, all destroy.

Distracted mortals from their cities fly,
For safety to their champain ground.
But there no safety can be found;
The vengeance of an angry Deity,
With unrelenting fury, does inclose them round:
And whilst for mercy some aloud implore
The God they ridicul'd before;
And others, raving with their woe,
(For hunger, thirst, despair, they undergo)
Blaspheme and curse the Power they should adore:
The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws extends,
And opening wide a dreadful tomb,
The howling multitude at once descends
Together all into her burning womb.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged heads
In mighty pillars of infernal smoke,
Which from their bellowing caverns broke,
And suffocates whole nations where it spreads.
Sometimes the fire within divides
The massy rivers of those secret chains,
Which hold together their prodigious sides,
And hurls the shatter'd rocks o'er all the plains:
While towns and cities, every thing below,
Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of woe.
No showers descend from the malignant sky,
To cool the burning of the thirsty field;
The trees no leaves, no grafs the meadows, yield,
But all is barren, all is dry.
The little rivulets no more
To larger streams their tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing ocean they;
Which, with a strange unusual roar,
Forfakes those ancient bounds it would have pass'd
before:

And to the monstrous deep in vain retire:
For ev'n the deep itself is not secure,
But belching subterraneous fires,
Increases still the scalding calenture,
Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

The sun, by sympathy, concern'd
At those convulsions, pangs, and agonies,
Which on the whole creation seize,
Is to substantial darkness turn'd.
The neighbouring moon, as if a purple flood
O'erflow'd her tottering orb, appears
Like a huge mass of black corrupted blood;
For she herself a dissolution fears.
The larger planets, which once shone so bright,
With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,
Shook from their centre, without motion lie,
Unwieldy globes of solid night,
And ruinous lumber of the sky.
Amidst this dreadful hurricane of woes,
(For fire, confusion, horror, and despair,
Fill every region of the tortur'd earth and air)
The great archangel his loud trumpet blows;
At whose amazing sound fresh agonies
Upon expiring nature seize:
For now she 'll in few minutes know
The ultimate event and fate of all below.

Awake, ye dead, awake, he cries;
(For all must come)
All that had human breath, arise,
To hear your last, unalterable doom.

At this the ghastly tyrant, who had sway'd
So many thousand ages uncontroll'd,
No longer could his sceptre hold;
But gave up all, and was himself a captive made.
The scatter'd particles of human clay,
Which in the silent grave's dark chambers lay,
Resume their pristine forms again,
And now from mortal, grow immortal men.
Stupendous energy of sacred Power,
Which can collect whatever cast
The smallest atoms, and that shape restore
Which they had worn so many years before,
That through strange accidents and numerous changes
past!

See how the joyful angels fly
From every quarter of the sky,
To gather and to convey all
The pious sons of human race,
To one capacious place,
Above the confines of this flaming ball.
See with what tenderness and love they bear
Those righteous souls through the tumultuous air;
Whilst the ungodly stand below,
Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,
Amidst the burning overthrow,
Expecting fiercer torment, and acuter woe.
Round them infernal spirits howling fly;
O horror, curses, tortures, chains! they cry
And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy.

Hark how the daring sons of infamy
Who once dissolv'd in pleasure's lap,
And laugh'd at this tremendous day,
To rocks and mountains now to hide them cry,
But rocks and mountains all in ashes lie.
Their shame's so mighty, and so strong their fear,
That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Among the burning ruins of the world,
And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.
Time was they would not own a Deity,
Nor after death a future state;
But now, by sad experience, find, too late,
There is, and terrible to that degree,
That rather than behold his face, they'd cease to be.
And sure 'tis better, if Heaven would give consent,
To have no being; but they must remain,
For ever, and for ever be in pain.
O inexpressible, stupendous punishment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent.

But now, the eastern skies expanding wide,
The glorious Judge omnipotent descends,
And to the sublunary world his passage bends;
Where, cloth'd with human nature, he did once reside.
Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,
And loud triumphant hallelujahs sing,
With songs of praise, and hymns of victory,
To their celestial king;

All glory, power
Now, and for e
To the Essential O
Perish that w
Which saw
Perish by the al
Who durst thy
The cur'd refuge
Now to the unb
Thou art a God
Nor titular, or
And let them th
Of human nature v

With mighty tr
The good behol
Their God in al
Ineffable, am
And sared on a th
Round the tribu
In sacred discipl
The peers and
As they excel in
Upon the right h
In the white bos
Whole souls abbi
Did, with a st
His holy precept
Mingle what earth
And now that
For whom such
Returns to pla
Where, unfid
Divine, sub
Eubounded as his p

Go, bring, the j
Those rebel sons
Whom neither th
Not all my suffer
To fire themselves
At this ten millions
Swifter than lightni
And less than
The wretch'd,
Who with dist
To hear their sad,
And they cry, on
Thou all-forgi
To pardon crimes,
Crank us to nothing
But if it cannot,
And we must go int
'For who can wit
Gaze, for thou art
And all our
Eternal burnin
Though now o
Let them be pu
And let our pa
Be let them not ex
Lo, now there
For penitence
Must by their

All glory, power, dominion, majesty,
Now, and for everlasting ages, be
To the Essential One, and Co-eternal Three.
Perish that world, as 'tis decreed,
Which saw the God incarnate bleed !
Perish by the almighty vengeance those
Who durst thy person, or thy laws, expose ;
The cursed refuge of mankind, and hell's proud seed.
Now to the unbelieving nations shew,
Thou art a God from all eternity ;
Nor titular, or but by office so ;
And let them the mysterious union see
Of human nature with the Deity.

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears,
The good behold this glorious sight !
Their God in all his majesty appears,
Ineffable, amazing bright,
And seated on a throne of everlasting light.
Round the tribunal, next to the Most High,
In sacred discipline and order, stand
The peers and princes of the sky,
As they excel in glory or command.
Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,
In the white bosom of a shining cloud,
Whose souls abhorring all ignoble crimes,
Did, with a steady course, pursue,
His holy precepts in the worst of times,
Might what earth or hell, what man or devils could do,
And now that God they did to death adore,
For whom such torments and such pains they bore,
Returns to place them on those thrones above,
Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess
Divine, substantial happiness,
Unbounded as his power, and lasting as his love.

Go, bring, the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,
Those rebel sons, who did my laws despise ;
Whom neither threats nor promises could move,
Not all my sufferings, nor all my love,
To free themselves from everlasting miseries.
At this ten millions of archangels flew
Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest thought,
And less than in an instant brought
The wretch'd, curs'd, infernal, crew ;
Who with distorted aspects came,
To hear their sad, intolerable doom.
Aha ! they cry, one beam of mercy shew,
Thou all-forgiving Deity !
To pardon crimes, is natural to thee :
Crush us to nothing, or suspend our woe.
But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we must go into a gulph of fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend ?)
Gaze, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,
And all our tortures have an end.
Eternal burnings, O, we cannot bear !
Though now our bodies too immortal are,
Let them be pungent to the last degree :
And let our pains innumerable be ;
But let them not extend to all eternity !

Lo, now there does no place remain
For penitence and tears, but all
Must by their actions stand or fall :

To hope for pity, is in vain ;
The dye is cast, and not to be recall'd again.
Two mighty books are by two angels brought :
In this, impartially recorded, stands
The law of nature, and divine commands :
In that, each action, word, and thought,
Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.
Then first the virtuous and the good,
Who all the fury of temptation stood,
And bravely pass'd thro' ignominy, chains and blood,
Attended by their guardian angels come
To the tremendous bar of final doom.
In vain the grand accuser, railing, brings
A long indictment of enormous things,
Whose guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,
And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,
No more to their astonishment appears,
But in the secret womb of dark oblivion lies.

Come, now, my friends, he cries, ye sons of grace,
Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,
Despis'd and hated for my name ;
Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace ;
Ascend, and those bright diadems possess,
For you by my eternal Father made,
Ere the foundation of the world was laid ;
And that surprizing happiness,
Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be less.

For when I languishing in prison lay,
Naked, and starv'd almost for want of bread,
You did your kindly visits pay,
Both cloth'd my body, and my hunger fed.
Weary'd with sickness, or oppress'd with grief,
Your hand was always ready to supply :
Whene'er I wanted, you were always by,
To share my sorrows, or to give relief.
In all distress, so tender was your love,
I could no anxious trouble bear ;
No black misfortune, or vexatious care,
But you were still impatient to remove,
And mourn'd, your charitable hand should unsuccessful
prove :

All this you did, though not to me
In person, yet to mine in misery :
And shall for ever live
In all the glories that a God can give
Or a created being 's able to receive.

At this the architects divine on high
Innumerable thrones of glory raise,
On which they, in appointed order, place,
The human cohorts of eternity,
And with united hymns the God incarnate praise :
O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal God, Almighty One,
Be Thou for ever, and be Thou alone,
By all thy creatures, constantly ador'd !
Ineffable, co-equal Three,
Who from non-entity gave birth
To angels and to men, to heaven and to earth,
Yet always wast Thyself, and wilt for ever be.
But for thy mercy, we had ne'er possess'd
These thrones, and this immense felicity ;
Could ne'er have been so infinitely blest !

Therefore

Therefore all Glory, Power, Dominion, Maieſty,
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,
For ever longer, than for ever, be!

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face
To thoſe upon the left, and cries,
(Almighty vengeance ſaſhing in his eyes)
Ye impious, unbelieving race,
To thoſe eternal torments go,
Prepar'd for thoſe rebellious ſons of light,
In burning darkneſs and in flaming night,
Which ſhall no limit or ceſſation know,
But always are extreme, and always will be ſo.
The final ſentence paſt, a dreadful cloud
Incloſing all the miſerable crowd,
A mighty hurricane of thunder roſe,
And hurl'd them all into a lake of fire,
Which never, never, never can expire;
The vaſt abyſs of endleſs woes:
Whilst with their God the righteous mount on high,
In glorious triumph paſſing through the ſky,
To joys immenſe, and everlaſting eſtaſy.

REASON: A POEM.

Written in the year 1700.

UNHAPPY man! who, through ſucceſſive years,
From early youth to life's laſt childhood errs:
No ſooner born but proves a foe to truth;
For infant Reaſon is o'erpower'd in youth.
The cheats of ſenſe will half our learning ſhare;
And pre-conceptions all our knowledge are.
Reaſon, 'tis true, ſhould over ſenſe preſide:
Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;
But falſe opinions, rooted in the mind,
Hoodwink the ſoul, and keep our Reaſon blind.
Reaſon's a taper, which but faintly burns;
A languid flame, that glows, and dies by turns:
We ſee 't a little while, and but a little way;
We travel by its light, as men by day:
But quickly dying, it forſakes us ſoon,
Like morning-ſtars, that never ſtay till noon.

The ſoul can ſcarce above the body riſe;
And all we ſee is with corporeal eyes.
Life now does ſcarce one glimpe of light diſplay;
We mourn in darkneſs, and deſpair of day:
That natural night, once dreſt with orient beams,
Is now diminith'd, and a twilight ſeems;
A miſcellaneous compoſition, made
Of night and day, of ſunſhine and of ſhade.
Through an uncertain medium now we look,
And find that falſehood, which for truth we took:
So rays projected from the eaſtern ſkies,
Shew the falſe day before the ſun can riſe.

That little knowledge now which man obtains,
From outward objects, and from ſenſe he gains:
He, like a wretched ſlave, muſt plod and ſweat;
By day muſt toil, by night that toil repeat;
And yet, at laſt, what little fruit he gains!
A beggar's harveſt, glean'd with mighty pains!

The paſſions, ſtill predominant, will rule
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in Reaſon's ſchool;

Our underſtanding they with darkneſs fill,
Cause ſtrong corruptions, and pervert the will.
On theſe the ſoul, as on ſome flowing tide,
Muſt ſit, and on the raging billows ride,
Hurried away; for how can be withſtood
Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood?
Be gone, falſe hopes, for all our learning's vain;
Can we be free where theſe the rule maintain?
Theſe are the tools of knowledge which we uſe;
The ſpirits heated, will ſtrange things produce.
Tell me, whoe'er the paſſions could control,
Or from the body diſengage the ſoul:
Till this is done, our beſt purſuits are vain,
To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain:
Through all the bulky volumes of the dead,
And through thoſe books that modern times have bred,
With pain we travel, as through mooriſh ground,
Where ſcarce one uſeful plant is ever found;
O'er-run with errors, which ſo thick appear,
Our ſearch proves vain, no ſpark of truth is there.

What's all the noiſy jargon of the ſchools,
But idle nonſenſe of laborious ſools,
Who fetter Reaſon with perplexing rules?
What in Aquinas' bulky works are found,
Does not enlighten Reaſon, but confound:
Who travels Scotus' ſwelling tomes, ſhall find
A cloud of darkneſs riſing on the mind;
In controverted points can Reaſon ſway,
When paſſion, or conceit, ſtill hurries us away!
Thus his new notions Sherlock would inſtil,
And clear the greateſt mysteries at will;
But, by unlucky wit, perplex'd them more,
And made them darker than they were before.
South ſoon oppos'd him, out of chriſtian zeal;
Shewing how well he could diſpute and rail.
How ſhall we e'er diſcover which is right,
When both ſo eagerly maintain the fight?
Each does the other's arguments deride;
Each has the church and ſcripture on his ſide.
The ſharp, ill-natur'd combat 's but a jeſt;
Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the leaſt.
How ſhall we know which articles are true,
The old ones of the church, or Burnet's new?
In paths uncertain and unſafe he treads,
Who blindly follows other fertile heads;
What ſure, what certain mark have we to know,
The right or wrong, 'twixt Burgeſs, Wake, and Howe?

Should unturn'd nature crave the medic art,
What health can that contentious tribe impart?
Every phyſician writes a different bill,
And gives no other Reaſon but his will.
No longer boaſt your art, ye impious race;
Let wars 'twixt Alcaſies and Acids ceaſe;
And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace.
Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely gueſs;
To-day they 've good, to-morrow, no ſucceſs.
Ev'n Garth and *Maurus ſometimes ſhall prevail,
When Gibſon, learned Hannes, and Tyſon, fail.
And, more than once, we 've ſeen, that blundering
Sloane,
Miſſing the gout, by chance has hit the ſtone;
The patient does the lucky error find;
A cure he works, though not the cure deſign'd.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

Custom

Custom, th
And knowing
What educat
Our ripen'd ag
The careful
To learn opin
The parent's p
And ſpoil the
To what hard
When thus im
When educatio
And nought is
Thus, from th
We live and le

We ſeldom
Nor judge of th
Our prepoſſeſſio
The ſoul in ch
And if ſelf-int
Our unexamini
Good Heavens!
To learn on cre
Better the mind
But ſtill a fair,
For now, who t
Muſt firſt diſrob
Errors, contract
When once rem
To diſpoſſeſs th
But death appro

Thoſe who w
The dear-bought
From many dang
And more than S
Oh! what an oco
To gain a proſpec
Reſtituting rock
And adverſe wav

Does not that f
To men that liv'
What odd, prepo
And learn to walk
Firſt we a bleſſing
Worſhip old urns
The reverend ſage
He liv'd long ſinc
Thus are we debt
For all thoſe error
Errors indeed! fo
With thoſe firſt tin
While light opinio
For on the waves
But ſolid truth ſea
So ſoon it ſinks, a

Suppoſe thoſe m
Will knowledge d
Ah! no, 't is now
Hides all its charm
Truth, like a ſingl
And claims attent
But what reſemble
Spreads like a furſa
The firſt man rare
The tedious ſearch

Custom, the world's great idol, we adore;
 And knowing this, we seek to know no more.
 What education did at first receive,
 Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
 The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
 To learn opinions, and our country's creed;
 The parent's precepts early are infill'd,
 And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.
 To what hard fate is human-kind betray'd,
 When thus implicit faith, a virtue made;
 When education more than truth prevails,
 And nought is current but what custom seals?
 Thus, from the time we first began to know,
 We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

We seldom use our liberty aright,
 Nor judge of things by universal light:
 Our prepossessions and affections bind
 The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;
 And if self-interest be but in the case,
 Our unexamined principles may pass!
 Good Heavens! that man should thus himself deceive,
 To learn on credit, and on trust believe!
 Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
 But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd:
 For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,
 Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
 Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
 When once remov'd, will smoothe the way to truth:
 To dispossess the child, the mortal lives;
 But death approaches ere the man arrives.

Those who would learning's glorious kingdom find,
 The dear-bought purchase of the trading mind,
 From many dangers must themselves acquit,
 And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
 Oh! what an ocean must be voyag'd o'er,
 To gain a prospect of the shining shore!
 Resistless rocks oppose th' inquiring soul,
 And adverse waves retard it as they roll.

Does not that foolish deference we pay
 To men that liv'd long since, our passage stay?
 What odd, preposterous paths at first we tread,
 And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead!
 First we a blessing from the grave implore,
 Worship old urns, and monuments adore!
 The reverend sage, with vast esteem, we prize:
 He liv'd long since, and must be wondrous wise!
 Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
 For all those errors which their fancy bred;
 Errors indeed! for real knowledge stay'd
 With those first times, not farther was convey'd;
 While light opinions are much lower brought,
 For on the waves of ignorance they float:
 But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
 So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose those many dreadful dangers past;
 Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind, at last;
 Ah! no, 't is now environ'd from our eyes,
 Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies!
 Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
 And claims attention to perceive it right!
 But what resembles truth is soon decry'd,
 Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide!
 The first man rarely, very rarely finds
 The tedious search of long enquiring minds;

But yet what's worse, we know not what we err;
 What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear?
 How do we know that what we know is true?
 How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?
 Let none then here his certain knowledge boast;
 'T is all but probability at most;
 This is the easy purchase of the mind;
 The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find!
 But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
 The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

DIES NOVISSIMA:

OR, THE

LAST EPIPHANY.

*A Pindaric Ode, on Christ's second Appearance, to
 Judge the World.*

A DIEU, ye toyish reeds, that once could please
 My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease:
 Be gone; I'll waste no more vain hours with you;
 And, smiling Sylvia too, adieu.

A brighter power invokes my Muse,
 And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.

See, beckoning from yon cloud, he stands,
 And promises assistance with his hands:

I feel the heavy-rolling God,
 Incumbent, revel in his frail abode.

How my breast heaves, and pulses beat!
 I sink, I sink, beneath the furious heat;

The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,
 And over-flowing joys profusely waste.

Some nobler bard, O sacred Power, inspire,
 Or soul more large, th' elapses to receive:

And, brighter yet, to catch the fire,
 And each gay following charm from death to save!
 —In vain the suit—the God inflames my breast;

I rave, with extasies oppress'd:

I rise, the mountains lessen, and retire;
 And now I mix, unsing'd, with elemental fire!

The leading deity I have in view;
 Nor mortal knows, as yet, what wonders will ensue.

We pass'd through regions of unfulfill'd light;
 I gaz'd, and sicken'd at the blissful sight;

A shuddering paleness seiz'd my look:

At last the pest flew off, and thus I spoke:

"Say, Sacred Guide, shall this bright clime

"Survive the fatal test of time,

"Or perish, with our mortal globe below,

"When yon sun no longer shines?"

Straight I finish'd—veiling low;

The visionary power rejoins:

"'T is not for you to ask, nor mine to say,

"The niceties of that tremendous day.

"Know, when o'er-jaded Time his round has run,

"And finish'd are the radiant journeys of the sun,

"The great decisive morn shall rise,

"And Heaven's bright Judge appear in opening skies!

"Eternal grace and justice he'll bestow

"On all the trembling world below."

He said. I mus'd; and thus return'd:
 "What ensigns, courteous stranger, tell,
 "Shall the brooding day reveal?"
 He answer'd mild—
 "Already, stupid with their crimes,
 "Blind mortals prostrate to their idols lie:
 "Such were the boding times,
 "Ere ruin blasted from the sluicy sky;
 "Dissolv'd they lay in fulsome ease,
 "And revel'd in luxuriant peace;
 "In bacchanals they did their hours consume,
 "And bacchanals led on their swift advancing doom."

Adulterate Christs already rise,
 And dare t' assuage the angry skies;
 Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
 And from the Cross, alas! he does neglected sigh;
 The Anti-Christian Power has rais'd his Hydra head,
 And ruin, only less than Jesus' health, does spread.
 So long the gore through poison'd veins has flow'd,
 That scarcely ranker is a fury's blood;
 Yet specious artifice, and fair disguise,
 The monster's shape, and curst design, belies:
 A fiend's black venom, in an angel's mien,
 He quaffs, and scatters, the contagious spleen
 Straight, when he finishes his lawless reign,
 Nature shall paint the shining scene,
 Quick as the lightning which inspires the train.

Forward confusion shall provoke the fray,
 And nature from her ancient order stray;
 Black tempests gathering from the seas around,
 In horrid ranges shall advance;
 And, as they march, in thickest fables drown'd,
 The rival thunder from the clouds shall sound,
 And lightnings join the fearful dance:
 The blustering armies o'er the skies shall spread,
 And universal terror shed;
 Loud issuing peals, and rising sheets of smoke,
 Th' encumber'd region of the air shall choke;
 The noisy main shall lash the suffering shore,
 And from the rocks the breaking billows roar!
 Black thunder bursts, blue lightning burns,
 And melting worlds to heaps of ashes turns!
 The forests shall beneath the tempest bend,
 And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend.

Reverse all Nature's web shall run,
 And spotless misrule all around,
 Whilst backward all the threads shall haste to be unspun.
 Order, its flying foe, confound;
 Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand,
 (The wand with which, ere time begun,
 His wandering slaves he did command,
 And made them scamper right, and in rude ranges run)
 The hostile harmony shall chase;
 And as the nymph resigns her place,
 And panting to the neighbouring refuge flies,
 The formless ruffian slaughters with his eyes,
 And following storms the pearching dame's retreat,
 Adding the terror of his threat;
 The globe shall faintly tremble round,
 And backward jolt, distorted with the wound.

Swath'd in substantial shrouds of night,
 The sickening sun shall from the world retire,

Stripp'd of his dazzling robes of fire;
 Which dangling, once, shed round a lavish flood of light!
 No frail eclipse, but all essential shade,
 Not yielding to primæval gloom,
 Whilst day was yet an embryo in the womb;
 Nor glimmering in its source, with silver streamers
 play'd,
 A jetty mixture of the darkness spread
 O'er murmuring Ægypt's head;
 And that which angels drew
 O'er Nature's face, when Jesus died;
 Which sleeping ghosts for this mistook,
 And, rising, off their hanging funerals shook,
 And fleeting pass'd expos'd their bloodless breast to
 view,

Yet find it not so dark, and to their dormitories glide.
 Now bolder fires appear,
 And o'er the palpable obsurement sport,
 Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer,
 Yet mark'd with fate, as when he fled th' ætherial
 court,
 And plung'd into the opening gulph of night;
 A fabre of immortal flame I bore,
 And, with this arm, his flourishing plume I tore,
 And straight the fiend retreated from the fight.

Mean time the lambient prodigies on high
 Take gamefome measures in the sky;
 Joy'd with his future feast, the thunder roars
 In chorus to th' enormous harmony;
 And halloo's to his offspring from sulphureous stores;
 Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,
 And their each nimble turn, and radiant embassy.

The moon turns pale at the sight,
 And all the blazing orbs deny their light;
 The lightning with its livid tail,
 A train of glittering terrors draws behind,
 Which o'er the trembling world prevail;
 Wing'd and blown on by storms of wind,
 They show the hideous leaps on either hand,
 Of Night, that spreads her ebon curtains round,
 And there erects her royal stand,
 In seven-fold winding jet her conscious temples bound,

The stars, next starting from their spheres,
 In giddy revolutions leap and bound;
 Whilst this with doubtful fury glares,
 And meditate new wars,
 And wheels in sportive gyres around,
 Its neighbour shall advance to fight;
 And while each offers to enlarge its right,
 The general ruin shall increase,
 And banish all the votaries of peace.
 No more the stars, with paler beams,
 Shall tremble o'er the midnight streams,
 But travel downward to behold
 What mimics them so twinkling there:
 And, like Narcissus, as they gain more near,
 For the lov'd image straight expire,
 And agonize in warm desire,
 Or flake their lust, as in the stream they roll.

Whilst the world burns, and all the orbs below
 In their viperous ruins glow,

They

They tank,
 Which fa
 no
 Then fee th
 Cloth'd
 His win
 And nimble
 And with
 Hilt as he ha
 In horri
 And leave
 Then ur
 And diverging

The Might
 Whilst might
 His wavi
 Bright as the
 And burnin
 divi
 Strong beam
 And the trans
 His Father's re
 And both o
 fear
 Myriads of
 And I,
 Angels, the fir
 Clad with et

Nor for mag
 To bright
 Shall we encir
 And swell th
 The nimble mi

They sink, and unsupported leave the skies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the
noise.

Then see th' Almighty Judge, sedate and bright,
Cloath'd in imperial robes of light!
His wings the wind, rough storms the chariot bear,
And nimble harbingers before him fly,
And with officious rudeness brush the air;
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,
In horrid sport with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding tracts of light;
Then urging, to their ranks they close,
And shivering, lest they start, a failing caravan compose.

The Mighty Judge rides in tempestuous state,
Whilst mighty guards his orders wait:
His waving vestments shine
Bright as the sun, which lately did its beam resign,
And burnish'd wreaths of light shall make his form
divine.

Strong beams of majesty around his temples play,
And the transcendent gaiety of his face allay:
His Father's reverend characters he'll wear,
And both o'erwhelm with light, and over-awe with
fear.

Myriads of angels shall be there,
And I, perhaps, close the tremendous rear;
Angels, the first and fairest sons of day,
Clad with eternal youth, and as their vestments gay.

Nor for magnificence alone,
To brighten and enlarge the pageant scene,
Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,
And swell the lustre of his pompous train;
The nimble ministers of bliss or woe

We shall attend, and save, or deal the blow,
As he admits to joy, or bids to pain.

The welcome news
Through every Angel's breast fresh rapture shall diffuse.
The day is come,

When Satan with his powers shall sink to endless doom.

No more shall we his hostile troops pursue
From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.
Then Raphael, big with life, the trump shall sound,
From falling spheres the joyful music shall rebound,
And seas and shores shall catch and propagate it round:
Louder he'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,

Then when from Sinai's hill

In thunder through the horrid reddening smoke,

Th' Almighty spoke,

We'll shout around with martial joy,
And thrice the vaulted skies shall rend, and thrice our
shouts reply.

Then first th' Archangel's voice, aloud,
Shall cheerfully salute the day and throng,
And Hallelujah fill the croud;
And I, perhaps, shall close the song.

From its long sleep all human race shall rise,
And see the morn and Judge advancing in the skies:
To their old tenements the souls return,
Whilst down the steep of Heaven as swift the Judge
descends!

These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn:
Whilst, see, distracted looks yon stalking shades attend.
The saints no more shall conflict on the deep,
Nor rugged waves insult the labouring ship;
But from the wreck in triumph they arise,
And borne to bliss shall tread empyreal skies.

[1]

THE
P O E M S
O F T H E
E A R L O F D O R S E T.

TO MR. EDWARD HOWARD,

*On his
Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem, called the
British Princes.*

COME on, ye Critics, find one fault who dares ;
For read it backward, like a witch's prayers,
'Twill do as well ; throw not away your jests
On solid nonsense that abides all tests.
Wit, like tierce-claret, when 't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all,
But, in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
Thou hast a brain, such as it is indeed ;
On what else should thy worm of fancy feed ?
Yet in a filbert I have often known
Maggots survive, when all the kernel 's gone.
This simile shall stand in thy defence,
'Gainst those dull rogues who now and then write sense.
Thy style 's the same, whatever be thy theme,
As some digestions turn all meat to phlegm :
'They lye, dear Ned, who say thy brain is barren,
Where deep conceits, like maggots, breed in carrion.
'Thy stumbling founder'd jade can trot as high
As any other Pegasus can fly :
So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud,
'Than all the swift-finn'd racers of the flood.

As skilful divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those who cannot swim at all ;
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.
'Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own natural parts,
And with acquir'd dulness and new arts
Of study'd nonsense, tak'st kind readers hearts.
'Therefore, dear Ned, at my advice, forbear
Such loud complaints 'gainst Critics to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant libeller ;
'Thou sett'st thy name to what thyself dost write ;
Did ever libel yet so sharply bite ?

TO THE SAME.

On his Plays.

THOU damn'd Antipodes to common-sense,
Thou foil to Flecknoe, pr'ythee tell from whence

Does all this mighty stock of dulness spring ?
Is it thy own, or hast it from Snow-hill,
Assisted by some ballad-making quill ?
No, they fly higher yet, thy plays are such,
I'd swear they were translated out of Dutch.
Fain would I know what diet thou dost keep,
If thou dost always, or dost never sleep ?
Sure hasty-pudding is thy chiefest dish,
With bullock's liver, or some stinking fish :
Garbage, ox- cheeks, and tripes, do feast thy brain,
Which nobly pays this tribute back again.
With daisy-roots thy dwarfish Muse is fed,
A giant's body with a pigmy's head.
Canst thou not find, among thy numerous race
Of kindred, one to tell thee that thy plays
Are laugh'd at by the pit, box, galleries, nay, stage ?
Think on 't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy body made for labour, not thy mind.
No other use of paper thou shouldst make
Than carrying loads and reams upon thy back.
Carry vast burdens till thy shoulders shrink,
But curst be he that gives thee pen and ink :
Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools,
As nurses from their children keep edg'd tools :
For thy dull fancy a muckinder is fit
To wipe the slabbings of thy snotty wit :
And though 'tis late if justice could be found,
Thy plays like blind-born puppies should be drown'd.
For were it not that we respect afford
Unto the son of an heroic lord,
Thine in the ducking-stool should take her seat,
Drest like herself in a great chair of state ;
Where like a Muse of quality she 'd die,
And thou thyself shalt make her elegy,
In the same strain thou writ'st thy comedy.

TO SIR THOMAS ST. SERFE,

*On the Printing
his Play called " TARUGO'S WILES,"* 1662.

TARUGO gave us wonder and delight,
When he oblig'd the world by candle-light :
But now he's ventur'd on the face of day,
T' oblige and serve his friends a nobler way ;
Make all our old men wits, statesmen, the young ;
And teach ev'n Englishmen the English tongue.

James,

James,
Did but att
What king
Shall be ac
For, who
Proud of th
To scorn th
Dad's 'twas
Phœbus h
Has to the c
Fair North
I court thee
I cannot act
But I'll mak
On thee I w
And crown t
My beams th
To ripen sou
Let warmer c
Poets and sta

EPICLOGU

T

MANY
Again
Once, and but
And vinquish
And Busy, ral
Pottick's'd the p
To laugh at E
While English
But sure no zen
Free leave with
A man may say
There are dam
That six salvat
That belch and
That use " enj
Plain whoring,
And, in a dece
As well, nay b
Whole fleshly f
We golly phras
Just as rebellion
Zeal stands but
Whilst all that h
Silent, and in th
We march, and
There's not a r
Can go so far to
As I for six-pen
For want of guid
Therefore give e
Let every marry
Take a Tartuffe
To teach and to
Who shall so sett
And got his son,

James, on whose reign all peaceful stars did smile,
Did but attempt th' uniting of our life.
What kings, and Nature, only could design,
Shall be accomplish'd by this work of thine.
For, who is such a Cockney in his heart,
Proud of the plenty of the southern part,
To scorn that union, by which we may
Boast 'twas his countryman that writ this play?

Phœbus himself, indulgent to my Muse,
Has to the country sent this kind excuse;
Fair Northern Lads, it is not through neglect
I court thee at a distance, but respect;
I cannot act, my passion is so great,
But I'll make up in light what wants in heat;
On thee I will bestow my longest days,
And crown thy sons with everlasting bays:
My beams that reach thee shall employ their powers
To ripen souls of men, not fruits or flowers.
Let warmer climes my fading favours boast,
Poets and stars shine brightest in the frost.

EPILOGUE TO MOLIERE'S TARTUFFE,

Translated by Mr. Medburne.

Spoken by Tartuffe.

MANY have been the vain attempts of wit,
Against the still prevailing hypocrite:
Once, and but once, a poet got the day,
And vanquish'd Busy in a puppet-play;
And Busy, rallying, arm'd with zeal and rage,
Possess'd the pulpit, and pull'd down the stage.
To laugh at English knaves is dangerous then,
While English fools will think them honest men:
But sure no zealous brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monsieur Ananias:
A man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,
There are damn'd rogues among the French and Papist,
That fix salvation to short band and hair,
That belch and snuffle to prolong a prayer;
That use "enjoy the Creature," to express
Plain whoring, gluttony, and drunkenness;
And, in a decent way, perform them too
As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you.
Whose fleshly failings are but fornication,
We godly phrase it "gospel-propagation,"
Just as rebellion was call'd reformation.
Zeal stands but sentry at the gate of sin,
Whilst all that have the word pass freely in:
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of spies,
We march, and take Damnation by surprise.
There's not a roaring blade in all this town
Goes so far towards hell for half a crown
As I for six-pence, for I know the way;
For want of guides, men are too apt to stray:
Therefore give ear to what I shall advise,
Let every marry'd man that's grave and wise
Take a Tartuffe of known ability,
To teach and to increase his family;
Who shall so settle lasting reformation,
And get his son, then give him education.

EPILOGUE,

ON THE

REVIVAL OF BEN JONSON'S PLAY, CALLED

"EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

INTREATY shall not serve, nor violence,
To make me speak in such a play's defence;
A play, where wit and humour do agree
To break all practis'd laws of Comedy.
The scene (what more absurd!) in England lies,
No gods descend, nor dancing devils rise;
No captive prince from unknown country brought,
No battle, nay, there's scarce a duel fought:
And something yet more sharply might be said,
But I consider the poor author's dead:
Let that be his excuse—now for our own,
Why,—faith, in my opinion, we need none.
The parts were fitted well; but some will say,
Pox on them, rogues, what made them choose this play?
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not choice but mere necessity:
To all our writing friends, in town, we sent,
But not a wit durst venture out in Lent:
Have patience but till Easter-term, and then,
You shall have jig and hobby-horse again.
Here's Mr. Matthew, our domestic wit*,
Does promise one o' th' ten plays he has writ:
But since great bribes weigh nothing with the just,
Know, we have merits, and to them we trust.
When any fasts, or holidays, defer
The public labours of the theatre,
We ride not forth, although the day be fair,
On ambling tit, to take the suburb air;
But with our authors meet, and spend that time
To make up quarrels between sense and rhyme.
Wednesdays and Fridays constantly we fate,
Till after many a long and free debate,
For diverse weighty reasons 't was thought fit,
Unruly sense should still to rhyme submit:
This, the most wholesome law we ever made,
So strictly in his epilogue obey'd,
Sure no man here will ever dare to break—

[Enter JONSON'S Ghost.]

Hold, and give way, for I myself will speak;
Can you encourage so much insolence,
And add new faults still to the great offence,
Your ancestors so rashly did commit,
Against the mighty powers of art and wit?
When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,
Sejanus, and my best-lov'd Catiline.
Repent, or on your guilty heads shall fall
The curse of many a rhyming pastoral.
The three bold Beauchamps shall revive again,
And with the London 'prentice conquer Spain.
All the dull follies of the former age
Shall find applause on this corrupted stage,
But if you pay the great arrears of praise,
So long since due to my much-injur'd plays,
From all past crimes I first will set you free,
And then inspire some one to write like me.

* Matthew Medburn, an eminent actor.

SONG

S O N G,

Written at Sea, in the first Dutch War, 1665, the night before an Engagement.

I.

TO all you ladies now at land,
We men, at sea, indite;
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouze the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

III.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
With a fa, &c.

IV.

The king with wonder and surprize,
Will iwear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

V.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind!
With a fa, &c.

VI.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a fa, &c.

VII.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But, why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

VIII.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd
With a fa, &c.

X.

In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our loves
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

ON THE COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER,

Mistress to King James the second, 1680.

I.

TELL me, Dorinda, why so gay,
Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace?
Can any dresses find a way,
To stop th' approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd face?

II.

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
Still ogle in the ring?
Canst thou forget thy age and pox?
Can all that shines on shells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

III.

So have I seen in harder dark
Of veal a lucid loin;
Replete with many a brilliant spark,
As wife philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine.

ON THE SAME.

I.

PROUD with the spoils of royal cullies,
With false pretence to wit and parts,

THE AN

A SATIRE

PHYLLIS

To give n

* Sir Davi

Supposed to

She swaggers like a batter'd bully,
To try the tempers of mens hearts.

II.

Though she appear as glittering fine,
As gems, and jets, and paint can make her;
She ne'er can win a breast like mine;
The devil and Sir David * take her.

KNOTTING.

AT noon, in a sunshiny day,
The brighter lady of the May,
Young Chloris innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a shade:

Each slender finger ply'd its part,
With such activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her favourite swain, by chance, came by,
He saw no anger in her eye;
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twisted ball:
But fright gave Strephon such a call,
As would have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is 't none but thee?
With innocence I dare be free;
By so much truth and modesty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy head upon my lap;
While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a nap;
Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er.
She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
But starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be:
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll trust you with my flocks, not me,
Pursue thy grazing trade;

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep;
Till that no more be lull'd asleep
By me mistaken maid.

THE ANTIQUATED COQUET.

A SATIRE ON A LADY OF IRELAND †.

PHYLLIS, if you will not agree,
To give me back my liberty;

In spite of you, I must regain
My loss of time, and break your chain.
You were mistaken, if you thought
I was so grossly to be caught;
Or that I was so blindly bred,
As not to be in woman read.
Perhaps you took me for a fool,
Design'd alone your sex's tool;
Nay, you might think so mad a thing,
That, with a little fashioning,
I might in time, for your dear sake,
That monster call'd a husband make:
Perhaps I might, had I not found
One darling vice in you abound;
A vice to me, which e'er will prove
An antidote to banish love.
O! I could better bear an old,
Ugly, diseas'd, mis-shapen fold,
Or one who games, or will be drunk,
A fool, a spendthrift, bawd, or punk,
Than one at all who wildly flies,
And, with soft, asking, giving eyes,
And thousand other wanton arts,
So meanly trades in begging hearts.
How might such wondrous charms perplex,
Give chains, or death, to all our sex,
Did she not so unwisely set,
For every fluttering fool her net!
So poorly proud of vulgar praise,
Her very look her thoughts betrays;
She never stays till we begin,
But beckons us herself to sin.
Ere we can ask, she cries consent,
So quick her yielding looks are sent,
They hope foresail, and ev'n desire prevent.
But Nature's turn'd when women woo,
We hate in them what we should do;
Desire's asleep, and cannot wake,
When women such advances make:
Both time and charms thus Phyllis wastes,
Since each must surfeit ere he tastes.
Nothing escapes her wandering eyes,
No one she thinks too mean a prize;
Ev'n Lynch *, the lag of human kind,
Nearest to brutes by God design'd,
May boast the smiles of this coquet,
As much as any man of wit.
The signs hang thinner in the Strand,
The Dutch scarce more infect the land,
Though Egypt's locusts they outvie,
In number and voracity;
Whores are not half so plenty found,
In play-house, or that hallow'd ground
Of Temple-walks, or Whetstone's-parc;
Caresles less abound in Spark †;
Than with kind looks for all who come,
At bawdy-house, the Drawing-room:
But all in vain she throws her darts,
They hit, but cannot hurt our hearts:
Age has enerv'd her charms so much,
That fearless all her eyes approach;
Each her autumnal face degrades
With "Reverend Mother of the Maid!"

* Sir David Colyear, late Earl of Portmore.

† Supposed to be of the name of Clambrazil.

* A notorious debauchee.

† Elizabeth Spark, a noted coquette.

But 'tis ill-natur'd to run on,
 Forgetting what her charms have done ;
 To Teagueland we this beauty owe,
 Teagueland her earliest charms did know :
 There first her tyrant beauties reign'd ;
 Where'er she look'd, she conquest gain'd.
 No heart the glances could repel,
 The Teagues in shoals before her fell ;
 And trotting bogs was all the art,
 The found had left to save his heart.
 She kill'd so fast, by my salvation,
 She near dispeopled half the nation :
 Though she, good foul, to save took care
 All, all she could from sad despair.
 From thence she hither came to prove
 If yet her charms could kindle love :
 But, ah ! it was too late to try,
 For Spring was gone, and Winter nigh :
 Yet though her eyes such conquests made,
 That they were shunn'd, or else obey'd,
 Yet now her charms are so decay'd,
 She thanks each coxcomb that will deign
 To praise her face, and wear her chain.

So some old soldier, who had done
 Wonders in youth, and battles won,
 When feeble years his strength depose,
 That he too weak to vanquish grows,
 With mangled face and wooden leg,
 Reduc'd about for alms to beg,
 O'erjoy'd, a thousand thanks bestows
 On him who but a farthing throws.

S O N G

To Chloris, from the "BLIND ARCHER."

I.

AH ! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes,
 And lay by those terrible glances ;
 We live in an age that's more civil and wise,
 Than to follow the rules of romances.

II.

When once your round bubbles begin but to pout,
 They'll allow you no long time of courting ;
 And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out ;
 For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.

S O N G.

I.

METHINKS the poor town has been troubled
 too long,
 With Phyllis and Chloris in every song,
 By fools, who at once can both love and despair,
 And will never leave calling them cruel and fair ;
 Which justly provokes me in rhyme to express
 The truth that I know of bonny Black Bess.

II.

This Bess of my heart, this Bess of my soul,
 Has a skin white as milk, and hair black as a coal ;

She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her
 waist,
 But her round swelling thighs can scarce be embrac'd ;
 Her belly is soft, not a word of the rest :
 But I know what I think, when I drink to the best.

III.

The plowman and 'squire, the arranter clown,
 At home she subdued in her paragon gown ;
 But now she adorns both the boxes and pit,
 And the proudest town gallants are forc'd to submit ;
 All hearts fall a-leaping wherever she comes,
 And beat day and night, like my Lord Craven's drums.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,
 For she'd out-shine the ladies, paint, jewels, and all :
 If a lord should but whisper his love in a crowd,
 She'd sell him a bargain, and laugh out aloud :
 Then the Queen, overhearing what Betty did say,
 Would send Mr. Roper to take her away.

V.

But to those that have had my dear Bess in their arms,
 She's gentle, and knows how to soften her charms ;
 And to every beauty can add a new grace,
 Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her pace ;
 And with head on one side, and a languishing eye,
 To kill us by looking as if she would die.

S O N G.

I.

MAY the ambitious ever find
 Success in crowds and noise,
 While gentle love does fill my mind
 With silent real joys !

II.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
 And the world think them wise,
 While I lie dying at her feet,
 And all the world despise.

III.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
 And melt in Court delights ;
 Her eyes can give much brighter days,
 Her arms much softer nights.

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

IN gray-hair'd Cælia's wither'd arms
 As mighty Lewis lay,
 She cry'd, If I have any charms,
 My dearest, let's away.

For you, my Love, is all my fear !
 Hark ! how the drums do rattle !
 Alas, Sir ! what should you do here
 In dreadful day of battle ?

Let

Let lit
 For
 The w
 Not

Nor ve
 The
 You o
 To t

Are not
 For p
 They k
 With

When f
 'Tis
 Put fix
 And
 Let Bou
 Go ta
 Whistl
 Te D

S
 PHYLIS.
 Though
 Phyllis, that
 What has sh
 So long she ke
 Till they ha
 Campell'd thro
 Did sad com
 Which furly St
 It was both
 To pity such a
 As will neith

S
 DORIND
 United,
 Which blazes h
 Pains not the
 Love is a calmer
 Smooth are hi
 Her Cupid is a
 That runs his

S
 SYLVIA, m
 For your g
 To though we al
 We can't a ha
 Then where's th
 Of spending ti
 For if your wit b
 Your keeper's

Let little Orange stay and fight,
For danger 's his diversion;
The wife will think you in the right,
Not to expose your person:

Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory;
You ought to leave so mean a care
To those who pen your story.

Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing?
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.

When foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly:
Put six good horses to your coach,
And carry me to Marly.

Let Bouffers, to secure your fame,
Go take some town or buy it;
Whilst you, great Sir, at Nôtre Dame,
Te Deum sing in quiet.

S O N G.

PHYLLIS, the fairest of Love's foes,
Though fiercer than a dragon,
Phyllis, that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has she now to brag on?
So long she kept her legs so close,
Till they had scarce a rag on.

Compell'd through want, this wretched maid
Did sad complaints begin;
Which furly Strephon hearing, said,
It was both shame and sin,
To pity such a lazy jade,
As will neither play nor spin.

S O N G.

DORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

S O N G.

SYLVIA, methinks you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace;
For though we ail allow you wit,
We can't a handsome face.

Then where 's the pleasure, where 's the good,
Of spending time and cost?
For if your wit be n't understood,
Your keeper's bliss is lost.

S O N G.

I.

PHYLLIS, for shame let us improve
A thousand different ways,
Those few short moments snatch'd by love,
From many tedious days.

II.

If you want courage to despise
The censure of the grave,
Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

III.

My love is full of noble pride,
Nor can it e'er submit,
To let that fop, Discretion, ride
In triumph over it.

IV.

Falſe friends I have, as well as you,
Who daily counsel me
Fame and Ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.

V.

But when the least regard I shew
To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wife!

S O N G.

I.

CORYDON beneath a willow,
By a murmuring current laid,
His arm reclin'd, the lover's pillow,
Thus address'd the charming maid.

II.

O! my Sacharissa tell
How could Nature take delight
That a heart so hard should dwell
In a frame so soft and white.

III.

Could you feel but half the anguish,
Half the tortures that I bear,
How for you I daily languish,
You 'd be kind as you are fair.

IV.

See the fire that in me reigns,
O! behold a burning man!
Think I feel my dying pains,
And be cruel if you can.

V.

With her conquest pleas'd, the dame
Cry'd, with an insulting look,
Yes, I fain would quench your flame;
She spoke, and pointed to the brook

[1]

T H E
P O E M S
O F
G E O R G E S T E P N E Y.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF
GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,
AND THE LADY ANNE*.

Circumvolantum blanda Cupidinum
Huc Mater axes flectat eburneos,
Dum scævientis flagra dextræ
Chaoniæ metuant Columbæ.

Seu, ne jugales heu ! nimium pigros
Damnent Amantes, ociùs, ociùs
Impelle currum fortiori
Remigio volitans Olorum.

Junctum marinæ Pelea Conjugi †,
Senique junctam Cyprida Troico,
Delira ne jactet vetustas,
Connubio superata nostro :

Illustriori stemmate regiam
Ditabit aulam nobilior Parens ;
Virtute et Ænean Nepotes,
Viribus et superent Achillem.

Quin bellicosæ gloria Cimbriæ,
Nunc invidendæ spes, decus Angliæ,
Ira, horror, et vultus minaces
In Dominiæ tumultentur ûlnis.

* From the "Hymenæus Cantabrigienfis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683."—"It is reported," says Dr. Johnson, "that the juvenile compositions of Stepney made grey authors blush. I know not whether his poems will appear such wonders to the present age. One cannot always easily find the reason for which the world has sometimes conspired to squander praise. It is not very unlikely that he wrote very early as well as he ever wrote ; and the performances of youth have many favourers." The present poem is earlier than any one by Stepney hitherto printed ; and will therefore without doubt be acceptable to the publick. J. N.

† Mr. Addison has made a fine use of the same allusion, in his beautiful verses to Kneller—

"The troubled Ocean's Queen
Match'd with a Mortal, &c."

But he had the advantage of being able to add,

"—her short-liv'd darling son." J. DUNCOMBE.

Cessate lites ; spicula, machinæ
Dormite lethi ; libret et unicus,
Præbent puellæ quas ocelli,
Armiger innocuus sagittas !

Quàm dulce vultu virgineo rubet
Pandora ! (quantum, dum rubet, allicit !)
Tacetque, sed narrant vicissim
Lumina luminibus calores.

Liquisset Evan Gnosida, floridam
Tu, Phœbe, Daphnen hanc peteres magis :
Nec non Ionantis pluma mendax,
Cornua seu tegerent amores.

Lacœna nunquam damna molestiæ
Tulisset, Idæ' si puer hue vagus
Errasset, ardentes videret
Funere tergemino penates.

Flammæque viles crederet Ilii.
Mercede tali quis stadium pigro
Fatale vitet ? quis timeret
Ocnomai fremitum sequentis ?

Te præda nullo parta periculo,
Te gaza nullis empta laboribus
Expectat ultro : fata, Princeps,
Hæc meritis statuere tantis.

Ætas ut aptis vernet amoribus,
Blando fideles murmure turtures,
Nexuque vites arctiori, et
Basilis superate conchas.

Cum dextra Cæli prodiga Carolum
Ornârit omni dote, Britannia
Oblita, et hæredis futuri,
Nec dederit similem aut secundum ;

Te, spes ruentis faustior imperi,
Nomen beabit Patris amabile,
Heroes illustres daturum,
Qui domitum moderentur orbem.

Infans Parenti laudibus æmulus
Assurgat, annos dissimulans breves :
Patris decorem mas verendum,
Matris et os referant Puellæ.

GEORGIUS STEPNEY, Coll. Trin.

TO KING JAMES II.

Upon his Accession to the Throne, 1684-5.

AS victors lose the trouble they sustain
In greater trophies which the triumphs gain;
And martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
Forget the pain by which they purchas'd heaven:
So when the Phoenix of our empire dy'd,
And with a greater heir the empty throne supply'd;
Your glory dissipates our mournful dew,
And turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.
Mysterious fate, whose one decree could prove
The high extreme of cruelty and love!

May then no flight of a blaspheming Muse,
Those wise resolves of Providence accuse,
Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight,
Since stronger Hercules supports the state.
England no more shall penive thoughts employ
On him she 'as lost; but him she has, enjoy.
So Ariadne, when her lover fled,
And Bacchus honour'd the deserted bed,
Cen'd with her tears to raise the swelling flood,
Forgot her Theseus, and embrac'd the god.

On the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE's burning
the DUKE of MONMOUTH'S PICTURE, 1685,
who was formerly their Chancellor—in Answer
to this Question,

“ — Sed quid

“ *Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit*
“ *Damnatus —* ”

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true
Both from your rabble and your doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his grace,
And begg'd a copy of his godlike face;
But when the sage Vice Chancellor was sure
The original in limbo lay secure,
As greedy as himself he sends a lister
To vent his loyal malice on the picture.
The beadle's wife endeavours all the can
To fix the image of the tall young man,
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong thoughts she might improve her race;
But all in vain, since the wife house conspire
To damn the canvas traitor to the fire,
Let it, like bones of Scanderbeg, incite
Sythe-men next harvest to renew the fight.

Then in comes mayor Eagle, and does gravely alledge,
He'll subscribe, if he can, for a bundle of Sedge;
But the man of Clare-hall that proffer refuses,
Says, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses;
And orders ten porters to bring the dull reams
On the death of good Charles, and crowning of James;
And twears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
On the marriage of Anne, if that be n't enough.
The heads, lest he get all the profit t' himself,
Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf,
Will motion deny, and vote that Tite Tillet
Should gather from each noble Doctor a billet.
The kindness was common, and so they'd return it,
The gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
Thus joining their stocks for a bonfire together,
As they club for a church in the parish of Cheddar;
Vol. II.

Confusedly crowd on the sophs and the doctors,
The hangman, the towninen, their wives, and the
proctors.

While the troops from each part of the countries in ale
Come to quaff his confusion in bumpers of stale;
Put Roslin, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her absence their silly rebuke,
The tender creature could not see his fate,
With whom she 'ad don'd a minute to live.
The heads, who never could hope for such frames,
Out of envy condemn'd sixscore pounds to the flames,
Then his air was too proud, and his features amiss,
As if being a traitor had alter'd his phiz:
So the rabble of Rome, whose favour ne'er settles,
Melt down their Sejanus to pots and brass kettles.

AN EPISTLE

TO CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.
AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX.

On his Majesty's Voyage to Holland.

SIR,

SINCE you oft invite me to renew
An Art I've either lost, or never knew,
Pleas'd my past follies kindly to commend,
And fondly lose the critick in the friend;
Though my warm youth untimely be decay'd,
From grave to dull insensibly betray'd,
I'll contradict the humour of the times,
Inclin'd to business, and averse to rhymes,
And, to obey the man I love, in spite
Of the world's genius and my own, I'll write.

But think not that I vainly do aspire
To rival what I only would admire,
The heat and beauty of your manly thought,
And force like that with which your hero fought;
Like Samson's riddle is that powerful song,
Sweet as the honey, as the lion strong;
The colours there so artfully are laid,
They fear no lustre, and they want no shade;
But shall of writing a just model give,
While Boyne shall flow, and William's glory live.

Yet since his every act may well inspire
Some happy rapture in the humblest Muse,
Though mine despairs to reach the wondrous height,
She prunes her pinions, eager of the flight;
The King's the theme, and I've a subject's right. }
When William's deeds, and rescued Europe's joy,
Do every tongue and every pen employ,
'Tis to think treason sure, to show no zeal,
And not to write, is almost to rebel.

Let Albion then forgive her meanest son,
Who would continue what her best begun;
Who, leaving conquests and the pomp of war,
Would sing the pious King's divided care;
How eagerly he flew, when Europe's fate
Did for the seed of future actions wait;
And how two nations did with transport boast,
Which was below'd, and lov'd the victor most:
How joyful Belgia gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and vows for her returning lord;

6 [G]

How

How the fair Isle with rival passion strove,
How by her sorrow she express'd her love,
When he withdrew from what his arm had freed,
And how she blest'd his way, yet sigh'd, and said :

Is it decreed my hero ne'er shall rest,
Ne'er be of me, and I of him possess'd ?
Scarce had I met his virtue with my throne,
By right, by merit, and by arms his own,
But Ireland's freedom, and the world's alarm,
Call'd him from me and his Maria's charms.
O generous prince, too prodigally kind !
Can the diffusive goodness of your mind
Be in no bounds, but of the world confin'd ?
Should sinking nations summon you away,
Maria's love might justify your stay.
Imperfectly the many vows are paid,
Which for your safety to the Gods were made,
While on the Boyne they labour'd to out-do
Your zeal for Albion by their care for you ;
When, too impatient of a glorious ease,
You tempt new dangers on the winter seas.
The Belgic state has rested long secure
Within the circle of thy guardian power ;
Rear'd by thy care, that noble lion, grown
Mature in strength, can range the woods alone ;
When to my arms they did the Prince resign,
I blest'd the change, and thought him wholly mine ;
Conceiv'd long hopes I jointly should obey
His stronger, and Maria's gentle sway ;
He fierce as thunder, she as lightning bright ;
One my defence, and t'other my delight :
Yet go—where honour calls the hero, go :
Nor let your eyes behold how mine do flow ;
Go meet your country's joy, your virtue's due ;
Receive their triumphs, and prepare for new ;
Enlarge my empire, and let France afford
The next large harvest to thy prosperous sword :
Again in Crey let my arms be rear'd,
And o'er the continent Britannia fear'd :
While under Mary's tutelary care,
Far from the danger, or the noise of war,
In honourable pleasure I possess
The spoils of conquest, and the charms of peace.
As the great lamp by which the globe is blest'd,
Constant in toil, and ignorant of rest,
Through different regions does his course pursue,
And leaves one world but to revive a new ;
While, by a pleasing change, the Queen of Night
Relieves his lustre with a milder light :
So when your beams do distant nations cheer,
The partner of your crown shall mount the sphere,
Able alone my empire to sustain,
And carry on the glories of thy reign—
But why has fate maliciously decreed,
That greatest blessings must by turns succeed ?

Here she relented, and would urge his stay
By all that fondness and that grief could say ;
But soon did her presaging thoughts employ
On scenes of triumphs and returning joy.
Thus, like the tide, while her unconstant breast
Was swell'd with rapture, by despair depress'd,
Fate call'd ; the hero must his way pursue,
And her cries lessen'd as she shore withdrew.

The winds were silent, and the gentle main
Bore an auspicious omen of his reign ;

When Neptune, owning whom those seas obey,
Nodded, and bade the cheerful Tritons play.
Each chose a different subject for their lays,
But Orange was the burden of their praise :
Some in their strains up to the fountain ran,
From whence this stream of virtue first began :
Others chose heroes of a later date,
And sung the * founder of the neighbouring state ;
How daringly he tyranny withstood,
And seal'd his country's freedom with his blood ;
Then to the two illustrious † brethren came,
The glorious rivals of their father's fame ;
And to the ‡ youth, whose pregnant hopes out-ran
The steps of time, and early shew'd the man ;
For whose alliance monarchs did contend,
And gave a daughter to secure a friend.
But as by Nature's law the Phoenix dies,
That from its urn a nobler bird may rise,
So fate ordain'd the § parent soon should set,
To make the glories of his heir complet.

At William's name each fill'd his vocal shell,
And on the happy sound rejoic'd to dwell :
Some sung his birth, and how discerning fate
Sav'd infant virtue against powerful hate ;
Of poisonous snakes by young Alcides quell'd,
And palms that spread the more, the more with-held.
Some sung Senesius, and early wonders done
By the bold youth, himself a war alone ;
And how his firmer courage did oppose
His country's foreign and intestine foes ;
The lion he, who held their arrows close.
Others sung Perseus, and the injur'd maid,
Redeem'd by the wing'd warrior's timely aid ;
Or in mysterious numbers did unfold
Sad modern truths wrapt up in tales of old ;
How Saturn, rush'd with arbitrary power,
Design'd his lawful issue to devour ;
But Jove, reserv'd for better fate, withstood
The black contrivance of the doating god ;
With arms he came, his guilty father fled,
'Twas Italy secur'd his frighted head,
And by his flight resign'd his empty throne
And triple empire to his worthier son.

Then in one note their artful force they join,
Eager to reach the victor and the Boyne ;
How on the wondering bank the hero stood,
Lavishly bold and desperately good :
Till fate, designing to convince the brave
That they can dare no more than Heaven can save,
Let death approach, and yet withheld the flag,
Wounded the man, distinguishing the King.

They had enlarg'd, but found the strain too strong,
And in soft notes allay'd the bolder song :
Flow, gentle Boyne, they cry'd, and round thy bed
For ever may victorious wreaths be spread ;
No more may travellers desire to know
Where Simois and Granicus did flow ;
Nor Rubicon, a poor forgotten stream,
Be or the soldier's rant, or poet's theme :
All waters shall unite their fame in thee,
Lost in thy waves, as those are in the sea.

* William.

† William.

‡ Maurice and Henry,

§ James II.

Th

They bre
And begg'd
Smooth was
More to the
Detain'd a tr
Than all th
But he, wit
Treats chan
Darkness an
Holland is n
Charg'd with
For Ciesar a

With eag
Yet tremblin
Till, certain
Consist her

If passion
And makes
Think on m
And by my t
Nor by thes

Unequal to
Too faint th
To represent
These humb
Not how we

Here from y
How Holl in
How her stou
And mock'd

What since l
Ill suiting w
Our better fo
Conquest was

Like the Pal
You turn all
In you we b
How angels

Else the sum
And crown'd
Had taught c
And Pegasus

What pity 't
Like your. f
But thy retu
For thee our

Discordant P
And center a
Proud of thy
As Rome her

And all unite
Which neigh

HORI

THE*
Findin

And in his c
With noble
Wept at his
And by the t

* Alex

They breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er,
And begg'd thick mists long to conceal the shore :
Smooth was the liquid plain ; the sleeping wind,
More to the sea, than to it's master kind,
Detain'd a treasure, which we value more
Than all the deep e'er hid, or waters bore.
But he, with a superior genius born,
Treats chance with insolence, and death with scorn :
Darkness and ice in vain obstruct his way,
Holland is near, and nature must obey ;
Charg'd with our hopes the boat securely rode,
For Cæsar and his fortune were the load.

With eager transport Belgia met her son,
Yet trembling for the danger he had run ;
Till, certain of her joy, the bow'd her head,
Consist her Lord, blest'd his return, and said :

If passion by long absence does improve,
And makes that rapture, which before was love ;
Think on my old, my intermitted bliss,
And by my former pleasure measure this :
Nor by these feeble pillars which I raise,
Unequal to sustain the hero's praise ;
Too faint the colours, and too mean the art,
To represent your glories, or my heart :
These humble emblems are design'd to show,
Not how we would reward, but what we owe.
Here from your childhood take a short review,
How Holland's happiness advanc'd with you ;
How her stout vessel did in triumph ride,
And mock'd her storms, while Orange was her guide.
What since has been our fate—I need not say,
Ill suited with the blessings of the day,
Our better fortune with our Prince was gone,
Conquest was only there where he led on.
Like the Palladium, wheresoe'er you go,
You turn all death and danger on the foe.
In you we but too sadly understood
How angels have their spheres of doing good ;
Else the same soul which did our troops possess,
And crown'd their daring courage with success,
Had taught our fleet to triumph o'er the main,
And Fleurus had been still a guiltless plain.
What pity 'tis, ye Gods ! an arm and mind
Like yours should be to time and place confin'd !
But thy return shall fix our kinder fate,
For thee our councils, thee our armies wait ;
Discordant Princes shall with thee combine,
And center all their interests in thine ;
Proud of thy friendship, shall forego their sway,
As Rome her great Dictator did obey ;
And all united make a Gordian knot,
Which neither craft shall loose, nor force shall cut.

ON THE LATE

HORRID CONSPIRACY.

THE * youth whose fortune the vast globe obey'd,
Finding his † royal enemy betray'd,
And in his chariot by ‡ vile hands oppress'd,
With noble pity and just rage possess'd,
Went at his fall from so sublime a state,
And by the traitor's death reveng'd the fate

Of majesty profan'd—so acted too
The generous Cæsar, when the Roman knew
A § coward King had treacherously slain,
** Whom scarce he foil'd on the Pharalian plain ;
The doom of his fam'd rival he bemoan'd,
And the base author of the crime dethron'd.
Such were the virtuous maxims of the great,
Free from the servile arts of barbarous hate :
They knew no foe but in the open field,
And to their cause and to the gods appeal'd.
So William acts—and if his rivals dare
Dispute his reign by arms, he'll meet them there,
Where Jove, as once on Ida, holds the scale,
And lets the good, the just, and brave, prevail.

TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

Upon the Death of his Son before Luxemburgh.

HE's gone! and was it then by your decree,
Ye envious powers, that we should only see }
This copy of your own divinity ?
Or thought ye it surpassing human state,
To have a blessing lasting as 'twas great ?
Your cruel skill you better ne'er had shown,
Since you so soon design'd him all your own.
Such fostering favours to the damn'd are given,
When, to increase their hell, you show them heaven.
Was it too godlike, he should long inherit
At once his father's and his uncle's spirit ?
Yet as much beauty, and as calm a breast,
As the mild dame whose teeming womb he blest.
H' had all the favours Providence could give,
Except its own prerogative to live ;
Reserv'd in pleasures, and in dangers bold,
Youthful in action, and in prudence old :
His humble greatness, and submissive state,
Made his life full of wonder, as his fate ;
One, who, to all the heights of learning bred,
Read books and men, and practis'd what he read.
Round the wide globe scarce did the busy sun
With greater haste and greater lustre run.
True gallantry and grandeur he deserv'd,
From the French sopperies, and German pride.
And like the industrious bee, where'er he flew,
Gather'd the sweets which on sweet blossoms grew.
Babel's confused speeches on his tongue,
With a sweet harmony and concord hung.
More countries than for Homer did contest
Do strive who most were by his presence blest.
Nor did his wisdom damp his martial fire,
Minerva both her portions did inspire,
Use of the warlike bow and peaceful lyre.
So Cæsar doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
Showing like wit, as valour when he fought.

If God, as Pluto taught, example takes
From his own works, and souls by patterns makes,
Much of himself in him he did unfold,
And cast them in his darling Sydney's mold,
Of too refin'd a substance to be old,
Both did alike disdain an hero's rage
Should come like an inheritance by age.

* Alexander.

† Darius.

‡ Pessus.

§ Phlemy.

** Pompey.

Ambitiously

Ambitiously did both conspire to twist
 Bays with the ivy, with their temples kist:
 Scorning to wait the slow advance of time,
 Both fell like early blossoms in their prime,
 By blind events, and Providence's crime.
 Yet both, like Codrus, o'er their yielding foe,
 Obtruded the conquest, in their overthrow;
 And longer life do purchase by their death,
 In fame complementing what they want in breath.
 Oh! had kind fate stretch'd the contracted span,
 To the full glories of a perfect man;
 And, as he grew, could every rolling year
 A new addition to our wonder bear,
 H' had paid to his illustrious line that stock
 Of ancient honor, which from thence he took.
 But oh!
 So hasty fruits, and too ambitious flowers,
 Scorning the midwifery of ripening showers,
 In spite of frosts, spring from th' unwilling earth,
 But find a nip untimely as their birth:
 Abortive issues so delude the womb,
 And scarce have being, ere they want a tomb.

Forgive, my Lord, the Muse that does aspire
 With a new breath to fan your raging fire;
 Who each officious and unskillful sound
 Can with fresh torture but enlarge the wound.
 Could I, with David, curse the guilty plain,
 Where one more lov'd than Jonathan was slain;
 Or could I flights high as his merits raise,
 Clear as his virtue, deathless as his praise;
 None who, though laurels crown'd their aged head,
 Admir'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
 With more devotion should enroll his name
 In the long-consecrated list of fame.
 But, since my artless and unhallow'd strain
 Will the high worth, it should commend, profane;
 Since I despair my humble verse should prove
 Great as your loss, or tender as your love;
 My heart with sighings, and with tears mine eye,
 Shall the defect of written grief supply.

A P O E M,

*Dedicated to the Blessed Memory of her late Gracious
 Majesty Queen Mary.*

ONCE more, my Muse,—we must an altar raise;—
 May it prove lasting, as Maria's praise;
 And, the song ended, be the swan's thy doom,
 Rest ever silent, as Maria's tomb.

But whence shall we begin? or whither steer?
 Her virtues like a perfect round appear,
 Where judgment lies in admiration lost,
 Not knowing which it should distinguish most.

Some angel, from your own, describe her frame,
 For sure your godlike beings are the same:
 All that was charming in the fairer kind,
 With manly sense and resolution join'd;
 A mien compos'd of mildness and of state,
 Not by constraint or affectation great;
 But form'd by nature for supreme command,
 Like Eve just moulded by the Maker's hand;
 Yet such her meekness, as half-veil'd the throne,
 Left, being in too great a lustre shown,

It might debar the subject of access,
 And make her mercies and our comforts less.
 So Gods, of old, descending from their sphere
 To visit men, like mortals did appear:
 Left their too awful presence should affright
 Those whom they meant to bless, and to delight.

Thus to the noon of her high glory run,
 From her bright orb, diffusive like the sun,
 She did her healing influence display,
 And cherish'd all our nether world, that lay
 Within the circle of her radiant day;
 Reliev'd not only those who bounty sought,
 But gave unask'd, and as she gave forgot;
 Found modest Want in her obscure retreat,
 And courted timorous virtue to be great.
 The Church, which William sav'd, was Mary's care,
 Taught by her life, and guarded by her pray'r;
 What her devotions were, ye cherubs, tell,
 Who ever round the seat of mercy dwell;
 For here she would not have her goodness known,
 But you beheld how she address'd the throne,
 And wonder'd at a zeal so like your own.
 Since she was form'd, and lov'd, and pray'd like you,
 She should, alas! have been immortal too.

A mind so good, in beauteous strength array'd,
 Assur'd our hopes the might be long obey'd,
 And we, with heighten'd reverence, might have seen
 The hoary grandeur of an aged Queen,
 Who might, with William, jointly govern here,
 As that bright pair which rules the heavenly sphere.

Grace and mild mercy best in her were shown,
 In him the rougher virtues of the throne;
 Of Justice she at home the balance held;
 Abroad, Oppression by his sword was quell'd;
 The generous lion, and the peaceful dove,
 The God of battle, and the Queen of love,
 Did in their happy nuptials well agree;
 Like Mars, he led our armies out; and she
 With smiles presid'd o'er her native sea.

Such too their meetings, when our Monarch came
 With laurels loaden, and immortal fame:
 As when the God on Hæmus quits his arms,
 Softening his toils in Cytherea's charms;
 Then with what joy did she the victor meet,
 And lay the reins of empire at his feet!
 With the same temper as the * Latian hind
 Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd;
 So Pallas from the dusty field withdrew,
 And, when imperial Jove appear'd in view,
 Resum'd her female arts, the spindle and the clew;
 Forgot the sceptre she so well had sway'd,
 And, with that mildness she had rul'd, obey'd;
 Pleas'd with the change, and unconcern'd as Jove,
 When in disguise he leaves his power above,
 And drowns all other attributes in love.

Such, mighty Sir, if yet the sacred ear
 Of Majesty in grief vouchsafe to hear,
 Was the lov'd consort of thy crown and bed,
 Our joy while living, our despair now dead.

Yet though with Mary one supporter fall,
 Thy virtue can alone sustain the ball.
 Of Sibyl's books, that volume which remain'd,
 The perfect value of the whole retain'd.

* Lucius Quintius.

When

When in the
 His spirit do
 So will thy p
 Unle both st
 The grateful
 To breathe th
 By bringing t
 Does on thy
 But, when th
 They own 'tis
 Blush not,
 Sighs will hav
 Sled by degre
 But raise a sto

The bravest
 Their nature
 Homer, who
 When his illu
 Left likewise
 Whence love
 For a lost mist
 And let declin
 But when the
 Like a rous'd l
 Whole hecaton
 And mangled l

Still greater
 As conquer'd C
 She who on
 Return'd to hea
 And, hovering
 Unseen protect
 Go then, by di
 The church's b
 And while abov
 'Tis done—our
 The Gallic arm
 And earth and
 And Europe ow

THE A

A T Anna's
 Bearing
 Where a rash Pri
 Influences the reg
 Till the usurper
 Leaves the true

THE NA

A T dead of
 And Fanc
 Then thy phant
 Of what we hear
 For memory tho
 Which passion fo
 Huntmen renew
 And generals fig
 Seethers and furi
 Grate or disgrec

When in the fiery car Elijah fled,
His spirit doubled on his partner's head;
So will thy people's love, now Mary's gone,
Unite both streams, and flow on thee alone.
The grateful senate with one voice combine
To breathe their sorrows, and to comfort thine,
By bringing to thy view how Europe's fate
Does on thy counsels and thy courage wait:
But, when the vastness of thy grief they see,
They own 'tis just, and melt in tears with thee.

Blush not, great soul, thus to reveal thy woe;
Sighs will have vent, and eyes too full o'erflow;
Sed by degrees, they pass unfelt away;
But raise a storm and deluge where they stay.

The bravest heroes have the softest mind,
Their nature's, like the Gods, to love inclin'd.
Homer, who human passions nicely knew,
When his illustrious Grecian chief he drew,
Left likewise in his soul one mortal part,
Whence love and anguish too might reach his heart;
For a lost mistress, in despair he fate,
And her declining Troy still struggle with her fate:
But when the partner of his cares lay dead,
Like a rous'd lion from his tent he fled,
While hecatombs of trembling Trojans flew,
And mangled Hector at his chariot drew.

Still greater is thy loss,—be such thy rage,
As conquer'd Gallia only may assuage.

She who on earth secur'd thee by her prayer,
Return'd to heaven, shall prove thy guardian angel there,
And, hovering round thee with her heavenly shield,
Unseen protect thee in the doubtful field.
Go then, by different paths to glory go,
The church's both estates with Mary show;
And while above the triumphs, fight below.—
'Tis done—our Monarch to the camp returns,—
The Gallic armies fly—their navy burns,
And earth and seas all bow at his command,
And Europe owns her peace from his victorious hand.

THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE.

AT Anna's call the Austrian eagle flies,
Bearing her thunder to the southern skies;
Where a rash Prince, with an unequal sway,
Infuses the region, and misguides the day;
Till the usurper, from his chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true Monarch to command the world.

THE NATURE OF DREAMS.

AT dead of night imperial Reason sleeps,
And Fancy with her train loose revels keeps,
Then airy phantoms a mixt scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day;
For memory those images retains,
Which passion form'd, and still the strongest reigns.
Huntmen renew the chase they lately run,
And generals fight again their battles won.
Spectres and furies haunt the murderer's dreams,
Grate or disgraces are the courtier's themes.

The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard,
The cit's a knight, the sycophant a lord.
Thus fancy's in the wild distraction lost,
With what we most abhor, or covet most.
But of all passions that our dreams control,
Love prints the deepest image in the soul;
For vigorous fancy and warm blood dispense
Pleasures so lively that they rival sense.
Such are the transports of a willing maid,
Not yet by time and place to act betray'd,
Whom spies or some faint virtue forc'd to fly
That scene of joy, which yet she dies to try.
Till fancy bawds, and, by mysterious charms,
Brings the dear object to her longing arms;
Unguarded then she melts, acts fierce delight,
And curses the returns of envious light.
In such blest dreams Byblis enjoys a flame,
Which waking she detests, and dares not name.
Ixion gives a loose to his wild love,
And in his airy visions cuckolds Jove.
Honors and state before this phantom fall;
For sleep, like death its image, equals all.

V E R S E S

*Imitated from the French of Monsr. Maynard, to
Cardinal Richlieu.*

I.

WHEN money and my blood ran high,
My muse was reckon'd wondrous pretty;
The sports and smiles did round her fly,
Enamour'd with her smart conceits.

II.

Now (who'd have thought it once?) with pain
She strings her harp, whilst freezing age
But feebly runs through every vein,
And chills my brisk poetic rage.

III.

I properly have ceas'd to live,
To wine and women, dead in law;
And soon from fate I shall receive
A summons to the shades to go.

IV.

The warrior ghosts will round me come
To hear of sum'd Ramillia's fight,
Whilst the vext Bourbons through the gloom
Retire to th' utmost realms of night.

V.

Then I, my lord, will tell how you
With pensions every muse inspire;
Who Marlborough's conquests did pursue,
And to his trumpets tun'd the lyre.

VI.

But should some drolling spright demand,
Well, Sir, what place had you, I pray?
How like a coxcomb should I stand!
What would your Lordship have me say?

JUVENAL

JUVENAL. SATIRE VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Satire, the poet proves that nobility does not consist in statues and pedigrees, but in honorable and good actions: He lashes Rubellius Plancus, for being insolent, by reason of his high birth; and lays down an instance that we ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horses, who are valued rather according to their personal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He advises his noble friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the satire) to lead a virtuous life, dissuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppression, cruelty, and other vices, by his severe censures on Lateranus, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; and in opposition to these, displays the worth of persons meanly born, such as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

The translator of this satire industriously avoided imposing upon the reader, and perplexing the printer with tedious common-place notes: but finding towards the latter end many examples of noblemen who disgraced their ancestors by vicious practices, and of men meanly born, who ennobled their families by virtuous and brave actions, he thought some historical relations were necessary towards rendering those instances more intelligible; which is all he pretends to by his remarks. He would gladly have left out the heavy passage of the Mirmillo and Retiarius, which he honestly confesses he either does not rightly understand, or cannot sufficiently explain. If he has not confined himself to the strict rules of translation, but has frequently taken the liberty of imitating, paraphrasing, or reconciling the Roman customs to our modern usage; he hopes this freedom is pardonable, since he has not used it but when he found the original flat, obscure, or defective; and where the humour and connection of the author might naturally allow of such a change.

WHAT's the advantage, or the real good,
In tracing from the source our ancient blood?
To have our ancestors in paint or stone,
Preserv'd as relics, or like monsters shewn?
The brave Æmilii, as in triumph plac'd,
The virtuous Curii, half by time defac'd;
Corvinus, with a mouldering nose, that bears
Injurious scars, the sad effects of years;
And Galba grinning without nose or ears?
Vain are their hopes, who fancy to inherit
By trees of pedigrees, or fame, or merit:
Though plodding heralds through each branch may trace
Old Captains and Dictators of their race,
While their ill lives that family bely,
And grieve the bras which stands dishonour'd by.

'Tis mere burlesque, that to our Generals praise
Their progeny immortal statues raise,
Yet (far from that old gallantry) delight
To game before their images all night,
And steal to bed at the approach of day,
The hour when these their ensigns did display.

Why should soft Fabius impudently bear
Names gain'd by conquests in the Gallic war?

Why lays he claim to Hercules's strain,
Yet dares be base, effeminate and vain?
The glorious altar to that hero built
Adds but a greater lustre to his guilt,
Whose tender limbs and polish'd skin disgrace
The grisly beauty of his manly race;
And who, by practising the dismal skill
Of poisoning, and such treacherous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy kindred marble sweat,
When his degenerate head by theirs is fet.

Long galleries of ancestors, and all
The follies which ill-grace a country hall,
Challenge no wonder or esteem from me;
"Virtue alone is true nobility."
Live therefore well: to men and gods appear,
Such as good Paulus, Cossus, Drusus, were;
And in thy consular, triumphal show,
Let these before thy father's statues go;
Place them before the ensigns of the state,
As choosing rather to be good than great.
Convince the world that you're devout and true,
Be just in all you say, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A peer of the first magnitude to me:
Rome for your sake shall push her conquests on,
And bring new titles home from nations won,
To dignify so eminent a son.
With your blest name shall every region sound,
Loud as mad Egypt, when her priests have found
A new Osiris for the ox they drown'd.

But who will call those noble, who deface,
By meaner acts the glories of their race;
Whose only title to our fathers' fame
Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
A dwarf as well may for a giant pass;
A negro for a swan; a crook-back'd lark
Be call'd Europa; and a cur may bear
The name of tiger, lion, or what'er
Denotes the noblest or the fiercest beast:
Be therefore careful, lest the world in jest
Should thee just thus with the mock titles greet
Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.

To whom is this advice and censure due?
Rubellius Plancus, 'tis applied to you;
Who think your person second to divine,
Because descended from the Drusian line;
Though yet you no illustrious act have done,
To make the world distinguish Julia's son
From the vile offspring of a trull, who sits
By the town wall, and for a living knits.
"You are poor rogues (you cry) the baser scum
"And inconsiderable dregs of Rome;
"Who knows not from what corner of the earth
"The obscure wretch, who got you, stole his birth:
"Mine I derive from Cecrops"—May your Grace
Live and enjoy the splendor of your race!—
Yet of these base plebeians we have known
Some, who, by charming eloquence, have grown
Great senators, and honors to that gown:
Same at the bar with subtilty defend
The cause of an unlearned noble friend;
Or on the bench the knotty laws untie:
Others their stronger youth to arms apply,
Go to Euphrates, or those forces join
Which garrison the conquests near the Rhine.

While you
Though y
No more,
(Which
Your bl
You are a

Great fo
For being
But rather
To give an
(Without
for his un
Who wins
Prints with
But if fleet
Prove jaded
No favour
And no resp
The worth
And at an u
To turn a m
Beneath two

That we
First, Sir,
Add to that
On those ble

This may
Whose swell
Butt almost
That their ri
The rumour
' Much sen

But Pontic
Your credit
Let your own
"Tis poor m
For, take the
The superstru
As a vine droo
From the emb

Be a good s
An arbitrator
And if a witne
Where a brib
Though Phala
And he would
Be not so prof
To guard your
Rather than le
Virtue the nob

"Improper
"Such do not
Though they t
With all the c
Though mingle
And round thie
As if they in t
and to the wor

When you t
From passion an
Let our associat
The generous h

While you, Rubellius, on your birth rely;
 Though you resemble your great family
 No more, than those rough statues on the road
 (Which we call Mercuries) are like that God:
 Your blockhead though excels in this alone,
 You are a living statue, that of stone.

Great son of Troy, who ever prais'd a beast
 For being of a race above the rest,
 But rather meant his courage, and his force?
 To give an instance—We commend a horse
 (Without regard of pasture or of breed)
 For his undaunted mettle and his speed;
 Who wins most plates with greatest ease, and first
 Prints with his hoofs his conquests on the dust.
 But if fleet Dragon's progeny at last
 Prove jaded, and in frequent matches cast,
 No favour for the stallion we retain,
 And no respect for the degenerate strain;
 The worthless brute is from New-Market brought,
 And at an under-rate in Smithfield bought,
 To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life
 Beneath two panniers and a baker's wife.

That we may therefore you, not yours, admire;
 First, Sir, some honor of your own acquire;
 Add to that stock which justly we bestow
 On those blest shades to whom you all things owe.

This may suffice the haughty youth to shame,
 Whose swelling veins (if we may credit fame)
 Burst almost with the vanity and pride
 That their rich blood to Nero's is ally'd:
 The rumour's likely; for "We seldom find
 A Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd."

But Ponticus, I would not you should raise
 Your credit by hereditary praise;
 Let your own acts immortalise your name;
 " 'Tis poor relying on another's fame;"
 For, take the pillars but away, and all
 The superstructure must in ruins fall;
 As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
 From the embraces of the elm she lov'd.

Be a good soldier, or upright trustee,
 An arbitrator from corruption free.
 And if a witness in a doubtful cause,
 Where a brib'd judge means to elude the laws;
 Though Phalaris's brazen bull were there,
 And he would dictate what he'd have you swear,
 Be not so profligate, but rather chuse
 To guard your honor, and your life to lose,
 Rather than let your virtue be betray'd;
 Virtue the noblest cause for which you're made.

"Improperly we measure life by breath;
 Such do not truly live who merit death;"
 Though they their wanton senses nicely please
 With all the charms of luxury and ease;
 Though mingled flowers adorn their careless brow,
 And round them costly sweets neglected flow,
 As if they in their funeral state were laid,
 And to the world, as they're to virtue, dead.

When you the province you expect, obtain,
 From passion and from avarice refrain;
 Let our associates poverty provoke
 The generous heart not to increase their yoke,

Since riches cannot rescue from the grave,
 Which claims alike the monarch and the slave.

To what the laws enjoin, submission pay;
 And what the Senate shall command, obey.
 Think what rewards upon the good attend,
 And how those ill unpitied who offend:
 Tutor and Capito may warnings be,
 Who felt the thunder of the States decree,
 For robbing the Cecilians, though they
 (Like lesser pikes) only subsist on prey.
 But what avails the rigour of their doom?
 Which cannot future violence o'ercome,
 Nor give the miserable province ease,
 Since what one plunderer left, the next will seize.

Cherippus then, in time yourself betink,
 And what your rags will yield by auction, sink;
 Ne'er put yourself to charges to complain
 Of wrong which heretofore you did sustain,
 Make not a voyage to detect the theft:
 'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.

When Rome at first our rich allies subdued,
 From gentle taxes noble spoils accrued;
 Each wealthy province, but in part oppress'd,
 Thought the loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
 All treasures did then with heaps abound;
 In every wardrobe costly silks were found;
 The least apartment of the meanest house
 Could all the wealthy pride of art produce;
 Pictures which from Parrhasius did receive
 Motion and warmth; and statues taught to live;
 Some Polycietes', some Myron's work declar'd,
 In others Phidias' master-piece appear'd;
 And crowding plate did on the cupboard stand,
 Embos'd by curious Mentor's artful hand.
 Prizes like these oppressors might invite,
 These Dolabella's rapine did excite,
 These Antony for his own theft thought fit,
 Verres for these did sacrilege commit;
 And when their reigns were ended, ships full fraught:
 The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
 Which made in peace a treasure richer far,
 Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.

This was of old; but our confederates now
 Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
 Or some few mares reserv'd alone for breed;
 Yet left this provident design succeed,
 They drive the father of the herd away,
 Making both stallion and his pasture prey.
 Their rapine is so abject and profane,
 They not from trifles nor from Gods refrain;
 But the poor Lares from the niches seize,
 If they be little images that please.
 Such are the spoils which now provoke their theft,
 And are the greatest, nay, they're all that's left.

Thus may you Corinth or weak Rhodes oppress,
 Who dare not bravely what they feel redress:
 For how can sops thy tyranny control,
 "Smooth limbs are symptoms of a servile soul."
 But trespass not too far on sturdy Spain,
 Slavonia, France; thy gripes from those restrain,
 Who with their sweat Rome's luxury maintain,
 And send us plenty, while our wanton day
 Is lavish'd at the Circus, or the play.

For,

For, should you to extortion be inclin'd,
Your cruel guilt will little booty find,
Since gleaming Marius has already seiz'd
All that from sun-burnt Afric can be squeez'd.

But, above all, "Be careful to with-hold
"Your talons from the wretched and the bold;
"Tempt not the brave and needy to despair;
"For, though your violence should leave them bare
"Of gold and silver, swords and darts remain,
"And will avenge the wrongs which they sustain;
"The plunder'd still have arms——"

Think not the precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain notion of my own;
No, 'tis a Sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and sure, as the decrees of fate.

Let none but men of honor you attend;
Choose him that has most virtue for your friend,
And give no way to any darling youth
To sell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from strolling up and down,
To all affizes and through every town,
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey
(For which your justice and your fame will pay.)
Keep yourself free from scandals such as these;
Then trace your birth from Picus, if you please:
If he's too modern, and your pride aspire
To seek the author of your being higher,
Choose any Titan who the Gods withstood
To be the founder of your ancient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood,
Or any other story you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.

But should you prove ambitious, lustful, vain;
Or could you see with pleasure and disdain,
Rods broke on our associates bleeding backs,
And heads-men labouring till they blunt their ax;
Your father's glory will your sin proclaim,
And to a clearer light expose your shame;
"For still more public scandal vice extends,
"As he is great and noble who offends."

How dare you then your high extraction plead?
Yet blush not when you go to forge a deed,
In the same temple which your grandfire built;
Making his statue privy to the guilt.
Or in a bawdy masquerade are led,
Muffled by night, to some polluted bed.

Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
Where his forefathers peaceful ashes sleep;
Driving himself a chariot down the hill,
And (though a consul) links himself the wheel:
To do him justice, 'tis indeed by night,
Yet the moon sees, and every smaller light
Pries as a witness of the shameful sight.
Nay when his year of honor's ended, soon
He'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon;
Nor blush should he some grave acquaintance meet,
But, proud of being known, will jeck and greet:
And when his fellow-beasts are weary grown,
He'll play the groom, give oats, and rub them down.
If, after Numa's ceremonial way,
He at Jove's altar would a victim slay,
To no clean goddess he directs his prayers,
But by Hippona most devoutly swears,

Or some rank deity, whose filthy face
We suitably o'er stinking stables place.

When he has run his length, and does begin
To steer his course directly for the inn
(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all night,)
A greasy Syrian, ere he can alight,
Presents him essence, while his courteous host
(Well knowing nothing by good-breeding's lost)
Tags every sentence with some fawning word,
Such as "My King, my Prince," at least "My Lord;"
And a tight maid, ere he for wine can ask,
Guesses his meaning, and unrolls the flask.
Some, friends to vice, industriously defend
These innocent diversions, and pretend
That the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
Allegding that when young we did the same.
I grant we did, yet when that age was past,
The frolic humour did no longer last;
We did not cherish and indulge the crime:
What's foul in acting, should be left in time.
'Tis true, some faults, of course, with childhood end,
We therefore wink at wags when they offend,
And spare the boy, in hopes the man may mend.

But Lateranus (now his vigorous age
Should prompt him for his country to engage,
The circuit of our empire to extend,
And all our lives in Cæsar's to defend)
Mature in riots, places his delight
All day in plying bumpers, and at night
Reels to the bawds, over whose doors are set
Pictures and bills, with "Here are whores to let."
Should any desperate unexpected fate
Summon all heads and hands to guard the state,
Cæsar, send quickly to secure the port;
"But where's the general? where does he resort?"
Send to the sutler's; there y' are sure to find
The bully match'd with rascals of his kind,
Quacks, coffin-makers; fugitives and sailors;
Rooks, common soldiers, hangers, thieves, and tailors;
With Cybele's priests, who, weary'd with processions,
Drink there, and sleep with knives of all professions,
A friendly gang! each equal to the best;
And all, who can, have liberty to jest:
One flaggon walks the round, that none should think
They either change, or stint him of his drink:
And, lest exceptions may for place be found,
Their stools are all alike, their table round.

What think you, Ponticus, yourself might do,
Should any slave so lewd belong to you?
No doubt, you'd send the rogue in fetters bound
To work in Bridewell, or to plough your ground:
But, nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,
Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;
As if what we esteem in coblers base,
Would the high family of Brutus grace.

Shameful are these examples, yet we find
(To Rome's disgrace) far worse than these behind;
Poor Damasippus, whom we once have known
Fluttering with coach and fix about the town,
Is forc'd to make the stage his last retreat,
And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat:
For now he must (since his estate is lost)
Or represent, or be himself, a ghost!

And

And L
Were
Nor w
Who c
Appl
And
While
Or hie
Certin
Since n
That to
But tha
Bought

Yet f
And yo
Death n
That a r
By playi
Or a feig
Yet a pe
Since Re
After suc
May be i

Go to
There y
A fencer
Nor will
The mod
As Retin
First wav
Next call
He stares
Then pla
Room for
His coat
Thus whe
'Twas Gr
To conqu
Than if h

Had we
There's n
But will o
His pupil,
To expiate
With some
Rome shou
Then one
'Tis true,
Yet weigh
He flew his
They bid h
To punish
Of his poor
Left in the
With a foll
Yet kill'd h
Nor aim'd a
Oracles, in
N'er play'd
Never on v
To point the
Like Nero,
And finish t
Such crimes
Virginus, V
Vol. II.

And Lentulus acts hanging with such art,
Were I a judge, he should not feign the part.
Nor would I their vile insolence acquit,
Who can have patience, nay diversion, sit,
Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit.
And clapping farces acted by the court,
While the peers cuff, to make the rabble sport:
Or hirelings, at a prize, their fortunes try;
Certain to fall unpy'd if they die;
Since none can have the favourable thought
That to obey a tyrant's will they fought,
But that their lives they willingly expose,
Bought by the Prætors to adorn their shows.

Yet say, the stage and lists were both in fight,
And you must either choose to act, or fight;
Death never sure bears such a ghastly shape,
That a rancid coward basely would escape
By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.
Yet a peer actor is no monstrous thing,
Since Rome has own'd a fidler for a king:
After such pranks, the world itself at best
May be imagin'd nothing but a jest.

Go to the lists where feats of arms are shown,
There you ~~will~~ find Gracchus (from patrician) grown }
A fencer and the scandal of the town.
Nor will he the Mirmillo's weapons bear,
The modest helmet he disdain'd to wear;
As Retarius he attacks his foe;
First waves his trident ready for the throw,
Next casts his net, but neither level'd right,
He stares about expos'd to public fight,
Then places all his safety in his flight.
Room for the noble gladiator! See }
His coat and hatband shew his quality.
Thus when at last the brave Mirmillo knew
'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did pursue,
To conquer such a coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.

Had we the freedom to express our mind,
There's not a wretch so much to vice inclin'd,
But will own, Seneca did far excel
His pupil, by whose tyranny he fell:
To expiate whose complicated guilt,
With some proportion to the blood he spilt,
Rome should more serpents, apes, and facks provide,
Than one for the compendious parricide.
'Tis true, Orestes a like crime did act;
Yet weigh the cause, there's difference in the fact:
He slew his mother at the gods' command,
They bid him strike, and did direct his hand;
To punish falsehood, and appease the ghost
Of his poor father treacherously lost,
Just in the minute when the flowing bowl
With a full tide enlarg'd his cheerful soul.
Yet kill'd he not his sister, or his wife,
Nor aim'd at any near relation's life;
Orestes, in the heat of all his rage,
Ne'er play'd or sung upon a public stage;
Never on verse did his wild thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid scene of burning Troy,
Like Nero, who, to raise his fancy higher,
And smite the great work, set Rome on fire.
Such crimes make treason just, and might compel
Virgilius, Vindex, Galba, to rebel;
Vol. II.

For what could Nero's self have acted worse
To aggravate the wretched nation's curse?

These are the blest endowments, studies, arts,
Which exercise our mighty Emperor's parts;
Such frolics with his roving genius suit,
On foreign theatres to prostitute
His voice and honour, for the poor renown
Of putting all the Grecian actors down,
And winning at a wake their parsley-crown,
Let this triumphal chaplet find some place
Among the other trophies of thy race;
By the Domitii's statues shall be laid
The habit and the mask in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold Thyestes' part,
(While your wild nature little wanted art)
And on the marble pillar shall be hung
The lute to which the Royal Madman sung.

Who, Catiline, can boast a nobler line
Than thy lewd friend Cethegus's, and thine?
Yet you took arms, and did by night conspire
To set your houses and our gods on fire.
(An enterprize which might indeed become
Our enemies, the Gauls, not sons of Rome,
To recompence whose barbarous intent
Pitch'd shirts would be too mild a punishment):
But Tully, our wise consul, watch'd the blow,
With care discover'd, and disarm'd the foe;
Tully, the humble mushroom, scarcely known,
The lowly native of a country town
(Who till of late could never reach the height
Of being honour'd as a Roman knight),
Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
Dealing an equal share to every ward,
And by the peaceful robe got more renown
Within our walls, than young Octavius won
By victories at Actium, or the plain
Of Theffally, discolour'd by the slain:
Him therefore Rome in gratitude decreed
The Father of his Country, which he freed.

Marius (another consul we admire)
In the same village born, first plow'd for hire;
His next advance was to the soldier's trade,
Where, if he did not nimbly ply the spade,
His furlly officer ne'er failed to crack
His knotty cudgel on his tougher back:
Yet he alone secur'd the tottering state,
Withstood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our fate:
So when the eagles to their quarry flew
(Who never such a goodly banquet knew)
Only a second laurel did adorn
His colleague Catulus, though nobly born;
He shar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
But Marius won the glory of the day.

From a mean stock the pious Decii came,
Small their estates, and vulgar was their name;
Yet such their virtues, that their loss alone
For Rome and all our legions did atone;
Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themselves more worth than all the host they sav'd.
The last good king whom willing Rome obey'd,
Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;
Yet he those robes of empire justly bore,
Which Romulus, our sacred founder, wore:

Nicely he gain'd, and well possess the throne,
Not for his father's merit, but his own,
And reign'd, himself a family alone.

When Tarquin, his proud successor, was quell'd,
And with him Lust and Tyranny expell'd,
The consuls sons (who, for their country's good,
And to inhance the honour of their blood,
Should have asserted what their father won,
And, to confirm that liberty, have done
Actions which Cocles might have wish'd his own;
What might to Mutius wonderful appear,
And what bold Clelia might with envy hear)
Open'd the gates, endeavouring to restore
Their banish'd king, and arbitrary power:
Whilst a poor slave, with scarce a name, betray'd
The horrid ills these well-born rogues had laid;
Who therefore for their treason justly bore
The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.

If you have strength Achilles' arms to bear,
And courage to sustain a ten years war;
Though foul Therfites got thee, thou shalt be
More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from some hero came,
In nothing like your father but his name.

Boast then your blood, and your long lineage stretch
As high as Rome, and its great founders reach;
You'll find, in these hereditary tales,
Your ancestors the scum of broken jails;
And Romulus, your honour's ancient source,
But a poor shepherd's boy, or something worse.

HORACE. BOOK III. ODE VII.

IMITATED.

I.

DEAR Molly, why so oft in tears?
Why all these jealousies and fears,
For thy bold Son of Thunder?
Have patience till we've conquer'd France,
Thy closet shall be stor'd with Nantz;
Ye ladies like such plunder.

II.

Before Toulon thy yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long night he sighs
For thee in lousy cabin:
And though the Captain's Chloe cries,
"Tis I, dear Bully, prythee rise!"
He will not let the drab in.

III.

But she, the cunning'st jade alive,
Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
By sharing female bounties:
And, if he'll be but kind one night,
She vows he shall be dubb'd a knight,
When she is made a countess.

IV.

Then tells of smooth young pages whipp'd,
Cashier'd, and of their liveries stripp'd;
Who late to peers belonging,
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge

With links, because they would not drudge
To save their ladies longing.

V.

But Val the eunuch cannot be
A colder cavalier than he,
In all such love-adventures:
Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
Some Christian care, and do not break
Your conjugal indentures.

VI.

Bellair! (who does not Bellair know?
The wit, the beauty, and the beau)
Gives out, he loves you dearly:
And many a nymph attack'd with sighs,
And soft impertinence and noise,
Full oft has beat a parley.

VII.

But, pretty turtle, when the blade
Shall come with amorous serenade,
Soon from the window rate him:
But if reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to scale,
Discharge the jordan at him.

HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE IX.

I.

VERSES immortal as my lays I sing,
When suited to my trembling string:
When by strange art both voice and lyre agree
To make one pleasing harmony.
All poets are by their blind captain led,
(For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
To tear the well plac'd laurel from his aged head.)
Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
Hath still this praise, that none presume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high—
Still does Stesichorus's tongue
Sing sweeter than the bird which on it hung.
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
Love from every verse does flow;
Still Sappho's strings do seem to move,
Instructing all her sex to love.

II.

Golden rings of flowing hair
More than Helen did ensnare;
Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
And, wondering, melted to desire.
Not only skillful Teucer knew
To direct arrows from the bended yew.
Troy more than once did fall,
Though hireling gods rebuilt its nodding wall.
Was Sthenelus the only valiant he,
A subject fit for lasting poetry?
Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
Who, to save others lives, expos'd his own?
Was only he so brave to dare his fate,
And be the pillar of a tottering state?
No; others bury'd in oblivion lie,
As silent as their grave,
Because no charitable poet gave
Their well-deserv'd immortality.

III.

Virtue with sloth, and cowards with the brave,
Are level'd in th' impartial grave,
If they no poet have.

But I will lay my music by,
And bid the mournful strings in silence lie;
Unless my songs begin and end with you,
To whom my strings, to whom my songs, are due.
No pride does with your rising honours grow,
You meekly look on suppliant crowds below.

Should fortune change your happy state,
You could admire, yet envy not, the great.
Your equal hand holds an unbia'd scale,
Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail:
You with a generous honesty despise
What all the meaner world so dearly prize;
Nor does your virtue disappear,
With the small circle of one short-liv'd year:
Others, like comets, visit and away;
Your lustre, great as theirs, finds no decay,
But with the constant Sun makes an eternal day.

IV.

We barbarously call those blest,
Who are of largest tenements possess'd,
Whilst swelling coffers break their owner's rest.
More truly happy those, who can
Govern that little empire, Man;
Bridle their passions and direct their will
Through all the glittering paths of charming ill;
Who spend their treasure freely as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent heaven;
Who, in a fixt unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate;
Who poison less than falshood fear,
Loath to purchase life so dear;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold Death,
And seal their country's love with their departing breath.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOLLOWING
VERSE FROM LUCAN.

"Virtutis causa Dux placuit, sed victa Catoni."

The Gods and Cato did in this divide,
They choose the conquering, he the conquer'd side.

TO MR. EDMUND SMITH.

MUN, rarely credit Common Fame,
Unherded let her praise or blame;
As whinnies guide the gossip tattles
Of wits, of beauties, and of battles;
To-day the warrior's brow she crowns,
For naval spoils, and taken towns;
To-morrow all her spite she rallies,
And votes the victor the gallies.

Nor in her visits can she spare
The reputation of the fair.
For instance:—Chloe's bloom did boast
A while to be the reigning toast;
Her hectic sparks abandon'd bores,
And in beer-glasses plodg'd to Chloe:

What fops of figure did she bring
To the Front-boxes and the Ring?
While nymphs of quality look sullen,
As breeding wives, or moulting pullen.
Blest chamber she, till prying Fame
Incog. to Miss's toilet came;
Where in the gally-pots she spy'd
Lilies and roses, that defy'd
The frost of age, with certain pickles
They call—Cosmetics for the freckles:
Away she flew with what she wanted,
And told at Court that Chloe painted.

"Then who'd on common Fame rely,
"Whose chief employment 's to decry"
"A coggng, fickle, jilting female,
"As ever ply'd at six in the Mall;
"The father of all filch begat her
"On some old newfman's fussy daughter."

O Captain! Taisez-vous—'twere hard
Her novels ne'er should have regard:
One proof I'll in her favour give,
Which none but you will disbelieve.

When Phœbus sent her to recite
The praises of the most polite,
Whose scenes have been, in every age,
The glories of the British stage;
Then she, to rigid truth confin'd,
Your name with lofty Shakspeare join'd;
And, speaking as the God directed,
The praise she gave was unsuspected.

THE SPELL.

WHENEER I wive, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye powers that o'er the noose preside!
Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour, give,
Or let me still a rover live:
But if all these no nymph can share,
And I'm predestin'd to the snare,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.

Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
Whilst Cupid at his elbow stood;
And twitching him, fud, Youth, he wive,
Ask not impossibilities:
A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and fortune never met:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Count some bright Phyllis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliss, and will not cloy.
But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair:
How'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and song, and sonnet,
Their beauty 's but a SPELL, to bring
A lover to th' enchanted ring;
Ere the sack posset is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,

* This poem, with a few alterations, is to be found
in Fenton, under the title of "The Platonic Spell."
N.

The

Nicely he gain'd, and well possess'd the throne,
Not for his father's merit, but his own,
And reign'd, himself a family alone.

When Tarquin, his proud successor, was quell'd,
And with him Lust and Tyranny expell'd,
The consuls sons (who, for their country's good,
And to enhance the honour of their blood,
Should have asserted what their father won,
And, to confirm that liberty, have done
Actions which Cocles might have wish'd his own ;
What might to Mutius wonderful appear,
And what bold Clelia might with envy hear)
Open'd the gates, endeavouring to restore
Their banish'd king, and arbitrary power :
Whilst a poor slave, with scarce a name, betray'd
The horrid ills these well-born rogues had laid ;
Who therefore for their treason justly bore
The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.

If you have strength Achilles' arms to bear,
And courage to sustain a ten years war ;
Though foul Therites got thee, thou shalt be
More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from some hero came,
In nothing like your father but his name.

Boast then your blood, and your long lineage stretch
As high as Rome, and its great founders reach ;
You'll find, in these hereditary tales,
Your ancestors the scum of broken jails ;
And Romulus, your honour's ancient source,
But a poor shepherd's boy, or something worse.

HORACE. BOOK III. ODE VII.

IMITATED.

I.

DEAR Molly, why so oft in tears ?
Why all these jealousies and fears,
For thy bold Son of Thunder ?
Have patience till we've conquer'd France,
Thy closet shall be stor'd with Nantz ;
Ye ladies like such plunder.

II.

Before Toulon thy yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long night he sighs
For thee in lousy cabin :
And though the Captain's Chloe cries,
" 'Tis I, dear Bully, pr'ythee rise "—
He will not let the drab in.

III.

But she, the cunning 'st jade alive,
Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
By sharing female bounties :
And, if he'll be but kind one night,
She vows he shall be dubb'd a knight,
When she is made a countess.

IV.

Then tells of smooth young pages whipp'd,
Cashier'd, and of their liveries stripp'd ;
Who late to peers belonging,
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge

With links, because they would not drudge
To save their ladies longing.

V.

But Val the eunuch cannot be
A colder cavalier than he,
In all such love-adventures :
Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
Some Christian care, and do not break
Your conjugal indentures.

VI.

Bellair ! (who does not Bellair know ?
The wit, the beauty, and the beau)
Gives out, he loves you dearly :
And many a nymph attack'd with sighs,
And soft impertinence and noise,
Full oft has beat a parley.

VII.

But, pretty turtle, when the blade
Shall come with amorous serenade,
Soon from the window rate him :
But if reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to scale,
Discharge the jordan at him.

HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE IX.

I.

VERSES immortal as my bays I sing,
When suited to my trembling string :
When by strange art both voice and lyre agree
To make one pleasing harmony.
All poets are by their blind captain led,
(For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
To tear the well plac'd laurel from his aged head.)
Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
Hath still this praise, that none presume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.
Still does Stesichorus's tongue
Sing sweeter than the bird which on it hung.
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
Love from every verse does flow ;
Still Sappho's strings do seem to move,
Instructing all her sex to love.

II.

Golden rings of flowing hair
More than Helen did ensnare ;
Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
And, wondering, melted to desire.
Not only skilful Teucer knew
To direct arrows from the banded yew.
Troy more than once did fall,
Though hireling gods rebuilt its nodding wall.
Was Sthenelus the only valiant he,
A subject fit for lasting poetry ?
Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
Who, to save others lives, expos'd his own ?
Was only he so brave to dare his fate,
And be the pillar of a tottering state ?
No ; others bury'd in oblivion lie,
As silent as their grave,
Because no charitable poet gave
Their well-deserv'd immortality.

III.

Virtue with sloth, and cowards with the brave,
Are level'd in th' impartial grave,
If they no poet have.

But I will lay my music by,
And bid the mournful strings in silence lie;
Unless my songs begin and end with you,
To whom my strings, to whom my songs, are due.
No pride does with your rising honours grow,
You meekly look on suppliant crowds below.

Should fortune change your happy state,
You could admire, yet envy not, the great.

Your equal hand holds an unbiass'd scale,
Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail:
You with a generous honesty despise
What all the meaner world so dearly prize;

Nor does your virtue disappear,
With the small circle of one short-liv'd year:
Others, like comets, visit and away;
Your lustre, great as theirs, finds no decay,
But with the constant Sun makes an eternal day.

IV.

We barbarously call those blest,
Who are of largest tenements possess,
Whilst swelling coffers break their owner's rest.
More truly happy those, who can
Govern that little empire, Man;
Bridle their passions and direct their will
Through all the glittering paths of charming ill;
Who spend their treasure freely as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent heaven;
Who, in a fixt unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate;
Who poison less than falshood fear,
Loth to purchase life so dear;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold Death,
And seal their country's love with their departing breath.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOLLOWING
VERSE FROM LUCAN.

"Victoria causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

The Gods and Cato did in this divide,
They choose the conquering, he the conquer'd side.

TO MR. EDMUND SMITH.

MUN, rarely credit Common Fame,
Unheeded let her praise or blame;
As whimsies guide the gossip tattle
Of wits, of beauties, and of battles;
To-day the warrior's brow she crowns,
For naval spoils, and taken towns;
To-morrow ail her spite she rallies,
And votes the victor to the gallies.

Nor in her visits can she spare
The reputation of the fair.
For instance:—Chloe's bloom did boast
A while to be the reigning toast;
Lean hectic sparks abandon'd bohea,
And in beer-glasses plodg'd to Chloe:

What fops of figure did she bring
To the Front-boxes and the Ring?
While nymphs of quality look fullen,
As breeding wives, or moulting pullen.
Blest charmer she, till prying Fame
Incog. to Miss's toilet came;
Where in the gally-pots the spy'd
Lillies and roses, that defy'd
The frost of age, with certain pickles
They call—Cosmetics for the freckles:
Away she flew with what she wanted,
And told at Court that Chloe painted.

"Then who'd on common Fame rely,
"Whose chief employment 's to decry?
"A coggling, fickle, jilting female,
"As ever ply'd at six in the Mall;
"The father of all fibs begat her
"On some old newfman's fusty daughter."

O Captain! Taisez-vous!—'twere hard
Her novels ne'er should have regard:
One proof I'll in her favour give,
Which none but you will disbelieve.

When Phœbus sent her to recite
The praises of the most polite,
Whose scenes have been, in every age,
The glories of the British stage;
Then she, to rigid truth confin'd,
Your name with lofty Shakespear join'd;
And, speaking as the God directed,
The praise she gave was unsuspected.

THE SPELL*.

WHENE'ER I wive, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye powers that o'er the noose preside!
Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour, give,
Or let me still a rover live:
But if all these no nymph can share,
And I'm predestin'd to the snare,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.

Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
Whilst Cupid at his elbow stood;
And twitching him, said, Youth, be wise,
Ask not impossibilities:
A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and fortune never met:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court some bright Phyllis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliss, and will not cloy.
But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair:
Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and song, and sonnet,
Their beauty 's but a SPELL, to bring
A lover to th' enchanted ring;
Ere the sack posset is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,

* This poem, with a few alterations, is to be found
in Fenton, under the title of "The Platonic Spell."
N.

The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
From which you fragrant kisses stole,
And seem to suck her springing soul—
These, and the rest, you doated on,
Are nauseous or insipid grown;
The SPELL dissolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sacharissa turns to Joan.

E L E G Y

UPON THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS.

FROM OVID.

IF Memnon's fate, bewail'd with constant dew,
Drops, with the day, his mother's grief renew;
If her son's death mov'd tender Phœbus' mind
To swell with tears the waves, with sighs the wind;
If mighty Gods can mortals' sorrow know,
And be the humble partners of our woe;
Now loose your tresses, pensive Elegy,
(Too well your office and your name agree)
Tibullus, once the joy and pride of Fame,
Lies now rich fuel on the trembling flame.
Sad Cupid now despairs of conquering hearts,
Throws by his empty quiver, breaks his darts;
Eases his useless bows from idle strings,
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.
He wants, of which he robb'd fond lovers, rest,
And wounds with furious hands his pensive breast.
Those graceful curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling snow,
Forget their beauty, and in discord lie,
Drunk with the fountain from his melting eye.
Not more Æneas' loss the boy did move;
Like passions for them both, prove equal love.
Tibullus' death grieves the fair goddess more,
More swells her eyes, than when the savage boar
Her beautiful, her lov'd Adonis tore.

Poets large souls heaven's noblest stamps do bear,
(Poets, the watchful angels darling care :)
Yet death (blind archer) that no difference knows,
Without respect his roving arrows throws.
Nor Phœbus, nor the Muses' queen, could give
Their son, their own prerogative, to live.
Orpheus, the heir of both his parents' skill,
Tam'd wondering beasts, and Death's more cruel will.
Lions' sad strings on the dumb lute do lie,
In silence forc'd to let their master die.
Homer (the spring to whom we poets owe
Our little all does in sweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal only in his fame,
His works alone survive the envious flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needless victims prodigally pay,
Worship their sleeping Deities : yet Death
Scorns votaries, and stops the praying breath.
To hallow'd shrines intruding Fate will come,
And drag you from the altar to the tomb.

Go, frantic poet, with delusions fed,
Think laurels guard your consecrated head,
Now the sweet master of your art is dead.

What can we hope? since that a narrow span
Can measure the remains of thee, great man!
The bold rash flame that durst approach so nigh,
And see Tibullus, and not trembling die,
Durst seize on temples, and their gods defy.
Fair Venus (fair ev'n in such sorrows) stands,
Closing her heavy eyes with trembling hands:
Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.

His mother weeping does his eye-lids close,
And on his urn tears, her last gift, bestows.
His sister too, with hair dishevel'd, bears
Part of her mother's nature, and her tears.

With those, two fair, two mournful rivals come,
And add a greater triumph to his tomb:
Both hug his urn, both his lov'd ashes kiss,
And both contend which reap'd the greater bliss.
Thus Delia spoke (when sighs no more could last)
Renewing by remembrance pleasures past;
"When youth with vigour did for joy combine,
"I was Tibullus' life, Tibullus mine:
"I entertain'd his hot, his first desire,
"And kept alive, till age, his active fire."
To her then Nemesis (when groans gave leave),
"As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:
"Spare your vain tears, Tibullus' heart was mine,
"About my neck his dying arms did twine;
"I snatch'd his soul, which true to me did prove:
"Age ended yours, death only stopp'd my love."

If any poor remains survive the flames,
Except thin shadows, and more empty names;
Free in Elysium shall Tibullus rove,
Nor fear a second death should cross his love.
There shall Catullus, crown'd with bays, impart
To his far dearer friend his open heart:
There Gallus (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
Shall, free from censure, no more rashly die.
Such shall our poet's blest companions be,
And in their deaths, as in their lives, agree.
But thou, rich urn, obey my strict commands,
Guard thy great charge from sacrilegious hands.
Then, Earth, Tibullus' ashes gently use,
And be as soft and easy as his Muse.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Englisht from a Greek Idyllum.

BRIGHT Star! by Venus fix'd above
To rule the happy realms of love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
Dost o'er lights as far out-shine
As Cynthia's silver glories thine;
Known by superior beauty there,
As much as Pastorella here.

Exert, bright star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night;
Debrauded of her beams, the Moon
Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
I would not rob the shepherd's fold;
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph, I'm forc'd to stray,
Who lately stol'd my heart away.

THE

T H E
P O E M S
O F
J O H N P H I L I P S.

MR. PHILIPS'S DESIGNED DEDICATION

T O

THE S P L E N D I D S H I L L I N G.

TO W. BROME, ESQ. OF EWITHINGTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HEREFORD.

SIR,

IT would be too tedious an undertaking at this time to examine the rise and progress of Dedications. The use of them is certainly ancient, as appears both from Greek and Latin authors; and we have reason to believe that it was continued without any interruption till the beginning of this century, at which time, mottoes, anagrams, and frontispieces being introduced, Dedications were mightily encouraged, and at last abdicated. But to discover precisely when they were restored, and by whom they were first ushered in, is a work that far transcends my knowledge; a work that can justly be expected from no other pen but that of your oporose Doctor Bently. Let us therefore at present acquiesce in the dubiousness of their antiquity, and think the authority of the past and present times a sufficient plea for your patronizing, and my dedicating this poem. Especially since in this age Dedications are not only fashionable, but almost necessary; and indeed they are now so much in vogue, that a book without one, is as seldom seen as a bowdy-house without a Practice of Piety, or a poet with money. Upon this account, Sir, those who have no friends, dedicate to all good christians; some to their book-sellers; some, for want of a sublunary patron, to the manes of a departed one. There are, that have dedicated to their whores: God help those hen-pecked writers that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives! but while I talk so much of other mens patrons, I have forgot my own; and seem rather to make an essay on Dedications, than to write one. However, Sir, I presume you will pardon me for that fault; and perhaps like me the better for saying nothing to the purpose. You, Sir, are a person more tender of other mens reputation than your own; and would hear every body commended but yourself. Should I but mention your skill in turning, and the compassion you shewed to my fingers ends when you gave me a tobacco-stopper, you would blush and be confounded with your just praises. How much more would you, should I tell you what a progress you have made in that abstruse and useful language, the Saxon? Since, therefore, the recital of your excellencies would prove so troublesome, I shall offend your modesty no longer. Give me

me leave to speak a word or two concerning the poem, and I have done. This poem, Sir, if we consider the moral, the newness of the subject, the variety of images, and the exactness of the similitudes that compose it, must be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The subject of the poem is myself, a subject never yet handled by any poets. How fit to be handled by all, we may learn by those few divine commendatory verses written by the admirable Monsieur le Bog. Yet since I am the subject, and the poet too, I shall say no more of it, lest I should seem vain-glorious. As for the moral, I have taken particular care that it should lie incognito, not like the ancients, who let you know at first sight they design something by their verses. But here you may look a good while, and perhaps, after all, find that the poet has no aim or design, which must needs be a diverting surprize to the reader. What shall I say of the similes, that are so full of geography, that you must get a Welshman to understand them? that so raise our ideas of the things they are applied to? that are so extraordinary quaint and well chosen that there's nothing like them? So that I think I may, without vanity, say, *Avia Pieridum peragro loca, &c.* Yet, however excellent this poem is, in the reading of it you will find a vast difference between some parts and others; which proceeds not from your humble servant's negligence, but diet. This poem was begun when he had little victuals, and no money, and was finished when he had the misfortune at a virtuous lady's house to meet with both. But I hope, in time, Sir, when hunger and poverty shall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this poem, by an essay on Minced Pies, which shall be devoted to you with all submission, by,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

And humble servant,

J. PHILIPS.

"Things unattainable
d'filing, bree

HAPPY the
In silken of
A splendid Shilling
Now oysters cry'd
But with his friend
To Juniper's Mag
Where, mindful of
Transfix'd his soul
Coe, or Phillis,
Which her health
Meanwhile, he for
Upon ambiguous
But I, whom grip
And hunger, sure
With scanty offals
Wretched repast
Then solitary wall
In gemet vile, and
Begle chill'd sing
As winter chimney
Hade mandungu
Not blacker tube,
Smokes Cambro-I
Strong from Cadw
Full famous in ro
Over many a cragg
Upon a cargo of f
High over-shadow
To vend his wares
De Mariducum, o
Vap'd Brechinia
Enriches Ariconia
Whence flow neck
With Mastic, Set

Thus while my
With looks demur
Horrible monster
To my aerial citad
With vocal heel t
With hideous acc
The voice ill-bod
What should I do
Confound'd, to th
Of wood-hole; f
Through sudden f
My shuddering lin
My tongue forgets
So horrible he see
Barrack'd with n
And spreading bar

* Two notes

THE

SPLENDID SHILLING.

Sing, heavenly Muse!
"Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
A jelling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
 In filken or in leathern purse retains
 A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
 New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale;
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
 To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-hall * repairs:
 Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
 Tempt'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
 Clio, or Phillis, he each circling glass
 Willeth her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
 Or puns ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
 ("Watched repast!") my meagre corpse sustain:
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In ginnet vile, and with a warming puff
 Baffle chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
 As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Inhale mandungus, ill-perfuming scent:
 No blockier tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
 Spring from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he
 Overminy a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fum'd Cestrian cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
 Or Maidunum, or the ancient town
 Vag'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Emircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
 Humble monster! hated by gods and men,
 To my aerial citadel ascends,
 With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of wood-hole; strait my bristling hairs erect
 Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
 My quivering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
 So horrible he seems! His faded brow
 Embrown'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,

Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
 Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
 Another monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms,
 First have endued: if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
 In durance strict detain him, till, in form
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
 The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdué in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
 Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 Pretending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowel'd web
 Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
 Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
 Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils.
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, intangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
 She towering flies to her expected spoils;
 Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
 This world envelop, and th' inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow tree.

Meanwhile

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chafin disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Austere, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea, in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
pray:
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

B L E N H E I M.

FROM low and abject themes the groveling Muse
Now mounts aerial, to sing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero; may the verse not sink
Beneath his merits, but detain awhile
Thy ear, O Harley! * (though thy country's weal
Depends on thee, though mighty Anne requires
Thy hourly counsels) since, with every art
Thyself adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing genius to the Muses' seat:
Therefore thee first, and last, the Muse shall sing.

Long had the Gallic monarch, uncontroll'd,
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate,
As east Sesostris (proud Egyptian king,
That monarchs harnes'd to his chariot yokt

* This poem was inscribed to the Right Honorable Robert Walpole, Esq. 1705, then Speaker of the Honorable House of Commons, and Secretary of State.

(Base servitude!) and his dethron'd compeer
Last furious; they in fullen majesty
Drew the uneasy load; nor less he aim'd
At universal sway: for William's arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in war;
Nor armies leagu'd, that diversly essay'd
To curb his power enormous; like an oak,
That stands secure, though all the winds employ
Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores:
So stood he, and alone; alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee chose,
Thee, Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air,
And other climes, where different food and soil
Portend distempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilsome, unfatigued with length
Of march, unstruck with horror at the sight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-stretching hills,
All white with summer's snows. They go beyond
The trace of English steps, where scarce the found
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; such strength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives; nor small
Encouragement: Godolphin, wife and just,
Equal in merit, honor, and success,
To Burleigh (fortunate alike to serve
The best of Queens): he, of the royal rostre
Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
The soldier's ease; to regions far remote
His care extends; and to the British host
Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now, O Churchill! at thy wish approach
The German, hopeless of success, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New-animated rouse; not more rejoice
The miserable race of men, that live
Benighted half the year, benumb'd with frosts
Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keenest breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement sky!
When first the sun with new-born light removes
The long-incumbent gloom; gladly to thee
Heroic laurel'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution, to be rankt
In military honor next, although
His deadly hand shook the Turkestan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in fair-divided lands
Victorious; on thy powerful sword alone
Germania and the Belgic coast relies,
Won from th' encroaching sea: that sword great Anne
Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side,
When thee sh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
Illustrating the noble list; her hand
Assures good omens, and Saint George's worth
Enkindles like desire of high exploits.
Immediate sieges, and the tire of war,
Roll in thy eager mind; thy plummy crest
Nods horrible; with more terrific port
Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.

What spoils, what conquests, then did Albion hope
From thy achievements! yet thou hast surp'd

Her bold
Could fe
Superior
Of victo
From it
Jovial bi
How gay
The Brit
Thus far
Their rec
Enrich th
Their ma
With hig
Inherent
What if
Of base a
Should no
Of Churc
Soon as h
Should sta
Confound
Should fet
To lead h
Of gather

Thus th
And mena
In arms,
Refrain:
Decline th
Your eas
Side of ac
A furious
He ill ab
He son re
Replenden
And pomp
if any arm

No need
Of coward
The British
For their p
And now o
Signal of o
Inspiring
The adver
Collecting
Decisive of
The fate of
The great o
Cesar, and
Where ster
Adjac'd
Here the B
Gallant in a
Bold champ
Bad-temper
Next Talia
Presumptu
To want a
With Eug
The brazen
Fornic fan
Of smoke f
Large glob
Sipping th
surprising
Vol. II.

Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
 Could fear or fancy; they, in multitude
 Superior, fed their thoughts with prospect vain
 Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
 From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
 Jovial his mate bespoke: O friend, observe
 How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
 The Britons come, with gold well fraught, they come
 Thus far our prey, and tempt us to subdue
 Their recreant force; how will their bodies stript
 Enrich the victors, while the vultures fate
 Their maws with full repast!—Another, warm'd
 With high ambition, and conceit of prowess
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd:
 What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
 Of base antagonists, with griding edge
 Should now cleave thee the execrable head
 Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,
 Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
 Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe,
 Confounded and appal'd! no trivial price
 Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
 To lead him shackled, and expos'd to scorn
 Of gathering crowds, the Britons' boasted chief.

Thus they, in sportive mood, their empty taunts
 And menaces express; nor could their prince
 In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
 Refrain: Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? Why
 Decline the war? Shall a morass forbid
 Your easy march? Advance; we'll bridge a way
 Safe of access. Impudent, thus t' invite
 A furious lion to his folds! That boast
 He'll abide; captiv'd, in other plight
 He soon revisits Britany, that once
 Resplendent came, with stretch'd retinue girt,
 And pompous pageantry; O hapless fate,
 If any arm, but Churchill's had prevail'd!

No need such boasts, or exprobrations false
 Of cowardice; the military mound
 The British files transcend, in evil hour
 For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
 And now on either side the trumpets biew,
 Signal of onset, resolution firm
 Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.
 The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
 Collecting all their might; for on th' event
 Decisive of this bloody day depends
 The fate of kingdoms: with less vehemence
 The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
 Cæsar, and Pompey, on Pharsonian plains,
 Where stern Bellona, with one final stroke,
 Adjag'd the empire of this globe to one.
 Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
 Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
 Bold champion! brandishing his Noric blade,
 Bold-temper'd steel, successless prov'd in field!
 Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
 Presumptuous comes; here Churchill, not so prompt
 To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
 With Eugene's German force. Now from each
 The brazen instruments of death discharge
 Horrid flames, and turbid streaming clouds
 Of smoke sulphureous; intermixt with these
 Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
 Singing the air, and from long distance bring
 Smoking slaughter; on each side they fly
 Vol. II.

By chains connext, and with destructive sweep
 Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
 Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks bestrew
 Th' ensanguin'd field: with latent mischief stor'd
 Showers of granadoes rain, by sudden burst
 Disploding murderous bowels, fragments of steel,
 And stones, and glass, and nitrous grain adust;
 A thousand ways at once the shiver'd orbs
 Fly diverse, working torment, and foul rout
 With deadly bruise, and gashes furrow'd deep.
 Of pain impatient, the high-prancing steeds
 Disdain the curb, and, flinging to and fro,
 Spurn their dismounted riders; they expire
 Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroy'd.

Thus through each army death in various shapes
 Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore
 Lie clotted; lifeless some: with anguish these
 Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid,
 Unpitied, and unheard; the louder din
 Of guns, and trumpets' clang, and solemn sound
 Of drums, o'ercome their groans. In equal scale
 Long hung the fight; few marks of fear were seen,
 None of retreat. As when two adverse winds,
 Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid-sky
 Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine
 Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
 Levying their equal force with utmost rage;
 Long undecided lasts the airy strife:
 So they incens'd; till Churchill, viewing where
 The violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
 Came to oppose his slaughtering arm; with speed
 Precipitant he rode, urging his way
 O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fall'n steeds
 Rolling in death: destruction, grim with blood,
 Attends his furious course. Him thus enrag'd,
 Descrying from afar, some engineer,
 Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, design'd
 By one nice shot to terminate the war.
 With aim direct the level'd bullet flew,
 But miss'd her scope (for Destiny withstood
 Th' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her way
 Beneath his courser; round his sacred head
 The glowing bills play innocent, while he
 With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
 Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O! beware,
 Great warrior! nor, too prodigal of life,
 Expose the British safety: hath not Jove
 Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reserve
 Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
 Eugene, with regiments unequal prest,
 Awaits; this day of all his honors gain'd
 Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
 Defends not the sad hour: permit not thou
 So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
 To bite the ground unnoted.—Swift, and fierce
 As wintery storm, he flies, to reinforce
 The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
 He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
 With headless ranks (so Ajax interpos'd
 His sevenfold shield, and screen'd Laertes' son,
 For valour much, and warlike wiles, renown'd,
 When the insulting Trojans urg'd him fore
 With tilted spears): unmanly dread invades
 The French astonish'd; strait their useless arms
 They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
 Unseemly yelling; distant hills return

The hideous noise. What can they do? or how
 Withstand his wide-destroying sword? or where
 Find shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with wrath
 Resistless, th' eager English champions press,
 Chastising tardy flight; before them rolls
 His current swift, the Danube vast and deep,
 Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink,
 Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reach,
 New horror chill'd their veins: devote they saw
 Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
 Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
 To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
 Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
 On the firm land; the rest, discomfited,
 And pusht by Marlborough's avengful hand,
 Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood.
 Bands numerous as the Memphian soldiery
 That swell'd the Erythrean wave, when wall'd
 The unfrozè waters marvellously flood,
 Observant of the great command. Upborne
 By frothy billows thousands float the stream
 In cumbrous mail, with love of further shore;
 Confiding in their hands, that sed'ulous strive
 To cut th' outrageous fluent: in this distress,
 Ev'n in the sight of death, some tokens shew
 Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
 Sustain; vain love, though laudable! absorb'd
 By a fierce eddy, they together found
 The vast profundity; their horses paw
 The swelling surge with fruitless toil: furcharg'd
 And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
 The river flows redundant, and attacks
 The lingering remnant with unusual tide;
 Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
 Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
 So when some sweltering travellers retire
 To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
 Of Paraba, Brazilian stream; her tail
 Of vast extension from her watery den,
 A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth,
 Insidious, and with curl'd venom'd train
 Embracing horribly, at once the crew
 Into the river whirls: th' unwetted prey
 Entwisted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.

Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
 To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
 In the moist element a scorching death,
 Pierc'd sinking; shrouded in a dusky cloud
 The current flows, with livid mistive flames
 Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
 Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the swift-footed son
 Of Peleus to his baleful banks pursued
 The straggling Trojans: nor less eager drove
 Victorious Churchill his depending foes
 Into the deep immense, that many a league
 Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distained.

Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
 Mighty in conflict, rescued harrafs'd powers
 From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
 Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
 Sustain'd. With prudent stay, he long defer'd
 The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
 An host diisparted; when in union firm
 Embodiy'd they advanc'd, collecting all
 Their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdued:

He the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,
 Down to the realms of Night. The British souls,
 (A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
 On Landen-plains, this heavenly gladsome air,
 Exult to see the crowding ghosts descend
 Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
 Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
 Not so the new inhabitants: they roam
 Erroneous, and disconsolate; themselves
 Accusing, and their chiefs, improvident
 Of military chance; when lo! they see,
 Through the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,
 Two lovely youths, that amicably walk'd
 O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
 Anna's late conquests; * one, to empire born,
 Eggeous Prince, whose manly childhood shew'd
 His mingled parents, and portended joy
 Unspeakable; † thou, his associate dear
 Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
 Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
 Should'st Churchill be! but Heaven severe cut short
 Their springing years, nor would this life should boast
 Gifts so important! them the Gallic shades
 Surveying, read in either radiant look
 Marks of excessive dignity and grace,
 Delighted; till, in one, their curious eye
 Discerns their great subduer's awful mien,
 And corresponding features fear; to them
 Confusion! strait the airy phantoms fleet,
 With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit.
 The image pleas'd with joy paternal smiles.

Enough, O Muse: the sadly-pleasing theme
 Leave, with these dark abodes, and re-ascend
 To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
 The conqueror, and sav'd nations' joint acclaim.
 Hark! how the cannon, inoffensive now,
 Gives signs of gratulation; struggling crowds
 From every city flow; with ardent gaze
 Fixt, they behold the British Guide, of fight
 Insatiate; whilst his great redeeming hand
 Each prince affects to touch respectful. See
 How Prussia's King transported entertains
 His mighty guest! to him the royal pledge,
 Hope of his realm, commits (with better fate,
 Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave
 Unhappy Pallas) and intreats to shew
 The skill and rudiments austere of war.
 See, with what joy, him Leopold declares
 His great Deliverer; and courts t' accept
 Of titles, with superior modesty
 Better refus'd! Meanwhile the haughty King
 Far humbler thoughts now learns: despair, and fear,
 Now first he feels; his laurels all at once
 Torn from his aged head in life's extreme.
 Distract his soul! nor can great Boileau's harp
 Of various-sounding wire, best taught to calm
 Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
 With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer:
 Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.

But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse,
 Torment the Boian prince? from native soil
 Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
 Of weeping comfort, and depriv'd the sight

* Duke of Gloucester. † Marquis of Blandford.

Of his y
 Inglorious
 Deplorab
 To right,
 His pligh
 Friendl
 With wh
 The Sol
 His moon
 With Pal
 Not find
 Of coun
 Unhappy
 Too late
 Of him,
 Of hope,
 Of perfe
 Friendl
 Thy own
 Lo! how
 Rise hilly
 Best men,
 Though fa
 Worthy of
 Well fenc
 And empt
 The widow
 The desert
 They view
 Of trans
 Of birds
 Of spout
 Slain in
 As partial
 Where to
 Th' afflic
 To winds,
 Thrice h
 By Heaven
 Learn from
 Thy well
 Remote the
 Depopulat
 And peril
 Of drums
 Th' Iberian
 Engages n
 From differ
 Down to th
 With utmo
 Galle or A
 And wild up
 They must
 Till rigid co
 Nor is the b
 On the mil
 High Engu
 His cleaving
 What do thy
 Best born of
 With olive
 The planters
 See, with w
 The early-v
 In battalio
 Sends opposit
 His borderer

Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
 Inglorious shelter, in an alien land;
 Deporable! but that his mind averse
 To right, and insincere, would violate
 His plighted faith: why did he not accept
 Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh
 With whom he must contend? encountering fierce
 The Solymean Sultan, he o'erthrew
 His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
 With Painim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
 Not find him once a baleful foe: but when,
 Of counsel rash, new measures he pursues,
 Unhappy Prince! (no more a prince) he sees
 Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
 Of him, he once defy'd. O destitute
 Of hope, unpity'd! thou should'st first have thought
 Of persevering steadfast; now upbraid
 Thy own inconstant, ill-aspiring heart.
 Lo! how the Noric plains, through thy default
 Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights,
 Beset men, that warr'd still firmly for their prince
 Though faithless, and unshaken duty shew'd;
 Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
 Well fence'd and numerous, desolation reigns,
 And emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd;
 The widow and the orphan stroll around
 The desert wide; with oft-retorted eye
 They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
 Of mansions, once their own (now loathsome haunts
 Of birds obscene,) bewailing loud the loss
 Of spouse, or sire, or son, ere manly prime,
 Slain in sad conflict, and complain of fate
 As partial, and too rigorous; nor find
 Where to retire themselves, or where appease
 Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
 To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.

Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoint
 By Heaven propitious, blissful seat of peace!
 Learn from thy neighbours miseries to prize
 Thy welfare; crown'd with Nature's choicest gift.
 Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
 Depopulation, void alone of fear
 And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
 Of drums and clarions, other realms annoys.
 Th' Iberian sceptre undecided, here
 Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife:
 From different climes the flower of youth descends,
 Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolv'd
 With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,
 Gallic or Austrian; havoc dire ensues,
 And wild uproar: the natives dubious whom
 They must obey, in consternation wait,
 Till rigid conquest will pronounce their liege.
 Nor is the brazen voice of war unheard
 On the mild Larian shore: what sighs and tears
 Hark Eugene cius'd! how many widows curse
 His cleaving falchion! fertile soil in vain!
 What do thy pastures, or thy vines avail,
 Best boon of Heaven! or huge Taburnus, cloth'd
 With olives, when the cruel battle mows
 The planters, with their harvest immature?
 See, with what outrage from the frosty north,
 The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
 In battalious array, while Voiga's stream
 Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
 Her borderers; on mutual slaughter bent,

They rend their countries. How is Poland vext
 With civil broils, while two elect'd kings
 Contend for sway? unhappy nation, left
 Thus free of choice! The English, undisturb'd
 With such sad privilege, submit obey
 Whom Heaven ordains supreme, with reverence due,
 Not thralldom, in fit liberty secure:
 From scepter'd kings, in long descent deriv'd,
 Thou, Anna, rulest; prudent to promote
 Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
 Of Europe's good; to thee, of kingly right
 Sole arbitress, declining thrones and powers
 Sue for relief; thou bid'st thy Churchill go,
 Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
 Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd; he goes
 Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils,
 In one great day. Again thou giv'st in charge
 To Rooke, that he should let that monarch know,
 The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
 Is thine; behold! with winged speed he rides
 Undaunted o'er the labouring main t' assert
 Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
 The Gallic navies impotent to bear
 His volly'd thunder, torn, dishev'd, scud,
 And bless the friendly interposing night.

Hail, mighty Queen! reserv'd by Fate to grace
 The new-born age: what hopes may we conceive
 Of future years, when to thy early reign
 Neptune submits his trident, and thy arms
 Already have prevail'd to th' utmost bound
 Hesperian, Calpe, by Alcides fixt,
 Mountain sublime, that casts a shade of length
 Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves!
 Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,
 Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties
 Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praise
 Be still, to study right, and quell the force
 Of kings perfidious; let them learn from thee
 That neither strength, nor policy refin'd,
 Shall with success be crown'd, where justice fails.
 Thou, with thy own content, not for thyself,
 Subduest regions, generous to raise
 The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
 The German boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
 The great advantage; nought to thee redounds
 But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.

Auspicious Queen! since in thy realms, secure
 Of peace thou reign'st, and victory attends
 Thy distant ensigns, with compassion view
 Europe embroil'd; still thou (for thou alone
 Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms ire,
 Reciprocally ruinous; say who
 Shall wield th' Hesperian, who the Polish sword,
 By thy decree? the trembling lands shall hear
 Thy voice, obedient, lest thy scourge should bruise
 Their stubborn necks, and Churchill, in his wrath,
 Make them remember Blenheim with regret.

Thus shall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
 Thy power, and justice: jealousies and Fears,
 And Hate infernal banish'd, shall retire
 To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coasts,
 Or Tartary, engendering discords fell
 Amongst the enemies of truth; while arts
 Pacific, and inviolable love,
 Flourish in Europe. Hail, Saturnian day!

Returning!

Returning! in perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days,
By her restor'd, her just designs complete,
And, mildly on her shining, bless the world!

Thus, from the noisy world exempt, with ease
And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet solitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The silent Muse, delicious rural feat
Of St. John, English Memmius, I presum'd
To sing Britannic trophies, I expert
Of war, with mean attempt; while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge*, no leisure finds
To string his charming shell: but when return'd
Consummate Peace shall rear her chearful head;
Then shall his Churchill, in sublimer verse,
For ever triumph; latest times shall learn
From such a Chief to fight, and Bard to sing.

O D E

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

O Qui recisæ finibus Indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, et sauevolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
Siti palatum, proleus et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
Hesperii pretiumque, soles:

Equid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, desidæsq;
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quæ cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit Venerinus alas:

Solers modorum, seu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, seu caneret rosas
Et vina, cyrrhæis Hetruscum
Rite beans equitem sub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
Affluxit illi; sæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiæque testæ.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebriorum; sed nec amantior
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus!

Pertentat, ut tæque et tua munera
Gratus recorder, mercurialium
Princeps virorum! et ipse Musæ
Cultor, et usque colende Musis!

* He was then Secretary of War.

Sed me minantem grandia desiccit
Receptus ægrè spiritus, illa
Dum pulsata ima, ac inquietum
Tussis agens sine more pectus.

Altè petito quassat anhelitu;
Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum
Distillet in venas, tuzæque
Lenis opem ferat haustus uvæ.

Hanc fumo, parcis et tibi poculis
Libo salutem; quin precor, optima
Ut usque conjux sospitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

Te consulentem militiæ super
Rebus togatum. Macste! tori decus,
Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus infidet!
Tu forte felix: me Maria
Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

Maria, quæ me fidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

Hanc ulla mentis spe mihi mutæ
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
Suspiro; nec jam vinctos somnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

A N

O D E

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQUIRE, 1706*.

O Thou, from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sovereign herb † prepare,
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life, and every anxious care:
While from the fragrant lighted bowl
I suck new life into my soul.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I sustain;
Which with cool draughts thy calks subdue,
And wash away the thirsty pain
With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
From Latian suns and nearer skies.

O! say, to bless thy pious love,
What vows, what offerings, shall I bring?
Since I can spare, and thou approve,
No other gift, O hear me sing!
In numbers Phœbus does inspire,
Who strings for thee the charming lyre.

* This piece was translated by the Reverend Thomas Newtoncomb, M. A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxon.

† Tobacco.

Aloft, above the liquid ſky,
I ſtretch my wing, and ſain would go
Where Rome's ſweet ſwain did whilom fly;
And ſoaring, left the clouds below;
The Muſe invoking to endue
With ſtrength his pinions, as he flew.

Whether he ſings great Beauty's praiſe,
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
Or chooſe, the ſubject of his lays,
The bluſhing grape, or blooming roſe:
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky ſprings
Mæneas liſtens while he ſings.

Yet he no nobler draught could boaſt,
His Muſe or muſic to inſpire,
Though all Falernum's purple coaſt
Flow'd in each glaſs, to lend him fire;
And on his tables us'd to ſmile
The vintage of rich Chio's iſle.

Mæneas deign'd to hear his ſongs,
His Muſe extoll'd, his voice approv'd:
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleaſing, more below'd.
Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

Teach me the paſſion to reſtrain,
As I my grateful homage bring;
And laſt in Phæbus' humble train,
The fiſt and brighteſt genius ſing.
The Muſes favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

But oh! as greatly I aſpire
To tell my love, to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Boaſting no more its ſprightly fire,
My boſom heaves, my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful ſtring,
And pant and languish as I ſing.

Faint Nature now demands that breath,
That feebly ſtrives thy worth to ſing!
And would he hush'd, and loſt in death,
Did not thy care kind ſuccours bring!
Thy pitying caſts my ſoul ſuſtain,
And call new life in every vein.

The ſober glaſs I now behold,
Thy health, which fair Francisca's join,
Wiſhing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While ſhe can pleaſe, and thou canſt love.

Thus while by you the Britiſh arms
Triumphs and diſtant fame purſue;
The yielding Fair reſigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too;
Her ſnowy neck, her breaſt, her eyes,
And all the nymph becomes your prize.

What comely grace, what beauty ſmiles!
Upon her lips what ſweetneſs dwells!
Nor Love himſelf ſo oft beguiles,
Nor Venus ſelf ſo much excels.
What different fates our paſſions ſhare,
While you enjoy, and I deſpair!

* Maria's form as I ſurvey,
Her ſmiles a thouſand wounds impart;
Each feature ſteals my ſoul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart!
And chafing thence each other Fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

Although my anxious breaſt deſpair,
And ſighing, hopes no kind return;
Yet, for the lov'd relentleſs Fair,
By night I wake, by day I burn!
Nor can thy gifts, ſoft Sleep, ſupply,
Or ſooth my pains, or cloſe my eye.

C Y D E R.
A P O E M,
I N T W O B O O K S.
"Hænos erit hæc quoque Pæmo?" VIRG.
B O O K I.

WHAT ſoil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchards, timeliſt when to preſs the fruits,
Thy gift, Pomona, in Miltonian verſe
Adventurous I preſume to ſing; of verſe
Nor ſkill'd, nor ſtudious: but my native ſoil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unſung.

Ye Ariconian knights, and faireſt dames,
To whom propitious Heaven theſe bleſſings grants,
Attend my lays, nor hence diſdain to learn,
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
And thou, O Moſtyn, whoſe benevolence,
And candor, oft experienc'd, me vouchſaf'd
To knit in friendſhip, growing ſtill with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
May it a laſting monument remain
Of dear reſpect; that, when this body frail
Is molder'd into duſt, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend!

Who'er expects his labouring trees ſhould bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harveſt yield,
Be this his firſt concern, to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blaſts
Tempeſtuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the weſt
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Adminiſter their tepid genial airs;
Nought fear he from the weſt, whoſe gentle warmth
Diſcloſes well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender feeds; whoſe breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and waſts their odors ſweet
Wide through the air, and diſtant ſhores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But when the blackening clouds in ſprinkling ſhowers
Diſtil, from the high ſummits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moiſture cheer'd,

* Miſs Mary Meers, daughter of the late Principal
of Brazen-Noſe College, Oxon.

The

'The Orchards smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.

Next let the planter, with discretion meet,
The force and genius of each soil explore;
To what adapted, what it thuns averse:
Without this necessary care, in vain
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The mry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mold, most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce; pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed: so oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune;
The Muff, of pallid hue, declares the soil
Devoid of spirit; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs distress'd he'll roar,
And tofs, and turn, and curse th' unwholsome draught.
But, farmer, look where full-eared sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth, that soil select
For apples; thence thy industry shall gain
Ten-fold reward; thy garners, thence with store
Surcharg'd, shall burst: thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy faltering tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel such,
William Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marsh,
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Erhelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feast
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,
'To treat of spousals: long connubial joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty; but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes—oh! hardest fate, to fall
By shew of friendship, and pretended love!

I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcleys-hill; the apple no where finds
A kinder mold: yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
This mount may journey, and, his present site
Forlaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter strange
For law-debates? if therefore thou incline
To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success;
'Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld;

* February the seventh, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill routed itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its passage overthrew Kinnaston Church, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed's Account of Herefordshire, page 49, and Camden's Britannia.

If a penurious clay should be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle.
Thus nought is usefess made; nor is there land,
But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf,
Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What should I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browze
Gnaw pendent; nor untremling canst thou see,
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lye unlabord; if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human use redound,
And penury, the worst of ills, remove?

There are, who, fondly studious of increase,
Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Besmear the roots; in vain! the nursing grove
Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth:
But when the alien compost is exhaust,
It's native poverty again prevails.

Though this art fails, despond not; little pains,
In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th' industrious, when the Sun in Leo rides,
And darts his sultriest beams, portending drought,
Forget not at the foot of every plant
To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
A just supply of alimental streams,
Exhausted sap recruiting; else false hopes
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal season, but, in summer's pride,
When other orchards smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of heaven, that in his course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; sweltering they run
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable: but if the spring
Preceding should be destitute of rain,
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings
Sweep up the smoky mists, and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim Death in different shapes
Depopulates the nations; thousands fall
His victims; youths, and virgins, in their flower.

Reluctant

Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious Heaven destroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, left
Of Whichcombe's name (next thee in blood and worth,
O fairest St. John!) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand
Of Death arrest; she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But if it please the sun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our fore-fathers, (luckless men!) ingulf'd
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre inclos'd.

In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world subdued,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sore wounded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Aerial spires, and citadels, the seat
Of Kings, and heroes resolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium: uncontrol'd and free,
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, though to foreign yoke submiss,
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruscan hands
Arose; had not the heavenly Powers averse
Decreed her final doom: for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst; Aquarius had not shed
His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture, hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud exploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds, till now
Cloisely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Diffus'd their narrow cells; and, their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat: old Vaga's stream,
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train alope,
Crackling her banks: and now the lowering sky,
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
Distress'd? whence seek for aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation? vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands to Heaven erect!
Yet some to fumes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their votaries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Ran howling through the streets, their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror stalks around,
Wild-farings, and, his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look: at every gate

The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps; to, and fro, they reel
Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground about her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chafin; profound! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Meanwhile, the loosen'd winds
Insult, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds; till all their force
Consum'd, her ravenous jaws th' earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins, and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous track of land,
She whilome stood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

The prudent will observe, what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, Nature gave
Love, and aversion): everlasting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor less abhors
The Colewort's rankness; but with amorous twine
Clasps the tall Elm: the Pæstan Rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Crest of stout Britons), and inhances thence
The price of her celestial scent: the Gourd,
And thirsty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contact; whilst the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Close-neighbouring: th' Herefordian plant
Caresses freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes
To approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy stem;
Uneasy, seated by funereal Yewh,
Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits), or near the bitter dews
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful grafts.

Would'st thou thy vats with generous juice should
froth?

Respect thy orchards; think not, that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A Cyon meetly sever: after, force
A way into the crabstock's close-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Enclose the foster twig; nor over-nice
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
The binding clay: ere-long their discharging veins
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
To the new pupil; now he shoots his arms
With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,
Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.

Whether

Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and refit
It's feculence, which in more porous flocks
Of Cyder-plants find passage free, or else
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Through th' infix'd graft, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause,
This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes
Expected best acceptance finds, and pays
Largest revenues to the orchard-lord.

Some think the Quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan Plumbs austere.
Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er, what loss
To try the powers of both, and search how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In close embraces, and strange offspring bear;
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of sundry forms; at different times
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of particular'd fruits, that please
The tongue, and view, at once. So Maro's Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shews the force of love
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the helpless youth through storms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: Then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Rhiphaean race
Mimic brisk Cyder with the brakes product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harshlest juice.

Let sage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and in-eyeing; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees answer best
From root, or kernel: she will best the hours
Of harvest, and seed-time declare; by her
The different qualities of things were found,
And secret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air; to her we owe
The Indian weed*, unknown to ancient times.
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapors bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleasantries, and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labor'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand
Least animal; and shews, what laws of life
The cheese-inhabitants observe, and how
Fabrick their mansions in the harden'd milk,

* Tobacco.

Wonderful artists! but the hidden ways
Of Nature wouldst thou know? how first the frames
All things in miniature? thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels; lo!
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads
Of first beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow feeds describ'd; thou'lt wondering say,
An inmate orchard every apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock; no way, or rule,
Be unassay'd; prevent the morning star
Affiduous, nor with the western sun
Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,
Enjoy repose; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this care
Disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyself? and rather choose
To lie supinely, hoping Heaven will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?

'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn foe of snakes,
Returns, to shew compassion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever: for the genial moisture, due
To apples, otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound.

When swelling buds their odorous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wife
Spare not the little offspring, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion: else the starveling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn; which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the ponderous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gardening, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud through the air; their fancy represents
His mortal talons, and his ravenous beak.
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm inclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracks
In the sleek rinds, and unpress'd Cyder drink.

No art averts th's pest ; on thee it lies,
 With morning and with evening hand to rid
 The preying reptiles ; nor, if wise, wilt thou
 Decline this labour, which itself rewards
 With pleasing gain, whilst the worm limbeck draws
 Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of wasps now also clustering hang,
 And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,
 Their winter food ; though oft repuls'd, again
 They rally, undismay'd ; but fraud with ease
 Ensnares the noisome swarms ; let every bough
 Bear frequent virils, pregnant with the dregs
 Of Mistle, or Mem, or Treacle's viscous juice ;
 They, by th' alluring odor drawn, in haste
 Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip
 Their palatable bane ; joyful thou 't see
 The clammy surface all o'er-strown with tribes
 Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
 Flip slimy pennons oft, to extricate
 Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, till 'leath
 Bereave them of their worthless souls : such doom
 Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain !

Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,
 Intestine evils will prevail ; damp airs,
 And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
 The firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
 The proper relish violate : then the grub
 Oft unobserv'd invades the vital core,
 Pernicious tenant, and her secret cave
 Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
 Ceaseless ; meanwhile the apple's outward form
 Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
 Till, with a withen mouth, and spattering noise,
 He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
 Disrelish ; not with less surprize, than when
 Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
 Through flowery meads delighted, nor distrust
 The smiling surice ; whilst the cavern'd ground,
 With grin incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
 Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war,
 In fiery whirls ; full of victorious thoughts,
 Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
 The pile of the Phæacian isle, from whence,
 Sailing the forces of the boundless deep,
 To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd :
 The Pirpin burnisht o'er with gold, the Moyle
 Of sweetest honeyed taste, the fair Permain
 Temper'd, like comeliest nymph, with red and white.
 Salubrious acres flourish with a growth
 Prolifer, styl'd the Oxtley : be thou first
 This Apple to transplant, if to the name
 It merit answers, no where shalt thou find
 A sweeter priz'd, or ludiabable of taste.
 Nor does the Elliot least deserve thy care,
 Nor John-Apple, whose wither'd rind, intrencht
 With many a furrow, aptly represents
 Discrepant age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
 Quick-relishing : why should we sing the Thrift,
 Culling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
 The Ruffet, or the Cat's-Head's weighty orb,
 Enormous in its growth, for various use
 Though these are meet, though after full repast
 Aroost requir'd, and crown the rich desert ?

What, though the Pear-tree rival not the worth
 Of Ariconian products ? yet her freight
 V. II.

Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms
 Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog
 Adverse to life ; the wintery hurricanes
 In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
 Breaks the strong onsets, and controls their rage.
 Chiefly the Hobbury, whose large increase,
 Annual, in sumptuous banquets claims applause.
 Thrice-acceptable beverage ! could but art
 Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
 Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
 Be it thy choice, when summer-heats annoy,
 To sit beneath her leafy canopy,
 Quaffing rich liquids ! oh ! how sweet 't enjoy,
 At once her fruits, and hospitable shade !

But how with equal numbers shall we match
 The Musk's surpassing worth ; that earliest gives
 Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
 Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
 With large and juicy offspring, that defies
 The vernal nippings, and cold syderal blasts !
 Yet let her to the Red-streak yield, that once
 Was of the Sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
 Of no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand
 Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
 Taught her the savage nature to forget :
 Hence styl'd the Scudamorean plant ; whose wine
 Whoever tastes, let him with grateful heart
 Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
 The nobler peer, that now transcends our hopes
 In early worth, his country's justest pride,
 Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own
 The Red-streak as supreme, whose pulpos fruit
 With gold irradiate, and vermilion shines
 Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
 Primæval interdicted plant that won
 Fond Eve in hapless hour to taste, and die.
 This, of more beauteous influence, inspires
 Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
 Kindles to loftier strains ; even I perceive
 Her sacred virtue. See ! the numbers flow
 Easy, whilst, cheer'd with her nectareous juice,
 Hers, and my country's praises I exalt.
 Hail Herefordian plant, that dost disdain
 All other fields ! Heaven's sweetest blessing, hail !
 Be thou the copious matter of my song,
 And thy choice Nectar ; on which always waits
 Laughter, and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
 And friendship, chief delight of human life.
 What should we wish for more ? or why, in quest
 Of foreign vintage, insincere, and mixt,
 Traverse th' extreme world ? why tempt the rage
 Of the rough ocean ? when our native glebe
 Imparts from bounteous womb, annual recruits
 Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
 Gallie, or Latin Grapes, or those that see
 The setting sun near Calpe's towering height.
 Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Lesbian vines
 Vaunt their rich Must, nor let Tokay contend
 For sovereignty ; Phœbus self must bow
 To th' Ariconian vales : And shall we doubt
 To improve our vegetable wealth, or let
 The soil lie idle, which, with fit manure,
 With largest usury repays, alone
 Impowered to supply what Nature asks
 Frugal, or what nice appetite requires ?

The meadows here, with battenning ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the grafs; three cubits high
The jointed herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.
Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array!
Lo, how the arable with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
Transporting prospect! these, as modern use
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
Wholesome, of deathless fime. Here, to the sight,
Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,
Of interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
To heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet
To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verdurous pasture; nor the yellow fields
Gaily enterchang'd, with rich variety
Pleasing; as when an Emerald green, encas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright mafs acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next add the Sylvan shades, and silent groves,
(Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel; whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sov'ran sway
Awe the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Chalybes, or Bilbao boast
Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? Can Tmolus' head
Vie with our saffron odors? or the fleece
Bætic, or finest Tarentine, compare
With Lemster's filken wool? where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? in ancient days
The Roman legions, and great Cæsar, found
Our fathers no mean foes: and Cressy's plains,
And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confess
What the Silures vigour unwitstood
Could do in rigid fight, and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-waving hand, first garter'd Knight,
Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,
High Chandos, that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
T' his noble offspring. O thrice-happy peer!
That, blest with hoary vigor, view'st thyself
Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips,
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wise Senate, and attention win
In deepest councils: Ariconium pleas'd,
Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes.
Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
Him hardy Britons bless; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The General's conduct, than his care avails.

These also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
This country claims; with pride and joy to thee
Thy Alherennis calls: yet she induces
Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice

Has fix'd thee in the Muses' fairest seat*,
Where † Aldrich reigns, and from his endless store
Of universal knowledge still supplies
His noble care; he generous thoughts infills
Of true nobility, their country's love,
Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues by his genius led,
Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.

Hail, high-born peer! and thou, great nurse of arts,
And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring.
Hammer, and Bromley; thou, to whom with due
Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mixt offspring; be for ever blest
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, such a race of men produce,
As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this vow
From one, the meanest in her numerous train;
Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.

Muse, raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,
To Beaufort, in a long descent deriv'd
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful asserters, in him centering meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unhaken honor, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee,
In her fair list this happy land inrolls.
Who can refuse a tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
In evil days? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests; whose board with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feast-rites old: meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what though hid will beauteous shine,
And with thy name to dignify my song.

But who is he, that on the winding stream
Of Vagi first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good? how large
His mind that comprehends what'er was known
To old, or present time; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill? what praise deserves
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing suit? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and screen'd thee from opprobrious tongue.
Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inscribe on every bark; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or skill in peace, and war: of softer mold
The female sex, with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft
That view their matchless forms with transient glance,
Cure sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,

* Oxford.

† Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ-Church.

Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
 The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
 Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
 Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
 From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
 To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
 Of life, rebate the miseries of age.
 And is there found a wretch so base of mind,
 That woman's powerful beauty dares contemn,
 Existest work of Heaven? He ill deserves
 Or love, or pity: friendless let him see
 Uneasy, tedious days, despis'd, forlorn,
 As ruin of human race: but may the man,
 That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
 Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
 Enjoy with honor! O, ye Gods! might I
 Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
 A fair and modest virgin, that invites
 With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
 Tenderly smiling; in whose heavenly eye
 Sex purest love enthron'd: but if the stars
 Malignant these my better hopes oppose,
 May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know
 Of strictest amity; nor ever want
 A friend, with whom I mutually may share
 Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
 Of speech and offices. May in my mind,
 Indelible a grateful sense remain
 Of favours undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom
 Gladly both rich and low seek aid; most wise
 Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
 Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
 With mild, impartial reason; what returns
 Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
 Truly vouchsaf'd, when to the gates of death
 Dreading prone? if thy indulgent care
 Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
 How had wander'd; and these empty thoughts
 Of apples perish'd; but, uprais'd by thee,
 I tune my pipe averse, each night and day,
 The unexampled goodness to extol
 Delicious; but nor night, nor day, suffice
 For that great task; the highly honor'd name
 Of Terror must employ my willing thoughts
 Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
 Let me be grateful; but let far from me
 Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,
 And servile flattery, that harbours oft
 In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
 Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws
 Of piety, and tawdry gawaws. Some
 Renounce their fires, oppose paternal right
 To rule and power; and others realms invade
 With specious shews of love. This truteroous wretch
 Prays his sovereign. Others, destitute
 Of zeal, to every altar bend
 To be sway'd, and act the basest things
 To be call'd honorable: the honest man,
 Sings of heart, prefers inglorious want
 To get wealth; rather from door to door,
 A pilgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove,
 Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
 Will lose his steadfast soul; rather debar'd
 His common privilege, cut off from hopes
 Of present gain, of present goods despoil'd,
 He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
 Than sell his mind, of evil pure,

Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
 If no retinue with observant eyes
 Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
 Of cumbrous vestments, labor'd o'er with gold,
 Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape;
 Yet clad in homely weeds, from envy's dart
 Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
 Of conscience, nor with spectres' grisly forms,
 Demons, and injur'd souls, at close of day
 Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds.
 But (as a child, whose inexperience'd age
 Nor evil purpose fears, nor knows) enjoys
 Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
 When Chanticleer, with clariion shrill, recalls
 The tardy day, he to his l-hours hies
 Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
 Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
 Examines all the properties of herbs,
 Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowel'd earth
 Displays, if by his industry he can
 Benefit human race: or else his thoughts
 Are exercis'd with speculations deep
 Of good, and just, and meet, and th' wholesome rules
 Of temperance, and aught that may improve
 The moral life; not sedulous to rail,
 Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
 Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
 'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate.
 Studious of virtue, he no life observes,
 Except his own; his own employs his cares,
 Large subject! that he labours to refine
 Daily, nor of his little stock denies
 Fit alms to Lazars, merciful and meek.

Thus sacred Virgil liv'd from courtly vice,
 And bates of pompous Rome secure; at court,
 Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
 And how t' improve his grounds, and how himself:
 Best poet! fit exemplar for the tribe
 Of Phæbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
 Poor cyclops pilgrim! and, if after these,
 If after these another I may name,
 Thus tender Spencer liv'd, with mean repast
 Content, depress'd by penury, and pined
 In foreign realm; yet not debas'd his verse
 By fortune's frowns. And had that other bard*,
 Oh, had but he, that first ennobled song
 With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been;
 'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found;
 Uprais'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,
 That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
 And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd!
 But he—however, let the Muse abstain,
 Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing
 In much inferior strains, groveling beneath
 Th' Olympian hill, on plains, and vales intent,
 Mean follower. There let her rest a-while,
 Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

C Y D E R.
B O O K II.

O Hartcourt, whom th' ingenious love of arts
 Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond

* Milton.

TL

Th' Eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the reliques of old Rome; or, what
Unrival'd authors by their preference made
For ever venerable, rural seats,
Tibur, and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers;
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
Of wit, and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's isle with Larian knowledge grace.
Re-turn, and let thy father's worth ex-ite
Thirst of pre-eminence; see! how the cause
Of widows, and of orphans, he efforts
With winning rhetoric, and well-argu'd law!
Mark well his footsteps, and, like him, deserve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Meanwhile (although the Massic grape delights
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
Overflow with generous cyder; far remote
Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse,
That, passing lands and seas, on thee attends.

Thus far of trees: the pleasing task remains,
To sing of wines, and autumn's blest increase.
Th' effects of art are shewn, yet what avails
Against Heaven? oft, notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruitery seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
The wide inclosure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed. If the former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
Till lustrous autumn's luke-warm days alloy'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours: autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenserating milky grain,
Berries, and sky-dy'd Plumbs, and what in coat
Rough, or soft rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell;
Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant nut,
And the Pine's tasteful Apple: autumn paints
Austonian hills with Grapes; whilst English plains
Flush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd odors, walk among
The well-rang'd sites of trees, whose full-ag'd store
Diffuse Ambrosial steams, than Myrrh, or Nard,
More grateful, or perfuming flowery Bean!
Soft whispering airs, and the lark's matin song
Then woo to musing, and become the mind
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Best portion of the various year, in which

Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah!
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours! inclement winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith frosty blasts deface
The blithsome year: trees of their shrivel'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail!
Now, now's the time, ere hasty suns forbid
To work, disburden thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor: now exhort
Thy hands to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder: now prepare
Materials for thy mill; a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive; and a flexile fallow, entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy herd.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press,
Long ere the vintage; but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain should'st seek a strainer to dispart
The husky, terrene dregs, from pure Must.
Be cautious next a proper steed to find,
Whose prime is past; the vigorous horse disdain
Such servile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His past achievements, and victorious palms.
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work, and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldy stone; with sober pace
He'll tread the circling path till dewy eve,
From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,
Has drain'd the pulposus mass, regale their swine
With the dry refuse; thou, more wise, shalt sleep
Thy huffs in water, and again employ
The ponderous engine. Water will imbibe
The small remains of spirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peasants blithe
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling team
They drive, and sing of Fufes's radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the mealy draught. Nor shalt thou now
Reject the Apple-cheese, though quite exhaust;
Even now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots
Of sickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.
Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd!

The tender apples, from their parents rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie,
The prey of worms: A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdued
By endless culture, with sufficient Must
His casks replenish'd yearly: he no more
Desir'd, nor wanted; diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests, successful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cyder-grove: o'ertur'd by furious blasts,
The tightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Strip'd immature: yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his stars; but prudent, his fallen heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tadded grass, and the sun's mellowing beams
Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd

A costly liquor, by improving time,
Equal'd with what the happiest vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
With watery turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated brags, steaming with fire intense;
Although Devonian much commends the use
Of strengthening Vulcan; with their native strength
Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse;
And, when th' allotted orb of time's compleat,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.

Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The Priest's appointed share; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty: this neglected, fear
Signal vengeance, such as overtook
A miser, that unjustly once withheld
The clergy's due: relying on himself,
His fields he tended, with successful care,
Early and late, when or unwith'd-for rain
Defended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes; or, when around
The clouds dropt fitness, in the middle sky
The dew suspended fluid, and left unmoist
His execrable glebe: recording this,
Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now the promise of the coming year,
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide: the various moon
Prophetic, and attendant stars, explain
Each rising dawn; ere icy crusts surmount
The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unfully'd: now the fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crisp earth, ranging through fields and
glades

Offensive to the birds; sulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they strain
Their tuneful throats, the towering, heavy lead,
Grasps; their speed; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.

The woodcock's early visit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretel a liberal harvest; he of times
Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters; when our suns
Clothe the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen summers, meer
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent snows: O, may'st thou often see
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutritious! secret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind; the orchard loves to wave
With sweet winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads; the loosened roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their powerful influence
On planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has Jove

Indulgent to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slack
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the Corinths, now the Rasps, supply
Delicious draughts; the Quinces now, or Plumbs,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thisbeian fruit
Are prest to wines; the Eritons squeeze the works
Of sedulous bees, and mixing odoriferous herbs
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient fires.

But, if thou 'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks would'st brew;
Besides the orchard, every hedge and bush
Affords assistance; ev'n afflictive Birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,
Unforc'd, display ten thousand painted flowers
Useful in potables. Thy little fons
Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
Will mow the Cowslip-pöses, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste, that, in mid fervors, best
Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.

Happy Lerne*, whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper, from her shore!
More happy in her balmy draughts, enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
(For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd), which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress, and lively health convey.

See, how the Belgæ, sedulous and stout,
With bowls of fattening Mum, or blissful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent-rising fumes! by use
Instructed, thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petora, and Island coasts?
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic tract spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry, big with wine,
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest Brandy, yet scarce with these aids
Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet.

Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
Nor they who Taprobane manure, nor they,
Whom funny Borneo bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades, and Thracian's gales,
Pining with æquinoctial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,

* Ireland.

With which, in often interrupted sleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought !

More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays ! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial food, and nectar ; then, at hand
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added (heavenly drink !)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter ; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
Th' astonish'd mariners ay ply the pump,
Nor stay, nor rest, till the wide breach is clos'd :
So they (but cheerful) unfatigued, still move
The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's
Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
Rough Elior, sweet Permain : the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medley, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd ; as the showery arch,
With list'd colours gay, Ore, Azure, Gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watery brede, with thousand shows
Of painture vary'd, yet 's unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry vines
Assum'd the flavour ; one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product ; this, to Gauls has seem'd
The sparkling Nectar of Champagne ; with that,
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cyder cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close prest husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul ; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholesome, undigested cades :
The hoary frosts, and northern blasts, take care
Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy lees.

And now thy wine's transpicuous, purg'd from all
Its earthy grofs, yet let it feed a while
On the fat refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd
From sprightly, it to sharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigor it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflex ; self-taught, and voluntary, flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent
Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.
As when a noon-tide sun, with summer beams,

Darts through a cloud, her watery skirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or undrossy gold :
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.

Now also, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, spirit, and flavour new.

For this intent, the subtle chemist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force
O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
That in his furnace bubbles funny-red :
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
To human life subservient ; by his means
Cyders in metal frail improve : the Moyle,
And tasteful Pippin, in a moon's short year,
Acquire complete perfection : Now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harsher fluids different lengths of time
Expect : Thy flask will slowly mitigate
The Elior's roughness. Stearom, firmest fruit,
Embottled (long as Priameian Troy
Withstood the Greeks) endures, ere justly mild.
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigor gains,
Fallacious drink ! ye honest men, beware,
Nor trust its smoothness ; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue : But my hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
Drink on unwar'd, till, by enchanting cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
And through intemperance grow awhile sincere.

The farmer's toil is done ; his cades mature
Now call for vent ; his lands exhaust permit
To indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends, at thirty hour of dusk,
Come uninvited ; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry ; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jests resounds.
Ease, and content, and undissembled love,
Shine in each face ; the thoughts of labour past
Encrease their joy. As, from retentive cage
When fullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains ; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor inroach on night,
Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his home, with unsupplanted feet.
Ere heaven's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,
Domestic cares awake them ; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine ;
His joys are short, and few ; yet when he drinks,

His

His dread retires, the flowing glasses add
 Courage and mirth : magnificent in thought,
 Imaginary riches he enjoys,
 And in the gale expatiates unconfin'd.
 Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise insite,
 Debar'd his grape : The Muses still require
 Humid reglement, nor will aught avail
 Imploing Phœbus, with unmoisten'd lips.
 Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
 By parching thirst allur'd : With vehement furs
 When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clods,
 How pleasant is 't, beneath the twisted arch
 Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign
 To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
 Scur'd of feverish heats ! When th' aged year
 Inclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters fore,
 Boreas th' inclement heavens ; now let thy hearth
 Crackle with juiceless boughs ; thy lingering blood
 Now inlute with th' apple's powerful streams.
 Perpetual flowers, and stormy gulls confine
 The willing Plowman, and December warns
 To annual jollities ; now sportive youth
 And incondite rhythms, with suiing notes,
 And quaver unharmonious ; sturdy swains
 In clean array for rustic dance prepare,
 Meet with the buxom damsels ; hand in hand
 They skip and bound, and various mazes weave,
 Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mein,
 Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer
 Durt on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
 Seal from unwary lasses ; they with scorn,
 And neck reclin'd, resent the ravid'd bliss.
 Meanwhile blind British bards with volant touch
 Taverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
 Provoked to humbles revels ; these among,
 A subtle artist stands, in wondrous bag
 That bears imprison'd winds (of gentler sort
 Than those, which erst Laertes' son enclos'd).
 Precious they sleep ; but let the tuneful squeeze
 Of labouring elbow rouse them, out they fly
 Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
 What these desports, forget they not to drench
 Themselves with belling goblets ; nor, when spring
 Returns, can they refuse to usher in
 The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
 Of jovial draughts, now, when the suppy boughs
 Adorn themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
 Of future harvest : When the Gnosian crown
 Lays on expected autumn, and the trees
 Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
 Bon Nature, that thus annually supplies
 Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
 Exhilarates their languid minds, within
 The golden mean confin'd : Beyond there 's nought
 Of health, or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heart
 Blazes with fervent joys, and eager soul
 Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
 Th' time to shun it ; if thou wilt prolong
 The comotation, forthwith reason quits
 Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
 And vain debates ; then twenty tongues at once
 Conspire in senseless jargon, nought is heard
 But din, and various clamor, and mad rant :
 Despair, and jealousy to these succeed,
 And rage-kindling rant, the certain bane
 Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
 Commence, the brimming glasses now are hurl'd

With dire intent ; bottles with bottles clash
 In rude encounter, round their temples fly
 The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd cheeks
 Mixt gore and cyder flow. What shall we say
 Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
 Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
 T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
 Imprudent ? him death's iron-sleep oppress,
 Descending careless from his couch ; the fall
 Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruises'd.
 Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
 The turbulent mirth of wine ; nor all the kinds
 Of maladies, that lead to Death's grim cave,
 Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
 Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
 Chill even when the sun with July heats
 Fries the scorch'd soil, and droply all-a-float,
 Yet craving liquids : nor the Centaurs tale
 Be here repeated ; how, with lust and wine
 Infus'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken souls
 At feasting hour. Ye heavenly Powers that guard
 The British isles, such dire events remove
 Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
 Ferment from social cups : May we, remote
 From the hoarse, brazen found of war, enjoy
 Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
 Enkindle mirth, and hospitable love.
 Too oft, alas ! has mutual hatred drench'd
 Our swords in native blood ; too oft has pride,
 And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
 Of others rights, our quiet discompos'd.
 Have we forgot, how fell destruction rag'd
 Wide-spreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
 Our fathers war'd ? what heroes, signaliz'd
 For loyalty and prowess, met their fate
 Untimely, undeferv'd ! how Bertie fell,
 Compton, and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,
 Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
 Their virtues yet surviving in their race !
 Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong rout
 Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
 Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn ?
 Apostate, atheist rebels ! bent to ill,
 With seeming sanctity, and cover'd fraud,
 Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
 Omnipotence ; alike their crime, th' event
 Was not alike ; these triumph'd, and in height
 Of barbarous malice, and insulting pride,
 Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
 Unparallel'd ! O Charles, O best of Kings !
 What stars their black disastrous influence shed
 On thy nativity, that thou should'st fall
 Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
 Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
 By those thy mercy only would have sav'd !
 Yet was the Cyder-land unstain'd with guilt ;
 The Cyder-land obsequious still to thrones,
 Abhor'd such base distyal deeds, and all
 Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
 Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
 Of monarchy ; but, ah ! successless she,
 However faithful ! then was no regard
 Of right, or wrong. And this, once happy, land,
 By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
 Tyrannic sway, till fair revolving years
 Our exil'd Kings and Liberty restor'd.
 Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care

Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of Kings: Here, nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: From her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world
By Nature's wife indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in one supreme
Intirely blest; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy; but the fond desire
Of rule, and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of Kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal. For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault; on every plain
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd
By havoc, and dismay, till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern:
Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus' Lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers,
Pacific monarch; then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The spirit of love. At ease, the bards new strung
Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales,
In uncouth rhythms, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness smil'd in every eye; the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise heroic Kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in farthest climes.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the north, to Jewry's hallow'd plains!
Piously valiant (like a torrent swell'd
With wintery tempests, that distains all mounds,
Breaking away impetuous, and involves
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan as he fled,
Oft call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite,
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.

Behold third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld,
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,
Fierce Brutus' off-spring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'ertun'd their desperate King,
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior strength,
Discomfited; pursued, in the sad chase
Ten thousand ignominious fall; with blood

The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd
With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious prince! whom Fame with all her
tongues

For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins
New authors of dissension spring; from him
Two branches, that in hosting long contend
For sov'ran sway; and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds? but little now avail'd
The ties of friendship; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge. Now horrid slaughter reigns:
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty, and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood; the twanging bows
Send showers of shafts, that on their barb'd points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons and peasants on th' embattled field
Slain or half-dead, in one huge, ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'ertun'd
In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery couriers: Horror thus,
And wild uproar, and desolation, reign'd
Unrespite. Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man has fate
Reserv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of time
Cadwallador foresaw! thou, thou art he
Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites
Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
Destructive discord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted! with presaging skill
Thou to thy own untest Fergus' line
By wife alliance: from thee James descends,
Heaven's chosen favourite, first Britannie king.
To him alone hereditary right
Gave power supreme; yet still some seeds remain'd
Of discontent: two nations under one,
In laws and interest diverse, still pursued
Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail, till prudent Anna laid,
Let there be union; 'frat with reverence due
To her command, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws and government,
Indissolubly firm; from Dubris south,
To Northern Orcaes, her long domain.

And now, thus leagued by an eternal bond,
What shall retard the Britons bold designs,
Or who sustain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the powers combin'd
Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmost T' hale. Uncontrol'd
The British navy through the ocean vast
Shall wave her double cross, th' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,

* This p
communicate
care, in whi
the hand-wr
ed by T. Be
heim" was p
of this being
Vol. II.

Peel, and barbaric gold : Meanwhile the swains
 Shall unmolested reap what plenty sows
 From well-stor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
 The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck
 With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store
 Abundant, flowing in well-blended streams,
 The natives shall applaud ; while glad they talk
 Of balefull ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
 In other realms ; where'er the British spread
 Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
 Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
 Wide universe, Silurian cyder borne
 Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

C E R E A L I A *, 1706.

*"Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria
 "Præcipitandus est liber spiritus."* PETRONIUS.

OF English tippie, and the potent grain,
 Which in the conclave of Celestial Powers
 First fell debate, sing, Nymph of heavenly stem,
 Who on the hoary top of Pen-main-maur
 Merlin the seer didst visit, whilst he fate
 With astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
 Young actions issuing from the Fates Divan.
 Fall of thy power infus'd by nappy ALE,
 Dorkling he watch'd the planetary orbs,
 In their obscure sojourn o'er heaven's high cope.
 Nor cess'd till the gray dawn with orient dew
 Imperl'd his large mustachoes, deep enconce'd
 Beneath his over-shadowing orb of hat,
 And ample fence of elephantin nose.
 Scornful of keenest polar winds, or fleet,
 Or hail, sent rattling down from wintry Jove.
 (Vain efforts on his seven-fold mantle, made
 Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof !)
 Such energy of soul to raise the song,
 Dign, Goddess, now to me ; nor then withdraw
 Thy pure presiding power, but guide my wing,
 Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.

Now from th' ensanguin'd Ister's recking flood
 Tardy with many a corse of Boian knight,
 And Gallic deep ingulf'd, with barbed steeds
 Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
 Showing th' expanse of heaven with active plume ;
 Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steep top
 The staunch Gersaulcon through the buxom air
 Scops on the steerage of his wings, to truss
 The quarry, hero, or mallard, newly sprung
 From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth,
 Rans fast a Nais through the flowery meads,
 To spread round Uriconium's towers her streams.
 Her golden trump the goddess sounded thrice,

Whose thrilling clang reach'd heaven's extremest sphere.
 Rouz'd at the blast, the gods with winged speed
 To learn the tidings came, on radiant thrones
 With fair memorials, and impresses quaint
 Emblazon'd o'er they fate, devis'd of old
 By Mulciber, nor small his skill I ween.
 There she relates what Churchill's arm had wrought,
 On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus rose,
 By his plump cheek and barrel belly known,
 The plant tendrills of a juicy vine
 Around his rosy brow in ringlets curl'd ;
 And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
 The ensigns of the god ! with ardent tone
 He mov'd, that straight the nectar'd bowl should flow,
 Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heaven
 Uncommon orgies should be kept till eve,
 Till all were fated with immortal moult,
 Delicious tippie ! that, in heavenly veins
 Assimilated, vigorous ichor bred,
 Superior to Frontinac, or Bordeaux,
 Or old Falern, Campania's best increase ;
 Or the more dulcet juice the happy isles
 From Palma or Forteventura send.

Joy flush'd on every face, and pleasing glee
 Inward assent discover'd, till uprose
 Ceres, not blithe, for marks of latent woe
 Dim on her visage lour'd : such her deport
 When Arethusa from her reedy bed
 Told her how Dis young Proserpine had rap'd,
 To sway his iron sceptre, and command
 In gloom tartareous half his wide domain.
 Then, sighing, thus she said—"Have I so long
 Employ'd my various art, to enrich the lap
 Of Earth, all-bearing mother ; and my lore
 Communicated to the unweeting hind,
 And shall not this pre-eminence obtain ?"
 Then from beneath her Tyrian vest she took
 The bearded ears of grain the most admir'd,
 Which gods call Chrithe, in terrestrial speech
 Ey-cloped Barley. "'Tis to this, she cry'd,
 The British cohorts owe their martial fame
 And far-redoubt'd prowess, matchless youth !
 This, when returning from the foughten field,
 Or Noric, or Iberian, seam'd with scars,
 (Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash !)
 The veteran, carousing, soon restores
 Puffiance to his arm, and strings his nerves !
 And, as a snake, when first the rosy hours
 Shed vernal sweets o'er every vale and mead,
 Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank ;
 But, when by genial rays of summer sun
 Purg'd of his slough, he nimbly thrids the brake,
 Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears
 Terrific, from each eye retort he shoots
 Ensanguin'd rays, the distant swains admire
 His various neck, and spires bedropt with gold :
 So at each glass the hairs'd warrior feels
 Vigour renew'd ; his horrid arms he takes,
 And rusting fustichion, on whose ample hilt
 Long Victory sat dominant : soon she shakes
 Her drowsy wings, and follows to the war,
 With speed succinct ; where soon his martial port
 She recognizes, whilst he haughty stands
 On the rough edge of battle, and bestows
 Wide torment on the ferried files, so us'd,
 Frequent in bold surprize, to work sad rout,

* This poem is taken from a folio copy, 1706,
 communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Du-
 carel, in which the name of Philips was inserted in
 the hand-writing of Abp. Tenison. It was publish-
 ed by T. Bennet, the Bookseller for whom "Blen-
 heim" was printed : another strong presumptive proof
 of this being by the same author. N.

And havock dire; these the bold Briton mows,
Dauntless as Deities exempt from fate,
Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold,
Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
Such is the power of ale with vines embower'd,
While dangling bunches court his thirsting lip;
Sullen he sits, and sighing oft extols
The beverage they quaff, whose happy foil
Prolific Doves laves, or Trenta's urn
Adorns with waving Chrithe (joyous scenes
Of vegetable gold!) secure they dwell,
Nor feel th' eternal snows that cloath their cliffs:
Nor curse th' inclement air, whose horrid face
Scowls like that Arctic heaven, that drizzling sheds
Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts
Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
Where the young tempests first are taught to roar.
Snug in their straw-built huts, or darkling earth'd
In cavern'd rock they live (small need of art
To form spruce architrave, or cornice quaint,
On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace
Prepar'd)—there on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
Whilst black pots walk the round with laughing ale
Surcharg'd; or brew'd in planetary hour,
When March weigh'd night and day in equal scale:
Or in October tunn'd, and mellow grown
With seven revolving suns, the raicy juice,
Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense.
Nor wants on vast circumference of board,
Of Arthur's imitative, large furloin
Of ox, or virgin-heifer, wont to browse
The meads of Longovicum (fattening soil
Replete with clover-grass, and foodful shrub).
Planted with sprigs of rosemary it stands,
Meet paragon (as far as great with small
May correspond) for some Panchæan hill,
Embrown'd with salty skies, thin-set with palm,
And olive rarely interspers'd, whose shade
Screens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
The quiver'd Arabs' vagrant clan, that waits
Infidious some rich caravan, which fires
To Mecca, with Barbaric gold full fraught.

Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
Patient of arms, still quash th' aspiring Gaul,
Blest by my boon: which when they slightly prize,
Should they, with high defence of triple brags
Wide-circling, live immur'd (as erst was tried
By Bacon's charms, on which the sickening moon
Look'd wan, and cheerless mew'd her crescent horns
Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest)
Thrice the prevailing power of Gallia's arms
Should there resistless ravage, as of old
Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,
Was wont, when first his marshal'd peerage pass'd
The subject Rhene. What though Britannia boasts
Herself a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
'Tis Ale that warms her sons t' assert her claim
And with full volley makes her naval tubes
Thunder disastrous doom to opponent powers!

Nor potent only to enkindle Mars,
And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls:
It science can encourage, and excite
The mind to ditties blithe, and charming song.
Thou, Pallas, to my speech just witness bear:
How oft hast thou thy votaries beheld

At Crambo merry met, and hymning swift
With voice harmonic each, whilst others fiske
In mazy dance, or Cestrian gambols shew,
Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
Chritheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl.
(Equal to Nestor's ponderous cup, which ask'd
A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
Ere he th' embattail'd Pylians led, to quell
The pride of Dardan youth in hoisting dire).
Or if, with front unblest'd, came towering in
Proctor armipotent, in stern deport
Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
His scimeter with huge two-handed sway.
Alarm'd with threatening accent, harsher far
Than that ill-omen'd sound the bird of night,
With beak uncromely bent, from dodder'd oak
Screams out, the sick man's trump of doleful doom:
Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van,
That crowds his gonfalon of seven foot size:
And with their rubied faces stand the foe;
Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
And run with ears erect; as the tall stag
Unharbour'd by the wood-man quits his layre,
And flies the yerning pack which close pursue,
So they not bowfly dread th' approaching foe:
They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
Night-founder'd in town-ditches stagnant gurge,
Soph rowls on Soph promiscuous.—Caps aloof
Quadrate and circular confus'dly fly.
The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, tost
By Thracia's coadjutant, and the roar
Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous gusts."

She said: the fire of Gods and men supreme,
With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,
Then nodded awful: from his shaken locks
Ambrosial fragrance flew: the signal given
By Ganymede the skinker soon was ken'd;
With Ale he Heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
The Muses sang alternate, all carous'd,
But Bacchus murmuring left th' assembled powers.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

BY MR. PHILIPS*.

COME, fill me a glass, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper I'll have:
He's a fool that will finch; I'll not bate an inch,
Though I drink myself into my grave.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls,
Who like me will never give o'er, [bowl,
Whom no danger controuls, but will take off their
And merrily stickle for more.

* From many circumstances, I have little doubt but
this convivial song was by the author of "The Splen-
did Shilling." There was, however, an earlier poet,
of both the names of this author; who was nephew to
Milton, and wrote some memoirs of his uncle, and
several burlesque poems. N.

Brown

Drown Reason and all such weak foes,
I scorn to obey her command ;
Could she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose,
And let my glass idly stand ?

Reputation 's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
And bring us to politic thinking.

Fill them all, I'll have fix in a hand,
For I've trifled an age away ;
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
Rolls on, and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glass, drink about,
We'll drink the universe dry ;
We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out,
If once we grow sober we die.

T H E

P O E M S

O F

W I L L I A M W A L S H.

P R E F A C E.

IT has been so usual among modern authors to write prefaces, that a man is thought rude to his reader, who does not give him some account before-hand of what he is to expect in the book.

The greatest part of this collection consists of amorous verses. Those who are conversant with the writings of the ancients, will observe a great difference between what they and the moderns have published on this subject. The occasions upon which the poems of the former are written, are such as happen to every man almost that is in love; and the thoughts such, as are natural for every man in love to think. The moderns, on the other hand, have sought out for occasions that none meet with but themselves; and fill their verses with thoughts that are surprising and glittering, but not tender, passionate, or natural to a man in love.

To judge which of these two are in the right; we ought to consider the end that people propose in writing love verses: and that I take not to be the getting fame or admiration from the world, but the obtaining the love of their mistress; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced conceits, far-fetched similes, and shining points; but by a true and lively representation of the pains and thoughts attending such a passion.

“———Si vis me flere, dolendum est

“Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.”

I would as soon believe a widow in great grief for her husband, because I saw her dance a courant about his coffin, as believe a man in love with his mistress for his writing such verses as some great modern wits have done upon theirs.

I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid were in love with their mistresses while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth. I know it is natural for a lover, in transports of jealousy, to treat his mistress with all the violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a man, who is much in love, to amuse himself with such trifles as the other. I am pleased with Tibullus, when he says, he could live in a desert with his mistress where never any human footsteps appeared, because I doubt not but he really thinks what he says: but I confess I can hardly forbear laughing when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other sustenance than his mistress's looks. I can very easily believe a man may love a woman so well as to desire no company but her's; but I can never believe

a man

a man can love a woman so well as to have no need of meat and drink if he may look upon her. The first is a thought so natural for a lover, that there is no man really in love, but thinks the same thing; the other is not the thought of a man in love, but of a man who would impose upon us with a pretended love (and that indeed very grossly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endless to pursue this point; and any man who will but give himself the trouble to compare what the ancients and moderns have said upon the same occasions, will soon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have chosen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the most famous of all the moderns who have written love-verses: and it is, indeed, the great reputation which he has gotten, that has given encouragement to this false sort of wit in the world: for people, seeing the great credit he had, and has indeed to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe, have satisfied themselves with the imitation of him, never enquiring whether the way he took was right or not.

There are no modern writers, perhaps, who have succeeded better in love-verses than the English; and it is indeed just that the fairest ladies should inspire the best poets. Never was there a more copious fancy or greater reach of wit than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more gallant or genteel than the poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or sprightly than those of Sir John Suckling; and nothing fuller of variety and learning than Mr. Cowley's. However, it may be observed, that among all these, that softness, tenderness, and violence of passion, which the ancients thought most proper for love-verses, is wanting: and at the same time that we must allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great wit; Mr. Waller a very gallant writer; Sir John Suckling a very gay one; and Mr. Cowley a great genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great lover. And it grieves me that the ancients, who could never have had softer women than we have, should nevertheless be so much more in love than we are. But it is probable the great reason of this may be the cruelty of our ladies; for a man must be imprudent indeed to let his passion take very deep root, when he has no reason to expect any sort of return to it. And if it be so, there ought to be a petition made to the fair, that they would be pleased sometimes to abate a little of their rigour for the propagation of good verse. I do not mean that they should confer their favours upon none but men of wit, that would be too great a confinement indeed; but that they would admit them upon the same foot with other people; and if they please now and then to make the experiment, I fancy they will find entertainment enough from the very variety of it.

There are three sorts of poems that are proper for love: pastorals, elegies, and lyric verses; under which last, I comprehend all songs, odes, sonnets, madrigals, and canzonas. Of all these, pastoral is the lowest, and, upon that account, perhaps most proper for love; since it is the nature of that passion, to render the soul soft and humble. These three sorts of poems ought to differ, not only in their numbers, but in the design, and in every thought of them. Though we have no difference between the verses of pastoral and elegy in the modern languages, yet the numbers of the first ought to be looser and not so sonorous as the other; the thoughts more simple, more easy, and more humble. The design ought to be the representing the life of a shepherd, not only by talking of sheep and fields, but by showing us the truth, sincerity, and innocence, that accompanies that sort of life: for though I know our masters, Theocritus and Virgil, have not always conformed in this point of innocence; Theocritus, in his Daphnis, having made his love too wanton, and Virgil, in his Alexis, placed his passion upon a boy; yet (if we may be allowed to censure those whom we must always reverence) I take both those things to be faults in their poems, and should have been better pleased with the Alexis if it had been made to a woman; and with the Daphnis, if he had made the shepherds more modest. When I give humility and modesty as the character of a pastoral, it is not, however, but that a shepherd may be allowed to boast of his pipe,

his

his songs, his flocks, and to shew a contempt of his rival, as we see both Theocritus and Virgil do. But this must be still in such a manner as if the occasion offered itself, and was not sought, and proceeded rather from the violence of the shepherds passion, than any natural pride or malice in him.

There ought to be the same difference observed between pastorals and elegies as between the life of the country and the court. In the first, love ought to be represented as among shepherds, in the other as among gentlemen. They ought to be smooth, clear, tender, and passionate. The thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated, than in pastoral. The passions they represent, either more gallant or more violent, and less innocent than the others. The subjects of them, prayers, praise, expostulations, quarrels, reconcilements, threatnings, jealousies, and in fine, all the natural effects of love.

Lyricks may be allowed to handle all the same subjects with elegy, but to do it however in a different manner. An elegy ought to be so entirely one thing, and every verse ought so to depend upon the other, that they should not be able to subsist alone; or, to make use of the words of a * great modern critic, there must be

“ ——— a just coherence made

“ Between each thought, and the whole model laid,

“ So right, that every step may higher rise

“ Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies.”

Lyricks, on the other hand, though they ought to make one body as well as the other, yet may consist of parts that are entire of themselves. It being a rule in modern languages, that every stanza ought to make up a complete sense without running into the other. Frequent sentences, which are accounted faults in elegies, are beauties here. Besides this, Malherbe, and the French poets after him, have made it a rule in the stanzas of six lines, to make a pause at the third; and in those of ten lines, at the third and the seventh. And it must be confessed that this exactness renders them much more musical and harmonious; though they have not always been so religious in observing the latter rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain or a very foolish design: those who are critics, it would be a presumption in me to pretend I could instruct; and to instruct those who are not, at the same time I write myself, is (if I may be allowed to apply another man's simile) like selling arms to an enemy in time of war: though there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence shewn to things of love and gallantry than any others, because they are generally written when people are young, and intended for ladies who are not supposed to be very old; and all young people, especially of the fair sex, are more taken with the liveliness of fancy, than the correctness of judgment. It may also be observed, that to write of love well, a man must be really in love; and to correct his writings well, he must be out of love again. I am well enough satisfied I may be in circumstances of writing of love, but I am almost in despair of ever being in circumstances of correcting it. This I hope may be a reason for the fair and the young to pass over some of the faults; and as for the grave and wise, all the favour I shall beg of them is, that they would not read them. Things of this nature are calculated only for the former. If love-verses work upon the ladies, a man will not trouble himself with what the critics say of them: and if they do not, all the commendations the critics can give him will make but very little amends. All I shall say for these trifles is, that I pretend not to vie with any man whatsoever. I doubt not but there are several now living who are able to write better on all subjects than I am upon any one: but I will take the boldness to say, that there is no one man among them all who shall be readier to acknowledge his own faults, or to do justice to the merits of other people.

* Lord Mulgrave;

G O, lit
The
Those who
May in my
Those who
May find th
Perhaps, ad
And, warn
While with
I view the w
Love is a me
Suspicion,
Then peace
To chase the
But, since so
Happy the m
Who with su
That his cool
Ill-grounded
What's built

E
THE U

L ET the
And fro
Let the loud
A slave to wa
Let the rough
And for a live
I wage no war
I fear no storm
And what gra
But here, fair
The Merchant
Enjoys the fru
The Soldier hi
And, after ha
The Lawyer,
Roses on the b
While I take p
And reap no fr

E

W

W ITH
Were but her

T O

H I S B O O K.

GO, little book, and to the world impart
 The faithful image of an amorous heart :
 Those who love's dear deluding pains have known,
 May in my fatal stories read their own.
 Those who have liv'd from all its torments free,
 May find the thing they never felt, by me.
 Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
 And, warn'd by my example, shun my fate.
 While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
 I view the waves on which I once was tost.
 Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
 Suspensions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars ;
 Then peace again. Oh ! would it not be best
 To chase the fatal poison from our breast ?
 But, since so few can live from passion free,
 Happy the man, and only happy he,
 Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
 That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
 Unbounded passions quickly wear away ;
 What's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

E L E G Y.

THE UNREWARDED LOVER.

LET the dull Merchant curse his angry fate,
 And from the winds and waves his fortune wait :
 Let the loud Lawyer break his brains, and be
 A slave to wrangling coxcombs, for a fee :
 Let the rough Soldier fight his prince's foes,
 And for a livelihood his life expose :
 I wage no war, I plead no cause, but Love's ;
 I fear no storms but what Celinda moves.
 And what grave censor can my choice despise ?
 But here, fair chamber, here the difference lies :
 The Merchant, after all his hazards past,
 Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last ;
 The Soldier high in his king's favour stands,
 And, after having long obey'd, commands ;
 The Lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
 Rows on the bench, that babbled at the bar :
 While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
 And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward.

E P I G R A M.

Written in a lady's table-book.

WITH what strange raptures would my soul be
 blest,
 Were but her book an emblem of her breast !

As I from that all former marks efface,
 And, uncontrol'd, put new ones in their place ;
 So might I chace all others from my heart,
 And my own image in the stead impart.
 But, ah ! how short the bliss would prove, if he
 Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me !

E L E G Y.

THE POWER OF VERSE.

To his mistress.

WHILE those bright eyes subdue where-e'er you
 will,
 And, as you please, can either save or kill ;
 What youth so bold the conquest to design ?
 What wealth so great to purchase hearts like thine ?
 None but the Muse that privilege can claim,
 And what you give in love, return in fame.
 Riches and titles with your life must end ;
 Nay, cannot ev'n in life your fame defend :
 Verse can give fame, can fading beauties save,
 And, after death, redeem them from the grave :
 Embalm'd in verse, through distant times they come,
 Preserv'd, like bees within an amber tomb.
 Poets (like monarchs on an Eastern throne,
 Restrain'd by nothing but their will alone)
 Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
 And, as they please, give infamy or fame.
 In vain the * Tyrian Queen resigns her life,
 For the bright glory of a spotless wife,
 If lying bards may false amours rehearse,
 And blast her name with arbitrary verse ;
 While † one, who all the absence of her lord
 Had her wide courts with pressing lovers stor'd,
 Yet, by a Poet grac'd, in deathless rhymes,
 Stands a chaste pattern to succeeding times.
 With pity then the Muses' friends survey,
 Nor think your favours there are thrown away ;
 Wisely like seed on fruitful soil they're thrown,
 To bring large crops of glory and renown :
 For as the sun, that in the marshes breeds
 Nothing but nauseous and unwholesome weeds,
 With the same rays, on rich and pregnant earth,
 To pleasant flowers and useful fruits gives birth :
 So favours cast on fools get only shame,
 On Poets shed, produce eternal fame ;
 Their generous breasts warm with a genial fire,
 And more than all the Muses can inspire.

* Dido,

† Penelope.

JEALOUSY.

J E A L O U S Y.

I.

WHO could more happy, who more blest could live,
Than they whom kind, whom amorous passions
move?

What crowns, what empires, greater joys could give,
Than the soft chains, the slavery of Love?

Were not the bliss too often crost
By that unhappy, vile distrust,
That gnawing doubt, that anxious fear, that dangerous
malady,

That terrible tormenting rage, that madness, Jealousy.

II.

In vain Celinda boasts she has been true,
In vain she swears she keeps untouch'd her charms;
Dire jealousy does all my pains renew,
And represents her in my rival's arms:
His sighs I hear, his looks I view,
I see her damn'd advances too;
I see her smile, I see her kifs; and, oh! methinks I see
Her give up all those joys to him, she should reserve
for me.

III.

Ingrateful Fair-one! canst thou hear my groans?
Canst thou behold these tears that fill my eyes?
And yet, unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,
Into another's arms resign my prize?
If merit could not gain your love,
My sufferings might your pity move;
Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous frenzies,
more
New pangs to one whom hopeless love had plagued too
much before.

IV.

Think not, false nymph, my fury to out-storm;
I scorn your anger, and despise your frown:
Dress up your rage in its most hideous form,
It will not move my heart when love is flown;
No, though you from my kindness fly,
My vengeance you shall satisfy:
The Muse, that would have sung your praise, shall now
aloud proclaim
To the malicious, spiteful world, your infamy and
shame.

V.

Ye Gods! she weeps; behold that falling shower!
See how her eyes are quite dissolv'd in tears!
Can she in vain that precious torrent pour?
Oh, no, it bears away my doubts and fears:
'Twas Pity sure that made it flow:
For the same pity, stop it now;
For every charming, heavenly drop that from those eyes
does part,
Is paid with streams of blood, that gush from my o'er-
flowing heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
And raise my passions up as high as e'er;
Nay, I'll believe you false, yet love you too,
Lest the least sign of penitence appear.
I'll frame excuses for your fault,
Think you surpriz'd, or meanly caught;

Nay in the fury, in the height of that abhor'd embrace,
Believe you thought, believe at least you wish'd, me in
the place.

VII.

Oh, let me lie whole ages in those arms,
And on that bosom null asleep my cares:
Forgive these foolish fears of fancy'd harms
That stab my soul, while they but move thy tears;
And think, unless I lov'd thee still,
I had not treated thee so ill;
For these rude pangs of jealousy are much more certain
signs
Of love, than all the tender words an amorous fancy
coins.

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid rage no more;
Oh smile, and grant one reconciling kifs!
Ye Gods, she's kind! I'm ecstasy all o'er!
My soul's too narrow to contain the bliss.
Thou pleasing torture of my breast,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my rest,
Since both the Ill and Good you do, alike my peace
destroy;
That kills me with excess of grief, this with excess
of joy.

CURE OF JEALOUSY.

WHAT tortures can there be in hell,
Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
When, doating on some fair-one's charms,
They think she yields them to their rival's arms?

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet if sharp wounds their rage inflame,
Lift up their stormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the lover when his breast
By jealous phrenzy is possess'd;
Forswears the nymph for whom he burns,
Yet straight to her whom he forswears returns.

But when the fair resolves his doubt,
The love comes in, the fair goes out;
The cloud of jealousy's dispell'd,
And the bright sun of innocence reveal'd.

With what strange raptures is he blest!
Raptures too great to be express'd.
Though hard the torment 's to endure,
Who would not have the sickness for the cure?

S O N N E T.
D E A T H.

WHAT has this bugbear Death that's worth our
care?
After a life in pain and sorrow past,
After deluding hope and dire despair,
Death only gives us quiet at the last.

How

How strangely are our love and hate misplac'd!
 Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee;
 Courting those tyrant-sins that chain us fast,
 And thunning Death, that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,
 (Why should they fear who keep their souls from stains?)
 That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to see:
 'Tis not the loss of riches, or of fame,
 Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name;
 'Tis nothing, Cælia, but the losing thee.

E L E G Y.

To his false mistress.

CÆLIA, your tricks will now no longer pass,
 And I'm no more the fool that once I was.
 I know my happier rival does obtain
 All the vast bliss for which I sigh in vain.
 Him, him you love, to me you use your art;
 I had your looks, another had your heart:
 To me you're sick, to me of spies afraid;
 He finds your sickness gone, your spies betray'd:
 I sigh beneath your window all the night;
 He in your arms possesses the delight.
 I know you treat me thus, false fair, I do;
 And, oh! what plagues me worse, he knows it too;
 To him my sighs are told, my letters shown,
 And all my pains are his diversion grown.
 Yet, since you could such horrid treasons act,
 I'm pleas'd you chose out him to do the fact:
 His vanity does for my wrongs atone,
 And 'tis by that I have your falsehood known.
 What shall I do! for, treated at this rate,
 I must not love, and yet I cannot hate:
 I hate the actions, but I love the face;
 Oh, were thy virtue more, or beauty less!
 I'm all confusion, and my soul 's on fire,
 Torn by contending reason and desire;
 This bids me love, that bids me love give o'er,
 One counsels best, the other pleases more.
 I know I ought to hate you for your fault,
 But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought.
 Canst thou, mean wretch! canst thou contented prove
 With the cold relics of a rival's love?
 Why did I see that face to charm my breast?
 Or, having seen, why did I know the rest?
 Gods! if I have obey'd your just commands,
 If I've deserv'd some favour of your hands;
 Make me that tame, that easy fool again,
 And rid me of my knowledge and my pain:
 And you, false fair! for whom so oft I've griev'd,
 Pity a wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
 Forswear yourself for one who dies for you,
 Vow not a word of the whole charge was true;
 But scandals all, and forgeries, devis'd
 By a vain wretch neglected and despis'd.
 I too will help to forward the deceit,
 And to my power, contribute to the cheat.
 And thou, bold man, who think'st to rival me,
 For thy presumption I could pardon thee;
 I could forgive thy lying in her arms,
 I could forgive thy ridding all her charms:
 But, oh! I never can forgive the tongue
 That boasts her favours, and proclaims my wrong.

VOL. II.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHAT fury does disturb my rest?
 What hell is this within my breast?
 Now I abhor, and now I love;
 And each in equal torment prove.
 I see Celinda's cruelty,
 I see the loves all men but me;
 I see her falsehood, see her pride,
 I see ten thousand faults beside;
 I see she sticks at nought that 's ill;
 Yet, oh ye Powers! I love her still.
 Others on precipices run,
 Which, blind with love, they cannot shun:
 I see my danger, see my ruin;
 Yet seek, yet court, my own undoing:
 And each new reason I explore
 To hate her, makes me love her more.

THE ANTIDOTE.

WHEN I see the bright nymph who my heart
 does enthral,
 When I view her soft eyes, and her languishing air,
 Her merit so great, my own merit so small,
 It makes me adore, and it makes me despair.

But when I consider, she squanders on fools
 All those treasures of beauty with which she is stor'd;
 My fancy it damps, my passion it cools,
 And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise:
 I love, and I hate, but I never esteem:
 The passion grows up when I view her bright eyes,
 Which my rivals destroy when I look upon them.

How wisely does Nature things so different unite?
 In such odd compositions our safety is found;
 As the blood of a scorpion 's a cure for the bite,
 So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does wound.

UPON A FAVOUR OFFERED.

CÆLIA, too late you would repent;
 The offering all your store,
 is now but like a pardon sent
 To one that 's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
 And grant the bliss too late;
 You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as air,
 When first my court I made;
 But when your falsehoods plain appear,
 My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of those favours shown,
 Whose worth you first deface,
 Is melting valued medals down,
 And giving us the brass.

6 [M]

Oh,

Oh, since the thing we beg 's a toy
That 's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before our love is gone?

THE RECONCILEMENT.

BE gone, ye sighs! be gone, ye tears!
Be gone, ye jealousies and fears!
Celinda swears she never lov'd,
Celinda swears none ever mov'd
Her heart, but I; if this be true,
Shall I keep company with you?
What though a senseless rival swore
She said as much to him before?
What though I saw him in her bed?
I'll trust not what I saw, but what she said.
Curse on the prudent and the wife,
Who ne'er believe such pleasing lies:
I grant she only does deceive;
I grant 'tis folly to believe;
But by this folly I vast pleasures gain,
While you with all your wisdom live in pain.

DIALOGUE

Between a Lover and his Friend.

[IRREGULAR VERSES.]

FRIEND.

VALUE thyself, fond youth, no more
On favours Mulus had before;
He had her first, her virgin flame,
You like a bold intruder came
To the cold relics of a feast,
When he at first had seiz'd the best.

LOVER.

When he, dull sot, had seiz'd the worse,
I came in at the second course;
'Tis chance that first makes people love,
Judgment their riper fancies move.
Mulus, you say, first charm'd her eyes;
First, the lov'd babies and dirt-pies;
But she grew wiser, and in time
Found out the folly of those toys and him.

FRIEND.

If wisdom change in love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wond'rous wits.
But wisdom that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

LOVER.

I grant you, no man can foresee his doom;
But shall I grieve because an ill may come?
Yet I'll allow her change, when she can see
A man deserves her more than me,
As much as I deserve her more than he.

FRIEND.

Did they with our own eyes see our desert
No woman e'er could from her lover part.

But, oh! they see not with their own,
All things to them are through false optics shewn,
Love at the first does all your charms increase,
When the tube 's turn'd, hate represents them less.

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
For dangers that I can't believe.
She 'll ne'er cease loving me; or if she do,
'Tis ten to one I cease to love her too.

EPIGRAM. LYCEE.

GO, said old Lyce, senseless lover, go,
And with soft verses court the fair; but know,
With all thy verses, thou canst get no more
Than fools without one verse have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew,
And that which most enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

THE FAIR MOURNER.

IN what sad pomp the mournful charmer lies!
Does she lament the victim of her eyes?
Or would she hearts with soft compassion move,
To make them take the deeper stamp of love?
What youth so wise, so wary to escape,
When Rigour comes, dress'd up in Pity's shape?
Let not in vain those precious tears be shed,
Pity the dying fair one, not the dead;
While you unjustly of the fates complain,
I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
Each to relentless judges make their moan;
Blame not Death's cruelty, but cease your own.
While raging passion both our souls does wound,
A sovereign balm might sure for both be found;
Would you but wipe your fruitless tears away,
And with a just compassion mine survey.

EPIGRAM. TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

THOU saidst that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldst abandon Jove.
I lov'd thee then, not with a love desil'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I know thee now, and though I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the object of my scorn:
See what thy falsehood gets; I must confess
I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

EPIGRAM. LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

HOW much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive!
Love's

Love's like a torch, which, if secur'd from blasts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer lasts:
Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

E L E G Y. T H E P E T I T I O N.

In imitation of Catullus.

IS there a pious pleasure that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
That all mean fordid actions we despise,
And scorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
Thyrsis, thou hast sure blessings laid in store,
From thy just dealing in this curst amour:
What honour can in words or deeds be shown,
Which to the fair thou hast not said and done?
On her false heart they all are thrown away;
She only swears, more eas'ly to betray.
Ye Powers! that know the many vows she broke,
Free my just soul from this unequal yoke!
My love boils up, and, like a raging flood,
Runs through my veins, and taints my vital blood.
I do not vainly beg she may grow chaste,
Or with an equal passion burn at last;
The one she cannot practise, though she would;
And I condemn the other, though she should:
Nor ask I vengeance on the perjur'd jilt;
'Tis punishment enough to have her guilt.
I beg but balm for my bleeding breast,
Cure for my wounds, and from my labours rest.

E L E G Y. UPON QUITTING HIS MISTRESS.

IKNOW, Celinda, I have borne too long,
And, by forgiving, have increas'd my wrong:
Yet if there be a power in verse to slack
Thy course in vice, or bring fled virtue back,
I'll undertake the task, howe'er so hard;
A generous action is its own reward.
Oh! were thy virtues equal to thy charms,
I'd fly from crowns to live within those arms:
But who, oh who, can e'er believe thee just,
When such known falsehoods have destroy'd all trust?

Farewell, false fair! nor shall I longer stay,
Since we must part, why should we thus delay?
Your love alone was what my soul could prize,
And missing that, can all the rest despise;
Yet should I not repent my follies past,
Could you take up and grow reserv'd at last,
'Twould please me, parted from thy fatal charms,
To see you happy in another's arms.
Whatever threatenings fury might extort,
Oh fear not I should ever do you hurt:
For though my former passion is remov'd,
I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
Adieu! while thus I waste my time in vain,
Sure there are maids I might entirely gain:
I'll search for such, and to the first that's true,
Resign the heart so hardly freed from you.

T O H I S M I S T R E S S. A G A I N S T M A R R I A G E.

YES, all the world must sure agree,
He who's secur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely blest;
But 't were in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been so long
My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,
That were for public good design'd;
Could we in foolish pride,
Make the sun always with us stay,
'Twould burn our corn and grafs away,
To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
Two souls, which passion does unite;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away;
And why the devil should we stay,
When once that love is past?

E P I G R A M. C H L O E.

CHLOE new-marry'd looks on men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

E P I G R A M. C O R N U S.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his wife's a whore;
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

E P I G R A M. T H R A S O.

THRASO picks quarrels when he's drunk at
night;
When sober in the morning dares not fight.
Thraso, to shun those ills that may ensue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

E P I G R A M. G R I P E A N D S H I F T E R.

RICH Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning
bend,
T' increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man!

T O C Æ L I A.

Upon some alterations in her face.

A H, Cælia! where are now thy charms
That did such wondrous passions move?
Time, cruel Time, those eyes discerns,
And blunts the feeble darts of Love.

What malice does the tyrant bear
To women's interest, and to ours?
Beauties in which the public share,
The greedy vill in first devours.

Who, without tears, can see a prince
That trains of fawning courtiers had,
Abandon'd, left without defence?
Nor is thy hapless fate less sad.

Thou who so many fools hast known,
And all the fool: would hardly do,
Shouldst now confine thyself to one!
And he, alas! a husband too.

See the ungrateful slaves, how fast
They from thy setting glories run;
And in what mighty crew is thy hate
To worship Flavia's rising sun!

In vain are all the priests' d wiles,
In vain those eyes would love impart;
Not all th' advances, all the smiles,
Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia, still
By cruelty her cause maintains;
And scarce vouchsafes a careless smile
To the poor slaves that wear her chains.

Well, Cælia, let them waste their tears;
But sure they will in time repine,
That thou hast not a face like hers,
Or she has not a heart like thine.

THE RETIREMENT.

A LL hail, ye fields, where constant peace attends!
All hail, ye sacred solitary groves!
All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
Whose conversation pleases and improves!

Could one who study'd your sublimer rules
Become so mad to search for joys abroad?
To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
And undistinguish'd pass among the crowd?

One to ambitious fancy's made a prey,
Thinks happiness in great preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his country to betray,
Curst by the fools, and laugh'd at by the wise.

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
Consume their time to multiply their gains;
And, fancying wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the end of life to get the means.

Others, the name of pleasure does invite,
All their dull time in sensual joys they live;
And hope to gain that solid firm delight
By vice, which innocence alone can give.

But how perplex, alas! is human fate!
I, whom nor avarice nor pleasure move,
Who view with scorn the trophies of the great,
Yet must myself be made a slave to love.

If this dire passion never will be gone,
If beauty always must my heart enthrall,
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
Than madly thus be made a prey to all!

One who has early known the pomps of state
(For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn);
And after having view'd the gaudy bait,
Can boldly say, The Trifle I condemn.

In her blest arms contented could I live,
Contented could I die: but oh! my mind
I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impossible to find.

In women how should sense and beauty meet;
The wisest men their youth in folly spend,
The best is he that earliest finds the cheat,
And sees his errors while there's time to mend.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

D ISTRACTED with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set;
And, that he could die
Whenever he would,
But, that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

S O N G.

O F all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;

Of all the plagues a lover bears,
 Sure rivals are the worst !
 By partners, in each other kind,
 Afflictions easier grow ;
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
 Are labouring in my breast ;
 I beg not you would favour me,
 Would you but slight the rest !
 How great for'er your rigours are,
 With them alone I'll cope ;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

A SONG TO PHYLLIS.

I.

PHYLLIS, we not grieve that Nature,
 Forming you, has done her part ;
 And in every single feature
 Shew'd the utmost of her art.

II.

But in this it is pretended
 That a mighty grievance lies,
 That your heart should be defended,
 Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

III.

Love's a senseless inclination,
 Where no mercy 's to be found ;
 But is just, where kind compassion
 Gives us balm to heal the wound.

IV.

Perfume, paying solemn duty,
 To the rising Sun inclin'd,
 Never would adore his beauty,
 But in hopes to make him kind.

PHYLLIS'S RESOLUTION.

I.

WHEN slaves their liberty require,
 They hope no more to gain,
 But you not only that desire,
 But ask the power to reign.

II.

Think how unjust a suit you make,
 Then you will soon decline ;
 Your freedom, when you please, pray take,
 But trespass not on mine.

III.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
 I ne'er will grant the thing,
 That he, who once has been my slave,
 Should ever be my king.

AN EPISTLE,

To a Lady who had resolved against Marriage.

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
 Your resolution for a single state ;
 Ladies, who would live undisturb'd and free,
 Must never put on hymen's livery ;
 Perhaps its outside seems to promise fair,
 But underneath is nothing else but care.
 If once you let the Gordian knot be ty'd,
 Which turns the name of virgin into bride ;
 That one fond act your life's best scene foregoes,
 And leads you in a labyrinth of woes,
 Whose strange meanders you may search about,
 But never find the clue to let you out.
 The married life affords you little ease,
 The best of husbands is so hard to please :
 This in wives careful faces you may spell,
 Though they dissemble their misfortune well.
 No plague 's so great as an ill-ruling head,
 Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread :
 For love's insinuating fire they fan,
 With sweet ideas of a god-like man.
 Chloris and Phyllis glory'd in their swains,
 And sung their praises on the neighbouring plains ;
 Oh ! ~~they~~ were brave, accomplish'd, charming men,
 Angels till marry'd, but proud devils then.
 Sure some restless pow'r with Cupid sides,
 Or we should have more virgins, fewer brides ;
 For single lives afford the most content,
 Secure and happy, as they 're innocent :
 Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endless ease,
 And calm as Neptune on the Halcyon seas :
 Your sleep is broke with no domestic cares,
 No bawling children to disturb your prayers ;
 No parting sorrows to extort your tears,
 No blushing husband to renew your fears !
 Therefore, dear madam, let a friend advise,
 Love and its idle deity despise :
 Suppress wild Nature, if it dares rebel ;
 There 's no such thing as " leading apes in hell."

CLELIA TO URANIA.

A N O D E.

I.

THE dismal regions which no sun beholds,
 While his fires roll some distant world to cheer,
 Which in dry darkness, frost, and chilling cold,
 Spend one long portion of the dragging year,
 At his returning influence never knew
 More joy than Clelia, when she thinks of you.

II.

Those zealots, who adore the rising sun,
 Would soon their darling deity despise,
 And with more warm, more true devotion run,
 To worship nobler beams, Urania's eyes,
 Had they beheld her lovely form divine,
 Where rays more glorious, more attracting, shine.

III.

But, ah ! frail mortals, though you may admire
 At a convenient distance all her charms,

Approach

Approach them, and you'll feel a raging fire,
Which scorches deep, and all your power disarms:
Thus, like th' Arabian bird, your care proceeds
From the bright object which your pleasure breeds.

S O N G.

I.

THOUGH Celia's born to be ador'd,
And Strephon to adore her born,
In vain her pity is implor'd,
Who kills him twice with charms and scorn.

II.

Fair faint, to your blest orb repair,
To learn in heaven a heavenly mind;
Thence hearken to a sinner's prayer,
And be lessauteous, or more kind.

LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW.

THOU tyrant God of Love, give o'er,
And persecute this breast no more:
Ah! tell me why must every dart
Be aim'd at my unhappy heart?
I never murmur'd or repin'd,
But patiently myself resign'd
To all the torments, which through thee
Have fell, alas! on wretched me:
But oh! I can no more sustain
This long-continued state of pain,
Though 'tis but fruitless to complain.
My heart, first soften'd by thy power,
Ne'er kept its liberty an hour:
So fond and easy was it grown,
Each nymph might call the fool her own:
So much to its own interest blind,
So strangely charm'd to womankind,
That it no more belong'd to me,
Than vestal-virgins hearts to thee.
I often courted it to stay;
But, deaf to all, 'twould fly away.
In vain to stop it I essay'd,
Though often, often, I display'd
The turns and doubles women made.
Nay more, when it has home return'd,
By some proud maid ill us'd and scorn'd,
I still the renegade carest,
And gave it harbour in my breast.
O! then, with indignation fir'd
At what before it so admir'd;
With shame and sorrow overcast,
And sad repentance for the past,
A thousand sacred oaths it swore
Never to wander from me more;
After chimeras ne'er to rove,
Or run the wild-goose chase of love.
Thus it resolv'd
Till some new face again betray'd
The resolution it had made:
Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
Eager, impatient, to be gone:

And, though so often it had fail'd,
Though vainless every heart assail'd,
Yet, lur'd by hope of new delight,
It took again its fatal flight.
'Tis thus, malicious deity,
That thou hast banter'd wretched me;
Thus made me vainly lose my time,
Thus fool away my youthful prime;
And yet, for all the hours I've lost,
And sighs, and tears, thy bondage cost,
Ne'er did thy slave thy favours bless,
Or crown his passion with success.
Well—since 'tis doom'd that I must find
No love for love from womankind;
Since I no pleasure must obtain,
Let me at least avoid the pain:
So weary of the chase I'm grown,
That with content I'd sit me down,
Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
And bid all womankind farewell.
Nay, ask for all I felt before,
Only to be disturb'd no more
Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
Wilt give my torments no relief;
But now, ev'n now, thou mak'st me die,
And love I know not whom, nor why,
In every part I feel the fire,
And burn with fanciful desire;
From whence can love its magic draw?
I doat on her, *I never saw*:
And who, but lovers, can express
This strange, mysterious tenderness?
And yet methinks 'tis happier so,
Than whom it is I love to know:
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.
I fancy I should something find,
Diviner both in face and mind,
Than ever nature did bestow
On any creature here below.
I fancy thus Corinna walks,
That thus she sings, she looks, she talks.
Sometimes I sigh, and fancy then,
That, did Corinna know my pain,
Could she my trickling tears but see,
She would be kind and pity me.
Thus thinking I've no cause to grieve,
I pleasingly myself deceive;
And sure am happier far than he
Who knows the very truth can be.
Then, gentle Cupid, let me ne'er
See my imaginary fair:
Lest she should be more heavenly bright
Than can be reach'd by fancy's height:
Lest (when I on her beauty gaze,
Confounded, lost in an amaze;
My trembling lips and eyes should tell,
'Tis her I dare to love so well);
She, with an angry, scornful eye,
Or some unkind, severe reply,
My hopes of bliss should overcast,
And my presuming passion blast.
If but in this thou kind wilt prove,
And let me not see her I love,
Thy altars prostrate I'll adore,
And call thee tyrant-god no more.

PASTORAL

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

SICILIAN Muse, my humble voice inspire
To sing of Daphne's charms and Damon's fire.
Long had the faithful swain suppress his grief,
And, since he durst not hope, ne'er ask'd relief.
But at th' arrival of the fatal day
That took the nymph and all his joys away;
With dying looks he gaz'd upon the fair,
And what his tongue could not, his eyes declare:
Till with deep sighs, as if his heart-strings broke,
Pressing her hand, these tender things he spoke:

DAMON.

Ah, lovely nymph! behold your lover burn,
And view that passion which you 'll not return.
As no nymph's charms did ever equal thine,
So no swain's love did ever equal mine:
How happy, fair, how happy should I be,
Might I but sacrifice myself for thee!
Could I but please thee with my dying verse,
And make thee shed one tear upon my heart!

DAPHNE.

Too free an offer of that love you make,
Which, now, alas, I have no power to take:
Your wounds I cannot, though I would, relieve;
Phaon has all the love that I can give.
Had you among the rest at first assail'd
My heart, when free, you had, perhaps, prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh, blame not me, but fate,
That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the fates brought me then, too charming fair,
I could not hope, and now I must despair,
Rul'd by your friends, you quit the lover's flame,
For flocks, for pastures, for an empty name.
Yet though the blest possession fate denies,
Oh let me gaze for ever on those eyes:
So just, so true, so innocent 's my flame,
That Phaon, did he see it, could not blame.

DAPHNE.

Such generous ends I know you still pursue,
What I can do, be sure I will for you.
If on esteem or pity you can live,
Or hopes of more, if I had more to give,
Those you may have, but cannot have my heart:
And since we now perhaps for ever part,
Such noble thoughts through all your life express,
May make the value more, the pity less.

DAMON.

Can you then go? can you for ever part,
(Ye Gods! what shivering pains surround my heart!)
And have one thought to make your pity less?
Ah Daphne, could I half my pangs express,
You could not think, though hard as rocks you were,
Your pity ever could too great appear.
I ne'er shall be one moment free from pain,
Till I behold those charming eyes again.
When gay diversions do your thoughts employ,
I would not come to interrupt the joy;

But when from them you some spare moment find,
Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
Think with what heart I shall behold the green,
Where I so oft those charming eyes have seen!
Think with what grief I walk the groves alone,
When you, the glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, oh! the little time you have to stay,
Let me still speak, and gaze my soul away!
But see my passion that small aid denies;
Grief stops my tongue, and tears o'erflow my eyes:

ECLOGUE II.

GALATEA.

THYRSIS, the gayest once of all the swains,
Who fed their flocks upon th' Arcadian plains;
While love's mad passion quite devour'd his heart,
And the coy nymph that caus'd, neglects his smart;
Strives in low numbers, such as shepherds use,
If not to move her breast, his own amuse.
You, Chloris, who with scorn refuse to see
The mighty wounds that you have made on me;
Yet cannot sure with equal pride disdain,
To hear an humble hind of his complain.

Now while the flocks and herds to shades retire,
While the fierce sun sets all the world on fire;
Through burning fields, through rugged brakes I rove,
And to the hills and woods declare my love.
How small 's the heat! how easy is the pain
I feel without, to that I feel within!

Yet scornful Galatea will not hear,
But from my songs and pipe still turns her ear:
Not so the sage Corisca, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich Egon's only care;
From them my songs a just compassion drew;
And they shall have them, since condemn'd by you.

Why name I them, when ev'n chaste Cynthia stays,
And Pan himself, to listen to my lays?
Pan, whose sweet pipe has been admir'd so long,
Has not disdain'd sometimes to hear my song:
Yet Galatea's scorns whate'er I say,
And Galatea's wifer sure than they.

Relentless nymph! can nothing move your mind?
Must you be deaf, because you are unkind?
Though you dislike the subject of my lays,
Yet sure the sweetness of my voice might please.
It is not thus that you dull Mopsus use;
His songs divert you, though you mine refuse:
Yet I could tell you, fair-one, if I would,
(And since you treat me thus, methinks I should)
What the wise Lycon said, when in yon' plain
He saw him court in hope, and me in vain;
Forbear, fond youth, to chase a heedless fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd verse to please her ear;
Seek out some other nymph, nor e'er repine
That one who likes his songs, should fly from thine.

Ah, Lycon! ah! your rage false dangers forms;
'Tis not his songs, but 'tis his fortune charms:
Yet, scornful maid, in time you 'll find those toys
Can yield no real, no substantial joys;
In vain his wealth, his titles gain esteem,
If for all that you are ashamed of him.

Ah,

Ah, Galatea, would'st thou turn those eyes,
Would'st thou but once vouchsafe to hear my cries;
In such soft notes I would my pains impart,
As could not fail to move thy rocky heart;
With such sweet songs I would thy fame make known,
As Pan himself might not disdain to own.
Oh could'st thou, fair-one, but contented be
To tend the sheep, and chase the hares, with me;
To have thy praises echo'd through the groves,
And pass thy days with one who truly loves:
Nor let those gaudy toys thy heart surprize,
Which the fools envy, and the sage despise.

But Galatea scorns my humble flame,
And neither asks my fortune, nor my name.
Of the best cheese my well-stor'd dairy's full,
And my soft sheep produce the finest wool;
The richest wines of Greece my vineyards yield,
And smiling crops of grain adorn my field.

Ah, foolish youth! in vain thy boast'st thy store,
Have what thou wilt, if Mopsus fill has more.
See whilst thou sing'st, behold her haughty pride,
With what disdain she turns her head aside!
Oh, why would Nature, to our ruin, place
A tiger's heart, with such an angel's face?

Cease, shepherd, cease, at last thy fruitless moan;
Nor hope to gain a heart already gone.
While rocks and caves thy tuneful notes resound,
See how thy corn lies wither'd on the ground!
The hungry wolves devour thy fatten'd lambs;
And bleating for the young makes lean the dams.
Take, shepherd, take thy hook, thy flocks pursue,
And when one nymph proves cruel, find a new.

ECLOGUE III. DAMON.

Taken from the Eighth Eclogue of Virgil.

ARISE, O Phosphorus! and bring the day,
While I in sighs and tears consume away;
Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of Nyssa's love:
And to the gods my vain petitions move:
Though they've done nothing to prevent my death,
I'll yet invoke them with my dying breath.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Arcadia's famous for its spacious plains,
Its whistling pine-trees, and its shady groves,
And often hears the swains lament their loves.
Great Pan upon its mountains feeds his goats,
Who first taught reeds to warble rural notes.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Mopsus weds Nissa! oh, well-suited pair!
When he succeeds, what lover can despair?
After this match, let mares and griffins breed;
And hounds with hares in friendly consort feed.
Go, Mopsus, go; provide the bridal cake,
And to thy bed the blooming virgin take:
In her soft arms thou shalt securely rest,
Behold, the evening comes to make thee blest!
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Oh, Nissa, happy in a lovely choice!
While you with scorn neglect my pipe and voice;

While you despise my humble songs, my head,
My shaggy eyebrows, and my rugged beard;
While through the plains disdainfully you move,
And think no shepherd can deserve your love;
Mopsus alone can the nice virgin win,
With charming person, and with graceful mien.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

When first I saw you on those fatal plains,
I reach'd you fruit; your mother too was there;
Scarce had you seen the thirteenth spring appear:
Yet beauty's buds were opening in your face;
I gaz'd, and blushes did your charms increase.
'Tis love, thought I, that's rising in her breast;
Alas, your passion, by my own, I grieve;
Then upon trust I fed the raging pains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
Oh, love! I know thee now; thou ow'st thy birth
To rocks; some craggy mountain brought thee forth:
Nor is it human blood that fills thy veins,
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Relentless love to bold Medea shew'd,
To stain her guilty hands in children's blood.
Was the more cruel, or more wicked he?
He was a wicked counsellor, a cruel mother she.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Now let the screech-owls vie with warbling swans;
Upon hard oaks let blushing peaches grow,
And from the brambles liquid amber flow.
The harmless wolves the ravenous sheep shall shun;
And valiant deer at fearful greyhounds run:
Let the sea rise, and overflow the plains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Adieu, ye flocks; no more shall I pursue!
Adieu, ye groves; a long, a long adieu!
And you, coy nymph, who all my vows disdain,
Take this last present from a dying swain.
Since you dislike whate'er in life I find,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
This leap shall put an end to all my pains.
Now cease, my Muse, now cease th' Arcadian strains.

Thus Damon sung while on the cliff he stood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging flood.
All with united grief the loss bemoan,
Except the authoress of his fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting breast.
Ah, cruel nymph! forbear your scorn at least.
How much sooner you may the love despise,
'Tis barbarous to insult on one that dies.

ECLOGUE IV. LYCON.

STREPHON and Damon's flocks together fed,
Two charming swains as e'er Arcadia bred;
Both fam'd for wit, and fam'd for beauty both;
Both in the lustre of their blooming youth:
No follen cares their tender thoughts remove,
No passions discompose their souls, but love.
Once, and but once alone, as story goes,
Between the youths a fierce dispute arose;
Not for the merit of their tuneful lays
(Though both deserv'd, yet both despis'd, that praise)

But

But for a cause of greater moment far,
That merited a lover's utmost care.
Each swain the prize of beauty strove to gain,
For the bright shepherds that caus'd his pain.
Lycen they chose, the difference to decide,
Lycen, for prudence and sage counsel try'd;
Who love's mysterious arts had study'd long,
And taught, when old, what he had practis'd young.
For the dispute alternate verse they choose,
Alternate verse delights the rural Muse.

STREP. To Flavia, love, thou justly ow'st thy prize,
She owns thy power, nor does thy laws reprove.

DAM. Though Sylvia, for herself, love's power defies,
What crowds of vassals has she made to love!

STREP. When Flavia comes attir'd for rural games,
Each curl, each flower she wears, a charm express.

DAM. Sylvia, without a foreign aid, inflames;
Charm'd with her eyes, we never mind her drefs.

STREP. Have you seen Flavia with her flaxen hair?
She seems an image of the queen of love!

DAM. Sylvia's dark hair like Leda's locks appear,
And yet, like her, has charms to conquer love.

STREP. Flavia by crowds of lovers is admir'd;
Happy that youth who shall the fair enjoy!

DAM. Sylvia neglects her lovers, lives retir'd;
Happy, that could her lonely thoughts employ!

STREP. Flavia, where-e'er she comes, the swains sub-
duces,
And every smile she gives conveys a dart.

DAM. Sylvia the swains with native coldness views,
And yet what shepherd can defend his views?

STREP. Flavia's bright beauties in an instant strike;
Gazers, before they think of it, adore.

DAM. Sylvia's soft charms, as soon as seen, we like,
But still the more we think, we love the more.

STREP. Who is so stupid, that has Flavia seen,
As not to view the nymph with vast delight?

DAM. Who has seen Sylvia, and so stupid been,
As to remember any other sight?

STREP. What thoughts has Flavia, when with care she
views
Her charming graces in the crystal lakes?

DAM. To see hers, Sylvia need no mirrors use;
She sees them by the conquests that she makes.

STREP. With what assurance Flavia walks the plains!
She knows the nymphs must all their lovers yield.

DAM. Sylvia with blushes wounds the gazing swains,
And while she strives to fly, she wins the field.

STREP. Flavia at first young Melibœus lov'd;
For me she did that charming youth forsake.

DAM. Sylvia's relentless heart was never mov'd;
Gods! that I might the first impression make!

STREP. Should Flavia hear that Sylvia vy'd with her;
What indignation would the charmer show!

DAM. Sylvia would Flavia to herself prefer:
There we alone her judgment disallow.

STREP. If Sylvia's charms with Flavia's can compare,
Why is this chosen still, and that alone?

VOL. II.

DAM. Because their ways of life so different are;
Flavia gives all men hopes, and Sylvia none.

LYCEN. Shepherds, enough; now cease your amo-
rous war;
Or too much heat may carry both too far;
I well attended the dispute, and find
Both nymphs have charms, but each in different kind.
Flavia deserves more pains than she will cost;
As easily got, were she not easily lost.
Sylvia is much more difficult to gain;
But, once possess'd, will well reward the pain.
We with them Flavias all, when first we burn;
But, once possess'd, wish they would Sylvias turn.
And, by the different charms in each express,
One we should soonest love, the other best.

ECLOGUE V.

DELIA.

*Lamenting the death of Mrs. Tempest, who died upon
the day of the great storm.*

YE gentle swains, who pass your days and nights
In Love's sincere and innocent delights!
Ye tender virgins, who with pride display
Your beauty's splendor, and extend your sway!
Lament with me! with me your sorrows join!
And mingle your united tears with mine!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

Begin, my Muse! begin your mournful strains!
Tell the sad tale through all the hills and plains!
Tell it through every lawn and every grove!
Where flocks can wander, or where shepherds rove!
Bid neighbouring rivers tell the distant sea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muse!
See, hills, and plains, and winds, have heard the news!
The foaming sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd shore,
The vallies tremble, and the mountains roar.
See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And stately towers in heaps of ruin mourn!
The gentle Thames, that rarely passion knows,
Swells with this sorrow, and her banks o'erflows:
What shrieks are heard! what groans! what dying cries!
Ev'n nature's self in dire convulsions lies!
Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

O! why did I survive the fatal day,
That snatch'd the joys of all my life away?
Why was not I beneath some ruin lost?
Sunk in the seas, or shipwreck'd on the coast?
Why did the Fates spare this devoted head?
Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?
By thee my griefs were calm'd, my torments eas'd;
Nor knew I pleasure but as thou wert pleas'd.
Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone?
What use have I of life, now thou art gone?
I have no use, alas! but to deplore
Delia, the pride of Beauty, now no more!

6 [N]

What

What living nymph is blest with equal grace?
 All may dispute, but who can fill thy place?
 What lover in his mistress' hopes to find
 A form so lovely with so bright a mind?
 Doris may boast a face divinely fair,
 But wants thy shape, thy motions, and thy air.
 Lucinda has thy shape, but not those eyes,
 That, while they did th' admiring world surprise,
 Disclos'd the secret lustre of the mind,
 And seem'd each lover's inmost thoughts to find.
 Others, whose beauty yielding swains confests,
 By indiscretion make their conquest less.
 And want thy conduct and obliging wit
 To fix those slaves who to their chains submit.
 As some rich tyrant hoards an useless store,
 That would, well plac'd, enrich a thousand more:
 So didst thou keep a crowd of charms retir'd
 Would make a thousand other nymphs admir'd.
 Gay, modest, artless, beautiful and young,
 Slow to resolve; in resolution strong;
 To all obliging, yet reserv'd to all;
 None could himself the favour'd lover call:
 That which alone could make his hopes endure,
 Was, that he saw no other swain secure.
 Whither, ah! whither are those graces fled?
 Down to the dark, the melancholy shade?
 Now, shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!
 Delia is dead, and beauty is no more!

For thee each tuneful swain prepar'd his lays,
 His fame exalting while he sung thy praise.
 Thyrsis, in gay and easy measures, strove
 To charm thy ears, and tune thy soul to love:
 Menalcas, in his numbers more sublime,
 Extoll'd thy virtues in immortal rhyme.
 Glycon, whose satire kept the world in awe,
 Soften'd his strain when first thy charms he saw,
 Confess'd the goddesses who new-form'd his mind,
 Proclaim'd thy beauties, and forgot mankind.
 Cease, shepherd, cease; the charms you sung are fled,
 The glory of our blasted life is dead.
 Now join your griefs with mine! and now deplore
 Delia, the pride of beauty, now no more!

Behold where now she lies depriv'd of breath!
 Charming, tho' pale, and beautiful in death!
 A troop of weeping Virgins by her side;
 With all the pomp of woe and sorrow's pride!
 O, early lost! O, fitter to be led
 In cheerful splendor to the bridal-bed,
 Than thus conducted to the untimely tomb,
 A spotless virgin in her beauty's bloom!
 Whatever hopes superior merit gave;
 Let me, at least, embrace thee in the grave;
 On thy cold lips imprint a dying kiss:
 O that thy coyness could refuse me this!
 Such melting tears upon thy limbs I'll pour,
 Shall thaw their numbness, and thy warmth restore,
 Clasp't to thy glowing breast, thou may'st revive;
 I'll breathe such tender sighs shall make thee live,
 Or, if severer fates that aid deny,
 If thou canst not revive, yet I may die.
 In one cold grave together may be laid
 The truest lover and the loveliest maid.
 Then shall I cease to grieve, and not before;
 Then shall I cease fair Delia to deplore,

But see, those dreadful objects disappear!
 The sun shines out, and all the heavens are clear:
 The warring winds are hush'd, the sea serene;
 And nature, soften'd, shifts her angry scene.
 What means this sudden change? methinks I hear
 Melodious music from the heavenly sphere!
 Listen, ye shepherds, and devour the sound!
 Listen: the faint, the lovely faint, is crown'd!
 While we, mistaken in our joy and grief,
 Bewail her fate, who wants not our relief:
 From the pleas'd orbs she views us here below,
 And with kind pity wonders at our woe.

Ah, charming saint! since thou art blest'd above,
 Indulge thy lovers, and forgive their love.
 Forgive their tears, who press'd with grief and care,
 Feel not thy joys, but feel their own despair.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED,

1703.

AN IMITATION OF THE FOURTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL:

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM

A SIBYLLINE PROPHECY.

“ ———— *Pauld' majora canamus.* ”

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier flight;
 Not all in trees and lowly shrubs delight:
 Or if your rural shades you still pursue,
 Make your shades fit for able statemens view.

The time is come, by ancient Bards foretold,
 Restoring the Saturnian age of gold;
 The vile, degenerate, whiggish offspring ends,
 A high-church progeny from heaven descends.

O learned Oxford, spare no sacred pains
 To nurse the glorious breed, now thy own Bromley
 reigns.

And thou, great Scarfsdale, darling of this land,
 Dost foremost in that fam'd commission stand;
 Whose deep remarks the listening world admires,
 By whose auspicious care old Ranelagh expires.
 Your mighty genius no strict rules can bind;
 You punish men for crimes, which you want time to find.

Senates shall now like holy synods be,
 And holy synods senate-like agree.
 Monmouth and Mostyn here instruct the youth,
 There Bincks and Kimberley maintain the sacred truth.
 Powis and Hamlin here, with equal claim,
 Through wide West-Saxon realms extend their fame;
 There Birch and Hooper right divine convey,
 Nor treat their bishops in a human way.

Now all our factions, all our fears shall cease,
 And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
 Malice shall die, and noxious poisons fail,
 Harley shall cease to trick, and Seymour cease to rail:
 The lambs shall with the lions walk unhurt,
 And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.

Viceroys

Viceroy, like Providence, with distant care,
 Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
 Pacific admirals, to save the fleet,
 Shall fly from conquest, and shall conquest meet:
 Commanders shall be prais'd at William's cost,
 And honor be retriev'd before 'tis lost.
 Breerton and Burnaby the court shall grace,
 And Howe shall not disdain to share a place.
 Forgotten Molyneux and Mason now
 Revive and shine again in Fox and Howe.

But as they stronger grow and mend their strain,
 By choice examples of King Charles's reign;
 Bold Bellais and patriot D'Avenant then,
 One shall employ the sword, and one the pen:
 Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
 The tool of faction shall to peace invite,
 And foes to union be employ'd the kingdoms to unite.

Yet still some Whigs among the peers are found,
 Like brambles flourishing in barren ground.
 Somers maliciously employs his care
 To make the lords the legislature share.
 Burnet declares how French dragooning rose,
 And bishops persecuting bills oppose:
 Till Rochester's * cool temper shall be fir'd,
 And North's and Nottingham's strong reasonings be
 admir'd.

But when due time their counsels shall mature,
 And fresh removes have made the game secure;
 When Somerset and Devonshire give place
 To Wyndham's Bradford, and to Richmond's grace,
 Both converts great; when justice is refin'd,
 And corporations garbled in their mind;
 Then passive doctrines shall with glory rise,
 Before them hated moderation flies,
 And anti-christian toleration dies.
 Granville shall seize the long-expected chair,
 Godolphin to some country seat repair;
 Pembroke from all employments be debarr'd,
 And Marlborough, for ancient crimes, receive his just
 reward.

France, that this happy change so wisely has begun,
 Shall bless the great design, and bid it smoothly run.
 Come on, young James's friends, this is the time,
 come on;

Receive just honors, and surround the throne.
 Boldly your loyal principles maintain,
 Hedges now rules the state, and Rooke the main.
 Crimes is at hand the members to reward,
 And troops are trusted to your own Gerhard.
 The faithful club assemblies at the Vine,
 And French intrigues are broach'd o'er English wine.
 Freely the senate the design proclaims,
 Affronting William, and applauding James.
 Good ancient members, with a solemn face,
 Propose that safety give to order place;
 And what they dare not openly dissuade,
 Is by expedients ineffectual made.
 Er'n Finch and Mulgrave, whom the court cares,
 Exalt its praises, but its power deprecate;
 And, that impartial justice may be seen,
 Confirm to friends what they refus'd the Queen.

* Bishop Sprat.

Bishops who most advanc'd good James's cause
 In church and state, now reap deserv'd applause:
 While those who rather made the Tower their choice,
 Are styl'd unchristian by the nation's voice.
 Avow'dly now St. David's cause they own,
 And James's votes for simony atone.
 Archbishop Kenn shall from Long-Leat be drawn,
 While firm Nonjurors from behind stand crouding for
 the lawn.
 And thou, great Weymouth, to reward thy charge,
 Shalt sail to Lambeth in his Grace's barge.

See by base rebels James the Just betray'd,
 See his three realms by vile usurpers sway'd;
 Then see with joy his lawful heir restor'd,
 And erring nations own their injur'd lord.

O would kind heaven so long my life maintain,
 Inspiring raptures worthy such a reign!
 Not Thracian Saint John should with me contend,
 Nor my sweet lays harmonious Hammond's mend:
 Not though young D'Avenant, St. John should protect,
 Or the shrew'd Doctor, Hammond's lines correct.
 Nay, should Tredenham in St. Mawes compare his
 songs to mine,
 Tredenham, though St. Mawes were judge, his laurels
 should resign.

Prepare, auspicious youth, thy friends to meet;
 Sir George * already has prepar'd the fleet.
 Should rival Neptune (who with envious mind
 In times of danger still this chief confin'd)
 Now send the gout, the hero to disgrace,
 Honest George Churchill may supply his place.

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK III.

IMITATED, 1705.

THE man that 's resolute and just,
 Firm to his principles and trust;
 Nor hopes nor fears can blind;
 No passions his designs control,
 Not Love, that tyrant of the soul,
 Can shake his steady mind.

II.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,
 Nor threatnings of a court enrag'd,
 Nor storms where fleets despair;
 Not thunder pointed at his head;
 The shatter'd world may strike him dead,
 Not touch his soul with fear.

III.

From this the Grecian glory rose,
 By this the Romans aw'd their foes:
 Of this their poets sing.
 These were the paths their heroes trod,
 These acts made Hercules a god;
 And great Naffau a king.

* Rooke.

IV. Firm

IV.

Firm on the rolling deck he stood,
 Unmov'd, beheld the breaking flood,
 With blackening storms combin'd.
 "Virtue, he cry'd, will force its way;
 "The wind may for a while delay,
 "Not alter our design.

V.

"The men whom selfish hopes inflame,
 "Or vanity allures to fame,
 "May be to fears betray'd:
 "But here a church for succour flies,
 "Insulted law expiring lies,
 "And loudly calls for aid.

VI.

"Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,
 "I come, the wounded heart to heal,
 "The wounding hand to bind:
 "See tools of arbitrary sway,
 "And priests, like locusts, scout away
 "Before the western wind.

VII.

"Law shall again her force resume;
 "Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
 "With brighter rays advance.
 "The British fleet shall rule the deep,
 "The British youth, as rous'd from sleep,
 "Strike terror into France.

VIII.

"Nor shall these promises of fate
 "Be limited to my short date:
 "When I from cares withdraw,
 "Still shall the British sceptre stand,
 "Still flourish in a female hand,
 "And to mankind give law.

IX.

"She shall domestic foes unite,
 "Monarchs beneath her flags shall fight,
 "Whole armies drag her chain:
 "She shall lost Italy restore,
 "Shall make th' imperial eagle soar,
 "And give a king to Spain.

X.

"But know, these promises are given,
 "These great rewards impartial heaven
 "Does on these realms decree;
 "That, strictly punishing mens faults,
 "You let their consciences and thoughts
 "Rest absolutely free.

XI.

"Let no false politics confine,
 "In narrow bounds, your vast design
 "To make mankind unite;
 "Nor think it a sufficient cause
 "To punish man by penal laws,
 "For not believing right.

XII.

"Rome, whose blind zeal destroys mankind;
 "Rome's sons shall your compassion find,
 "Who ne'er compassion knew.
 "By nobler actions theirs condemn:
 "For what has been reproach'd in them,
 "Can ne'er be prais'd in you."

XIII.

These subjects suit not with the lyre;
 Muse! to what height dost thou aspire,
 Pretending to rehearse
 The thoughts of gods, and god-like kings?
 Cease, cease to lessen lofty things
 By mean ignoble verse.

